This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

P 279.3

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY

FROM THE BEQUEST OF
E. PRICE GREENLEAF
OF QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS

MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

A Home and Colonial Periodical for the General Reader.

VOLUME VIII.

JULY—DECEMBER, 1890.

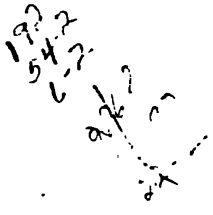
LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1890.

All Rights reserved.

P279.3

Brice Greenleaf fund

LONDON:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,
STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.



INDEX TO VOLUME VIII.

JULY—DECEMBER, 1890.

PAGE

AMERICAN CATTLE TRADE, THE. By J. Hall Richardson . 547

BIRTHDAY SONG, A. By Margaret L. Woods 454
BLIND JUSTICE: A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS. By A. E. Drinkwater 396, 504
BOAT LIFE IN SIAM. By E. B. M. 519
BRANTWOOD, CONISTON: JOHN RUSKIN'S HOME. By A. M. Wakefield 587
CALPE HUNT, THE 773

CIPHER CORRESPONDENCE. By Lieut.-Col. J. S. Rothwell . 433
CONDITION OF WORKING-WOMEN IN PARIS, ON THE. By A. L. Bicknell 671
CORRESPONDENCE 269, 411
COLONIES, WHAT DO THEY WANT? By Admiral Colomb . . 805
CURIOUS POISONING CASE, A. By Fleur de Lys . . 680, 814
CYCLING, THE PRACTICAL VALUE OF. By Dr. Alfred J. H. Crespi 385

EARLY DAYS RECALLED. By Mrs. Ross . . . 201, 341
EMPTY COMPARTMENT, THE 85

FIDDLER FELLOW, THAT. By Horace Hutchinson . . 101, 254
FRENCH SCHOOLBOY, THE. By Madame de Bury . . . 831

GENOESE LOVE SONG. By Frederic Herbert Trench . . 670
GRACIOSA. By J. Lawson 532

HELIGOLAND IN 1890 280
HOSPITALS, OUR:—
I. The House Surgeon. By John H. Morgan . . . 145
II. A Practical View of Nursing. By Miss Stewart . . 162

ICELAND, WHY NOT. By Jón Stefánsson 95

PAGE

INVASION OR STARVATION. By Captain S. Eardley Wilmot, R.N. 289

IRISH PATRIOTS AND PROFESSOR DICEY, THE. By Julia Wedgwood 577

LADY ARTISTS IN PARIS. By Marie Adelaide Belloc . . 371

LEGEND OF THE BRIAR-ROSE 246

LETTER FROM THE BALTIC, AN OLD. By the Author of "Letters from the Baltic" 487

LITTLE COMEDY, HIS. By Frances H. Low 638

LONDON RIVER. By Morley Roberts 76

LORD KILCONNELL, OLD. By Hon. Emily Lawless . . 229

LYCEUM "RAVENSWOOD," THE 696

MARCIA. By W. E. Norris . . 19, 170, 301, 455, 607, 735

MARINA, S. By Lewis Morris 1

NOTES OF THE MONTH . . . 128, 273, 414, 557, 704, 842

OUR LIBRARY LIST 136, 281, 426, 569, 713, 852

PIERRE LOTI. By Mdlle. Blaze de Bury 215

POLITICAL APOSTATE, A. By James Sully 783

RECENT VISIT TO GOA, A. By Graham Sandberg . . . 649

SCOTLAND YARD. By J. Hall Richardson 7

STUDIO IN PROVENCE, A. By A. M. Wakefield . . . 49

STREETS OF LONDON, THE. By Morley Roberts . . . 764

TECHNICAL EDUCATION:—

For Boys and Men. By P. E. Matheson . . . 56

For Girls. By Selina Hadland 70

TOWN AND RIVER. By Colonel Alfred Harcourt . . . 352

TRADE UNIONISM. REPLIES TO MR. SHIPTON:—

I. By J. L. Mahon 116

II. By Fred. Hammill 119

TRAGICAL TERTULIA, A. By E. Armstrong 333

TRUTH ABOUT GREECE, THE. By Prof. A. N. Jannaris . . 721

WORLDLY WISDOM. By E. Nesbit 339

BOOKS NOTICED :— PAGE

Ashton (John), Social Life under the Regency 574
Aubyn (Alan St.) and Wheeler (Walter), A Fellow of Trinity . . 855

Bennett (Cyril), The Modern Malady 139
Bjornson (Bjornsterne), In God's Way 576
Blind (Mathilde), Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff 287
Boldrewood (Ralf), The Squatter's Dream 576
Booth (General), In Darkest England and the Way Out . . . 853
Broughton (Rhoda), "Alas" 719
Buchanan (Robert), "The Moment after" 718
Butler (Sir Wm. F.), Sir Charles Napier 715

Cambridge (Ada), A Marked Man 718
Campbell (J. F.), Popular Tales of the West Highlands . . . 140
Clarke (Major G. Sydenham), Fortification. 852
Coupland (W. C.), The Gain of Life and Other Essays . . . 572
Crawford (F. Marion), A Cigarette-maker's Romance 855
Cunningham (Sir Henry T. Stewart, K.C.I.E.), Wheat and Tares . 431

Dead Man's Diary, A 429
Deland (Margaret), Sidney 856
Dollinger (Dr.), Studies in European History 852

Edwardes (Mrs. Annie), Pearl Powder 717
Ely (Richard T.), The Labour Movement in America 571

Firth (J. C.), Nation Making 285
Fraser (Prof. Campbell), Locke. 858
Frere (M.), England: A Valediction 856

Gift (Theo), Dishonoured 286
Gore (Rev. Charles, M.A.), Lux Mundi 569
Greswell (Rev. W. P.), History of the Dominion of Canada . . . 284

Haggard (H. Rider), Beatrice 143
Henley (W. E.), Views and Reviews 283
Hornung (E. W.), A Bride from the Bush 857
Hosie (Alexander), Three Years in Western China 283
Hug (Lina) and Stead (R.), Switzerland 716
Hutton (Richard H.), Cardinal Newman 714

James (Henry), The Tragic Muse 431
Jews under Roman Rule, The 288
Johnston (Alfred St.), A South Sea Lover 430
Junker (Dr. Wilhelm), Travels in Africa during 1875–1878 . . . 281

Keary (C. F.), A Marriage de Convenance 141
Kipling (Rudyard), Plain Tales from the Hills 286

Lawless (Hon. Emily), With Essex in Ireland 143
Lecky (W. E. H.), History of England in the Eighteenth Century . . 853
Life of Havelock 139
Lilly (W. S.), On Right and Wrong 136
Lytton (Earl of), The Ring of Amasis 143

BOOKS NOTICED :— PAGE

Mackintosh (John), Scotland 429
Malleson (Colonel), Dupleix 572
Marshall (Alfred), Principles of Economics 569

North (Roger), Lives of the Norths 713

Oliphant (Mrs.), Kirsteen 716

Phelps (E. S.) and Ward (Herbert D.), The Master of the Magicians . 141
Phelps (E. S.) and Ward (Herbert D.), Come Forth 719
Philips-Wolley (C.), Snap. 430
Pollard (A. W., M.A.), English Miracle Plays 574

Ransome (Cyril), Short Studies of Shakespeare's Plots . . . 573
Rathbone (William, M.P.), The History and Progress of District Nursing 140
Reynolds (S. H.), Bacon's Essays 713
Roberts (Morley), In Low Relief 717
Robinson (F. Mabel), A Woman of the World 142

Saunders (T. Bailey, M.A.), Schopenhauer's Wisdom of Life and Religion 138
Stepniak (Sergius) and Westall (Wm.), Korolensko's Blind Musician . 575
Shipton (Helen), The Last of the Fenwicks. 856
Smalley (G. W.), London Letters 855
Story (E. M.), Coloured Music System 144
Symonds (J. A.), Essays Speculative and Suggestive 426

Tennis, Lawn Tennis, Rackets, Fives. 282
Thomson (Joseph), Mungo Park and the Niger 138
Thornton (Lewis), Opposites 137
Toxar, A Romance 432
Trotter (Capt. L. J.), Warren Hastings 857

Walpole (Spencer), History of England 428–714
Walter Scott's Journal, Sir 854
Wilson (Col. Sir Charles), Clive 427

MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1890.

S. MARINA.

"In Egypt long ago a humble hind
Lived happy. One fair daughter of his love
Was his, a modest flower, who came to bless
The evening of his days. But time and change
Came on his well-loved home, and took from him
The partner of his life; and when the blow
Had fallen, loathing of the weary world
Took him, and, leaving his young girl behind
With some who tended her, he wandered forth
Across the desert sands, and in a cave
Long time he mused, a pious eremite
Withdrawn from men. But when the rapid years
Hurried his child to budding maidenhood,
Knowing the perils of the world, his soul
Grew troubled, and he could not bear the dread
That day and night beset him for her sake;
So that his vigils and his prayers seemed vain,
Nor bore their grateful suffrage to the skies,
Since over all his mind would brood a doubt
For her and her soul's health, revolving long
How she should 'scape the world and be with him,
Because no woman might approach the cell

Of any pious hermit. At the last
He counselled her, taking the garb of man,
To come to him; leaving the world behind;
And the fair girl, loving her sire, obeyed,
And lived with him in duty to the end.
And when he died, leaving the girl alone,
The brethren of a holy convent near,
Seeing the friendless youth, and pitying
His loneliness, and holding high his love
For his dead sire, offered him food and home
Within the holy house; and there he served,
A young man in the blossom of his age,
Sweet natured, pious, humble, drawing to him
His comrades' friendship and the love of maids.

But all her soul was rapt with thoughts of Heaven,
Taking no thought for earth, and so it was
The youthful Brother grew in every grace
And great humility, and was to all
Example of good life and saintly thought,
And was Marinus to the monks, who loved
Their blameless serving-lad, nor knew at all
That 'twas a maid indeed who lived with them.

Now, as in all humility he served,
The Abbot, trusting him beyond the rest,
Would send him far across the desert sands,
With wagons and with oxen, to the sea,
As steward for the House; and oftentimes
The young man stayed far from his convent home,
With some rude merchant who purveyed their food;
And oft amid the wild seafaring folk
His days were passed, and coarse disordered lives;

And oftentimes the beauty of the youth
Drew many a woman's heart who deemed him man.
But still the saintly tenour of her way
The maiden kept, clothed round with purity,
So that before her face the ribald rout
Grew sober, and among the styes of sense
She walked a saint clothed round with purity,
A youth in grace, keeping a virgin heart.

But one, the daughter of his host, would cast
A loving eye upon him—all in vain;
For careless still he went his way, nor took
Heed of her love nor her, and oftentimes
He would reprove her of his maiden soul,
Knowing a woman's weakness, and would say,
'Sister, I prithee think of whom thou art,
And set a watch upon thy feet.' But she,
Hating the faithful candour of the youth,
Fell into utter wretchlessness of sin;
And when her sire, discovering her disgrace,
Threatened her for her fault, a shameless thought
Seized her, and she, with feigned reluctancy,
Sware he deserted her, and with her child
Came to the saintly Abbot, where he sate
Judging the brethren. And great anger seized
The reverend man that at his heart he nursed
A viper which thus stung him, and he cried,
'Vile wretch, who dost disgrace our sacred house!
False hypocrite, soiling the spotless robe
Of saintly purity! I do denounce
Thy wickedness. No longer canst thou be
A brother to thy brethren here, who live
Pure lives unstained. My sentence on thee is

That thou be scourged, and from this holy house
Withdraw thyself, and work what viler work
The brethren find for thee; and this poor child
Take thou with thee, and look that thou maintain
Its growing life, since thus thy duty bids thee.
Or if my mercy spare thee from the stripes
Thou hast deserved, 'tis for its sake, not thine.
Go, get thee gone, and never dare again
Pollute my presence.'

Long she strove to speak,
But her lips formed no word. And then she rose
Meekly, and, answering no word, went forth,
Bowed down with shame, and yet not ill content,
Deeming it but the penance which her sins
Had merited. And when the little one
Stretched forth its hands, she clasped it to her breast,
Her virgin breast, and all the sacred glow
Of motherhood, which lurks within the hearts
Of innocent maidens, rising soothed her pain;
And, wandering forth, she found some humble hut
For shelter. There by alms and servile tasks,
'Mid great despite of all who held her high
In days of honour; hungry, lonely, poor,
And ofttimes begging bread, she lived long time,
Till the young life Heaven gave her throve and grew
In happy innocence, and all who passed
Might hear twin voices rising in the hymns—
The father's, who was mother, and the child's—
And wondering went their way.

So that pure soul
Grew tranquil even on earth. Yet in her heart

Deep down the rankling sorrow dwelt, and burned
The sources of her life, until at times
Her penance grew too hard, and almost broke
The bonds of silence; then again her soul
Took courage, persevering to the end,
Loathing her sins, and knowing well her pain,
Though undeserved, was nothing to the sum
Of her offence, dear heart! and hoping from it
The fair reward of utter faithfulness.

But not the less the insults and the shame
Consumed her life and strength, and day by day,
When now the innocent she loved had grown
To happy childhood, weaker and more weak,
Her failing forces waned, till on her bed
Stretched helpless lay the maid. And when she knew
Her hour was come, she summoned to her side
An agèd woman whom she knew of yore,
What time she seemed a frank and eager youth,
Ere her shame took her; and when she was come,
Quickly with trembling hand she beckoned her,
Giving her charge, when she was dead, to take
Her child to the good brethren, with her prayer
That they should keep it safe.

Then with weak hand
She bared her innocent virgin breast and smiled,
A sad wan smile, and, looking up to Heaven,
Breathed her last breath.

And she who saw, amazed,
With mingled joy and tears, composed with care
The virgin limbs, and wrapped her in her shroud,

And hasting to the convent with the child
Left orphan, told the tale. And when he heard,
The holy Abbot knelt with bitter grief
All night before the altar, asking grace
Of Heaven, that he had wronged that stainless soul
By base suspicion; and the brotherhood
Mourned for the pure girl-saint, who bore so long
In blessèd silence taunts and spite and shame,
Obedient and in great humility."

LEWIS MORRIS.

SCOTLAND YARD.

IN the sunniest and warmest angle-turret of the new Police Offices on the Thames Embankment, which are to be known as New Scotland Yard, there is a pleasant room on the principal floor. Originally this was known as "Sir Charles Warren's office;" but Sir Charles was never destined to occupy it. Then it was allotted to his successor, Mr. Monro; and, although there was much mystery as to the exact uses to which the other parts of the building would be put, there was never any concealment about the intention to appropriate the particular apartment in question to the Commissioner. But Mr. Monro, in his turn, has resigned, for reasons which I will presently specify, and his tenure of office was the subject of constant criticism. New Scotland Yard itself has not escaped condemnation.

Mr. Norman Shaw, R.A., the architect, who was nominated by Mr. Matthews, the Home Secretary, and was not selected by competition, has, according to some people, not had sufficient consideration for the light and graceful character of the neighbouring buildings. The "Red House," as the Marquis of Salisbury termed the massive structure which occupies the site of the never-completed Opera House, has been described as a huge block, dull and ponderous, and altogether out of harmony with the Gothic architecture of the Houses of Parliament, and the Italian character of Whitehall Court.

Mr. Norman Shaw, however, does not admit the justice of this condemnation, and in a recent conversation with me he said: "This building is of no recognized style. I contend strongly that this has been our trouble all along. First we had classic buildings, and everything was in accordance with tradition, and, as a consequence, our rooms were dark. Then, with the swing of the pendulum, we went over to the Gothic. We architects have pinned our faith to style. I think we should rather pin it to character. Internal arrangement, too, is of a greater

necessity than external appearance. I hope that this building will have a character of its own."

I propose to deal with New Scotland Yard, therefore, not from the picturesque point of view, but from the architect's standpoint —its character and its uses. Mr. Norman Shaw has already publicly stated that he aimed at solidity and sternness to give simplicity; and he holds that it is character, outline, and proportion which create charm, and not ornament. His view of the Metropolitan Police is that it is an essentially stern, and not at all frivolous body. Consequently he will house the headquarters staff in a gigantic parallelogram, 168 feet by 128 feet, and 130 feet in height; with an internal courtyard nearly 60 feet square, built half of granite, convict-hewn, and half of red brick, with high slate roofs, and angle-corbelled turrets, which give to the whole building something of the appearance of an ancient stronghold. But he leaves all his ideas of sternness behind him immediately he crosses the threshold. Once inside New Scotland Yard, Mr. Shaw's chief desire has been to secure convenience of arrangement, good ventilation, and capital light. He has admirably succeeded; and probably there are no better Government Offices than those which have been erected for the Chiefs of Metropolitan Police.

The occupation of New Scotland Yard will mark a new era in the history of the London police. Mr. Monro's opinion of the accommodation which has hitherto been provided is that it was "simply scandalous." In fact it was not an office at all; but a conglomeration of old and frequently insanitary houses. The absolute removal off the face of the earth of Great Scotland Yard will cause no one a pang of regret. Its ancient history, as the site of the Saxon palace for the reception of the Kings of Scotland, when visiting London, has long since been obliterated; and the antiquarian will not weep over the destruction of the wretched building assigned to the Convict Office, and the detached central barn of two floors latterly allotted to the Public Carriage Department, which the dynamitards were unsuccessful in blowing up completely when it was tenanted by the detectives of the Criminal Investigation Department. In the same way, there are no sentimental associations connected with the warren-like structure which is occupied by the Executive Branch, and which is in communication, by means of tortuous passages and staircases, with the offices of the Receiver and Commissioner of Police in Whitehall Place.

It is to be hoped that all these unsightly edifices will shortly disappear. Only the initiated can realize the importance of the removal of the several departments of police to one central building. I asked the retiring Commissioner once for his view of the removal, and he replied: "It is of enormous advantage to have all your departments under you. Now, under the old arrangement, if I wanted to see Mr. Anderson, the Assistant Commissioner (Detective), I had to telephone to him to come across the road from No. 21 Whitehall Place to No. 4. The fact of having all branches under one roof will increase efficiency immensely and save much delay. Besides, there is ample space at New Scotland Yard to provide for the temporary accommodation of a thousand or more men, ready for an emergency; and hitherto we have not had this reserve room."

It must not be supposed, however, that New Scotland Yard is to be, in any sense, a police station. The public have an erroneous notion that Scotland Yard is such. It is nothing of the kind. It has been and its successor will be simply the headquarters of the whole administration of the police—the police station proper being at King Street, near to the Local Government Board Offices. Persons who have to make trivial complaints about the loss of watches, &c., are accustomed to go to Scotland Yard instead of to King Street, and, owing to the unsuitability of the offices, it was often difficult to dispose of these trifling matters of detail without much loss of time and annoyance to both parties.

The aggrieved Britisher, too, not content with paying personal visits, began to abuse the telephone so much that the Scotland Yard authorities deliberately cut themselves off the circuit, retaining the power of making use of the instrument themselves when necessary. It was an insupportable nuisance to be rung up to hear such a grumble as this: "I say, I have lost my keys. Send down an officer to find them." And then, after the lapse of half an hour: "I say, that officer has not come. If you can't hurry him up I shall complain to the Home Secretary."

This reference to the Home Secretary reminds me of the intimate connection between that Minister and the police. The ties do not tend to loosen, as recent events have shown, and it was absolutely compulsory that the new police offices should be built within bowshot of the Home Office. There were alternative sites in Whitehall, King Street, and that of the Royal Aquarium, which were rejected in favour of the plot on the

Thames Embankment which has a frontage facing the Home Office. Mr. Matthews not only chose the architect, but he also ordered the use of some thousands of tons of granite which had been dressed by the convicts, and which no doubt had much to do with the making of the lower half of New Scotland Yard resemble Newgate Gaol. The Home Secretary's control is not limited to bricks, stone and mortar. He is absolutely dictator, at times in total opposition to the counsels of the Commissioner. Perhaps this point will be best illustrated by reviewing generally some of the more prominent features of Mr. Monro's administration.

The late Commissioner was compelled to send in his resignation simply because the Home Secretary ignored his representations as to the serious discontent prevailing in the Metropolitan Police with respect to superannuation. Briefly, the men considered that, as they were stopped from two to two and a half per cent. in their pay for superannuation, they should be entitled to a two-thirds' pension as a matter of right after twenty-five years' service, and not be required to wait until they were certified as infirm. There were other grievances, but these subordinate wrongs might have been arranged. Mr. Monro, perfectly well aware that an agitation was brewing, pledged his word to his men to help forward their cause; and, much to his astonishment, he found that Mr. Matthews had prepared a scheme which would not be in any degree acceptable to the men. The Home Secretary refused to listen to advice, and Mr. Monro had no other course open to him than to resign. He would not have taken this step for any less reason, although Mr. Matthews had almost provoked him to do so by at first declining to appoint Mr. Howard, the Senior Chief Constable, to the Assistant Commissionership, vacant by the death of Colonel Pearson, but instead had nominated, as it was generally believed, his private secretary, a gentleman without any police experience, to the position. Subsequently, however, Mr. Howard was appointed.

Of course the Home Secretary and the Commissioner were not always, although they were generally, at variance. The Government, after a great deal of vacillation, determined that Trafalgar Square should be no longer used for public meetings. Mr. Monro did not swerve from the policy in the slightest degree, and Mr. Matthews supported him. The battle-field of the right of public meeting, or, more properly speaking, of public assembly, has been, however, transferred to the streets. Sir

Charles Warren had not scrupled to use force against men who resisted his officers, and Mr. Monro in the autumn of 1888, and spring of 1889, showed that he was not to be trifled with, and he dispersed Socialists who wished to make the Thames Embankment a substitute for Trafalgar Square. There was also a conflict with Salvationist processionists who were charged with attempting to evade the traffic regulations in approaching Exeter Hall. On that occasion the Home Secretary declared that such processions were "a public nuisance," which was the view taken by the Commissioner, with the proviso that if the public willingly submit to the loss and inconvenience he had nothing further to say upon the matter.

For a time the question remained at rest; but the great Dock Strike, which was followed by the South London Gas Strike, and many other minor movements, again revived the controversy as to the right of procession, although the problem was somewhat complicated by other equally important issues.

It will be recollected that the Commissioner was accused of a change of front in his treatment of the gas stokers, in comparison with his policy towards the dockers. As regards both these troubles I had the advantage of frequently conversing with Mr. Monro, from hour to hour almost, and I also noted on the spot the conduct of all parties to the quarrels. I do not think I am misrepresenting Mr. Monro when I state that his policy was to maintain an attitude of the strictest impartiality, whilst preserving order in the streets, and detecting breaches of the law. The police were directed not to interfere with pickets so long as picketing was confined to legal limits, and they were ordered to afford every protection against illegal intimidation.

As regards the docks this doctrine was admirably carried out under the personal control and supervision of the Constable of the District. Nevertheless, the Commissioner was subjected to violent abuse on the ground, first, that he had not allowed metropolitan police to be stationed inside the docks as a preventive measure, although he stationed at the gates sufficient reserves to enter at a moment's notice had there been any disturbance. I recollect one occasion, at least, when I saw these reserves enter the docks. The Dock Companies were in the position of having several hundreds of duly appointed constables, and they might have appointed as many special constables as they required; but they took no step of the sort.

It was a far different matter with the South Metropolitan Gas

Company. Under no statute had they been armed with any watchmen of their own, and the danger which threatened a large part of London, by a stoppage of the gas supply, was of a character directly to encourage robbery and crime. The Gas Company had a policy which the Dock Directors had not; and it was not until late in the day that the latter began to grapple with the situation by filling the places of the absentee workers with new hands. They complained that the protection afforded by the police against intimidation was altogether insufficient; but their assertions on this point were vague, and, generally, unsupported with evidence. There was absolutely no difference of policy between the two great strikes; and, in both cases, the measure of police protection was the same, except that constables paid by the Gas Company, were posted within the Gasworks to protect the premises. Whatever other variations of principle there were, were justifiable and necessary, and were not the result of whim or caprice; and, as the result of the whole procedure, Mr. Monro may fairly claim that two very large and important strikes were met, with a minimum of disturbance of the public peace, with the strictest impartiality as to the merits of matters in dispute, and with the fullest maintenance of law and order within the power of the police.

One feature of these strikes was the daily procession. The dockers brought the traffic of the City to a standstill for a couple of hours every day, but their cessation of work had in itself reduced the volume of vehicular traffic. They collected money as they went. The gas stokers tried the same plan, but their processions were generally failures, for they paraded wide and little-frequented thoroughfares in the South of London, and their displays were unproductive in respect of advertisement and of voluntary subscriptions.

The passion for bands and banners, however, once aroused is difficult to appease. The fashion has been set and the end cannot yet be foreseen. Mr. Monro was again brought face to face with the procession difficulty on May 1st last, when all the Continental capitals were expected to be in a state of turmoil. London alone remained calm, and the credit was rightly given to the policy of the Commissioner. He firmly refused to a Socialist leader permission to march in organized bands from various parts of the metropolis to Hyde Park; and he laid down a route from the Thames Embankment along Birdcage Walk to the Park, which was described by one agitator as a "backstairs" one, altogether

useless to his friends who wanted to collect money to pay their band on the way. The Commissioner was firm, and the consequence was that the May 1st demonstration was a farce, all opportunities of disorder having been reduced to a minimum.

On the following Sunday the Trade Societies, and the advocates of the Legal Eight Hours' Working Day, were permitted to march from all parts of London to the Embankment, where two processions were formed—the one taking the Birdcage Walk route to the Park, and the other going along Holborn and Oxford Street to the Marble Arch. The whole programme passed off without a hitch. On that account, probably, the working-men subscribers to the Morley House Convalescent Home considered that they had the same right to free locomotion on the Saturday following as had been given to the Eight Hour Labour advocates, forgetting that what was possible on the Sunday was impracticable on a week-day, except at the expense of public inconvenience.

It may be well here to state how the Commissioner met this demand. Mr. Monro told the promoters clearly that they must go by the Embankment, and that they could not have large processions from every quarter of the compass as they proposed. He asked them how he could yield to them what had been refused to the May 1st Socialists. He pointed out that public convenience was his chief concern, and that, if indiscriminate processions were to be allowed, police administration would become impossible, except by an enormous increase of the force.

Nevertheless, the leaders appealed to the Home Secretary, who reversed Mr. Monro's policy, authorized thirty-four distinct processions with bands, banners, and collecting boxes, and ordered the Commissioner to carry out his instructions in allowing these processions to go to the Thames Embankment and to Hyde Park.

One word may be said upon the position which Mr. Monro had assumed, and by virtue of which he steadfastly opposed the original proposals of the promoters. At the last moment there was a disposition to accede to the reasonableness of his demands, but the important matter was that Mr. Matthews had thrown open the door to all sorts of claimants in the future, whose right to procession cannot now be questioned, unless by the sacrifice of consistency on the part of the Home Office. Mr. Monro claimed to have the power of regulating street traffic under 2 & 3 Vict. c. 47, sec. 52, and of permitting the assembling of a pro-

cession on the Embankment, under 57 Geo. III. c. 19, sec. 23. There is nothing in the latter Act to forbid a gathering within a mile of the Houses of Parliament unless it be convened for the purpose of presenting a petition to Parliament. The individual has a common-law right to free locomotion in the public streets. A procession has not. Three men arm-in-arm "causing an obstruction" are liable to arrest; and a procession can only be permitted by the tolerance of the public.

The Commissioner never sought to prohibit such displays. He claimed, nevertheless, to have the power of regulating them, which included, of course, the laying down of a particular route. The Thames Embankment route causes the minimum of public inconvenience. He also said that, "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," and that well-behaved philanthropists could not expect to receive favoured treatment.

The Morley House demonstration was a failure; for if the paid brass bands and banner-bearers had been taken out of the procession there would have been very little left. The police acted impartially, and gave the paraders their share of the traffic and no more; and the procession had to come to a frequent halt to allow the 'buses and cabs to cross its line of march.

Precisely the same policy was adopted towards the Temperance demonstrators, a body of whom, upon leaving Hyde Park, raised the question whether an "unauthorized" procession might lawfully disobey the police.

I have spoken of a necessity for more police, if processions are to continue. Towards the close of last year Mr. Monro induced the Home Secretary to sanction the increase of the force by one thousand men. He had been pressing forward this reform from the first six months of his occupancy of the office of Commissioner. The reasons advanced were that the divisional superintendents were constantly asking for more constables to provide new beats, and to shorten existing ones. The need was most urgent in the suburbs; and it was accentuated by the fact that there was a probability of trouble ahead in consequence of the threatening labour disputes. These thousand men are still in process of being added to the ranks. They have not been hurriedly selected, but are being as carefully examined, drilled, and instructed as in normal times; the use of the Candidate's Section House at Kennington being increasingly manifest.

The Metropolitan Police Force has still to rely for emergency duties upon draughts from the suburbs, for the A Division is

scarcely strong enough to meet these demands unaided. Consequently on the occasion of State functions, or of popular demonstrations, the constables of the outer divisions are conveyed to the heart of London to do duty; which is, as often as not, in the nature of extra work performed at the sacrifice of their monthly leave and ordinary leisure, and with scanty compensation.

During Mr. Monro's tenure of office there was no fundamental change in the organization of the police. He recognized to the full the value of Sir Charles Warren's reconstitution; but, whilst retaining the closer military methods than those which existed in Sir Edmund Henderson's time, he succeeded in inspiring his officers with a civilian spirit, which permeates all ranks, and is reflected in the personal conduct of the individual constable. This change of bearing is indeed remarkable, and I can testify to its importance on all occasions of public demonstration, when an officious policeman can work an infinity of harm.

The Commissioner initiated and continued to carry on a campaign against bogus clubs, which are maintained for gambling purposes and as betting dens. This policy originated in the number of complaints which came, in particular from the East End, where much evil and ruin were being caused by such infamous establishments. The police were, however, in this difficulty. These places were unlicensed premises. They had in fact taken their rise from the early closing of the public-houses, and the last state was worse than the first, for the public-houses were always liable to inspection and control. The police have no power of entry into a club, where drink is supplied to members at any hour. Mr. Monro is, I believe, of the opinion that the only effectual remedy is to license all clubs, but then no line could be drawn between the poor man's club in Whitechapel and the Carlton Club in Pall Mall. In common justice they must all be treated alike; but, in practice, the Carlton Club would have only a sentimental grievance, whilst the good done to the poorer classes would be incalculable.

Acting upon the principle of impartiality, Mr. Monro instituted his raids in the West End as well as in the East. His plan was to make use of a reliable agent, who supplied sufficient information to the Superintendent to justify the issue of the Commissioner's warrant. Then came the raid and Police Court prosecutions. There have been as many as seventeen clubs raided, without failure in any instance.

Take the case of the Field Club, which was doing much harm to young men of fortune. The issue of the magisterial proceedings, with the antiquated six-and-eightpenny fine, seemed absurd; but the participating noblemen must have known that if they had not pleaded guilty the Commissioner would have withdrawn the charge against them as players, and proceeded solely against the keeper of the club. He would then have called the players as witnesses, and in cross-examination they must have divulged their whole dealings. This fear of publicity has, indeed, acted as a deterrent. The then Commissioner, I am confident, did not think that he could suppress gambling, but whilst the rich can afford to risk their money, the poor are subjected to great misery if they lose; and he could not strike at one and leave the other class. Still, his measures could only be temporary and spasmodic, for the police force of London is not strong enough to deal with every unlicensed club and betting den.

In New Scotland Yard the several departments will be adequately housed. The Receiver will be on the ground-floor and the Commissioner on the first. Offices have had to be found in the 160 rooms for the Surveyor, the Executive Branch, the printing office; the Stores Department; Hackney Carriage Office, Lost Property Office; the Criminal Investigation Department, and the Convict Office.

The Criminal Investigation Department, of which, as Assistant Commissioner, Mr. Anderson took charge when Mr. Monro found it impossible to work with Sir Charles Warren, has remained under his superintendence ever since, and there was not the slightest friction between the two divisions of the service, Mr. Anderson and Mr. Monro having mutually assisted each other. Mr. Monro during his experience in India as magistrate, Sessions and District Judge, Inspector General of Police (Bengal) and Commissioner of Presidency (Calcutta), acquired great knowledge of criminals, and his detective instincts are very great, as shown by the manner in which he outwitted the dynamitards at the time of the Jubilee. He was, therefore, to say the least, a sympathetic Commissioner, and never disposed to thwart the Detective Department.

Probably as long as New Scotland Yard exists the spot will be pointed out in one of the arched vaults of the groined crypt where, during the progress of building, the dismembered corpse of a woman was discovered, whose identification was never

obtained ; although in a similar and later case, notwithstanding that the body was distributed over a large area in portions, and the head was missing, the police succeeded in proving the name of the woman, and in bringing to light her antecedents.

The Criminal Investigation Department has suffered the loss of Mr. Williamson, whose thirty years' experience, and his long acquaintance with crime in all its phases, made him an invaluable officer. A fund was raised to help his family by those who knew how great were the services he had rendered to the public, and how, virtually, hard work had killed him before he had lived long enough to reap the reward of his labours. His place as Chief Constable of the Department has been filled by Mr. Melville MacNaghten, who has had experience in India.

Intimately associated with the Detective Department is the Convict Office, where many hundreds of ex-prisoners who are still under supervision of the police have to report themselves monthly. Here also are stored the albums containing the portraits and records of convicted criminals, and room has also to be found for the temporary storage of the property of prisoners who are undergoing their sentences. The Black Museum, a ghastly collection of relics, is also a feature of the office. These several divisions of the Convict Office Department will henceforth be properly accommodated, and the utility of the records and photograph albums will gain by their transfer to convenient premises.

There is no reason to suppose that the programme of police reforms will embrace the adoption of the French system of anthropometric measurement of prisoners. There is said to be a prejudice against the introduction of Dr. Bertillon's plan of taking note of the height, the size of the head, the facial angle, the size of the hands and feet, and the stretch of the arms. I believe I am correct in saying that the late Commissioner regards the method as a "scientific fad" of no practical use, except in gaols for the correction of the registers, copies of which are furnished to the police. But, even if approved, anthropometric measurement could not be undertaken without fresh legislation to empower the authorities to strip a man, for under the English law at present such procedure would render the examining officer liable to an action of assault. As a scientific theory the system is very well ; but, after all, bodily marks are secondary means of identification, which must rest mainly upon the features.

Whether the French police really derive great advantage from

La Service Anthropométrique is open to question. They do not supply statistics, and the anecdotes which are told of identifications and arrests by means of measurements which had been duly recorded, are merely amusing and do not furnish practical testimony of the value of the methods which Dr. Bertillon recommends to us. French criminals do escape recognition in spite of all the advantages of the police, and probably, if the truth were known, the anthropometric system is just as much a piece of red-tape as are the operations of the *Brigade de Recherches*, which concerns itself with the visitation of hotels, lodging houses, and furnished apartments with a view to inspecting the names of all strangers on the police registers. It is certain that this system, elaborate as it is, affords very little assistance to the detectives.

Once complaint was made in London of a swindler who was known to be in Paris, but the French police could not "locate" him, although his name had been duly entered in the books, for an English officer found it there when he was sent specially to Paris from Scotland Yard, and he captured the man. The Brussels police are much more energetic than the French, and they obtain from London what the Paris authorities never ask for—the *état civil* of a person who wishes to reside in their country.

But whilst the Paris police are hedged about by departmentalism, they are not above copying metropolitan methods, and in the Gouffé affair M. Goron received much assistance from London, for it was in the Euston Road that the box which had contained the *huissier's* body was purchased, and there was reason to believe that Eyraud had fled by way of England to America.

J. HALL RICHARDSON.

MARCIA.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "THIRLBY HALL," &c.

CHAPTER XXV.

AN EMPTY TRIUMPH.

NOT until she had reached the door of Sir George Brett's house in Portman Square did it occur to Marcia that she would find herself in a somewhat awkward fix if, contrary to her expectation, her sister-in-law should receive her. But her momentary anxiety on this point was relieved by the butler, who appeared in response to her ring and who at once said, "Not at home, m'm," while he gazed over her head into vacancy.

"Is Lady Brett out, or doesn't she receive?" inquired Marcia.

"Her ladyship is gone out driving, m'm."

Now Marcia knew this man, who had evidently recognized her, although he affected not to do so. "Benson," said she, holding between her finger and thumb the sovereign with which she had provided herself for his benefit, "I wish to see Master Willie. I suppose he isn't in the house now; but probably you can tell me at what time I should have the best chance of finding him if I came again."

Benson gazed pensively at the coin and remained silent; but when it had been transferred to his palm he lowered his voice and replied. "Well, m'm, to tell you the truth, Master Willie *is* in, and I'm sure I should be very pleased for him to see his mar, which he's always askin' me about you, m'm. But I'm sorry to say as I've had very positive orders not to admit you, m'm."

Marcia immediately stepped past him and entered the hall. "You can't turn me out now," she remarked. "It is no fault of yours that I have forced my way into the house, and of course it

would be impossible for you to use physical force with a lady. Now, Benson, you can go and call Master Willie. I shall wait for him in the library, and as I shall not stay more than half an hour, Lady Brett need not know that I have been here. For that matter, I have a perfect right to be here—as I should think you must be aware."

Benson shook his head, but smiled and only begged Mrs. Brett to bear in mind that she would get him into a serious trouble if she outstayed her time. So Marcia was shown into the library, a rather dismal apartment, containing several hundred books which nobody ever dreamt of removing from their shelves, and there, with a beating heart, awaited a meeting which she had not dared to expect so soon, and which, as she now felt for the first time, might prove more painful than joyful.

But she was not kept waiting long, nor were her half-formed fears realized. For presently there came a sound as of somebody running downstairs at the top of his speed, then the door was flung open, and before she could draw a breath a great big boy, who had thrown his arms round her neck, was kissing her upon both cheeks. Well, it was a moment of pure, unalloyed happiness, a moment to be remembered afterwards with thankfulness and tears, one of those moments which only come here and there into anybody's life and which, at the best of times, are but transitory.

"Did you think I had forgotten you, Willie?" Marcia asked, when she had drawn her boy down upon a sofa beside her and was holding his hand in one of hers, the other being employed in wiping her eyes.

"I didn't know," answered Willie, and his voice was not quite as steady as it might have been, notwithstanding his age and the fine proportions of his person. "You never wrote to me, and Aunt Caroline said——"

"Oh, but I told you that you must never believe what they said about me!" interrupted Marcia reproachfully. "They don't care what they say; all they want is to make you believe that I am a heartless wretch. But, oh, my own dear Willie, you don't believe that, do you? You *can't* believe it!"

It was true enough that he could not believe it and therefore had not believed it, although his trust in her had been put to a more severe test than the trust of most of those whom we love will bear without snapping. He was able to give her the assurance that she asked for, and when he, on his side, made a

complaint which she admitted that he was entitled to make, she answered:

"Oh, I had a hundred reasons for not writing. It wasn't that I didn't want to write; but I knew you wouldn't like my marrying again—of course you couldn't like it—and—and I thought——"

She paused because it was impossible to confess the truth, which was that she had thought she might begin a new life, in which he should have no part, and that it would be a great deal better for him if she could contrive to do so. "We won't talk of that," she resumed, for indeed it was against her nature to talk of anything disagreeable. "Tell me about Eton. Are you happy there? Do you like it better than Farnborough? But of course you do: I always knew you would. And oh, Willie, what a dandy you are, and what a giant you are growing! You must be nearly as tall as I am. Stand up and let us measure."

The boy humoured her and answered her questions. He had plenty of news to give her; he knew from of old that she could enter into every thought and wish of his; it was delightful to him to hear her voice again, to look into her eyes and to find her so little changed. Yet he could not ask her for information which she would not volunteer, and so there was a certain restraint upon their intercourse of which Marcia became conscious after a while. At length she dropped his hand, sighed and looked at her watch. "I shall have to go away presently," she said in lugubrious accents.

"But why?" asked Willie eagerly. "Who can prevent your coming to see me if you want to come?"

"Oh, your uncle, of course," Marcia answered: "this is his house, you know, and he can forbid me to enter it. In fact, he has forbidden me. He has chosen to quarrel with me, and I shouldn't have been admitted now if he or your aunt had been at home and if I hadn't given Benson a sovereign."

"Then," said Willie decisively, "I'll quarrel with him too. He can forbid me to enter his house if he likes—and welcome!"

But Marcia explained that that plan, attractive though it might appear at first sight, was not one which could be seriously entertained. "Your uncle is your guardian," she said, "and—and—I think most likely you will be his heir. I should never forgive myself if you were to quarrel with him for my sake. Besides, I don't suppose that he would let you quarrel with him; he would say that you were too young to know your own mind. No; we

must have patience and wait. Perhaps, some day, when you are grown up—but I can't look forward so far as that."

Willie declared that he also was unable to project himself in imagination through the mists which obscured the distant future. What he wanted was his mother's companionship in the present, and if that boon could only be obtained by defying his uncle, he saw no reason why his uncle should not be defied. "What can Uncle George do to us, supposing that we choose to disobey him?" was his pertinent query.

Marcia really could not say. She was inclined to believe that Sir George had all the power and majesty of the law to support him; yet she doubted whether he would risk the scandal of setting the law in motion. To send a couple of policemen with instructions to tear the son from his mother's arms would be too ridiculous, even if such a proceeding were legal. "Possibly he might not do anything very dreadful to us," she answered at length; "but I am afraid it would be rather foolish of us to snap our fingers in his face. Perhaps you could sometimes come and see me without letting him know where you have been."

Willie did not seem to fancy this suggestion very much. "I'd a good deal rather tell the truth about it," he answered; "I don't funk Uncle George."

What Marcia was thinking—only she did not like to say so—was that somebody besides Sir George would have to be reckoned with. For herself, she asked nothing better than that Willie should be restored to her, and she would consider such happiness purchased upon easy terms even though it should entail the sacrifice of his golden prospects; but she was by no means sure that Cecil would take that view. She did not realize that the boy perfectly understood her position and was far too proud to inflict himself upon her as a burden. Perhaps he guessed what was passing through her mind; for, as she made no reply, he went on: "I know I've got to live with Uncle George, and I've done what you told me and been respectful to him and all that; but I believe he'd cave in if I told him straight out that I meant to go and see you every now and then."

Willie had taken his uncle's measure accurately enough; nothing was more probable than that Sir George would yield to firm opposition. But Marcia, who did not forget that Sir George was a married man, was of opinon that stratagem was safer than challenge.

"So long as I can see you," said she, "I don't much care how we manage it; only I think we should try to avoid provoking more quarrels. We might easily arrange to meet somewhere or other two or three times a week without being discovered."

"Yes, we could do that," Willie assented doubtfully; "but Aunt Caroline generally asks me where I have been, and I can't tell her a lie, you know."

Marcia's own conscience, like that of most women, did not forbid her an occasional *suppressio veri;* yet it was sensitive enough to shrink from a suggestion of casuistry to others. So she only said: "If the worst comes to the worst, you will have to confess that you have been with me; only I am sure that when you do, they will say that it mustn't happen again. All we can hope for is that they won't ask troublesome questions."

Now, as they were quite certain to ask questions, this was evidently a forlorn hope to trust to, and Willie did his best to point out what a much better chance of success would be secured by the display of a little courage. He ended by partially convincing his mother; but it took him some little time to arrive at that point, so that Marcia had been more than an hour in the library before she noticed how late it was.

"I must go!" she exclaimed; "I wouldn't for all the world let your uncle or your aunt find me here."

Hardly were the words out of her mouth when the door was opened and Sir George, who by ill-luck had returned straight home from the City, walked in. The situation was an awkward one; but there was no escaping from it, and Marcia did what is always the wisest thing to do in an awkward situation by holding her tongue. Sir George, being completely taken aback, simply ejaculated "Hullo!"—after which there was a prolonged pause.

Willie, mindful of his duty to his elders, allowed them what he considered a sufficient time in which to speak first; but, since neither of them profited by the opportunity accorded to them, he took matters into his own hands and said, in his clear, boyish voice: "Mother came here to see me, Uncle George. She thinks you will be angry about it; but there isn't any good in being angry, you know, because we can't get on without meeting sometimes. *You* needn't see her unless you like."

Sir George broke into a laugh. "Upon my word, young

gentleman," said he, "you have a pretty cool way of stating your intentions. Is that the sort of speech that you are in the habit of making to your tutor at Eton, I wonder? Well; now that you have said what you have to say, perhaps you will bid Mrs. Archdale good-bye and leave us. I also have to state my humble intentions; but your presence will not be required while I am doing so."

It was evident that the boy's self-assertion had not displeased him, and Willie cast an encouraging glance at his mother which was intended to mean "I told you so!" He went up to her and kissed her, saying, "We shall meet again soon, sha'n't we?" Then he obediently left the room.

Marcia had risen, and Sir George did not ask her to resume her seat—which was perhaps rather uncivil of him; but allowances must be made for a man who was in desperate fear lest his sense of what was just and right should be obscured by the emotions of a generous and compassionate nature. He therefore remained standing and, after clearing his voice and endeavouring to look as formidable as he was sure that he often looked in the City, began: "Mrs. Archdale, I am compelled to say that this is a most unwarrantable intrusion. May I inquire the meaning of it?"

"You have just been told the meaning of it," answered Marcia, who, now that she had been brought to bay, was not disinclined to show fight. "I need not say that it was very disagreeable to me to come to your house; but that seemed to be my only chance of seeing Willie. By the way, don't you think that it is rather absurd to address me as 'Mrs. Archdale'?"

"It may be; but I am unable to perceive the absurdity of calling you by your name. The extraordinary haste with which you assumed that name would have led me to suppose that you were proud of bearing it. However that may be, I can no longer consider you as belonging to our family, nor do I wish to claim the privileges of a relative."

"I certainly do not wish to force them upon you," returned Marcia; "but whether I have ceased to be your sister-in-law or not, you will admit that I have not ceased to be Willie's mother."

"Excuse me; you have to all intents and purposes ceased to occupy that position. I should perhaps be justified in saying that you have forfeited it morally; but I will not say so, I will

merely remind you that you forfeited it legally when my poor brother nominated me as the sole guardian of his child. Situated as I am, I can but use my own judgment in matters relating to your son's welfare, and, as you are aware, I do not think that his welfare would be promoted, were I to allow you to visit him."

The man's pomposity irritated Marcia even more than his insensibility. She longed to tell him what a perfect fool he looked, but curbed that natural inclination and only said: "Will you condescend to tell me why I am not a fit companion for my own son?"

Sir George waved his hand and shook his head. "I must decline," he answered, "to be drawn into a discussion which could be neither useful nor profitable. My decision, as I think I mentioned to you in my letter, is irrevocable. I am sorry that, in spite of what I wrote to you, you should have thought fit to force your way into my house; but we will say no more about that. I shall take measures to prevent any recurrence of the—er—indiscretion."

Now, if Marcia had had all her wits about her she would doubtless have attempted by means of a little judicious flattery to soften the heart of this self-satisfied old gentleman, and it is quite within the bounds of possibility that she would have succeeded; but she was excited and nervous, and she could not help seeing that there was no great strength of purpose in him, and she remembered Willie's advice, which seemed to be grounded on principles of common sense; so she said boldly: "I don't care what measures you may take; I have submitted to a great deal, but I will not submit to be parted from Willie, nor will he submit to be parted from me. You can't lock either of us up, fortunately, and as we intend to meet, you may be sure that we shall find ways of meeting. Surely you must see that you will not be able to carry out your threat."

Sir George smiled, raised his eyebrows, and observed that he would at any rate do his best to carry it out.

He was so provoking, he looked so politely contemptuous, and he had so very little right to entertain feelings of contempt for anybody, that Marcia could not resist trying to make him lose his temper. She said:

"It is a pity that you are so frightened of your wife. If you were left to yourself you would most likely be sensible enough to understand that no amount of calumny would induce Will-

to take up your quarrel with me; but you are under the thumb of Caroline, who has always envied and hated me, and who, I suppose, thinks that she has now hit upon a fine opportunity for paying off old scores. Well, if you live long enough, you will be able to judge what her scheme is worth."

Sir George rose as satisfactorily as could have been wished. Clouds gathered upon his brow, his cheeks grew red, and it was in a voice trembling with suppressed wrath that he answered: "You little know me, Mrs. Archdale, if you imagine that my actions are liable to be influenced either by feminine jealousies or by feminine impertinence. Your assertion that my wife is envious of you may or may not be true—I have never had the curiosity to make inquiries on that point—but, since plain language appears to please you, I need not scruple to say that my decision as regards Willie and yourself has been arrived at solely in consequence of the view which I personally take of your character and conduct. I think, and I always shall think, that you were guilty of poor Eustace's death; I think that, during his lifetime, you behaved with very little regard to decency, and that you disregarded decency altogether by contracting a second marriage before he was cold in his grave. It will be obvious to you that, holding such an opinion, I cannot conscientiously sanction any association between you and my ward. I have nothing more to add," concluded Sir George, moving towards the door as though he intended holding it open for his visitor.

Marcia might have made a dignified exit; but, although she had roused Sir George's temper, she had not contrived to keep her own. "You are very insulting and very cowardly!" she exclaimed. "No *man* would say such things, and I know quite well that you are merely making yourself Caroline's echo; still it is bad enough to pretend to believe what is false, and I hope I shall never be obliged to see you or speak to you again."

"Madam," answered Sir George, as he opened the door, "I may safely promise you that, with my consent, you never will."

It must be admitted that he had had the best of the encounter, although Marcia secured the empty triumph of the last word. "You and Caroline may do your worst," said she; "but you will never prevent Willie from caring for me and you will never make him care for you."

CHAPTER XXVI.

MARCIA'S CHOICE.

Self-esteem is said to be the most vulnerable spot in any man's moral anatomy. This may be the case—women declare that it is the case, and they ought to know—but perhaps a humble student of human nature may be permitted to observe that, so far as his experience has gone, vanity is the especial failing of the under-bred. However that may be, Sir George Brett, whose pedigree would hardly have borne close examination, was unquestionably vain, and if his sister-in-law had desired to make an eternal enemy of him she could hardly have done better than to accuse him of being under petticoat government. As a matter of fact, he never forgot that insult and never forgave it. He had not thought too highly of Marcia before the interview described in the last chapter; after it, he was ready to believe her capable of any and every crime. And so it seemed to be his bounden duty to lose no time in taking those measures of which he had spoken to her.

"Caroline," he said to his wife, that same evening, in an authoritative tone of voice, "I shall be glad if you will go down to Blaydon to-morrow and take the boy with you. I daresay you will have heard that his mother made her way into the house this afternoon; Benson tells me that she pushed past him, although he did his best to turn her away from the door. Probably she will not attempt to do that a second time; but she was extremely insolent in her manner to me, asserting that she would contrive to meet her son with or without my permission, and as she undoubtedly has it in her power to cause us some annoyance, I think the wisest plan will be to place Willie out of her reach until he returns to Eton."

Lady Brett was disinclined to fly from the face of an enemy with whom she would have been very pleased to risk a personal encounter; but she recognized the difficulty of preventing two wilful people from having their way, and it was a consolation to her to reflect that Marcia could be checkmated with so little trouble. So she dutifully signified her readiness to do what was required of her, and on the following morning she and her nephew left London.

"My dear Willie," was her reply to certain remonstrances

which the latter made so bold as to utter, "you know—or at any rate you ought to know—that we must not question the orders of those whom Providence has set in authority over us. Your uncle wishes us to go down to the country. That is enough for me, and it should be enough for you. Some day, if you live long enough, it will be your turn to exercise authority; meanwhile you must do as I do and obey."

It was quite certain that he could do nothing else; and, as he was of a patient disposition, he might have resigned himself to wait until he should be master of his own actions, had he been able to write a few lines of explanation to his mother. Unfortunately, she had omitted to inform him of her address; and so it was that both he and she passed through a brief period of miserable suspense.

For a whole week Marcia haunted the neighbourhood of Portman Square. She was there at all hours of the day, but never a glimpse did she obtain of what she was seeking for, and at length she wrote to Willie, begging him to name a time and place at which they might meet. "I daresay those wretches open his letters," she thought; "but I must take my chance of that."

In this she wronged Sir George, who saw the letter and recognized the handwriting, but forwarded it to Blaydon intact, and by return of post she received a reply from Willie which brought tears of joy into her eyes. The boy could not have written more reasonably and sensibly if he had been three times his age. He had spoken to his aunt, he said, and had told her that he would make no promise of unconditional obedience. He meant to take every opportunity of seeing his mother, and it would be for his guardians to prevent him from doing so if they could. For the present they evidently could do so. However, he had not been forbidden to write or receive letters, nor had he been scolded for his contumacy. "Aunt Caroline says I am deluded, but she can't blame me. I say she is another, and then she laughs. She really isn't such a bad old creature if you take her the right way."

Probably this is true of ninety-nine people out of a hundred, but it is only one person out of a hundred who knows how to take everybody in the right way, and if Willie was such an exceptional human being, Marcia certainly was not. This was what her husband told her when he returned from his visit to the North, and when she made confession to him of her proceedings.

"I don't wish to say anything rude, Marcia," he remarked, after listening to her narrative, "but I really can't compliment you on your dexterity. By your own account, you have mortally offended a man of whom you had a favour to ask, and who, I should think, might have been conciliated without much difficulty. Oh, I know you began by asking the favour and you met with a refusal. Still one doesn't quite see how you have improved matters by putting the old gentleman in an infernal rage. It would have been so very much more to the purpose to stroke him down."

"You don't know how exasperating he was!" exclaimed Marcia. "But I am glad," she added, smiling, "that you are on my side, Cecil; I was afraid you would say that I ought not to have attempted to see Willie at all."

"Am I on your side?" asked Archdale, with a laugh. "I don't think I am, you know. I should certainly have recommended you to keep upon good terms with the boy's guardian; but more than that I should hardly have been prepared to advise. You see, if you were to put the old man's back up, it would be open to him to resign his guardianship—which would be awkward."

"I really shouldn't so very much care," Marcia declared. "Willie would risk losing a fortune, of course; but money isn't everything. Anyhow, we have made up our minds that we will not consent to be permanently parted, whatever George Brett may do or say."

Archdale made a slight grimace, but did not pursue the subject farther. He had no intention of undertaking the maintenance and education of his step-son if he could help it; still he knew enough of women to know that it is a piece of gratuitous folly to remonstrate with them when they have made up their minds or think that they have done so. He, therefore, began to talk about Wetherby, where it seemed that he had been well received, and he was glad to be able to announce that Lady Wetherby had sent her love to her old friend. He attached no slight importance to this message; for the truth was that he did not at all want his wife to be ignored during the coming season, and he had had certain misgivings which he was aware that Marcia had shared. Now, Lady Wetherby was a tower of strength. Rich, highly placed and eminently respectable, she was just one of those persons whose lead is sure to be followed in doubtful cases, and any one who was made welcome

at her entertainments might safely be regarded as above all suspicion. And Marcia, though she affected indifference, was secretly pleased to hear that Laura Wetherby was not going to drop her; so that the evening passed away pleasantly enough with anticipations of future social enjoyments and a judicious avoidance of topics upon which there was room for difference of opinion.

Archdale, however, was by no means oblivious of a danger which seemed to him to call for prompt measures of precaution, and instead of betaking himself to his studio on the following morning, he drove straight to Brett's bank in the City, where he sent in his card with a request that he might be allowed to see Sir George for a few minutes. He was kept waiting some little time—Sir George made it a rule to keep people waiting, knowing how salutary the effect of such detention is upon the over-bold—but at length he was admitted into the presence of the great man, who was seated behind a massive writing-table, and who looked a good deal more awe-inspiring than the general run of Cabinet Ministers.

Sir George rose and bowed gravely, without extending his hand, while Archdale smiled, nodded and took a chair, saying, "How are you, Sir George?"

He went on to explain the object of his visit. "I ought to apologise for intruding upon you; you are very busy, no doubt. But I will not trespass upon your indulgence long, and I really think that a good deal of time and trouble will be saved if you and I can come to an understanding about family affairs—as I am sure that we can. I need not tell you that I refer to my wife's unwillingness—it is a very natural unwillingness, as you will allow—to be cut off from her son. Now, what are you going to do about it?"

"I have already told Mrs. Archdale," replied Sir George stiffly, "that so long as my nephew remains under my charge I shall not permit him to see her. I shall take care that he has no opportunity of doing so, and I confess that I fail to see how any discussion can promote a clearer understanding of so simple a matter."

"Well," said Archdale, with perfect good humour, "I won't inquire your reasons for being so uncompromising; very likely if you gave them, they wouldn't be particularly complimentary either to my wife or to myself. Besides, I am really to a great extent with you. A division of authority, or even a division of

influence, is, after all, a mistake, and for my own part I should prefer, upon the whole, to have nothing more to do with the boy."

"That I can quite believe," observed Sir George drily.

Archdale laughed. "Oh, well, everybody admits that step-children are a nuisance; I cannot imagine any man feeling otherwise than grateful to a relative who was anxious to adopt his step-son. But what I want to point out to you, Sir George, is that the matter isn't quite such a simple one as you call it. Marcia, of course, cannot be made to obey you, and I gather that the boy——"

"He will have to obey me," interrupted Sir George.

"Possibly; but I don't see how you are going to enforce obedience. You can't, for instance, prevent his mother from writing to him; you can't prevent her making appointments with him and going down to Eton to keep them. That, you may be sure, is precisely what she intends to do, and I foresee an immense deal of annoyance and worry for all of us unless we can hit upon some means of deterring her from doing it. Now, my own impression is——"

Sir George interrupted his visitor for the second time. "Excuse me," said he; "I do not care to resort to stratagem. My course is perfectly plain and straightforward. I have accepted the trust bequeathed to me by my late brother; I propose to treat Willie in all respects like a son of mine, and it is probable—though I do not mention this as being anything more than a probability—that he will eventually inherit all that I possess. Nevertheless, I will not have my decisions questioned or my orders disobeyed. You tell me that I cannot enforce obedience: my reply is that, in the event of my being disobeyed, I shall throw down the reins. I shall continue to act as my nephew's trustee; but I shall cease to be responsible for his education, I shall no longer give him a home, and he certainly will not receive one penny at my death."

This was just what Archdale had wanted Sir George to say. He nodded approvingly. "May I repeat that to my wife on your authority?" he asked.

"I will put it in writing, if you choose," replied Sir George, who began to perceive what his interlocutor was driving at, and whose respect for that gentleman was not increased by the discovery. "Please to understand, however, that what I have said to you is a mere statement of facts, not a threat. If you are

desirous of bringing pressure to bear upon Mrs. Archdale, and if you think that you see your way to doing it, so much the better; but that is your affair. Personally, I have nothing to say to the lady; she has put it quite out of the question that I should hold any further communication, direct or indirect, with her."

Archdale, having obtained what he wanted, went away without being at all abashed by the haughtiness of the banker. He saw no reason for being ashamed of himself; what he did see was that he would have to undertake all the trouble and expense of bringing up an insubordinate youth unless he could induce his wife to consent to a renunciation which appeared to be as expedient for her sake as for his own, and after dinner, that evening, he took occasion to tell her that he was afraid she must give up all idea of fighting her brother-in-law.

"I went into the City this morning, and had a talk with Sir George Brett," said he; "I thought the best way was to see him and find out how the land lay. Well, he is a very pig-headed old person. He took exactly the line that I had expected him to take—wouldn't have anything to say to us, wouldn't accept our acquaintance on any terms—and as soon as I suggested that, in spite of all his anathemas, you would probably contrive to see your son when you chose, he returned that if his orders were not respected he should throw up his guardianship."

"Let him!" answered Marcia, intrepidly; "Willie won't perish for want of the privilege of being his ward, I suppose. Thank you for having gone to see him, Cecil; it was very kind of you to think of it."

"Oh, not at all; the experiment was worth trying, though I hadn't much confidence in its success. But unluckily it isn't only his guardianship that he threatened to withdraw. He told me in the plainest language that he intended at present to make the boy his heir, but that unless he could retain absolute control over him he wouldn't leave him a penny."

"Oh, he admits that he hasn't legal control over him, then?"

"We didn't touch upon that question. I should imagine that the law would give him as much authority as he chose to claim; but it would be very disagreeable for everybody to have the case dragged into Court. At all events, the law cannot compel him to act as guardian against his will; still less can it dictate to him how he shall dispose of his fortune. So that he really has the whip-hand of us, you see."

"He would, if we were as fond of money as he is; but perhaps we aren't. Shall I tell you the whole truth, Cecil? I would gladly and thankfully take Willie away from those people to-morrow if I were not afraid of his being a burden upon you. That is the only thing that has made me hesitate."

Archdale raised his eyebrows, looked down at his boots, and was silent. Marcia, who understood men pretty well and liked them, upon the whole, much better than she liked women, was well acquainted with our cardinal defect. She was so deeply in love with her Cecil that she had cherished some hope of finding him less selfish than the rest of his sex; but now she saw that she must submit to a disappointment in that respect.

"I suppose he *would* be rather a burden on you," she hazarded timidly.

"Oh, not pecuniarily. Your income is sufficient for you and for him, and I have no right to protest against your using it for his support. But if you ask me whether I should enjoy having him in the house as a third person, I must tell you honestly that I shouldn't enjoy it at all. He hates me—very naturally, I dare-say, but at any rate, he does hate me—and, although I hope I have self-command enough to steer clear of a breach of the peace, I think I can foresee that whenever he is at home I shall be driven away from home."

The menace was not ill-chosen. Marcia was prepared to sacrifice anything rather than her husband's love, and she was fully alive to the danger of forcing husbands to seek for amusement away from home. "I am sure Willie doesn't hate you, Cecil," she faltered; "why should he?"

Archdale shrugged his shoulders. "My dear child, it isn't in human nature to love one's step-father. I assure you I bear no malice against the boy; I have no doubt that I should feel just as he does if I were in his place. Only I don't think that one house will hold us both very comfortably, and I have a strong idea that if you take him away from a rich old uncle (who won't live for ever, mind you), a day will come when you will regret it. My advice to you is to let Sir George have his way. Still I shall not complain if you see fit to disregard my advice."

"Do you mean that you wish me to abandon Willie altogether?" asked Marcia, with trembling lips and tears upon her eyelashes.

That was certainly what he did wish; but he was reluctant to say so outright. "I think," said he, "that you will have to do

one thing or the other. Sir George, I take it, is not quite such a fool as to allow surreptitious meetings, and apparently he doesn't mean to press his claims if you choose to oppose them. I have told you which horn of the dilemma I should choose if I were you; I would rather not say any more."

The dilemma was, in fact, what she had perceived it to be from the first: she must choose between her son and her husband; and, that being so, her choice was a foregone conclusion. She hesitated a long time, as was but natural; she tried to persuade herself that she was only yielding to a cruel necessity, because Willie's welfare made it a necessity, and in this effort she received such support from Cecil as might have been anticipated; yet it was with a very heavy heart that she sat down at last to write to her boy, and to announce to him the surrender which, she said, had been forced upon her by circumstances.

"I know you will be unhappy about it," she wrote, "but you will not be as unhappy as I am, and you will forget sooner than I shall. My only comfort is in thinking that the greatest service I can do you at present is to let you go. Some day you will see this, and some day, I hope and pray, you will come back to me."

CHAPTER XXVII.

AT WETHERBY ONCE MORE.

Marcia had not long to wait for a reply to her letter. She shed many tears over it when it came: that she would probably have done in any case; yet she would have been better pleased if its tone had been more reproachful and less resigned. Willie, poor little man! understood many things which boys of his age are not generally supposed to understand; but he did not possess quite sufficient insight into feminine character to know what his mother expected of him in this emergency, and naturally he did not guess that it would soothe her feelings to be upbraided. He simply acquiesced in her decision; apparently he did not think that anybody was to blame; he said no more about showing a bold front to his uncle, nor did he dispute her assertion that the rending asunder of their lives would cause more unhappiness to her than to him. If there was a certain unwonted formality about his composition, it did not,

at any rate, breathe a word of complaint, and he signed himself "*Ever* your loving son Willie"—the underlining of the word "ever" being a little significant touch which he had deemed it permissible to introduce.

In truth the boy could hardly have written otherwise. What is to be done when your ally concludes conditions of peace with the enemy behind your back? The Crimean War, as everybody knows, terminated after a fashion which was not entirely satisfactory to one of the Allied Powers; yet that Power had to illuminate its streets and rub its hands and try to look as though all were for the best. Now, to compare small things with great, it was evident that Willie could not carry on this struggle single-handed. Had his mother been prepared to support him, he would have been ready and willing to fight; but since she did not see fit to do so, he could only bow his head and hold his tongue. Her motive for so abruptly deserting a position which she had seemed to take up with some show of firmness was no secret to him; he knew just as well as if she had told him so that she had been conquered by his step-father, not by his uncle; and, knowing that, it was not possible for him to reveal to her how grievous was his disappointment. His fidelity to her was not shaken; only he felt, as he had every right to feel, that she had been a little unfaithful to him.

But Marcia, whose affections, strong though they were, were of an absolutely undiscriminating order, seldom attempted to realize the mental attitude of those whom she loved. She judged them by their actions—that is to say, that she judged them by such actions of theirs as affected her personally—and when she had perused the reply over which Willie had spent two hours of anxious and tearful meditation, she said to herself that he had a cold heart. It may be also that her conscience was not altogether at ease with regard to him, and that for that reason pardon was more painful to her than rebuke.

The next morning's post brought her a letter from Caroline which did not serve to allay her soreness of spirit. Lady Brett stated that she wrote by her husband's request, and she discharged herself of the task imposed upon her with grave politeness, not unmingled with compassion. One would never arrive at anything like an accurate comprehension of one's fellow-creatures if one did not give some of them credit for a total lack of sympathetic feeling; so it is perhaps only justice to

Lady Brett to assume that she had no idea of how very galling her compassion must needs be to its subject.

"George," said she, "tells me that, after the way in which you have spoken to him, he cannot consent to hold either verbal or written intercourse with you again. I am truly sorry for this; but you will not expect me to say that I think him in the wrong, and you know how firm he is when once he has made up his mind. It would be useless for me—even if I could feel it right or wise—to dispute the decision to which he has come, and to which, as I understand, you have given your consent; yet I may say that I cannot but regret, for your sake, the necessity of such a decision. There is, indeed, much in the events of the last year which fills me with sadness when I look back upon them; but I never presume to judge others, and I doubt not that all will be overruled for good.

"George wishes me to say that, while he will not absolutely forbid correspondence between you and your son, he thinks that you should not write or receive letters very frequently. He suggests that I should let you hear once a month of Willie's health and progress with his studies, and this I will willingly do if you desire it. It is not, I hope, necessary for me to add that we shall spare no pains to promote the temporal and spiritual welfare of our nephew, who is dear to us for his father's sake as well as his own."

Probably most mothers would have been irritated by promises of that description; but some, perhaps, reflecting that half a loaf is better than no bread, would have accepted Lady Brett's offer of a monthly report. Marcia unhesitatingly declined it. In a curt reply which she dashed off and posted upon the impulse of the moment, she declared that nothing was more revolting to her than humbug, that she preferred the open enmity of Sir George Brett to the canting hypocrisy of his wife, and that it would give her no satisfaction at all to hear about Willie through either of them. Her state of mind, in fact, was very much that of a spoilt child who, having been thwarted, takes refuge in the time-honoured retort of "I don't care!"

Marcia was very anxious to persuade both herself and those who had wounded her that she didn't care. She had made her choice; she intended to abide by it, and she intended to be happy. Perhaps when they saw her name mentioned daily in the columns of the *Morning Post* and discovered that London society was as ready as ever to open its arms to her they

would understand that she could get on very well without them. But it so fell out that no such mortifying discovery was made by the offending persons; for the reporters of the *Morning Post* could not record Marcia's presence at entertainments to which she had not been invited, nor did society show itself as hospitably disposed towards Mrs. Archdale as it had once been towards Mrs. Brett. The general feeling was that her case was really a little bit too scandalous. During the previous season she had made herself talked about in connection with her present husband; she had been separated—doubtless on that account—from her late one, and of course there were plenty of people who knew for a fact that she had driven that unfortunate man to despair and suicide. Such things may be forgotten in a year or two; but it is pushing audacity rather far to reappear instantly in the character of a bride and to expect recognition. Consequently, not a few influential ladies found it convenient to ignore the circumstance that Mr. Archdale was no longer a bachelor, and addressed invitations to his club in which no mention was made of his wife. This was a cruel blow to Marcia; yet she could have borne it better if her husband had seen fit to decline the invitations. But he could not, or would not, see that it was incumbent upon him to do anything of the sort.

"What," he asked, "is the use of taking it for granted that our friends wish to snub us? The chances are that they have never heard of our marriage, and very likely they never will hear of it if I don't tell them. Besides, even supposing that they do intend to mark their sense of the impropriety of our conduct, we shall gain nothing by sulking. That sort of thing has to be lived down, and the best answer that one can possibly make to a slight is to take no notice of it."

Whatever this reasoning may have been worth, the process of acting upon it bore no immediate fruit. Mr. Archdale went out almost every night, but Mrs. Archdale continued to be neglected; and that this was not the result of mere inadvertence was made manifest to her when she encountered former acquaintances in the streets or in the Park; for as often as such encounters took place these former acquaintances failed to see her. She was unfortunate also in losing the moral support of Lady Wetherby, whose only daughter had been taken ill with scarlet fever, and who was therefore unable to come up to London as usual.

The latter circumstance, however, was so far serviceable to Marcia that it eventually provided her with a decent excuse for escaping from what she was beginning to feel an intolerable situation. She was made miserable by her husband's evident capacity for enjoying himself apart from her; she was often tormented by jealousy; yet she could not but see the risk of forcing him to spend his evenings at home against his will. It was not unnatural that she should desire to turn her back upon a mode of life which was neither curable nor endurable, and one morning at breakfast she joyfully informed her husband that she was going down to Wetherby for a week or so.

"Laura has consented to let me help her in amusing poor little Evelyn, who is now convalescent," she said. "I had scarlet fever when I was a girl, so that I have no fear of infection, and I shall be only too thankful to get away from London."

At first Archdale would not hear of his wife's running such a risk; but it was a task of no great difficulty to persuade him that the risk was in reality a very slight one. He was still more or less in love; he was certainly as fond of Marcia as he could be of anybody, and he was probably sincere when he declared that he would feel wretchedly forlorn during her absence. Nevertheless, her determination to quit the scene of her fiasco was something of a relief to him; for he knew, although he did not choose to admit it, that one of those feminine coalitions had been formed against her which are irresistible while they last. On the following day, therefore, he took leave of her at King's Cross with so much cheerfulness and resignation that she was within an ace of changing her mind and abandoning her journey at the last moment.

But as soon as she was fairly off she was thankful that she had not yielded to so unwise an impulse. She did not want him to think her jealous and exacting; she believed in her heart that she had as yet no cause to be so, and she was in hopes that, although her lost prestige could not be regained in London, it might to some extent be restored to her when people should have had time to see that she was still upon terms of intimacy with Lady Wetherby. Moreover, she had a hankering after the honest and loyal sympathy of Laura, upon which the experience of former years led her to count in advance.

It so happened, however, that her friend was at that moment rather in a position to require sympathy than to offer it. For

the first thing that Lady Wetherby said to her on her arrival was, "My dear Marcia, I am not at all sure that I ought to let you into the house. Evelyn is recovering very quickly, but of course she is just in the most infectious stage, and now poor Wetherby has caught the fever; so I shall be obliged to leave you to take care of yourself nearly all day, and you will have a dreadfully dull time of it independently of the danger."

"I don't mind the dulness and I don't believe in the danger," answered Marcia. "I am sorry about Lord Wetherby, though. Is he very bad?"

"No; the doctor says he is going on as well as possible; but I can't help being a little anxious. It is very good and kind of you to come to me at such a time."

If Marcia's motives for paying this visit had not, in the first instance, been of a purely unselfish order, she began at once to behave as though they had. During the next few days she made herself really useful by entertaining the convalescent child, and her efforts had at least the happy result of renewing a friendship which had been in some danger of coming to an end.

"I did think you rather heartless, Marcia," Lady Wetherby confessed, when she found time for a quarter of an hour's confidential talk with her former schoolfellow. "Not on account of your having married again so soon, for that, after all, was only a breach of conventionality; but I couldn't understand your consenting to hand your boy over to his uncle and aunt."

"Did you imagine that I had any choice in the matter?" asked Marcia. "Eustace made Sir George Willie's guardian; my consent to the arrangement wasn't requested, and my refusal wouldn't have been listened to. Of course it has made me very miserable, and I did manage to see Willie once, and then Sir George declared that he would throw up his guardianship if such a thing occurred again. Perhaps you will say that I ought to have been only too glad to take him at his word. But that would have implied a great deal. It would have implied depriving Willie of a large fortune; for, as matters stand at present, his uncle means to leave him everything. And besides that, it would have implied unhappiness and discomfort for my boy as well as for my husband. He does not like Cecil and Cecil does not like him. They never could have got on together. In fact, Cecil told me as much; he said that if Willie

were to live with us he should go away as soon as the holidays began."

Lady Wetherby drew in her lips. "I must say that I think that was very selfish of Mr. Archdale," she remarked.

"Yes, perhaps; but all men are selfish. You see, Laura, it just came to this—that I had to please either myself or my husband. Do you think I was wrong in giving my husband the preference?"

Lady Wetherby was decidedly of opinion that Marcia had done wrong and that her way of putting the case was rather ingenious than ingenuous; but it seemed a little cruel to say so. Moreover, she could not but believe that her friend's heart must be in the right place, by reason of the latter's kindness to Evelyn. So she was contented to reply:

"One can't lay down general rules or judge for other people. I don't think that I myself could have acted as you have done; but I quite see that you were placed in a very difficult position."

Of that qualified approval Marcia had to make the best; and indeed she was very glad to obtain it, for she was now more than ever convinced of the desirability of retaining Laura's friendship. Laura, and nobody else whom she knew of, could cause doors which had been shut in her face to fly open once more; Laura, for all her quiet, unpretending manners, knew how to snub ill-natured and censorious persons. Finally, Laura alone could claim to know at first hand circumstances which had probably been exaggerated or misunderstood by others.

But a deplorable stroke of fate was to render all the friendly offices to which Marcia looked forward impossible of execution. Lord Wetherby's illness, which had been running its course quite favourably, became suddenly complicated by symptoms of an alarming nature; a great London doctor was telegraphed for; Malton was summoned home from Eton, and within two days everybody in the house knew that the sick man's sentence of death had been pronounced. During the week which followed, Lady Wetherby scarcely left her husband's bedside, and Marcia was occupied in taking charge of the two children, who were by way of not knowing—although, no doubt, they did know—the hopelessness of their father's condition. She naturally took the opportunity to make some inquiries about Willie of his schoolfellow; but Malton had not much to tell her. Brett, he explained, was neither in his division nor in his tutor's house;

he did see him every now and then and believed that he was getting on all right. "Only I'm a dry-bob, you know, and he's a wet-bob. Somebody told me he could scull a bit; I don't know whether it is true or not."

Asked whether Willie appeared to be in good spirits, he answered, "Oh, yes, I suppose so," with a wondering sort of laugh, as though he thought the question a somewhat silly one.

Silly the question doubtless was, and still more silly was it of Marcia to feel aggrieved because her boy showed no outward sign of unhappiness. It was, however, necessary for her peace of mind that she should believe herself to be ill-used; so that perhaps Malton rendered her a service without intending to do so.

Poor Lord Wetherby sank gradually and died on the sixth day after the medical consultation. He had never achieved public distinction of any kind; but as he had been a good husband and a good father, he was more sincerely lamented than the general run of mankind have a right to expect that they will be. His widow and his children seemed to be inconsolable; and when people seem to be inconsolable, what better course can a wise and kind friend adopt than to leave them alone? This was the course which commended itself to Marcia, who was not urged to reconsider her decision.

"It is good of you to offer to stay with us, dear," said Lady Wetherby, who may have thought that her friend was not quite the person to sympathise with the loneliness of widowhood. "But I am sure you won't mind my telling you that we would rather be alone for the present. Later on, when I have had time to realize what has happened to me, we shall meet again, I hope. Just now I feel as if I couldn't speak to anybody except the children."

Nevertheless, the woman was so kind-hearted that in spite of her own troubles—or possibly in consequence of them—she was able to spare a thought for those of one who was almost a stranger to her. Her last words to her departing guest were:

"Marcia, I can't help feeling distressed about poor Willie. It is sad enough for Malton and Evelyn to have lost their father; but they are not so badly off as he is, because as long as I live they will always have somebody whom they can depend upon when they are ill or unhappy. It isn't possible for any one to fill a mother's place; certainly uncles and aunts cannot, however rich they may be. And I don't think either that anything

can make up to a mother for the loss of her son—no! not even if she resigns him to please a husband whom she may imagine that she loves better."

"There is no imagination about it," returned Marcia quickly; for these words wounded her as only the truth can wound. "I do love Cecil better than Willie; if I didn't I never could have married him. "I'm not like you; I can't control my affections; I can't say to myself, 'This is how I ought to feel and this is how I will feel.' Willie will learn to live without me, if he hasn't learnt already; but I can't live without Cecil, I can't even do anything to vex him. You may pity me as much as you choose for being what I am, but I don't see how you can fairly blame me; because it isn't in my power to be anything else."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MARCIA THROWS UP THE SPONGE.

In declaring that it was out of her power to be anything except what she was, Marcia was perhaps giving utterance to a mere truism. There seems nowadays to be a tolerably wide-spread belief that our respective natures cannot be changed nor even greatly modified, that we are all blessed or afflicted with certain hereditary proclivities which are not of our choosing, and that although for the protection of the community at large it is necessary to maintain gaols and convict prisons, very little blame can fairly be laid to the charge of their inmates, whose skulls and features, as anybody can see for himself, present nothing but slight variations of two distinctive types. The theory of irresponsibility would be an exceedingly comforting one—except, of course, for the hereditary gaol-birds—if only we were able to believe in it; but unfortunately it is apt to be contradicted by the irrepressible voice of conscience, which tells us that we can overcome our natural tendencies if we choose, and indeed that that may possibly be the chief object of our sojourn upon the surface of this planet. Thus, Marcia, who had plenty of time for musing over things and persons during her journey southwards, did not quite succeed in persuading herself that the renunciation which Lady Wetherby deprecated had been inevitable. She did, however, persuade herself that she had displayed very great self-abnegation, and that conviction served her purpose almost as well.

"At any rate," she reflected, "Cecil must see how much I have given up for his sake, and perhaps he may feel that he ought to give up a little for mine." By which she meant that she hoped he would give up frequenting houses to which she was not thought worthy of being invited.

In any case, it was useless to lament over accomplished facts. For good or for ill she had made her choice and must now abide by it; the main thing, after all, was to be happy, and happy she fully intended to be. Her great fear—a fear so terrible that she shrank from facing it—was that her husband might grow weary of her, and that his volatile temperament might lead him to seek for pleasure and amusement elsewhere than by the domestic fireside. That there were solid grounds for that apprehension she could not but be aware, nor was her instinct at fault when it warned her of the dangers which are likely to be incurred when one of two married persons forms the habit of going into society without the other. Was not she herself an example of the results which may be expected to arise out of such a system?

Therefore it struck her as a good omen when, on reaching her destination, she caught sight of Cecil upon the platform. She had not asked him to meet her; but she had let him know the hour at which her train was due, and of course he had been informed of the sad event which had brought her visit to an end.

"This is a bad job about poor old Wetherby, isn't it?" said he, as soon as they had greeted one another with as much tenderness as was possible in that public place. "What is Lady Wetherby going to do? I suppose there will be no change during the boy's minority, will there?"

"I really don't know," answered Marcia. "Laura said nothing to me about her plans; she has hardly had time to make any yet. I should think she will go on living at Wetherby for the present, anyhow."

"H'm!—and very likely she won't spend much of her time in London. Not that it would make any great difference if she did though; for, of course, she won't be entertaining yet awhile."

And as Marcia did not seem quite to see the relevance of this observation, he explained himself more fully while they were driving homewards. "It's a selfish view to take, I admit," said he laughingly; "but the truth is that poor Wetherby's death is

rather a bad stroke of luck for us. I had been counting upon her ladyship as a prop for you; because you see, my dear, you do stand a good deal in need of a prop just now."

"Why do you say that?" asked Marcia quickly. "Has anything disagreeable happened?"

"Oh, no; only there are indications that the atmosphere is rather highly charged with prejudice. You yourself noticed it before you went away, you know. However, as I told you then, it may be lived down, and I hope it will be."

His tone was not particularly hopeful, nor was Marcia reassured by this prompt introduction of a subject which occupied so large a share in her own thoughts. She said at once that she did not care a pin whether she was cut by a lot of tiresome people or not, that she wished to live for him and for him alone; to which declaration he responded after the only fashion that was open to him.

But it very soon appeared that, whatever Mr. Archdale's intentions with regard to his future mode of life might be, that of abandoning the society of persons who chose to turn their backs upon his wife was not included amongst them. He dined at home that night, but went out immediately afterwards, saying that he had to look in at two or three houses, and on the following morning casually mentioned that for another week to come there would be no need to take account of him in ordering dinner. "I didn't expect you back so soon," he said, half apologetically, "and I expect most of these people who have asked me to dine thought you would be out of town."

Marcia did not believe that they had thought anything of the kind; but she contrived by dint of biting her lips to repress the complaints which she was sorely tempted to utter. Whether she would have been able to repress them long may be doubted; but fortunately the next few days brought her several invitations, so that she began to feel somewhat encouraged. Perhaps the ladies who were good enough thus to favour her had heard that she had been staying with Lady Wetherby, or perhaps Archdale, who was not inordinately proud, had boldly asked them to ask his wife. Either way, Marcia was satisfied, hoping that she had now introduced the thin end of the wedge, and that she would soon be as much sought after as she had ever been.

That hope was not fulfilled. Her hostesses accorded her a very chilling reception; the former acquaintances whom she met at their houses contented themselves for the most part with

bowing to her and passing on, while those who did speak to her assumed an air of patronage and commiseration which was rather worse than downright rudeness. Amongst these was that Mrs. Delamere who, it may be remembered, had once caused Eustace Brett to spend some unhappy moments at a dinner-party, and who, indeed, was usually actuated by an amiable wish to make her neighbours unhappy.

"I have been asking everybody what had become of you, Mrs. Archdale," she said; "but no one could tell me. I really began to think that you must be a myth."

"I have been staying down in the country with friends," answered Marcia; "I only returned home a few days ago."

"Oh, was that it? Well, I thought you couldn't be in London unless your tastes had undergone a complete change. As for Mr. Archdale, he has been very much *en évidence* of late —very much indeed."

Marcia knew perfectly well that the woman meant to be ill-natured and that the best way of disappointing her would be to ask no questions; but it is not easy to resist asking a question to which one is very desirous of obtaining an answer.

"In what way?" she inquired.

"Principally in that way," replied Mrs. Delamere, laughing and pointing with her fan to Archdale, who was waltzing with a pretty little fair-haired woman; for it was at a ball that this conversation took place.

"Cecil is a very good dancer, and, like all good dancers, he is fond of dancing," remarked Marcia calmly.

"Is he really? Then I wonder why he dances all night and every night with Mrs. Dynely, who can't dance a bit. I suppose she must possess some other attraction. She is certainly pretty, don't you think so?"

There was no denying the prettiness of the little fair-haired lady. Marcia asked who she was and received some more or less inaccurate information respecting her. But in truth it signified little enough whether she was good or bad, married or a widow: what nobody could help seeing was that Cecil was making himself very agreeable to her and that she was giving him every encouragement to do so. Having made that discovery, Marcia would doubtless have done well to rest satisfied, or dissatisfied, with it and to change the subject; but jealousy is one of those distressing maladies which always crave a further supply of their cause, and Mrs. Delamere was very glad to relate

how Mr. Archdale and the frisky young matron with whom he was dancing had latterly become inseparable.

"Of course you know what he is, though," she concluded, with a laugh. "He is delightful, but quite incorrigible, and, as I have often told him, it is only his fickleness that is the saving of him. I never was more astonished in my life than when I heard that he had actually committed matrimony."

Marcia made one of the retorts to which such observations obviously laid the speaker open; but it was not particularly effective. Mrs. Delamere, having scored a point, was naturally anxious to score another before she ceased playing; so she went on:

"By the way, I must congratulate you upon your son's good luck. Lady Brett was telling me the other day that they have adopted him—which, I presume, means that he will come into all his uncle's money. It must be rather a grief to you to be parted from him; still one can't refuse offers of that kind, and of course you will always be able to see as much of him as you wish."

"If Caroline spoke to you about the matter," answered Marcia, "she certainly told you that that is just what I shall not be able to do. I don't know whether you care to hear the truth or not; but the truth is that Sir George Brett is my son's sole guardian and that Sir George and I have quarrelled. Under the circumstances, your congratulations sound a little ironical to me, though I have no doubt that they are kindly meant."

She did not shake off Mrs. Delamere quite as easily as she could have done a twelvemonth earlier, because she was not now, as she had been then, within reach of a score of persons who asked nothing better than to talk to her; still, by walking resolutely away, she managed to effect her escape, and soon afterwards she begged her husband to take her home, pleading fatigue and a headache. It was allowable, she thought, to make the request, but it would be a sad mistake to let him know her reason for having made it. She therefore heroically abstained from saying a single word about Mrs. Dynely for quite two minutes after they had left the house, when temptation got the upper hand of her and forced her to remark:

"You didn't seem to be very fortunate in your partners to-night, Cecil. At least, every time that I saw you, you were struggling round the room with that flaxen-headed woman, who moved as if she had two wooden legs."

"Do you mean Mrs. Dynely?" asked Archdale. "Well, I suppose she isn't exactly what one would call a first-rate performer, but she talks better than she dances. All things considered, I don't complain of her as a partner. I have met her pretty often of late and we have hit it off rather well together."

"So I hear," observed Marcia drily.

"You have no objection, I hope?"

"Oh, no; there wouldn't be much use in my objecting, would there? Only don't you think it is a little soon to—to begin that kind of thing?"

"My dear child," exclaimed Archdale in a vexed tone, "this is really too ridiculous. Some good-natured lady has been taking away my character, I suppose; but you might have known better than to believe her. I'm sure I don't care if I never set eyes on Mrs. Dynely again; still, one must talk to somebody when one goes to a party, and unfortunately I can't talk to you the whole time—though that is what I should prefer to do."

"I know I'm very silly, Cecil," said Marcia, whose tears had begun to flow, in spite of all her efforts to keep them back, "but you would forgive me if you knew what a horrid evening I have had. I was sure I should hate coming back to London, and it is a thousand times worse than I ever thought it would be! *Must* we go on living here?"

Archdale evaded returning any direct answer to this question, because he did not wish to make hasty promises which might be quoted against him at some future time. However, he said a great deal that was kind and pretty and comforting to his wife, who had partially recovered her spirits before she reached home.

Nevertheless, her longing to leave London increased as time went on; for the evening which has been described proved to be more or less typical of what she might now expect. It is true that not all the ladies whom she met were as ill-natured or as outspoken as Mrs. Delamere; but they all contrived to let her see that she did not possess the privilege of their esteem, and existence without popularity was almost as intolerable to her as continuous physical pain. Not by such social pleasures as were open to her under these sadly changed conditions could she hope to obtain that happiness and oblivion of which she had dreamt. Moreover, there were other reasons which caused her

to shrink from London as a place of residence. First and foremost, there was the misery of knowing that Willie would often be within reach of her, that she might even meet him face to face in the street; then, too, there was the question of expense. She and her husband had enough to live upon in comfort, but not in luxury, and she very soon discovered that with regard to money matters Cecil was as reckless and improvident as any schoolboy. He was given to hospitality and lavish in the exercise of it; he did not seem to understand the need for fixing the limit to weekly expenditure, and he looked incredulous and annoyed when he was reminded that his wife's income was not inexhaustible, while his own was somewhat precarious.

"Oh, if one can't live as one's neighbours live, one may as well cut the whole concern," he said impatiently one morning.

Marcia seized her opportunity. "I wish you would!" she exclaimed. "Our money would go three or four times as far in Italy as it does here, and we could always run over to London for a few weeks when you wanted to see your friends, and you hate England in winter; you have often told me so."

Archdale laughed. "In other words, England has become hateful to you at all seasons of the year," he remarked.

Nevertheless, he was not unwilling to gratify this whim of Marcia's. It was quite true that he detested cold weather and grey skies. He likewise detested compulsory work, the necessity for economy and the sight of a discontented face; so that he felt capable of doing a good-natured thing in order to spare himself such discomforts. Marcia's gratitude was as great as her joy when he suggested that they should repair to Venice in the autumn, with a view to making for themselves a permanent home there.

"You are too good to me, Cecil!" she cried. "If only I may live out of England, I won't grumble at having to come back for a time every now and then."

"Oh, for the matter of that, I might come without you," answered Archdale cheerfully and perhaps a trifle imprudently; "I don't think I'll give up my rooms and the studio, you know. I suppose I shall be obliged to be in London sometimes; but I wouldn't for the world drag you here against your will."

(*To be continued.*)

A STUDIO IN PROVENCE.

" Here the Spring is longest, Summer borrows months beyond her own ;
Twice the teeming flocks are fruitful, twice the laden orchards groan."

THE well-known fascination of this most beautiful country has collected round its valleys and mountains all that is most attractive of the romance of France, and draws most naturally to its brilliant skies those to whom sunshine, flowers, and warmth of colour are some of life's best prized and most necessary gifts. It is true that in consequence, somewhat to the suppression of the romantic element, Cannes and Nice have become almost English towns, though here and there, even on their hackneyed shores, a bit of distinctive life may be sought for and found; but it is only necessary to go a short distance into the interior of the country to discover, in places like Auribeau, Mougins, Grasse, Cimiès, Beaulieu, Vence, and on the mountains of Mentone, the old historical Provençal towns, or to recognize from them that you are in the land of the Troubadours, amid the romantic feeling which has made Provence, her truths and traditions, her legends and lyrics, her songs and singers, so justly famous for centuries, holding a most prominent place in the romantic lore of nations.

There too, among the people, is to be found the curious complex Provençal character; first and foremost the love of ease and pleasure, mixed with a certain ambition, and often great gifts, specially that of eloquence; "at once passionate and wary, avaricious and yet fond of holiday cavalcades, . . . impatient of control and unapt to change;" a character which has been made to live for all of us, in that wonderful word portrait (said to be drawn from Gambetta) of " Numa Roumestan."

Seemingly along with the perpetual sunshine goes the light-hearted, careless nature in small matters, which, however, undoubtedly possesses attractions not granted to the sons of the North, any more than is the sunshine itself; all these essentially

Southern qualities of people and climate, more really of Italy than of France (as the dialect is more Italian than French), form the fascinations of Provence, which seem to call for mention in connection with our subject, including as they do so many essentials for the artistic life, seeking nature as a model, and finding it here, with its most profusely beautiful, and most romantic side spread as an open book before the student: both the mind and the sight cannot fail to be satisfied, for the depth of Provençal colour is only to be equalled by the beauty of Provençal fancy both in legend and song. "Spring there is redolent of fancies, of flowers and scents; the peasants still seem unsophisticated; children sing in the cane-brakes; under the olives the great white hoods of the arums look like the tents of the fairies, and delicate coronillas hang veils of green and gold over every steep."*

And who having known it all can deny its influences? Life *is* easier under such a sun, the lazy *insouciance* of the natives leads one almost to believe that existence is a pleasant composition of sun, fruit and flowers! Almost, but not quite!—for here in the midst of it all we may find work as serious, and art as unfailing a task-mistress, obeyed to her last letter, as in any other clime, where sunshine does not seem almost to command an open-air existence.

Far back from the noise of the Cannes *plage* on what has been called the "undercliff of Provence," lying somewhat away from a quiet lane, we may find, if we will, and are fortunate enough to be acquainted with its owner, our Provençal Studio; in many ways differing essentially from the ornate, artistic abodes to which we are accustomed elsewhere. "La petite Bastide" is indeed a plain Provençal house, decidedly ugly in exterior, with one exception, the beautiful crimson "rose of Provence" which climbs over its entering staircase. Outside deficiencies are, however, more than atoned for by what is found once inside the doors. You enter, and you know not whether to smell the roses on the panels, or to gaze at those in the vases. A veritable home of flowers, real, both in art and life, blossoms out before you in all its beauty, and for a few moments you notice little else. Then by degrees, details obtrude themselves on your flower-benumbed senses, and you think you are in a beautiful Provençal *bastide* or farm "house-part" instead of the *atelier* of a rising French artist.

* 'Maritime Alps.' By the author of 'Vera.'

Before passing to further details of house or studio, it is a special pleasure to record the warm welcome to ourselves, the unfailing courtesy to all visitors, the instantaneous *cameraderie* at once established here between artist and artist of whatever fraternity, all that is best of studio life, all that is best in refinement, are united in our Provençal *atelier*, "La petite Bastide."

To return to the house itself. Passing through a small hall we come to the first of three rooms opening into one another, the present one being, as already stated, narrowly copied from the ordinary room of the Provençal farm. Among its characteristic features we notice a fine, prominent red-brick fire-place, or, what would be more rightly suggested by the word, chimney-corner; plates ranged along an oaken "dresser" again suggest the farm-house, and various forms of peasant water-carrying vessels, with their brilliant copper tints, brighten chimney-piece and walls of this unusual dining-room; for as such it is used by its occupants, and of which its owner says "a dining-room is next door to a kitchen, and I should like mine to *look* like one!" And so it does. A glorified kitchen it must be allowed, with its flower panels and its grace of colour! but still, sufficiently like to justify the title.

The second of the three rooms is more the ordinary *salon*, if a room is ever ordinary in which one sees on all sides the character of no ordinary owner; but feeling that it is only the outer door, as it were, of a much more sacred precinct, we pass on, to find ourselves in the best and most characteristic room of the house, which is, of course, devoted to the art which in Ruth Mercier's case is allowed to carry all before it in the home, as it is rapidly doing in the artistic world. With its three great lights, north, south, and west, it seems more to represent out-door life in some slight enclosure, than a room with four walls forming part of a house. Mlle. Mercier, artist and owner, built "La petite Bastide," and rightly dedicated the most important part of her space to the room in which her life's work is carried on. The result is an exceptionally large *atelier*, where again, in their marvellous profusion, we find the gorgeous flowers of Provence; the anemones, with tints as varying as the rainbow's, clusters of many-coloured roses, great branches of the yellow mimosa, and the magnolia's snowy petals, in all their southern splendour; one and all bearing silent testimony, to their right to this artist's first love as models, and to the very important part which they still play in all her work.

On Saturdays the world of Cannes is to be seen crowding the studio, the one day in the week upon which Mlle. Mercier "receives;" but we prefer to remember it as it is on Sundays, when one may find the artist *en petite comité*, and enjoy her society, and conversation about her work, full of that genuine enthusiasm, which at once communicates itself to its hearers.

Though so devoted to Provence and its flowers, Mlle. Mercier is not a native of the country, which, notwithstanding, has been that of her adoption for fifteen years. She comes of an old Huguenot family of position near Nançy, and in consequence met with much opposition to her taking up art as a profession. This feeling of misplaced family pride is, we are glad to think, fast fading away, and there is safety in predicting that the twentieth century will see it no more; in the present case, as indeed in all such cases, true artistic feeling and talent won the day.

Mlle. Mercier attracted considerable attention by some large decorative panels in oils (one of which, by the way, is at Newnham College, Cambridge) before she may be said to have been anything but self-taught. Her views on that subject are most interesting and valuable as affording both encouragement and example to other young artists, to whose means, studios and instruction are often impossibilities. She taught herself to draw from nature, making daily notes of her experiences upon every line, which notes now amount to volumes, explaining how each effect may be produced; afterwards she applied the same method to her brush, and, as she says, such a course of study is open to every one; to which we would merely add, every one possessed of equal determination and talent! In 1883, however, she met Alma Tadema, to whose teaching and advice she says she owes much, and she also studied the figure for two successive summers under Professor Franchi of Siena. There she made "severe Academical studies in black and white," returning to Cannes in the winter to paint her beloved flower, in which, she tells her pupils, she believes the best studies for out-door painting are to be found. For the coming year she says she means to paint Provence, and Provençal subjects only, with a view to a special exhibition in London in 1891.

Georges Sand, with her wonderful sympathy for artists, and insight into art, wrote, "Les peintres qui comprennent le vrai sont d'heureux poètes. Ils saisissent tout à la fois, ensemble et détails, et résument en cinq minutes ce que l'écrivain dit en beaucoup de pages." While realizing thoroughly the truth of

these words, we feel that it is time something more definite be said of the work of this gifted young artist.

Passing allusion has been made to the flower-panels on the walls of the house, all beautiful, though early studies of Mlle. Mercier's flower passion, and much more might be written regarding numberless other pictures of later and still more beautifully executed flower subjects; but we propose to confine ourselves here to attempting some description of four water-colours of figure and landscape, two being of exceptional size, and all now on their way to the New Salon, of which Mlle. Mercier is a warm supporter.

The first, called "A Breton Procession," is the most striking in subject: a procession of young girls, clad in white robes, going to attend their "Première Communion," carrying on the shoulders of four of the party the image of the Virgin, surrounded by "the Lilies of our Lady." The procession is moving along a road, with a Breton moor and a blue lakelet as background. The children's faces are portraits, as is the whole scene, and wonderfully indeed is given the devotional and, if one may say so, important feeling in the young faces at the responsibility of their burden, and of the sacred rite in which they are about to take part for the first time. The children are no beautified artist's models; they are the little Breton maidens one passes day by day, with character in expression and movement faithfully depicted "line upon line." The style of the picture recalls that of an ancient fresco. The immense difficulty of so huge a water-colour, with a sky three mètres in length, is apparent to the meanest comprehension, but the artist has successfully overcome it. The sky has evidently been done in the wet and at one blow. No doubt to give the purity of idea, everything in the picture has been made subsidiary to the *white facts* (the children's robes and lilies), and, to what we feel to be the power of this picture, the dramatic expression of each little face. This is the first time Mlle. Mercier has attempted what may fairly rank as a picture of dramatic character; a picture, we venture to predict, which will receive very diverse criticism, according to the value attached to its dramatic element by the critic, its fidelity of conception entitling it, in our opinion, to a very high position.*

* Since this was written, Mlle. Mercier decided not to send "a Breton Procession" this year to any exhibition, on account of its making the second water-colour of most unusual size, contributing in its stead two "Études à Venise" and a flower study.

The second picture, if the character of its subject attracted us less, is by far the most beautiful painting, though comparisons are unnecessary, perhaps, between such different ideas. This time it is the altar of a little Breton church, upon which the offerings of all may be placed as they will, testifying to true worship. The title of the picture is "À Notre-Dame des Fleurs." The crucifix and the image of "Our Lady" are in the centre of the altar, covered with "a fair white linen cloth," which, but for the gifted treatment it has received, might so easily in its whiteness have overwhelmed the rest of the picture. Upon it are placed surely the most lovely of Piety's tributes—flowers,—perhaps in their simplicity the most beautiful of the Creator's works. An enormous mass of shell-pink roses, another bowl of white ones, a small jar of yellow and purple heart's-ease, a rose-tree in a pot gracefully towering close by the figure of Our Lady herself, and a humble little bunch of more pink roses laid apart, seem one and all to testify to the offerings of those, who thereby gave a tenth of his or her income "À Notre-Dame des Fleurs." The workmanship in these flowers is perfectly exquisite; they simply invite touch and scent, but defy description.

In forcible contrast to both the foregoing pictures are these "Riviera Fishermen," done at Alassio, near San Remo. A more brilliant piece of water-colour technique it would be difficult to imagine; it is not given to skill to go much further, and, judging from it, we long for the promised series of Provençal subjects, with their splendid wealth of colour which is here so finely painted. The picture is evidently the outcome of the most careful study of its subjects under luminous sunshine, and its marvellous result is got by the faithful study of "values," on which the truth of out-door painting depends; tone is tone, wherever and in whatever light it be seen, of which theory Mlle. Mercier is an ardent disciple. The whole of this picture in its decision and character, finds its best description in the one French word, *enlevé*.

We have kept the most popular among Ruth Mercier's pictures of this year, for the last; most popular, as all things must be which have for their inspiration and chief point of interest, genuine, human sentiment. "Chaumière et ton Cœur," the French equivalent for "Love in a Cottage," is a beautiful piece of refined delicate work, calling for special notice from the strong feeling it shows for peasant life, akin to that of J. F. Millet, which it is easy to imagine Mlle. Mercier possesses from other glimpses we

have already had of it. The pair walking down the field in Brittany leading to their home are still lovers, the "Chaumière" is in the distance, both distance and perspective being most ably given, the former full of a soft suffused light; the exquisite purity and homeliness of the two figures in the foreground, full of feeling and expression, complete, though they entirely baffle description, one of art's true idylls.

We would gladly linger over the lovely portfolio of Venetian sketches, in which is to be seen to an unusual degree that peculiar inspiration which only sketches possess, the intangible something which cannot be seen twice, or perhaps ever, in the finished picture. Space, however, will not allow of this, nor yet of the discussion as to whether for posterity Ruth Mercier will rank as a painter of flowers, or of landscapes. Be that as it may, there need be no hesitation in saying that at present she is absolutely unsurpassed in the former branch of her art, and that she imparts a poetry into her treatment of flowers, which sets her work far apart from what is generally understood by mere flower-painting. Still, with her "Venice" before our mind's eye it is difficult to make a decision, and we can only leave our readers to form their own conclusions, giving them for guidance the words of two well-known authorities upon art. M. Paul Mantz, the celebrated art-critic of the *Temps*, and the best of French contemporary writers on the subject, says, regarding Mlle. Mercier's works in the Salon of 1888, "Il y a aussi dans cette région peu visitée d'excellentes aquarelles, celles de Mlle. Ruth Mercier, par exemple, dont le procédé ample et facile répond bien à toutes les conditions du genre, tel qu'on l'a connu aux temps glorieux avant que la mode fût venue de chercher midi à quatorze heures." Our second quotation is from a letter to Mlle. Mercier, written some years ago, upon seeing her work, by Mr. Ruskin, who says, "You are far beyond and above any help from me. You are a powerful artist, with your line determined for you by birth and by your present surroundings." Praise can go little further than such encouragement from the greatest art-critic Art has ever known, with whose words we must say "Adieu, mais à bientôt," to this gifted artist and her Studio in Provence.

A. M. WAKEFIELD.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION FOR BOYS AND MEN.

"OUR rule of thumb has cost us dear already, and is likely to cost us dearer still." These are the words of Mr. Matthew Arnold in his book on "Schools and Universities on the Continent," published in 1868. Though they were written with special view to the higher education of this country, they may be taken as the text for all the discourses that have since been delivered on that side of education which at this moment is occupying men's minds, education as it prepares boys and men for special trades and crafts *—Technical Education. The materials for forming an opinion on the subject are voluminous enough.

The Report of the Royal Commission on Technical Instruction (1882–4) supplies a vast amount of information as to the technical side of foreign schools and colleges, and the corresponding provision, as far as it exists, in this country. Besides this, the National Association for the Promotion of Technical Education † has collected a great deal of most valuable material bearing both on the general subject and on special branches of it. Its publications should be consulted by every one interested in such matters. What makes the question of technical education specially difficult is that so many interests are involved in it; the movement for it comes partly from those whose main concern is commercial success, partly from the abstract educationalist, partly from those who have experience in schools and in teaching. It may clear the ground to enquire what are the main causes which have given this new direction to the interest of the English public in education.

* I have not attempted to deal here with technical education for the "learned professions."

† The aim of the Society is a liberal one, "to encourage those educational reforms, which will improve the capacity, in a broad sense, of all those upon whom our industries depend."

The main causes appear to be two. 1st. Dissatisfaction with the Elementary Education Code; 2nd, the pressure of foreign competition in manufacture and commerce. With regard to the Code, there is hardly a dissentient voice; from Vice-Presidents of the Council who have worked it to the elementary teachers whose work it has hampered, all are agreed that it was too "bookish" and not sufficiently elastic. The country has awakened to the fact that book-learning is not a complete education, and that we run the risk of producing a generation of men, of whom the majority have lost almost immediately the superficial instruction which they had with much pain acquired in school, while the better scholars have been too often made unfit by purely clerical accomplishments for the manual labour, on the fields, or at the bench, or in the workshop, to which many of them are naturally called.

The enthusiasm of the reformer over the Education Act of 1870 has been followed by misgiving and finally by active distrust and criticism. But there is another cause which appeals to a wider class, and comes more home to the minds of practical men. The last twenty years have seen an immense advance in the competition of foreign countries with British industry and commerce. There has been a process of "levelling up" in the world of business.

"Much machinery of all kinds is now produced abroad equal in finish and in efficiency to that of this country, and we found it in numerous instances applied to manufactures with as great skill and intelligence as with us."*

This sentence from the Report of the Commission is fairly typical.

Our merchants and manufacturers find that they have to reckon with Germans and French, Americans and Belgians and Italians, in fields where once they held sole and undisputed possession. In the subordinate ranks of commerce English clerks find themselves uncomfortably jostled by omniscient Germans, and have been forced to form unions, to consider their resources, and to discuss their prospects.† There is no need to enlarge upon the facts. To a certain degree they were to be expected. No man of sense could hope that England would always retain the "lead" which her earlier development of machinery and of the factory system during a long period of

* Report of the Commission, vol. i. p. 505.

† *E.g.* in 1888 *The Clerk's Journal* was started in Liverpool, and has done some good work in calling attention to the importance of education for mercantile life.

peace at first secured to her.* But the event, though it might have been foreseen, has come with somewhat of a shock; we have been driven to reflect upon our business position, and to compare our resources with those of our encroaching neighbours. And we find that in other countries much more attention has been, and is being paid, to preliminary preparation for the manufacturing and mercantile careers. This is what leads some of the more enterprising spirits among business men and men interested in education, to find a remedy for the pressure of competition in the improvement or transformation of our educational system. The movement is reasonable enough, but we must not expect too much from it.

It is sometimes forgotten that the causes of foreign competition cannot be wholly explained by differences in intellectual training. Political causes have a potent influence; such facts as the creation of a new Italy or a United Germany, the expansion of the United States after the war, economical legislation in France or Germany or America, must be taken into account. Causes which spring from character and manners must not be ignored; industry, frugality, enterprise, attention to small things,† all these are factors in commercial success, and perhaps more important than we have hitherto imagined. Such considerations may warn us not to take too narrow a view of technical education.

What, in the first place, are to be our leading principles?

1st. Intelligent work is better than unintelligent, the trained workman than the untrained.

2nd. School education should prepare a boy to take up a trade or a profession, but should not teach any special trade.

3rd. All technical education must be viewed in relation to general education.

The first principle, nakedly stated, would hardly be denied: but implicitly many people are found to deny it. The rooted British distrust of theory, our sturdy belief in untrained common sense has long made us prefer "happy-go-lucky" methods to organized training. But, when we have admitted it, the real diffi-

* Report, vol. i. p. 507: "For many years after the peace we retained almost exclusive possession of the improved machinery employed in the cotton, linen, and woollen manufactures."

† Vol. i. p. 506: "Much of their success is due to more painstaking, more pliancy, and greater thrift." Vol. ii. p. 287: "It was ready attention to small things which enabled Swiss manufacturers to live."

culty comes when we have to determine how this training is to be given, or, in other words, what is the relation of the school to the workshop and the counting-house, of general education to the requirements of business. The question can only be discussed properly by considering in detail the chief classes of society concerned. Leaving on one side the learned professions, in most of which technical education has already been developed with some completeness, we have to deal with the education of three classes.*

1st. Workmen, the rank and file of labour (under this would come the lowest form of clerical labour).

2nd. Foremen in production and commerce, including superior clerks.

3rd. Managers and masters of labour and large capitalists.

With regard to all these the opinions of business men, as hinted above, are still divided. On the one hand it is held that "the shops" are the only places to teach a man his business; on the other that the scientific training which makes progress in trade and production possible, can only be acquired outside. What view are we to take? I think that we may safely accept the position laid down by Mr. Matthew Arnold in connection with the training of teachers:—

"The end to have in view is that every one who presents himself to exercise any calling shall have received for a certain length of time the best instruction preliminary to that calling. This is not . . . an absolute security for his exercising that calling well, but it is the best security." †

How are we to apply this principle to our three classes? To take the workman first. It is comforting to be told, on the authority of a Swiss manufacturer, that

"English workmen in practical knowledge of their work, in mechanica genius, are better without technical instruction than continental workmen are with it, while in physical endurance and 'all round' capacity they know no rivals."

But the same authority goes on to say, "*their weak point is lack of education.*" How far can this be remedied in our elementary schools? If we look abroad, we find that there has not been any extensive *technical* training of this class. But general education has been more intelligent and more widely diffused,

* The division is that adopted in the Report, and is a convenient one, if not treated too rigidly.

† 'Higher Schools and Universities on the Continent,' p. 296.

especially in Germany and Switzerland. What are the hints we can gain from foreign experience? Apart from the general complaints against our present system as "mechanical" and "bookish" by comparison with foreign schools, there are several points in particular which the Report, very justly, insist upon. 1st. Manual training. It is a hundred years since Locke, in his racy and original 'Thoughts on Education,' pointed out the value of hand-work as a relief to book-work: "And yet, I cannot forbear to say, I would have him *learn a trade, a manual trade;* nay, two or three, but one more particularly." The qualities, I suppose, that we look for in a workman are intelligence to follow orders, and readiness of hand and eye. The latter can only be gained by use. The exact form in which this teaching is given does not greatly matter: it may be by simple carpentry, or by the Swedish method of *Slöjd.* But in either case the aim will be not to teach a boy this or that craft, but to train his hands and eye. He should leave school as fit to use knife and hammer as the girl to ply her needle.

2nd. Drawing has been unduly neglected in English education of all grades.* There is much to be said for making it in its simpler forms as essential a part of education as writing. It is quite certain that writing would thereby gain incidentally, and the qualities of hand and eye which we demand would be strengthened. "The silk trade can never become important in England," says the workman of Lyons, "because the English people have no taste." It is not to be hoped that the English workman will gain in a moment the artist's eye which the Frenchman seems to have by nature, but the success of the Art Schools at Lambeth and Nottingham in raising the standard of design in pottery and lace, show how much may be done in this direction.† In the primary school, of course, this teaching can only be rudimentary: but it should be sufficient to enable the artizan, when he gets to work, to supplement the practice of "the shops," if he will, by exercise in such branches of drawing as bear upon his craft.

3rd. Natural Science. It is clear that the limits of primary education do not admit of any elaborate teaching in Natural

* See an ingenious and instructive chart in 'Technical Education in England and Wales' p. 51, published by the National Association for Promotion of Technical Education.

† It may be remarked that the superiority of the Frenchman is partly due to his wider opportunities of studying great works of art on Sundays and holidays. In this we are still far behind.

Science. But what is wanted is that the artizan or the labourer may have the elements, which will give him a fair start in studying the special branch—whether it be chemistry, or botany, or mechanics—which bears upon his business. Some advance has already been made in this matter. The example set by Liverpool and other towns, of supplementing class-teaching by the practical demonstrations of itinerant lecturers, is spreading, and ought to become universal, both in town and country. In all cases, it would be well if the teaching bore some relation to local products, natural and manufactured. Science teaching "in the air" is idle; brought into connection with familiar facts, with the ground that is being tilled, the machines that are at work, the stuffs that are being woven or dyed before the children's eyes, it becomes real and helpful. Practical demonstration, and the establishment of museums of natural history and industry within reach of every school, are two conditions of success. The same principle should be applied to the teaching of geography, which at present is an undeveloped study. Treated practically, in relation to the roads, rivers, and railways of the neighbourhood, and its products and means of exchange, it would form a basis for that higher knowledge of the subject, which is an element in mercantile success, while it would give a stimulus at once to the powers of observation and imagination in the average workman.

Here, then, are three points in which our primary education should be improved. Under the more elastic system of the New Code, and with the help of the *Technical Instruction Bill*, the reforms may be carried out without great difficulty. If more time is needed, it may be worth while to require a longer attendance at elementary schools.*

Supposing that we have found time in our primary schools for these studies, two further points remain. 1. The training of elementary teachers in these subjects must be improved. 2. The opportunities for continuing them after school days must be considered. For the latter much has already been done: in some respects we are better off than our neighbours. The Commission reports:

* Report I., p. 524: "After next year (1885) no child under 14 can be employed on full time in Scotland, unless it has passed the 5th Standard. We have no doubt that all classes interested in industry will quickly reap the benefit of this amendment of the law, and we see no reason why this regulation should not be extended to England and Wales so far as it applies to factories and workshops."

"For the technical education of workmen, outside of the workshop, the resources of continental countries have hitherto been and are still very much more limited than has been supposed in this country to be the case. No organization like that of the Science and Art Department or of the City and Guilds Institute exists in any continental country."

But these are concerned rather with the education of the foreman than of the labourers. For the latter, unless he is to lose what he has learnt, the "continuation-schools" which are springing up in different places must be made regular and systematic. Something may be done to help this by Government grants; but more depends, as the Report says, "on local interest and sympathy."

So far we have been concerned with the rank and file of workmen. How are the foremen and upper clerks to be educated? Abroad, where Polytechnics* and Universities have long provided for the special education of managers and captains of labour, little has been done till lately for the intermediate class. There, as here, it consists of "men who, by dint of steadiness, intelligence, and aptitude for command and organization have raised themselves from the position of ordinary workmen." At the same time, it is clear that no class would gain more by a completer education. The case could not be more effectively put than Professor Huxley put it in his evidence before the Commission:

"The advance of industry in all countries depends on employers being able to find to their hand persons of sufficient knowledge and sufficient flexibility of mind to be able to turn from doing the thing they have been doing, and to do something different, according to the nature of the improvement that has been made."†

This flexibility and readiness of resource in the foreman may be cultivated. He will of course share in the training of the primary school as already described. Beyond that, he would naturally pass on to a Higher Elementary School of some sort. In large towns there may be room for Higher Elementary Schools of two kinds: (1) giving more time to languages, shorthand, and book-keeping; (2) mainly occupied with science, mathematics, and manual training. In the one case boys would be prepared for a commercial, in the other for a mechanical career.‡

* The word is used in its proper, not in its popular sense.
† 'Minutes of Evidence,' 306.
‡ For examples of such schools, see 'Technical Education,' pp. 55-59.

Above the classes already dealt with come the managers and masters of industrial and commercial concerns. Here we come face to face with the question of secondary education. It is still true as it was in 1868,

"We have plenty of scattered materials, but these materials need to be co-ordered, and made, instead of being useless and getting in one another's way as at present, to work harmoniously to one great design."

While the Education Department of the Charity Commission has done a good deal by the readjustment of old schools and the foundation of new ones to supply the wants of middle-class education, there is on the whole no class so ill or so uncertainly provided. For, while existing schools have been raised in standard by the action of external examinations and other means of testing the mass of schools, and some of the worst have disappeared, there is in no town or district any security, such as the Education Act affords, for the maintenance of an adequate secondary school, or its adjustment to schools below and Colleges and Universities above.

The chief need in regard to these schools is :—

1st, Classification and co-ordination.

2nd, Readjustment of studies.

In Germany, as is well known, such schools are divided into "Gymnasien" or Classical Schools, and "Real-schulen," Scientific Schools. The place of the former is filled in England by the old Public Schools and other Boarding Schools on the same model, and by the Grammar Schools and High Schools up and down the country, from which boys pass on to the Universities, or go directly into some business or profession. There is little doubt that in the Public Schools there has been on the whole a great advance during the last forty years; studies have been widened, teaching has become more methodical, the standard of average acquirement has been raised. But there are certain subjects which still need encouragement and opportunity, especially Natural Science and Modern Languages.* In many schools French and German have been treated, if not as optional subjects, at least as hardly a serious part of class work, and the same is the case with the elements of natural science. The result is that few men coming to the University can read French or German books with ease, and there is a lamentable ignorance

* To these should perhaps be added Geography.

of the simplest physical facts. In many cases there are good teachers in these subjects, but the studies languish from want of serious recognition, *e.g.* in determining class-places or the like. The old Universities have done something to stimulate the study of modern languages:* possibly they might help to promote the teaching of natural science by requiring a knowledge of the elements in their first examination. But even without this, Head-masters have it in their power to do much by arrangements within their own control.

The same defects are to be found in the other secondary schools; but here much more is needed in many cases than a mere extension of studies. The larger Public Boarding Schools lie beyond the reach of the majority of the middle-classes; they must look to day schools, and here the outlook is far more doubtful. It is not that the schools are bad—many of them are doing excellent work, so far as their means allow; but the provision of such schools is uncertain, and their aims are distracted. The rich parent knows more or less what he is paying for when at great cost he sends his son to Winchester, or Eton or Harrow, or Rugby or Marlborough; he knows at least that the school will tend to produce a certain type of character, and to prepare his boy for the University. The choice is clear and he can afford to choose.

Take, on the other hand, the case of the parent in a provincial town, whose means are unequal to sending his boys away from home. If he is lucky, there is an old Grammar School, or a reconstituted High School near at hand, but it is quite likely that just as he is deciding where to send his boy, the governing body of the school he has in view is torn with disputes as to whether the school is to be classical or commercial. In despair he sends his son to a private school, which may be good, bad, or indifferent, but which has not the guarantee of public management, or the free and open atmosphere in which character is formed.† The fact is that our system of secondary education is the result of a series of individual efforts and institutions, often

* In Cambridge by the Modern Languages Tripos: in Oxford and Cambridge by the admission of French and German among the "Additional Subjects" in Responsions, and the Previous Examination, as well as in the final Pass Schools.

† I do not ignore the fact that individual private schools have done good service to education. Like the "non-conforming" churches in the religious world, they have sometimes kept the true faith alive when it was dead in public establishments. But English education has suffered unspeakably from the want of any control over private schools.

out of relation to one another and to the other organs of education, a scene of chaos into which, from time to time, like a *deus ex machina*, descends the Educational Department of the Charity Commission. What is needed is a more adequate classification of schools. Without adopting the hard-and-fast system of France and Germany, we might make some more consistent effort to "grade" our Secondary Schools and to fill the gaps. In every town or district there ought to be two Public Secondary Schools, or, if that is impracticable, at least one school, with two departments. The Classical School should be preparatory to the University, but with sufficient attention to modern languages and natural science, to fit a boy to pass into a technical college, or, even into a merchant's office, though in this case he would, perhaps more naturally, begin with the modern school of the second type. 2nd. The other school, call it Science or Modern School as you please, will fitly prepare a boy either for entering a business house or engineering or other manufacturing shops, or for taking up a more strictly "technical" course at a technical college. What are to be the studies of such a school? I do not know that they can be better summed up than by Mr. Matthew Arnold's words;

"The mother-tongue, the elements of Latin and of the chief modern languages, the elements of history, of arithmetic and geometry, and of the knowledge of nature, should be the studies of the lower classes in all secondary schools, and should be the same for all boys at this stage." *

If we add to this list algebra and drawing, and some manual training, we may consider it complete. But here most of our reformers will raise an outcry. The study of Latin, after a long supremacy, has fallen upon evil days. It is the revenge which has come, late but sure, for the folly of its friends. Pedantic teaching, excessive insistence on the mnemonic side of grammar, on irregularities and abnormal forms, have brought it into contempt,† and we are called upon to cast it out utterly from the education of "business men." But the fact remains that, apart from the key it gives to the meaning of modern languages, it can afford a training in grammar and the structure of sentences, which is the best foundation for clear thinking and clear writing.

* 'Schools and Universities,' p. 268.

† The enemy of pedants touched off the mechanical teaching of Latin with exquisite irony: "Den Römern würde gewiss nicht Zeit genug übrig geblieben sein, die Welt zu erobern, wenn sie das Latein erst hätten lernen sollen. Diese glücklichen Leute wussten schon in der Wiege welche Nomina den Accusativ in -im haben." (Heine, *Reisebilder*, i. p. 237.)

Until, then, the more reasonable methods * now coming into use have been tried and found wanting, Latin should be retained in all secondary schools, at least as an optional subject.

Higher up in the school there should be some separation of classes or studies, corresponding roughly to the requirements of (1) a commercial, (2) a manufacturing career. (1.) On the commercial side the course might adapt itself, in some degree, to the needs of the neighbourhood; but, on the principle that schools should not teach definite trades, the studies should fit a boy, as far as may be, for entering on any branch of commercial life. At the end of the course, at sixteen or seventeen, a boy should have a good hold on two modern languages besides English, and be able to write or read simple business letters, with some knowledge of the technical terms common to all trades, and, if possible, know shorthand. He should be able so far to deal with accounts that he may quickly pick up any system of book-keeping that the house he goes into happens to employ. He should be so far at home in commercial geography, the elements of commercial history, and the principle of exchanges, as to be prepared to take an interest in the relation of his own business with the trade-routes and markets of the world.†

(2.) On the manufacturing or technical side, chemistry and mechanics, or other branches of natural science, would, to a great extent, take the place of languages, and would be carried on along with drawing and higher mathematics, and practice in the laboratory, or in the workshop, or in both.

Coming from such a course, a boy ought to have a fair start in studying in practice or at a Technical College the processes

* The disuse of Verse Composition, except for better scholars: the growing importance given to translation at sight: the introduction of philological interests, all tend to make the study more real. A Head-master of great experience, who has done much to promote the intelligent teaching of Latin, writes, "the extermination of Latin . . . would be a deplorable calamity, reacting most injuriously upon the whole of the education of our middle classes." Dr. Edwin Abbott, Preface to *Porta Latina.*

† See the scheme of the Examination for Commercial Certificates held by the Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examination Board with the approval of the Chambers of Commerce. The scheme was constructed in the first instance at the request of the Head-master of one of the large Secondary Schools examined by the Board, and its details were drawn up after consultation between the Board and representatives of the Chambers of Commerce. The examinations held by the Board in the last two years (see Reports of the Board for 1888 and 1889) have shown the need of improved teaching, especially of English and other modern languages, and of Geography, though in these and other subjects some schools did very good work.

of the special trade which he takes up. On the other hand, this commercial or technical training should be sufficiently general to make him an intelligent citizen, with some knowledge of himself and the world. To the end of the course some kind of literary study, either in history or pure literature, should be kept up.

How are these alternative schools, classical and modern, to be provided? The Commissioners tell us that we must not come upon the Budget.* But they say that the Charity Commission still have in hand (or had in 1884) £200,000 available for education which might be devoted to this purpose. But, from whatever source the money may come, we have to find a body of men to carry out the necessary work. The most feasible plan would be to put it in the hands of the authorities of town or county, to establish new schools or re-adjust old ones on the lines indicated, with powers of levying a limited rate, which might perhaps be met by a small proportionate grant from the Charity Commission.† The latter body, as a High Council of Education, would have the right to veto the proposal if there was no clear need of further provision, and to sanction or modify schemes of schools proposed. Any estimate of the educational needs of a district would have to take account of all secondary education going on there under proper guarantees. Private schools would naturally frame themselves more or less on the lines of the two classes of secondary schools described, and a parent would then have a fair choice, and could send his son to one or other school, knowing what training to expect from it. Until these changes are made in primary and secondary schools it is idle to talk of more specialised technical education, for a large part of the force expended in local colleges will have to be di ected to repairing the deficiencies of inadequate schooling. But, supposing these changes made, the more advanced and more special education will be carried on after school life by Technical Colleges, by the system of the City and Guilds' Institute, and of the Science and Art Department, supplemented by the "Polytechnics," Mechanics' Institutes, Co-operative Societies' lectures, and the like. The means for this class of education are rapidly growing on all hands; but, if they

* "With the exception of France there is no European country of the first rank that has an Imperial budget for education comparable in amount with our own."—Report, I. p. 515.

† In many cases a readjustment of existing Schools would be sufficient with provision by means of scholarships for passing from lower to higher.

are to achieve their purpose, two things are essential. 1st. The highest grade of technical teaching must be well supported. There seems some danger of the City and Guilds' Institute being deprived of part of its revenues in favour of more popular methods of instruction.* This would be a fatal error. It is quite right that there should be variety of means and methods, but at the top of the system there should be central institutions of first-rate quality to guide and influence the lower forms of instruction. 2nd. The supply of first-rate teachers must be kept up. This will depend on developing the work of such institutions as the Normal School of Science.

3rd. All such arrangements will have comparatively little influence unless they have the sympathy and support of the masters of industry and commerce. This is the secret of success in France and Switzerland and Germany: the leaders of the business world believe in education, in England the mass of them do not, at least when trade is good.† Here again we are brought round to the defects of the training which has formed so many of our business men. It is only one proof among many how impossible it is to treat technical education apart from the education of the country as a whole.

I have only been able to touch upon a few points in a large subject. To sum up what I have said. The objects which people have in view when they speak of "technical" education, so far as they are useful, are to be secured:

1st. By rearrangement of school studies so as give greater opportunity for the teaching of manual readiness, of the elements of natural science, and, in higher schools, of modern languages.

2nd. By giving order to our present disorganized system of secondary schools, filling up the gaps, and differentiating the courses of instruction.‡

3rd. By the maintenance, in a systematised form, of existing resources for education after school life is over, and the foundation of new means of such teaching where it is needed.

* See 'Technical Education,' p. 43.

† There are signs of a change of business opinion in these matters; *e.g.* a large number of merchants and others have promised to attach weight to the Commercial Certificates of the Associated Chambers of Commerce, and of the Oxford and Cambridge Board. Many are also offering prizes for successful candidates. The examination is at present more or less of an experiment; but the fact is significant.

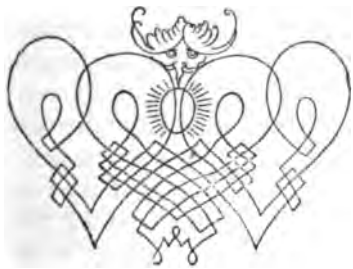
‡ Throughout I take for granted that a system of scholarships will enable the more promising boys to pass from the elementary school through the secondary to the Technical College, as well as to the University.

4th. By improvements in the training of teachers, both of primary and secondary schools, and of technical colleges and classes.

Nearly all these, it may be said, are merely changes of organization, and education is a question of men. I do not forget that, in the last resort, the influence of education depends less upon choice of studies than upon the personal force and character of the teacher: but much may be done to help the teaching class by the selection of fit studies, and by bringing the scattered forces of education into line. Let us by all means be on our guard that while we give system to our teaching, we keep it elastic. And while we consider special needs, of commerce, or agriculture, or manufacture, we have to keep clear before us the main aim of education, and to remember, as Dr. Edwin Abbott has lately insisted with such force,* that schools exist not merely for opening the mind, but for forming the character. In the long run, it may be, our place in the markets of the world, and upon its maps, will depend no less upon such homely virtues as courage, soberness, honesty, and public spirit, than upon technical acquirements however elaborate, or the most miraculous gift of tongues.

* Paper read before the National Union of Elementary Teachers. *The Schoolmaster*, April 19, 1890.

P. E. MATHESON,
Sec. Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examination Board.



TECHNICAL EDUCATION FOR GIRLS.

AT the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876 Russia suggested the importance of the technical training in which England and the United States have been and are so far behind continental nations. Yet eight years later the Official Guide to the International Health Exhibition of 1884 frankly acknowledged that British technical education was in its infancy. Superior Technical Colleges have been established in London, Bradford, Bristol and other manufacturing towns, but even by the Bill of 1889 no provision is made for the pupils of elementary schools. English-speaking girls and boys are proverbially awkward with their hands, and yet of all civilized nations we are almost the last to realize the wisdom and necessity and possibility of "putting brains into fingers."

The admirably organized Paris Exhibition consisted of nine groups. The second was devoted to Education and Instruction, the materials and the processes of the Liberal Arts, and constituted a gigantic and invaluable object-lesson in the value of manual training. Germany was unrepresented. Switzerland sent the best drawing and colour work from a higher primary school. From Winterthur came admirable anatomical plates and water-colour studies. Berne and Neuchatel had valuable exhibits ; Zurich and Bâle sent complete courses of needle-work. Denmark showed works, designed and executed by young girls at Copenhagen—silk embroidery or woollen stuffs, carvings in metal and wood ; different stages of the pupils' progress were clearly shown, and some idea given of the entire course of teaching. Five hours per day appears to be the time usually devoted to technical work, and excellent gold embroidery was exhibited by pupils who had had only twenty-two months' practice. Japan has already outstripped many western nations. The Normal School of Ken de Fakushima presented manual

training work of a high class, and the Tokio School of Arts and Trades painting on china with exercises in wood and iron.

An extensive gallery in the Palace of the Beaux Arts contained the exhaustive and unparalleled exhibition of the Schools of France, excluding the city of Paris, which had a villa of its own. Intelligent arrangement enabled the practical teacher to realize for a given school the buildings, apparatus, methods of instruction, and work accomplished. In the Écoles Nationales d'Arts et Métiers the aim is to train intelligent foremen. Pupils are admitted at about sixteen years of age, and must give proof of sound elementary education—present a mechanical and freehand drawing, an exercise in wood and one in iron. According to the requirements of the locality there are schools of clock-making, weaving, dyeing, plumbing, carriage-building, iron and steel work. A fair example of such schools may be found in the École Supérieure de Commerce et de Tissage de Lyon, founded in 1872 by the Chamber of Commerce and Lyonese merchants. The Director has a staff of twenty-one professors and assistants for an average 110 pupils. The weaving course is practical and theoretical, and lasts one year. The Commercial course lasts two years. It includes book-keeping, commercial law, knowledge of commodities, history of trade, duties of merchants, foreign languages, &c. Students leaving are in great request, and many of the 1875 ex-pupils are, to-day, heads of industrial houses.

The Parisian École Municipale Professionnelle d'Ameublement, founded in 1866, gives theoretical and practical training in furniture-making. The École Municipale Sophie Germain, founded in 1882, prepares young women for commercial or industrial positions, and it is well known that for many years the Commerce Parisien has displayed a feminine capacity for business and a skill in manipulation to which English women have never attained. From this point of view the recent action of the city of Paris is worthy of distinct record. Elementary technical teaching was first recognized by the French Government on December 11, 1880, on the ground that there appeared to be a deterioration in the quality of workmen. Among other causes of this deterioration is assigned the passing away of the old apprenticeships in which near relationship and kindred interests promoted diligent teaching and learning. Every department is now required to establish its own school on the lines laid down by the State, and is entitled to State aid. The city of Paris is

wealthy, and has not only never claimed the Government subvention, but has made its schools gratuitous. They are none the less under State inspection, and provide a thorough education for both sexes from infancy until the boy or girl can earn an independent livelihood. Maternal Schools in every quarter of Paris receive for twelve hours in summer and ten in winter, infants from two to seven years of age, that the parents may be free to labour. In three hours daily devoted to instruction, a more or less extended development of Froebel's system trains the fingers of the infants, and gives elementary notions of form and colour. In the Primary Schools, work-shops are provided in which children are to "be familiarised with the idea of manual work, and taught to love and respect it." They are to go through regular exercises intended to promote suppleness and agility in every part of the body, but it is expressly provided that training and not actual achievement is the object. Boys pass on to the Écoles d'Apprentissage and the more intelligent to Secondary Technical Schools. Girls are received at twelve years of age in the five Écoles Professionnelles Ménagères. The object is first to fit them for household duties, and further to prepare them to get their own living. In the Paris bourgeoisie a woman is expected to bring a dowry at marriage, or to be capable of contributing her share of daily income. Each school has about 200 pupils. All except eight devote the morning to primary instruction, including drawing and book-keeping. Eight in turn weekly spend the whole day in practical domestic duties. No pupil leaves the school between morning and afternoon classes. Dinner can be brought from home, or for twopence a meal is provided of soup, meat, and vegetables. The eight under supervision do the marketing, cooking, and cleaning. Parents are invited to state for what trade their children are intended, and unless incapacity is manifested, the occupation chosen must be pursued for three years. The trades taught vary with the quarter of the city in which the school is placed. They include ironing, dress-making, tailoring, millinery, artificial-flower-making, stay-making, book-keeping, design, china and glass painting, embroidery on linen, silk, and cloth, &c. Work is taken in and the earnings paid to the municipal treasury. Garments are made for the poor and distributed at the Mairie. The girls are taught by specialists, but the permanent teachers are present, correcting exercises and maintaining order. The energetic Directrices of the School in the

Rue Fondary (a comparatively poor district) and of the School in the Rue Bossuet, state that the students never fail to get remunerative work. There is sometimes difficulty in retaining them to the end of their course, but small scholarships are given as rewards to meet the cost of clothing and maintenance. M. Carriot, Director of Education for the city of Paris, estimates the annual outlay for each of the five schools at 84,000 francs —salaries 55,100 and material 29,780—say nearly £17 per head. The buildings are spacious and the directress lives on the premises. The municipality is so well satisfied with the work of these institutions, that a sixth will shortly be opened. Like the Technical Schools for boys, they are placed under the joint control of the Minister of Public Instruction and the Minister of Commerce.

The Municipal Schools are quite recent, but similar work has been carried on in Paris for thirty years among a rather higher class of girls, daughters of artists and shop-keepers. In 1856 the first École Professionnelle was established by Mdlle. Elisa Lemonnier. It obtained a rapid success. In 1864 its promoters opened a second school, and at present there are three, having in all about 400 pupils. They are managed by a private society, of which Mdlle. Toussaint is the enthusiastic secretary. The pupils pay from 12 to 15 francs per month, and considerable grants are received from the State, the Prefecture of the Seine, and the municipality; but all technical education is costly and finance is a constant source of anxiety.

Even bankrupt Italy is making a resolute effort to educate both sexes. By the law of July 1877 primary education is compulsory and gratuitous, at the cost of the municipality. Religious instruction is given on Saturday, if claimed by the parents. One hundred and eighty-nine evening and fête-day continuation schools receive State aid, and of these fifty-one are for young women. In 1888 the popular Queen Margherita opened the Scuola Teresa Torlonia in Piazza d'Italia, Rome. The buildings are lofty and spacious, with extensive terraces for open-air exercise. Five hundred boys are taught on the ground-floor and 500 girls above, with separate staircase and entrance. The junior boys are instructed by mistresses and are at school from 8.30 A.M.–2.30 P.M. The elder lads exercise in the gymnasium from 2.30 P.M.–3.30 P.M. and then attend classes in Slöjd, for which Swedish tables and complete apparatus are provided. Of the 500 girls all claim religious instruction but

four, and they are Israclites. Two hundred of the poorest children receive gratuitous meals daily and a shower-bath fortnightly! The eligible cases for meals are decided once a year. All the class-rooms are fitted with single desks and the teaching is said to be thorough.

In Rome also just behind the Chamber of Deputies is the Scuola Professionale Communale Femminile, which has been many years at work. A four years' course may commence at any age, on payment of three lire per month. The subjects taught include book-keeping, ironing, cookery, plain needlework, cutting out, dress-making, tailoring, lace-making, Church embroidery, gold tissue, the covering of plaster-of-Paris models with art work, embroidery in silk from painted flowers, modelling and drawing adapted to the trade selected. Fifty-five students were in January 1890 engaged in artificial-flower-making of a high order, *e.g.* preparing an exquisite and gigantic wreath to be laid, on the anniversary of his death, on the tomb in the Pantheon of the late King Victor Emmanuel. Other pupils of the same school embroidered on white silk ribbon the inscription to accompany the wreath—"Dal Municipio di Roma." The dress-makers work round a huge bath-like erection, intended to display the skirts, and are employed to make dresses at moderate charges for the wife of the Syndic, and other Roman ladies. Orders for Church embroidery are received from all parts of the world. This principle of meeting the cost by commissions is carried so far in the excellent Orphanage of Dr. Comandi in Florence, that the technical department of his schools is self-supporting. Well-known contractors pay the rent of the sheds and have the services of thirty lads as apprentices. The quality of the work is excellent, and ample employment is found in executing orders from the palaces and hotels.

Even Mexico and Brazil might be cited to illustrate the world-wide movement in the science and art of technical education for girls and women which has long been provided in the admirable Gewerbe-Schulen of Hamburg and other German towns. England is suffering probably more than France from the cessation of apprenticeships, but is happily rousing herself to give technical instruction to boys that they may maintain the superiority of British manufactures, and to girls that they may make better house-keepers and bread-winners. The supreme value of the example set by France so lately but so well is due to her manifest realization of the principle that *true technical*

training begins with the infant, is continued throughout the school course, and develops into specialised or trade teaching only at the close of a thorough primary (or for higher branches secondary) education. To arrive at this point in our National Code may take another ten years, but in the meantime three steps are important and possible.

1. To establish a Normal Technical College for Women, or adapt to this purpose one of the existing Training Colleges.

2. To open experimental Technical Schools for girls. Probably the buildings of some disused or flagging National or British schools might be thus utilised.

3. To encourage evening or Saturday Continuation Classes, for which might be secured the use of Board School-rooms or accommodation in the new Polytechnics.

In this way valuable experience could be gained of the needs of given localities, and mistresses of existing schools might be invited to recommend eligible students.

The expense of technical education for girls will be no insuperable obstacle when London or any great town perceives its interest and its duty in such an enterprise. No better outlay is possible of the funds of great trade corporations, and some of the London companies have so liberally led the way in educational grants that it is hoped they may seize the present opportunity of rendering a lasting service to the Metropolis and by way of example to the country.

SELINA HADLAND,
Principal of the Milton Mount College.

LONDON RIVER.

EVERY city, according to its character, has a certain way of approach which is the best, inasmuch as it at once affords a visitor an opportunity of seeing how and why it exists. No one should enter a cathedral city save by the road which gives him the best view of the towers of the great building round which the houses have clustered; and to my mind it is a perpetual reproach that we should be forced to enter Oxford and Cambridge by way of railways, which exhibit the dullest and most modern features of the old Universities, instead of coming by Magdalen Bridge into High Street in the one case, or by the river which runs at the backs of the more eastern 'Varsity town in the other. If, again, the city be mediæval and a fortress, there are, or should be, ancient gates, and the remains of battered walls to pass under; and when it is commercial and a great seaport, the only proper way of entering it is by the harbour gates, or the river which gives it access to the sea.

This is why I think the only way for a foreigner or visitor to see London for the first time is by the Thames—the mightiest highway for shipping in the greatest commercial age the world has ever known. If we approach it in any other way we are smothered by the proximity of buildings, blinded by dust, depressed by mean architecture close at hand; while on the river we stand a little distance away, and behold it as one—as an organic whole, perceiving how it came to be and how it exists.

I have, at the head of this article, put the words "London River" instead of the Thames. It may not be commonly known outside of seafaring circles that sailors constantly rename all navigable streams, and give them the names of their ports. Thus to a sailor-man the Ava becomes Rangoon River; the Hooghly, Calcutta River; and the Elbe, Hamburg River. The Seine itself would be Paris River if it were a commercial

highway of importance. And thus our Thames is called London River, giving it, to my mind, as I have it in view only as far as London extends, a certain deeper and mightier significance. For our city is the greatest commercial city, and its river seems now to exist only for London.

Perhaps the men who have thus renamed it are, in the *naïveté* of their general character, something like the famous Irishman who remarked on the beneficence of Providence in always causing great rivers to flow by large cities. Perhaps for the same reason such streams are always navigable as far up at the very least as the port stands. And they are not too dangerous. Independent of other reasons for the pre-eminence of the Thames as a commercial highway, it is undoubtedly the safest navigable river in Europe. It is less subject to floods than others; the tides are regular and not fierce; there are no bores or "eagers" to lift a foaming crest above the placid level of the stream; the channel remains with very reasonable persistence in one place, or alters only very slowly; and the bottom is of such character and consistency that vessels which accident or unskilful handling sets aground come off on a rising tide without much delay or serious damage.

It is such amiable features which differentiate it from the shifty Scheldt or turbulent Douro. On the former river stands Antwerp, with which we were threatened as a rival when the Dock strikes temporarily paralysed London trade. The river pilots probably knew better than the papers, and very likely smiled; for the Scheldt is the most dangerous river in all Europe, on account of its winding, changeable channel of quicksands. Once a vessel touches the ground there, the underwriters may put down their share to profit and loss, for that moment is almost certainly the last of her life afloat. No rising tide will lift her out of the sucking sands, and even if she does come off she will be "hogged"—to use the technical expression for a rick in the back, or permanent strain to the keel. We may be quite sure that only desperation would drive shipping, even for a time, from the safety of London River to the tortuous, treacherous stream running by the ancient town of Rubens.

To obtain anything like an adequate notion of what the Thames really is, of its varied and immense traffic, it is necessary to do what few Londoners would care about who value their ease and their peace of mind. Sailing about the lower reaches in a small boat is on the whole a somewhat dangerous occupation.

At night when the tide is at half-flood the great steamers come racing up the river in a long line, almost as if they were having an Oxford bumping race, and those who get in their way must look very sharp to avoid being run down. To any one who is in need of a little wholesome excitement I can recommend a few nights on the river in a boat, too large to be easily pulled, when the wind is barely strong enough to give her steerage way. For the steamers will never deviate a hair's-breadth if they can avoid it, and half-a-dozen times in the night I have shaved one close alongside and exchanged anything but complimentary remarks with the pilot or officer in charge. If there is a good strong sailing breeze there is little or no danger, but when the wind falls light, it is as though a foot-passenger fell lame in the middle of the street by the Mansion House.

Yet such experiences give a man an idea of England's trade and power which nothing else may. In one hour can be seen steamers from Australia, the East and West Indies, from China and Japan, from North America and South America, from African rivers hardly yet explored, from parts unknown to any but the sailor or those exceptionally or quaintly learned in coast geography. And with these steamers come tugs towing vessels of all imaginable rigs. Ship, barque, barquantine, brigantine, or what not, laden with wealth from every corner of the commercially explored globe, to be thrown down in our London, which is like Poe's Maelström for extraordinary and wonderful collections of far-drawn riches.

Then there is the picturesqueness of our river, independent of its vastness in manifold evidences of power and wealth. The Thames is a panorama, a picture gallery, a great exhibition of ever-varying effects, and must appeal to all minds, whether that of the merest trader or the artist who forgets for the moment that the beauty of a vessel is accidental, or if necessary, not designed towards that end. Seeing how beautiful the river really is, we may wonder that it has not been painted more frequently and more successfully than it has been. On some days when the sun is bright and strong, or when clouds come and go on a fresh wind, every single reach from the Locks to the Nore deserves to be painted from every point of view. Even in the most wretched colourless day there is always something beautiful to be seen when distant bridges melt gradually in the mist, and the crowded Pool seems fuller than ever by the suggested bulks of great vessels looming through the heavy air thick with rain.

Then even gaunt and ghastly warehouses assume the virtue of a beauty which they have not, and the hideous monotony of barren buildings is broken into suggestive architecture. Yet what river painters have been or are? Turner painted much of it, it is true, and painted it wonderfully. No one cares if the sun does set in the east when the tug tows the *Téméraire* to her last berth; but still, he was not the painter of the Thames one would desire. Mr. Wyllie has done something towards it, but how little probably no one knows so well as himself. Of others, perhaps the least said the better. Certainly the Thames of to-day is not yet painted. Who is there to catch and put on canvas the strength, beauty and subtlety of a stream which adequately symbolizes the power, energy, and enterprise of the Anglo-Saxon race better than any built city or mighty monument? And it is a great historic stream as well, burdened not only with the bulk of great vessels and barges, but with the heavy and sickening odours of ancient memories. The Thames has seen and heard so much; it has borne so many pageants of kings and peoples, and of doomed traitors on its bosom; and seen so many contests; it holds so many secrets and so many sorrows in its depths, that it speaks with as full a voice as the great Pyramid to the deserts of Egypt. It is not only like an almanac of the day, but an epitome of the past, with many prophecies of the future.

It certainly is not altogether the river that it was. The railways which skirt its banks have robbed it of much of its traffic, and the ancient watermen have far less to do than in the times when water locomotion was easier and quicker than land travel. The penny steamboats have robbed the freemen of the river, if not of their legal privileges, now at last threatened in Parliament, at least of much of their trade. For now few passengers hire any of their five thousand to pass for sixpence from one landing-place to another, and most of their business is confined to taking voyagers to a steamer lying in the stream, or carrying sailors on shore for a little liberty when work is over at six o'clock.

Yet even now the watermen and lightermen, who together number some 14,000, are a power. Each one has had to serve a seven years' apprenticeship, and then is entitled to the freedom of the river. In the case of the watermen the privileges attached to this do not seem to amount to more than liberty to work very hard for about 4*s.* or 4*s.* 6*d.* a day. But the

lightermen are the only people allowed to load or unload barges, and thus have a certain importance. The present attack on their privileges is avowedly an attempt on the part of a portion of the riverside employers of labour to get matters more into their own hands with a view of crushing any attempt at a strike. It is to be hoped that it will not succeed, for hitherto this power has not been used in any unjust cause, nor without the ultimate approval of the public.

There is always a certain hostility between bargemen, and indeed all the riverside population, and deep-water sailors, to whatever cause it may be attributed. Possibly it is due to the fact that sailors despise landsmen, in spite of their sayings which indicate the folly of seafaring, such as "He is a fool that would sell a farm in order to go to sea." The shell-back firmly believes that "home-keeping youth have ever homely wits," and often mistakes his knowledge of coast geography for knowledge of the world of men. He has trained himself to believe that a sailor's life is a free one, and would despise the great Doctor's dictum that a ship was no more than a prison, with a chance of being drowned. He knows that there is a desire innate in most English boys to be seafarers; he is aware that a certain halo of romance surrounds even the bucket of tar or souji-mouji, and poses accordingly. I remember an amusing instance in America of this desire to be, if not a sailor, in some way connected with such a life. A certain sailor of my acquaintance was greeted by a broken-down tramp, and asked whether he was not what his appearance indicated. On receiving an affirmative answer, he smirked, hitched up his breeches, and said, with a kind of bashful grin, "You see, I'm a sort of sailor myself." "Yes," said my friend; "have you been to sea?" "Hum! well, no, not exactly that," replied the claimant of maritime honours. "Then you have been sailing on the Lakes?" "Well, no, partner, I can't exactly say that I've done that either." "Ah! I see," said the sailor; "you are an old river steamboat-man?" The tramp twisted a little, grunted, and finally got out, "Well, no, I ain't been a steamboat-man, neither." "Then what in thunder have you been?" asked the real seaman, who could think of nothing else. "Well," said the other, a little reluctantly, "you see, I druv [drove] mules on the Wabash Canal!"

But if a goodly number of men desire to seem sailors who are not, there are many who despise poor Jack and see that he is really almost a slave. Perhaps after all they lack the energy and

daring which have made him what he is, and are kept on shore rather by the desire for a nightly or weekly spree than by any mere legitimate attraction of a town life; but however that may be, they consider sailors very poor fellows indeed, fit only to be preyed upon or taken in by the landsmen they despise. This hostility is certainly added to by the danger caused to bargees and lightermen by the recklessness with which steamers are often run in the lower reaches of the river. A skipper of a boat often gets a bad reputation by what may have been a pure accident, and the river-men who recognize him and his vessel, returning perhaps from a short voyage to Antwerp, Hamburg, or Bremen, exhaust their foully fertile vocabulary on him as he steams past. A friend of mine who was killed in the Channel by falling from the main-royal yard of the *Waitangi*, once served a short time as boatswain in a Hamburg boat, and was in her when by an unfortunate accident she ran down a barge and drowned three men. She was always recognized and recommended with her crew and skipper to the immediate attention of the infernal powers, in language which, as my friend said, was sufficient to blister the paintwork.

In return for the abuse lavished on the steamboat-men, they ridicule the bargees and smacksmen. A loaded smack, and they are often loaded right down to the gunnel, is fairly swept at times from stem to stern by the wash of a steamer. Then the smacksmen are jocularly requested to report "heavy weather in London River," or are asked to get soundings with a long pitch pine pole and anchor till the gale blows itself out. If an obstinate bargeman gets in the way, nothing delights the steamer's crew more than to see his long sweep snapped in two or knocked clean overboard, when they return his blasphemy with laughter and jeers. Altogether the lower river cannot be recommended as a school of manners, or even as a school of vituperation, for a bargeman's oaths, though lacking neither in rotundity nor in offensiveness, can boast neither the quaint consecutive ingenuity of a Western American nor the swift and awful profanity of an Australian from the Back Blocks.

Perhaps, if it were not for the vessels sailing under the flags of all nations, some people might feel inclined to deny the river the possession of much attractiveness below Gravesend, but certainly that town is by its situation highly picturesque and interesting. It is true such spots as Mucking Flat a little below it are not beautiful in the day, but at night even that becomes less painfully

monotonous even to those who have no memories of half a night spent fast aground on its mud banks in a thunderstorm. As we go further up towards Woolwich matters rapidly improve, and it does not require the friendly air of darkness to impart the attractive interest of obscurity to what is interesting in itself. Yet for ever, to me, the river is most charming when day has departed, and mystery broods across the stream from shore to shore. It is perhaps hardly to be painted even by one who can suggest so much in a semi-Japanese way as James McNiel Whistler in his famous picture of old Battersea Bridge, with the far faint sparkle of bursting rockets high in the intensely dark yet lucid sky. For the night, when winter rules in London, or when the last days of our sombre autumn shiver and weep at his approach, when soft rain falls through the veil of low-lying smoke, is strangely and wonderfully sad upon the river. When the stream runs fast at three-quarter ebb, chafing against steadfast buttress and pier, plashing against the sharp bows of ships, and dividing noisily and angrily at surging buoys and bluff anchored barges, while the mists curl and waver like miasma over a fen, one feels how strange a thing this living stream is as it runs for ever through the heart of the monstrous London which it feeds and supports like an artery, not only in metaphor but in reality.

Perhaps it is significant of the fact that though we are yet a fighting nation, we are even more a commercial one, that on this, our chief and most typical river, warlike craft are rarely to be seen. An odd torpedo boat may now and again rush up-stream; but battle-ships of large size rarely come inside the Nore. Some gun-boats may lie in the Medway, but for one of them a thousand hay and brick barges sail the stream; and indeed the only vessel that the average Londoner is acquainted with which has any connection, however remote, with the fighting navy, is the *Frolic*, now converted into a training-ship for the Royal Naval Volunteers, lying just off Somerset House. The young men who have taken to this form of amusement, with the spice of possible danger and active service in it, number 300 in London and about 2000 in all England, and contain in their ranks artists, lawyers, bank and other clerks. They certainly on occasion do some hard work, as any one who has seen them exercise at heavy gun-drill can testify; and if they are not such thorough seamen as their uniform—differing only from the Navy uniform by wavy instead of straight white braid—would suggest, very many of them know sufficient to be knocked into shape in a reasonably short time. But though they might very well be

supposed to know a little of the river from constantly exercising and rowing upon it, I have discovered, in some, a lamentable lack of information on the subject. Not long ago I went down it with a member of this patriotic brigade, in the hope that he might tell me something interesting which he had picked up there. But the only matters on which he was well-informed were of little service to me, though they led to the inevitable conclusion that naval volunteering was thirsty work. For he knew the name of every hostelry on the banks, and informed me with enthusiasm that the best riverside beer was to be obtained somewhere in the neighbourhood of Cherry Garden Pier.

The Thames Police, one of whose chief stations is under the Embankment close to the *Frolic*, could easily furnish matter for a whole article, seeing that the subject of water-thieves or river-pirates would come under such a heading. And they have many ghastly stories to relate concerning suicides or attempts at it. Apropos of water-thieves, many Londoners may have noticed barges laden with empty barrels lying anchored below Blackfriars Bridge. These once contained petroleum. Formerly a reward of one shilling was given for each picked up in the river; but the owners have discovered that it is in the end much cheaper to let them float away than to pay even a small sum for their recovery. For naturally the intellect of the river was not long in finding out that the easiest way of salving stray barrels was to tumble them out of the barges at night, and the watermen lost no time in converting theory into practice, with the inevitable result that there were more in the water than out of it. As they gain nothing now by half emptying a barge, the barrels are left alone, and only rarely can one be seen floating, perhaps with an eel basket fallen overboard from one of the Dutch eel-boats which always lie off Billingsgate Market. These boats (I believe there are usually three of them), have been, if not from time immemorial, at least for a very lengthy period, measurable by centuries, entitled to a berth in that place by Charter; and as fast as one boat empties its well its place is taken by another coming from Holehaven, which is as far up our polluted river as eels may go, if they are to remain unsold for a long time. Perhaps when one of the reforms urgently asked for by all who love pure water and an unspoiled stream is carried out, and Barking Creek is no longer a disgrace to London, not only eels in a well-boat, but salmon that are free will be able to live in what was once "moving water at its priest-like task

Of pure ablution round these human shores." But Keats was certainly not inspired with these lines by looking at the river of his time, nor would he be by that of this, even though matters be much better than they were twenty years ago when I first wondered at the foulness of the foam beaten out of the malodorous Thames by the paddle-wheels of a penny steamer.

These boats are a feature rather of the stream when it ceases to be London River, which it does at London Bridge, though probably as many run below as above bridge. Yet owing to the crowded traffic in the business part of the Thames, they are much less noticeable than in the freer reaches. At least twenty steamers belonging to the Victoria Steamboat Association ply on the upper stream. This association, which is now a syndicate, appears to do better financially than the old Company, who succeeded only in making a loss. The Hampton Court boats when they run on a fine and favourable day probably make as much as £40 by the trip, which must pay, as the steamers can be hired for a half day for a sum varying from £15 to £18. The men in the employ of the syndicate seem better satisfied than they were formerly, even though they still work nearly thirteen hours a day for thirty shillings a week, and nothing extra on Sundays. Yet the skippers, or captains, get fifty shillings, which they certainly deserve, seeing the admirable way they handle their boats without accidents, or at least serious misfortunes, from year's end to year's end. If the regulations against over-crowding were more stringent and better enforced, these steamers would be more popular than they are. Their daily run is about 72 miles. Many of them can steam quite twelve knots an hour, and there is no cheaper or pleasanter trip to be taken in all London when the boats are not too crowded, when the sun shines and a ripple breaks the surface of the fast flowing tide, than going from Battersea Square to Greenwich Pier.

For assuredly, not only in all London, but in all England, there is no fuller or more inspiriting sight to be seen than this. Walt Whitman may sing, or rather chant, the glories of Brooklyn Ferry; but almost all he saw there to inspire him is here as well, and with it much to compensate for the loss of the unwieldy ferry-boats which ply upon the Hudson and the waters about New York City. For London is yet the centre of the world, and is not only great by her power of to-day, but by all the gifts of ancient inheritance which chiefly lie close upon the banks of her historic river.

MORLEY ROBERTS.

THE EMPTY COMPARTMENT.

I AM not a racing man, and therefore, looking at others through myself after the manner of my kind, I did not imagine that I should be delayed on my journey homeward by the fact that the day of my return was the great day at F—— races.

A fortnight of my summer holiday had been devoted to fly-fishing on certain well-preserved streams in North Wales. I had fished from the bank, I had waded through mountain torrents, and every evening had come back tired and happy, and laden with silver-brown treasures, jewelled with specks of amber and vermilion.

And now the nets were up at sea, and I was waiting, waiting for the great salmon that were surely hurrying towards me, fighting their way against peat-brown swirling water, climbing the salmon-ladders, jumping the granite boulders, towards the flies that lay in ambush for them in my old well-worn fly-book.

For days I had pictured their coming, had stood by a pool through which they must pass, had studied the fly, gaudy but not too gaudy, with a glint of peacock amidst its pheasant's colouring, and one touch of crimson in the silk which bound it, which no salmon of any curiosity could resist; for days I had hazarded a guess at the weight of my first take, beginning modestly at 7 lbs. or so, and growing bolder as the days passed until 10, 20, even 30 lbs. seemed possible.

And just then, just when I had heard of fish six miles below me, when weather was perfect, and long patience about to be rewarded, a telegram summoned me home, and blackness settled upon everything.

The landlord sympathized with me at the little Angler's Inn, where I was staying, but when I told him the serious nature of my telegram, he did not like to refer to the pleasures that

awaited me if I remained, but only pointed out the dangers on my path if I left: "Those dreadful F—— races!"

A frivolous excuse to my mind from a man who had not dared to urge the coming salmon as a reason for remaining. No, I was the junior partner of my bachelor uncle who had money (this last assertion refers to the uncle, and not to the junior partner); he summoned, and I must go.

One train only would get me to London that night; by starting at once I could run to an important Junction, a couple of hours away, change there, and be in town by eight or nine o'clock.

Now this Junction was on the direct line to F—— races.

I reached the station a trifle late, for it had been quick work to take my rods to pieces, and get my flies that were on the casts tenderly into my book. However, I was in time, and found a rather noisy set of half-a-dozen men on the platform whom I took to be bookmakers, why I cannot say, as I do not know any signs to distinguish a bookmaker when I see him, and I may be mistaken.

I gathered that one train had passed through too full for them to get seats, and I heard one say to the station-master: "Look here, I gave you a good tip, and it's hard lines if you don't put a carriage on for self and friends if the next 's as full as the last."

"The next" was full, if about six above the usual number in each compartment constitutes repletion, and the station-master's gratitude led to the running out of an old carriage from a shed, into one compartment of which jumped "self and friends."

Profiting by their importunity, but not anxious for their company, I got into the next compartment, and was glad to find myself alone. I settled my rods in the rack above my head, disturbing dust and cobwebs as I did so, pulled a newspaper from one pocket, and a travelling cap from another, and read myself to sleep. We had had a long sitting in the smoking-room the night before, over the momentous question of the salmon, and I slept soon and heavily.

How long I slept I cannot say, but I awoke in the roar and rattle of a tunnel—awoke in thick darkness to hear the slow panting of the engine and feel the laboured strain which told me we were going up-hill; also to a more disagreeable consciousness, namely, that I was not alone, that there were other persons in the compartment, and that therefore I must have passed a station.

What a fool I must have looked, sleeping heavily in broad daylight, so heavily that two persons at least had passed me in getting in without disturbing my boorish slumbers. Two at least—for they were talking and I listened for a moment to their conversation, wishing to gather who my companions might be, before daylight showed them to me.

They were very near me, it seemed, on the opposite seat by the door, and the first words I heard were these, spoken in a gentle girlish voice, but with a sad firmness in it:

"I cannot, Harry!"

The answer startled me, it was so roughly given, and the voice was a man's.

"You mean you won't, Kate, and there's an end of it."

Then the girl whispered something that I did not catch, but I could hear the man half push her from him as he exclaimed:

"I am a ruined man without it, and you won't lift a finger to save me."

This would never do; they evidently fancied me still asleep, and would be talking over all sorts of private affairs, so I coughed, moved uneasily, rustled my newspaper, and, as the first distant gleam showed that the train was nearing daylight, planted myself firmly in my corner prepared for apology or defence, and when we rushed out of the darkness—found myself absolutely alone.

This was absurd; I had been asleep indeed, but yet, as I looked around, and turned to the window to see trees and fields gliding past, I knew I was wide awake now, and began to dislike the situation. For I still heard the two talking, though not so clearly, and could only conclude that they were in the compartment occupied by the racing set, that these last had got out at the station we had evidently passed while I slept, and that their places were filled by the two whose voices reached me with such unnatural distinctness. And yet how improbable that the men who were so evidently going to the races had got out before the Junction. Horror! I thought, the blood rushing to my face at the bare idea, I cannot have slept past the Junction too! No, my watch showed that I had not been forty minutes in the train.

I pulled myself together, and looked round.

The carriage in which I sat was old and dirty, as I have said; opposite to me, just where, with my eyes shut, I could swear that a man and a girl sat talking, the dingy brown cloth was

somewhat stained, and there was a long jagged slit, apparently cut with a knife, out of which the stuffing of the cushion hung miserably.

This slit would account for the distinctness of the voices I heard, I argued with a sophistry I would have scorned in another. No, it would not account for it, urged common sense; but it *must*, or my eyes were playing me false.

Just as I decided this, half-heartedly, a loud guffaw from the racing men assured me that they at least were still in the other compartment.

Then where were my two companions? Talking in whispers, pleading, disputing, with four or five rough, noisy men side by side with them, their voices coming to me through the horrible jagged cut in the faded cloth opposite. Or—or where? Here with me, not to be seen, though I rubbed my eyes, and looked out of the window, and forced myself to look back at the spot where the voices sounded, just above that horrible slit in the cloth. For it was horrible. I confessed this to myself at last, and drew my feet up on the seat of the carriage, and felt the cold dampness of fear creep down my face, as I heard a girl's voice, hoarse and eager, as it seemed to me, striving for calmness against growing terror.

"Listen, Harry," she said. "This money is not mine. You do not understand, so I must tell you, though it is my father's secret. He has owed this sum for ten years, and for ten years has worked and saved and starved for it. Little by little he has gathered it all; and I have watched him growing older, and paler, and seen the stoop in his shoulders, and the dimness in his eyes, until, Harry, my heart has nearly broken for pity. But a week ago the last pound was put in the bank, and he was free."

"A week ago," the man's voice muttered harshly; "and why not pay it a week ago, and have saved tempting me?"

The last words were said so low that I scarcely heard them, and the girl took no notice of them, and hardly even answered his question.

"It was for my brother's sake, dear, the brother you never knew, who is dead, and who, but for his father, would be disgraced as well. He was weak, poor fellow, in body and mind. He was a clerk, and betted, and lost, Harry;" and the poor little voice grew so pitiful here, that I could fancy I saw pleading eyes raised to the other's face, "and he took money, £200, from his master, and——"

"£200!" the shout with which these words were uttered made me tremble. "Never mind the story, Kate; tell it me another time: it's common enough, God knows! Where is the money?"

There was a shrinking movement on the girl's part. I could hear her breathe quickly, and push the man's hands away, while I sat crouching there like a coward, hearing all and afraid to help, afraid to put out my hand across the carriage for fear of what it might touch.

"No, Harry—no," she panted; "you shall not have it. My father—— Oh, Harry, let me tell you. My father went to Frank's master and pleaded for him; he swore that if he would forgive the boy he himself would pay the money back, and at last it was agreed. Frank went to Australia, and died there a year after, and my father worked on, faithful to his promise.

Half way through the time he took £100 to Frank's master. My father thought he was surprised to see the money. A friend said he could not claim it now my brother was dead. Anyway, he told my father he would forgive him the other half; but father would not hear of that. He said for his dead boy's honour he would pay all; and this morning, Harry, he told me to go and get the money from the bank, and to-morrow he will pay it over himself, and be free and happy again. Now, Harry, you understand."

The man's tone was changed when he spoke again.

"Of course, dear, I understand," he said more gently, and I could hear him draw her towards him; "and now you must listen to me. You know you are mine, Kate; you have promised to marry me, and you ought to trust me a little."

"I do, Harry," she whispered, "only you promised to give up betting."

"You talk like a woman, Kate, and a woman with no experience. I tell you most men bet; it all depends how you do it. Now here I am doing nothing rash, I am behind the scenes. I have the trainer's word for it, and John of Gaunt is as sure to win as the bookmakers think he is safe to lose, and that is saying a good deal. With a paltry £5 in my pocket I am safe to make £50, and with £100—think Kate, we could marry to-morrow!"

"I would rather wait than marry so, dear," the gentle voice answered.

"But by George, Kate, I would not,"—the briefly repressed

fury burst out again ; "and I tell you again the money will save me. Lend it me, child ; just for to-night ; I'll bring it you doubled to-morrow, Kate. I swear ! Doubled ! you don't know how I'll multiply it. And hark you, girl—for I see your meek eyes set themselves, and your lips, that can tremble sometimes, press together—you had better know the truth ; your brother's story will be mine without this money ; I owe more than that weak boy dared venture. I love you, Kate, and I'll marry you if you are true to me ; but, by heaven, if you think to put a dead brother before a living husband, I'll be more like killing than marrying."

I heard his teeth grind together as he spoke, and there was an awful silence. The girl must have drawn back from him, for, when she spoke again, her voice sounded further away, and there was a kind of sob in her throat which broke and choked her words.

"I must give you up, Harry ; I can never be your wife now. When you are calmer you would despise me, as I should despise myself for lending what was not my own. The money is in a dead hand, I dare not touch it."

A harsh laugh burst from the man close to me, and my hands which were locked together, were wet and cold ; I tried to tear them apart ; I tried to bite my lip and force the blood into my face, but though I knew how I was cowering, I had no control over the horrible demon of fear which had me in its grasp.

"What do you mean, child ?" the man who laughed asked in a hollow voice, "what makes you talk of dead hands ? Come near me, Kate, I will not give you up so lightly ; see, we will talk of other things ; don't look so frightened, come and kiss me, Kate ; you are a brave girl, we'll forget that cursed money."

I heard her creep back to her old place, heard her crying as women cry after a tension of mind and heart has been removed, heard him kiss her, and ask her forgiveness ; and then, just as the cold fear that held me seemed about to relax its hold, I felt —no, I felt nothing, but I heard, close to me now in the silence, a movement of a trembling, fumbling hand—a hand that sought something, something secret, something that it would grasp unseen.

The two were not speaking now, or only in murmurs so low that the moving hand which fumbled near me seemed to claim my ear more than their words.

My head throbbed with the tension of listening ; all the blood

in me seemed to be beating there, leaving my heart stone cold. Suddenly the groping hand passed swiftly close to my face; I felt the waft of the parted air against my wet temples, and then I heard a cry; ah, such a cry of surprise breaking into terror, of terror over-mastering love, as the girl's voice shrieked :—

"No, no, not that, not that; oh, father, help, help——help!"

Help? Against what? What had the girl's eyes seen, what dread had forced that bitter, broken cry from the poor lips? At last I leaned forward, I cried too, "Help, help!" At least I think I did, but if any sound came from my dry throat I knew not; before me I knew the man bent over something, something that moved a little, that moaned, that sighed softly. And after the sigh, the bending form lifted itself and muttered, and searched; I heard the hands tearing at something; then I heard a quick exclamation, a rustle of crisp paper, and then the door at my side was open; I felt the rain on my face, for a heavy shower was passing over us.

The blessed rain! the comforting, commonplace wetness reassured me; I felt my terror passing, and even reached a hand, half-heartedly shut the door, with a dazed feeling that I had had a bad dream.

But some object was dragged against it, was forced through it keeping it open, until I heard a dull thud outside, and then for the last time a harsh voice, now in the doorway, mutter :—

"What devil drives me? There's the Junction, I must leap!"

The train slackened speed, the swinging door fell into its place slowly, as though released from the pressure of a restraining hand, and I looked up and saw a porter run forward as we steamed into the station.

I caught at his arm as he came to the carriage; it was a relief to hold to humanity once more. I saw him look in my face curiously.

"Are you ill, sir?" he asked, "Your carriage door was open, were you getting out?"

I could not answer him.

"You hurt your hand, sir, I suppose; it is not safe to open the door too soon."

"My hand! No, I have not hurt it—why?"

I managed to get the words out at last.

The porter looked at me again queerly. "Well, you were staring at it when I came up as if you thought it would be covered with blood or something like."

"I did—I did!" then realizing what I was saying I broke off. "No—no, it is not hurt, but I am not well; I will stay here an hour or so; I cannot go on just yet."

The porter seemed surprised, but helped me out, and then got out my things. As he did so he exclaimed at the state of the carriage—

"Who has been pulling this stuffing out here? Were you alone, sir? This looks queer—somebody's been cutting the cushion. I must speak to the station-master."

But the station-master was already there. He had noted the delay, and made his way to the carriage, glancing at me rather strangely, and then looking into the compartment I had left.

"Who put this carriage on?" he called out.

The guard came up.

"It was put on at B——, sir. The train was full, and all the stock had been sent on for the races; it was the only one they had, I understood."

"That is so, sir," said one of the racing men, putting his head out of the window, "and dirty enough it is too; but here we are, and here we mean to stay, and we'll be glad to be moving towards F——, if convenient."

I thought the station-master looked inquiringly from me to the man who spoke, and back again to me. His face was pale, and he seemed about to speak, but looking at his watch, only signalled with his hands to the guard, and then stood apparently in much perplexity as the train slowly left the station. Then he glanced at me.

"You look cold, sir," he said; "come and have a cup of coffee in my room. I suppose you will go on by the next train?"

I followed him, convinced that he would ask me about that open door in the old railway carriage. I was not sorry to sift the matter a little, for I felt bolder now, surrounded by the every-day details of the small country station. Its dreary refreshment room, its deserted bookstall, its one porter—his day enlivened only by the event of the passing trains—all this was ordinary, well known, and anything but supernatural. When the porter brought me the stereotyped bun, flat, limp, and currantless, scarcely recovered from obvious compression in the box that conveyed it to the station, I felt almost reassured. I had been asleep, I knew, what more satisfactory than to suppose I had been dreaming? But the station-master, having made

some coffee, and handed me a steaming cup, would not let me rest.

"Would you mind telling me, sir," he asked, in the whisper I so well remembered my small brother adopting in the dead of night when we were boys, and which always made me feel "creepy," "how that door came open?"

"That's just what I don't know," I said, in the would-be reassuring tone I always used to that small brother, and with the old result, namely, of blending our fears together, and doubling their intensity.

"I was asleep—I mean I had been asleep, and perhaps I kicked it."

"Ah!" breathed the station-master.

"Why?" I ventured to ask, after a silence.

"Only that four years ago, on the first day of F—— races, that same carriage ran into our station with its door open, as it did to-day, and inside was a woman in a dead faint; she came to herself in an hour, and talked of a murder."

"But that carriage—how do you know?"

"This is how I know, sir," and the man got up and shut the door, which opened on to the platform, and pulled his chair near mine when he came back. "Some seven or eight years ago I was master here, and waiting for the train passing through to the races as it might be to-day, and as she came in I saw a door open, and going forward found the compartment in disorder, a knife on the floor, blood on it and on the seat and carpet, and a slit in the stuffing of the cushion at the back just at the height—well, at the height you saw it, sir, if it's as I think. We sent men back along the line, and soon found a girl's body stabbed and thrown on the metals."

"Thrown on the line?"

"Yes, so they said. It was all found out quickly enough when her old father came to identify her; he said she'd been robbed too, for she had £100 in notes on her when she was murdered."

"And the man,—he did not escape?"

"No, the police guessed what he had been up to, and traced him to the races, where they made out he had lost every note he stole. He had been betting largely on one horse——"

"John of Gaunt," I cried eagerly, but with some of the recent terror on me again.

"Yes, that was it, sir; you've heard the story before?"

I shook my head and he went on—

"Well, they followed him pretty well all over the country, public feeling was so hard against him that every one knew he could not hide long, and at last they came upon him half-starved in a barn; he faced them and shot himself, and escaped hanging."

I did not speak, I was going over my recent experience in the train.

"The queer part of it, sir, is this," said the station-master, "after the coroner's jury had been here and seen the carriage—left untouched for them you'll understand—we never used it; somehow the men did not like it, and one market-day they sent it back to the station you came from, sir, and for years it was not used. Then four years ago, as I said, they hooked it on for the races, every bit of rolling stock being wanted, and then it came in here with its door swinging, and a swooning woman inside, who told a strange story when it could be got out of her. The men liked it less after that, and sent it back again, and now that fool down the line drags it out on race day of all days in the year, and puts you in it, sir, and in my idea it ought to be broken into firewood."

We talked until my train came in, and I told him all I heard on that awful journey.

"Poor soul," he said; "I seem to know that girl."

"By the bye," I asked, as I packed my things into a carriage in the train that was to take me on, carefully choosing a compartment full of smokers, "What was her name? do you remember?"

He curved his hand round his mouth, and leaned towards me—

"Kate Lee," he said.

I do not often tell this story. Sometimes I have told it, and seen an incredulous smile cross the polite faces of my hearers. I cannot account for its incidents, or explain its improbability; but for me it has had one marked result, I never enter an empty railway carriage.

WHY NOT ICELAND?

THREE days' steaming from Leith will land the tourist on the shores of Iceland, that strange volcanic isle on the verge of the Polar circle. The distance from Scotland is shorter than from any other part of Europe. The island offers such exceptional advantages and opportunities to the sportsman, the tourist, the naturalist, the mountaineer, the seeker of health, &c., that, in no distant future, it is destined to become the tourist field of Europe. It will oust Norway and Switzerland from their places as summer resorts. They are already becoming hackneyed and overrun, and it is only a question of time. The glaciers of Switzerland, the fjords, the salmon rivers, and the midnight sun of Norway are all here, and, moreover, the volcanoes, grottoes, and solfataras of Italy, on a grander scale; the pure and clear atmosphere of Italy, the mineral springs of Germany, and the Geysers, or hot springs of the Yellowstone Park, are all found here. Nowhere has Nature been so spendthrift in assembling wonderful phenomena on one spot.

Englishmen, geographically, are placed in the best position with regard to this new tourist field. Great Britain is the only country within easy reach of Iceland, and, as was to be expected, the number of English tourists visiting Iceland shows a large annual increase.

In July and August a smooth water passage is the rule. Scotch and Danish steamers run in the summer. The trip is not expensive, and the cost is immensely less than on the Continent. Fifteen pounds will procure you a fortnight's Arab's life, a nomad existence full of indescribable charm, in the course of which time you can "do the lions," Geyser, Hecla, and the Thingvalla. As to the climate, the summer weather is closely akin to that of Scotland, but the months of July and August are generally finer and drier than in Scotland or Norway. The

summer lasts from June till the first week in October. A feature noticed by all travellers is the clearness and purity of the atmosphere, rivalling that of Italy; mountains can be seen distinctly at a distance of 100 miles. Captain Burton called the air "a medium of matchless purity." Convalescents, especially those suffering from pulmonary diseases, will experience benefit from the bracing pure air. An English lady, in her book on Iceland,* says it is like drinking champagne. Convalescents will prefer it to the debilitating German "Bäder" and hydropathic establishments. I know myself two persons, suffering from pulmonary diseases, who, after having been to the Riviera without any beneficial results, were cured by a stay in Iceland.

The natural beauties of the island are numerous. In August afternoons the atmospheric effects are splendid. The mountain summits of the landscape, with their snow-fields and glaciers, are suffused with glowing crimson by the setting sun, while after sunset the northern streamers hold high revel in the sky. The scenery is wild and weird, often magnificent. Wild tracts of rugged lava, split into deep ravines, assuming the form of vast ruins, of Gothic arches, overgrown with mosses and lichens, while isolated cones of fantastic form jut out from the ridges. Suddenly, as by the stroke of an enchanter's wand, a calm and peaceful scene opens to the traveller's gaze, a quiet lakelet or fjord, lying embosomed among the mountains and green meadows.

There is no country in the known world where volcanic eruptions have been so numerous as in Iceland, or have been spread over so large a surface. No part of the isle is wholly free from the marks of volcanic agency; and it may be truly called the abode of subterraneous heat. Vesuvius is dwarfed into insignificance by the twenty volcanoes of Iceland, all of them larger. The lava flood at the last eruption in Iceland, 1875, has been computed to contain 31,000 millions of cubic feet, while the largest eruption of Vesuvius on record, that of 1794, only threw out 730 millions of cubic feet of lava. Some of the Icelandic lakes are studded with volcanic isles, miniature quiescent Strombolis, whose craters rise from bases green with a prolific growth of angelica and grasses. Even in the bosom of the sea, off the coast, there are hidden volcanoes. About the end of January 1783, flames were observed rising from the sea,

* Miss Oswald. Every year one or two travellers write a book on Iceland; most of these authors are ladies.

about thirty miles off Cape Reykjanes; they lasted several months until a terrible eruption commenced 200 miles away, in the interior, when they disappeared. A few years ago rocks and islets emerged from the sea in this place. Another volcanic feature is the Solfatara valleys, plains studded with a number of low, cone-shaped hillocks from whose tops jets of steam ascend. In other places boiling mud issues from the ground, six to eight feet into the air, as in New Zealand. Standing on the feeble crust where literally fire and brimstone are in incessant action, having before your eyes terrible proofs of what is going on beneath you, enveloped in vapours, your ears stunned with noises, is a strange sensation.

As to the hot springs, those in Reykjadal, though not the most magnificent, are perhaps the most curious among the numerous phenomena of this sort in Iceland. On entering the valley you see columns of vapour ascending from different parts of it. There is a number of apertures in a sort of platform of rock. The water is at 212° Fahr. and it rises two to three feet into the air. A river flows through the valley in the midst of which a jet of boiling water issues with violence from a rock raised but a few feet above the icy-cold water of the river. Not far from this place is the grotto or cave of Surt, which is so large that no one has penetrated to its inner end.* In forming these scenes Nature seems to have deserted all her ordinary operations and to have worked only in combining the most terrific extremes which her powers can command. Nor is she yet silent. After the lapse of ages the fire of the volcano still bursts out among regions of eternal snow, and the impetuous thundering of the Geysers continues to disturb the stillness of the surrounding solitude.

Here is a wide field open for discovery, and the country everywhere presents objects to fill the scientific mind with astonishment. Virgin peaks are numerous, and there is an opportunity for any member of the Alpine Club, desirous of placing his foot in an unexplored crater, surrounded with virgin ice.

There is no country in Europe where such good sport with the gun and the rod is obtainable *free* as in Iceland. Englishmen would not flock to Norway year by year, paying almost any sum which the owner asks for a mile or two of stream, if they

* The interior of this cave, lit up with torches, presents most brilliant reflections, far surpassing those of the Capri grotto. The vast stalactite walls and roof may truly be called a fairy palace, when seen in artificial light.

knew that Iceland is the salmon country, *par excellence*. It is not only the seas that swarm with life, but the lakes are rich in trout and the rivers in salmon. The king of the streams claims all the rivers of Iceland as summer resorts except those that are glacier-fed. He ascends them as far as their cataracts. Here, as in the North of Scotland, the salmon reaches its highest degree of beauty and perfection. It is finer for the table than that supplied by the English market. As to its size, the following details may give some idea. At the outlet of the Thingvalla lake, twenty-five were brought to bank in a few hours by an English traveller, the maximum weight being 7 lbs. while only two were under 6 lbs. In the river Laxá the salmon run to 21 lbs., while 30 to 40 lbs. are rare. In one of the rivers of the north-east an English sportsman with a fly-rod had to undergo half-an-hour's struggle with each fish, but then they were 25 lbs. in weight. The numbers of salmon are great, two to three thousand per annum being preserved in tins from one single river. In this salmon-fisher's Utopia the salmon is sold at 3½*d.* per lb. (gutted, boned, and decapitated). Fishing may be had within a few hours of Reykjavik, the capital of the island. A day shadowed with dense clouds after a burst of sun will soon fill the basket. Salmon and trout spawn here in October, while the *salmo trutta* has been caught as early as the 15th of May, here and in Reykjavik harbour. There is gratis fishing in the upper waters. Net-fishing is more profitable than fly-fishing. The salmon are surrounded by danger. Sometimes they stay over winter in a river, under the cataracts, and, when the ice is broken up, the flags kill them and they float with them down stream. Even in the mouths of the rivers the seals lie in ambush. The natives fish in nets, and it is a picturesque scene to see the banks of a river covered with people throwing stones to frighten the salmon into the net, while a man on horseback, holding one end of the net in his hand, rides across to the bank where the other end is fastened. Sometimes the salmon are stung with poles or pikes. The moorland is studded with innumerable lakelets, abounding in fish and fowl. In autumn, the farmers lie for one or two weeks in a tent among the lakes to fish trout and char. The trout often go from a lake up into fissures of lava, filled with water, so that, by throwing a line with a baited hook into a hole at a distance from the lake where no water is visible, one may frequently catch them. As to shooting, on any part of the coast one will find innumerable sea-fowl, gulls, terns, eider-ducks,

&c. In the interior, wild ducks, grouse, whimbrels, plovers, and snipes are plentiful on the moors and heaths. Here are the best stocked, unpreserved moors in the world ; twenty to thirty brace of grouse can be bagged by a fair shot in the course of a few hours. Besides, here are swans, curlews, and the chance of a shot at a reindeer. To sportsmen who would be satisfied with this game of the rivers and the moors, I would say: "Go to Iceland, and pass the month of July riding from one river to another, waging war against the salmon, with an occasional excursion to a volcano or some other place of interest." August may be spent in scouring the moors, duck and grouse-shooting, and in search of reindeer. As the salmon do not always take the fly I would advise net fishing.

One of the peculiarities of Iceland is the immense numbers of eider-ducks. It is not allowed to shoot them; during the breeding reason (June to July) they are tame, while at all other times of the year they are perfectly wild. They nestle on the islets along the shore, and when you cross over to them in a boat they scarcely give themselves the trouble to get out of the way. The ground is strewed with them, and it requires some caution to avoid treading on the nests. Such as have not sat long on their nests generally leave them on being approached; but those that have more than one or two eggs, sit perfectly quiet, suffering one to touch them, and sometimes making a gentle use of their bills to remove your hands. The drake defends his mate, raising his head and cooing. The nests are lined with down which the duck takes from her own breast, and there is a sufficient quantity laid round the nest for the duck to cover up her eggs when she goes to feed, which is generally during the time of low water. The eider-down, which is a valuable article of commerce, is removed at two different times from the nest. Sometimes the poor duck is compelled to provide the fourth lining. When her down is exhausted the drake supplies the deficiency. Here, too, is a golden opportunity for the egg-collector.

Another picturesque scene is the annual killing of blackbirds and auks which nestle in the almost inaccessible rocks along the coast. Some of these are as high as three to four hundred mètres, and their clefts and ledges can only be visited by letting yourself down in a line, fastened on the top. The lines consist of four to seven thongs of ox-hide, twisted together, strong enough to carry a man and his booty. The rock-climber has a

long stick in his hand to balance himself; one of its two ends is an iron crook, the other a snare of horsehair to entrap the birds. Some lines are sixty to eighty mètres long, and every climber has two, one of which he pulls when he wishes to be hauled up. Coming to a ledge in the rock he unties himself and walks along, picking up eggs and killing birds. Of course, great dangers are attached to this manner of fowling. A sharp edge, projecting from the rock, may cut the line; the climber may, inadvertently, loosen a stone or make a false step. Then the unhappy man is invariably torn to pieces by projecting angles and edges in the rock before he finds his grave in the merciful deep below.

The water of the aërated springs in Iceland possesses a strong but grateful degree of pungency, very much like that of soda-water after it has been exposed to the air for a few seconds. The water is kept in constant and violent agitation by the escape of carbonic acid gas, and, taken in large quantities, may cause intoxication. The natives call these springs ale wells.*

The accommodation in Iceland is not equal to that which the Land of the Midnight Sun and Switzerland give to the traveller. The only hotels to be found are in the half-a-dozen towns on the coast. In the interior, one must take lodgings on a farm or camp out in a tent. It should not be omitted to state that the only mode of conveyance is on horseback, on the well-known ponies which have been praised so much by every traveller who has written upon Iceland.

Iceland has the same right as Norway to be called "The Land of the Midnight Sun." The Midnight Sun can be seen in the north of the island. There is the difference that this sea-girt land of the Midnight Sun is fresh and unexplored and never advertised at all. The object of these lines is to bring home to the notice of the public that here are great opportunities, and that the English are the only nation within easy reach of them. The nation which has sent out more explorers and discoverers than any other people on the earth will not neglect the opportunities which nature has thrust upon it.

JÓN STEFÁNSSON.

* Ölkelda

THAT FIDDLER FELLOW.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM the day on which George Craigie's body was discovered among the whins, Mr. Macpherson never again touched a golf club. It may be said that he scarcely ever left his house. On the still evenings he would sit by the hour together on the cliff head by the old castle, not fifteen yards away from his house, and further than this he never went. And thus it was that I came to make his acquaintance. I fancy I must have been a queer solitary creature of a boy, for I liked to sit under the castle's shadow and watch the waves playing at the cliff foot. My playmates would not accompany me. These things had no attraction for them, and they did not like the proximity of that subterranean passage of ill-omen. The old man, Mr. Macpherson, and I have often sat there, a little way apart, in motionless silence, like cormorants on a rock, before he one morning came to me and said—

"What are you looking for out there, boy?"

"Nothing, sir," I told him. "What were you?"

And then he said he had been looking for the same, and he laughed grimly, and after that we used to have long, long talks together—or rather, he would talk and I would listen. He did not mind whether I answered him, and half the time, I think, he quite forgot I was there and went on talking to himself; but it pleased him to thus recall past scenes.

He seemed to me very, very old, but I do not now think that he can have been really of a great age, though the misery of the solitary life to which he had doomed himself after his daughter's loss, had prematurely aged him. After a while he fell ill, and I used to go up to his bed-room and sit beside him. He was a very strange sight on his sick bed. He wore a beard, so that he did not present the stubbly appearance of many invalids, but his

cheeks were like shrivelled parchment stretched upon a skeleton face, and his eyes had a far-away look in them that I used to wonder at. And one evening, as he lay there, and I sat by his bedside, he roused himself from a silent, thoughtful mood, and began to talk incoherently, saying he heard music—of which there was none—and talking of a woman's figure which appeared around the house frightening the maids in the gloaming, and of strange, uncanny noises in the room of his lost girl which had been kept fast locked since she had left him. Presently he got out of bed and staggered, almost crawling, across the room, and made his way to a cupboard and opened it. There were, in the cupboard, square stone jars—three of them—of whiskey and brandy and hollands. He took out the whiskey and filled himself a tumbler half full and drank it off. He had on but an old, ragged nightshirt, and his thin shrivelled legs, and flat yellow feet reminded me strangely of some of the long-legged wading birds that used to frequent the bay.

Then he crawled back to bed again, with his cheeks flushed a deeper tawny orange, and still the same far-away look in his eyes. But the whiskey seemed to have given him fresh strength, and he began to tell me the history of his life; all about his wife, and how he had lost her; and how his girl, the only child the dead wife had left him, the one thing he had to love, had of a sudden disappeared.

"You may not believe me, boy," he said, raising himself on the bed, and holding my gaze with his fiery eyes as the whiskey began to work in his brain. "You may not believe me, but there is as great truth to-day as ever there was, in what they call the 'magic of the Middle Ages.' They have got a new name for it, that is all. The Devil lives and works, and is as active as ever he was. Look at me," he said, brushing back the straggling grey locks from a forehead as yellow as a guinea, and showing the deep indentations of the wrinkles. "I, as you see me, I am example enough of the Devil's work!"

Of a truth he looked it. The neck of his nightshirt, loosely fastened, showed a throat of indescribable yellow leanness. His eyes glared under their shaggy, grey, beetle brows. With a wasted, almost skeleton hand he clutched the coarse counterpane.

"Come to me, boy," he said more gently. "Come nearer beside me and I will tell you my girl's story."

I sat beside the bed. The fierce glare faded out of the old

man's eyes. He lay back on his pillow and began in a gentle voice :—

"Aye, aye, my boy, she was a beautiful girl. You did not know her mother, I think? No—I was forgetting. She died years before you were born, when my girl was born. Ah! and my girl was the very picture of her. You should have seen her as she grew up," he said proudly, "she was so beautiful, with her bonnie blue eyes, and her golden hair! Ah! I often think God should not make some human beings so fair, when some human beings are so fiendish. Never mind, boy—I need not tell you what has been long the property of St. Andrews' gossip. How young George Craigie wooed my girl—how, on a day, his dead body was found among the whins. But this I must tell you, that on the morning of George Craigie's murder there came to our house that fiddler fellow with whom George had quarrelled for his mesmerising my girl. And the fellow had brought with him a curious little dagger—a dagger which he had likely filled with his witchcraft. For it happened that he left it behind him and my girl locked it up with a key that was on her own chain, but in the morning it was gone. But of that and of much else, which I have not yet told to any one, I will tell you now. Are you listening? Yes, I see you are. Do you hear fiddling?"

I said no, that I heard nothing.

"Ah, it is that cursed music—give me the whiskey—there is naught else that drowns it."

I gave him a small sup, as little as I dared. He drank it off, and for some moments lay back on the bed, silent, immersed in his thoughts. But his bleared eyes were full of intelligence. The animation with which the abnormal amount of whiskey he had drunk, or the vivid interest of his prospective tale inspired him, kept his faculties alive. I waited breathlessly till he should resume.

It was a hot night, and the drops of perspiration stood upon the forehead of the old man, whose wrinkled skin scarcely looked as if it could afford such moisture. Through the open window I could hear the sea splashing in ceaseless unrest at the foot of the cliff. The moon was sinking, and over the Firth hung a dark thunder-cloud across which the summer lightning played continuously, showing the single wooden rail round the cliff head, and, beyond and far below, the dark mystery of the waters.

By and bye the old man went on :—"On the afternoon of the day on which the Fiscal took our precognitions over poor

George's death I met the fiddling fiend. 'I have but just come,' he said, 'from Milord the Procurator Fiscal (is he Milord?—I suppose so). He was most curious about the little dagger. He asked a great many questions about the little dagger. He was greatly interested about its make, its history, and so on. He was anxious to know how long I had the pleasure of talking with the dear Miss, your daughter, on the evening of Mr. George Craigie's death. But especially he was interested about the dagger. It is his opinion, as I think, that if we could know who on that night had the little dagger, we might thereby guess tolerably who killed Mr. George Craigie. Is that your opinion also, my dear sir?'

"I was so suspicious of the fellow that I kept silence. Moreover I was well aware that he perfectly knew what my ideas were on this point of the case. I was thinking, too, that if he spoke true at all, the Fiscal would seem to have abandoned the theory of suicide which he had confided to me that he held.

"'It is most curious, is it not,' the foreigner went on, 'what can have happened to the little dagger? Miss, your daughter, has told me that she remembers perfectly to have locked it up. It is most curious. Unfortunately nothing that I told Milord the Procurator Fiscal could help to throw light upon it. I told him true—more or less true, as you say—but to you I can tell more than I told to him.'

"'How do you mean?' I said. 'Do you mean that you can tell anything that can throw light on George Craigie's death?'

"'Yes,' he said smiling till he showed all his white teeth. 'I can tell you. I can tell you everything. And no one but I can tell you.'

"'By heavens!' I said, 'tell me then. Tell me everything, and tell me quick.' I felt in my impatience as if I should like to take and shake the truth out of the smiling fiend.

"'I will tell you,' he said. 'Yes—but not here. Will you favour me and accompany me to my lodging? It is not far.'

"I set off with him, nearly wild with excitement, but as we passed my house I made an excuse to go in to fetch something which I thought might prove useful to me in our interview.

"'Will you not sit down?' he said when we were come to his room.

"I sat down, keeping my eye upon him while he stood near the door. 'Yes,' he said, 'it is the opinion of Milord the Procurator Fiscal that could we but know where the dagger is we

would have at once very good indication of the manner of Mr. George Craigie's death; and that is your opinion also, my dear sir, is it not so?'

"'Yes,' I said, 'I believe it would be the best clue we could have. But do you know where it is?'

"'Yes, my dear sir, I can tell you.'

"'Then speak, for heaven's sake!' I said. 'Tell me at once!'

"For answer he quietly turned the key of the door and took it out of the lock.

"'Ah, you scoundrel!' I cried, 'I suspected some villainy when you asked me here, and I have brought something which may perhaps disappoint you, to meet it with.' And I drew from my pocket a loaded pistol, which was what I had been to my house to fetch, and covered him with it as he stood by the door.

"Even then he did not cease to smile, nor seem in the least afraid. He just stooped down, and sliding the key under the door, which fitted so badly as to leave a chink of an inch or so between its lower edge and the floor, pushed the key under the door into the passage.

"'No, my dear sir,' he said, when he had done this, 'you will not need to use that little pistol—not yet at least—not till I have told you all about Mr. George Craigie's death. I have no other weapon in my possession except that little dagger, and that I have no longer. But for fear that you should grow impatient and not be inclined to listen to me until I had finished my story to you, I thought it perhaps better to lock the door. Will you pardon me?'

"'Go on,' I said, lowering the pistol. The fellow's coolness, and, to tell the truth, his courage, impressed me. I felt he did not mean any foul play, and was only impatient for his story.

"'Ah well, the dagger!' he said. 'Yes, the little dagger! It is in your house now.'

"'In my house?'"

"'Yes, it is in your house—in the dear Miss, your daughter's room. When you go home you may find it. It is sewn up, hidden, in the bolster of her bed.'

"'What confounded rubbish are you telling me now?' I said, thinking he was making a fool of me.

"'It is no rubbish, as you call it,' he said, 'I did not bring you here to tell you rubbish. What I tell you is the truth.'

"'But why—how did it come there? Who put it there? How do you know it is there?'

"'The dear Miss herself put it there, and I know that it is there because I made her put it there. When you go home you will go to the dear Miss, your daughter's room, you will unrip the bolster, and you will there find it—so you may prove the truth of what I say.'

The old man lay back on the pillows again and thought.

"See, boy, here," he went on, "take this key," he said, showing me one of a small bunch which he took from beneath the pillow. "Open that drawer of the cabinet, the top one, yes. Now at the back you will see—do you not?—a brown-paper roll—yes, that is it. Give it to me."

I handed him the roll, which I had found as he described. He took off the paper. Inside was a wrapping of cotton-wool. Undoing this, he disclosed what in a moment, from his description, I recognized as the dagger of the story. In the handle a gem glittered, and on the blade was an incrustation of what might have been merely rust, but had a strangely reddish tinge.

"That is it," he said, as he felt the sharpness of its point caressingly, and examined the gem in the handle. "Look at it," he said, as he handed it to me.

The point was still of exceeding sharpness, and the gem bore the engraving of a snake, beautifully cut.

Suddenly the old man started and exclaimed, "The music! there it is again—that cursed music!"

He took another quaff of the whiskey, and snatching the dagger from me began to gesticulate with the little weapon as he resumed his story:—

"The fellow's manner impressed me with the truth of what he said, and yet it was so utterly incomprehensible.

"'What, do you mean,' I said, 'that my girl put the dagger in her bolster? Do you mean to say,' I shouted at him, as the truth suddenly broke upon me, 'do you mean to tell me it was she that murdered George Craigie?'

"'It is a horrid word, this *murder*,' he said, 'let us say it was she who pierced the dagger into Mr. George Craigie's heart.'

"I said to him, 'look here,' and brought the pistol again to the level of his head. 'Look here, you have made an accusation—a lying accusation—in few words, of an atrocious crime on the part of an innocent girl and the being I love best in all the world. Now tell me your tale fully, without any of your prevarication and clipped sentences. And I warn you,' I said, 'if you do not either substantiate the truth of what you say, or on the other

hand show me that you were fairly misled by appearances, I will kill you as I would kill a snake.'

"He shrugged his shoulders carelessly. 'Yes,' he said, 'I will tell you—that is why I asked the favour of your visit. But allow me first to correct a little misapprehension on the part of yourself, my dear sir. You have spoken as if I had accused the dear Miss, your daughter, to have murdered Mr. George Craigie. I am careful to say that I do not make any such charge. And now I will commence my tale—how? Ah, yes, I come to St. Andrews—I meet the dear Miss, your daughter. She is kind to me; and you too, you are kind to me. You are hospitable. You allow me to come to your house. And in your daughter I find a friend. I find a spirit kindred to my own. I find her passionately loving music. Ignorant indeed, utterly ignorant, but with the devotion of genius. I instruct her to play the violin. I find her a being of most highly strung, exalted, almost, we may say, of hysteric nature—above all, a being of such nature, so related to my own, that upon her my magnetic power is extraordinarily strong; she is marvellously obedient to my suggestions.

"'Let me tell you this—in such little knowledge as you have of this science which you call Mesmerism, you Western peoples have gone far wrong. Even in such little knowledge as you have of it there is great error, and in the despising of the science by the great majority you are more wrong still. For how has it descended to you Westerns?—from some hint of Paracelsus caught up and developed by some few charlatans and medicos besides. But in the East, what is its history?—a continuous handing down of the unbroken tradition from the time when men worked what you call miracles of curing by the laying on of hands, exorcised devils, as they called it, and performed much, by the means of this same magnetic influence which, as your poet Shakspeare says, is unknown to your philosophy. It is from these Eastern sources that it has been my fortune to receive the tradition, of which, to my best belief, the only exponent in Europe has been the Abbé Faria, a vulgar *poseur*.

"'I have said that the dear Miss, your daughter, is marvellously obedient to my command. Have I not proved it to you? Do you suppose that it was by some extraordinary sense altogether out of the way of Nature's means that I impelled her to take down and show me the golf club on the wall—to take up and lay upon your bed the violin on which she was about to

play? Nothing of the sort. I did merely give to the dear Miss (in her magnetized state become excessively sensitive) signals and suggestions imperceptible to you. And of what use, you may ask me, this increased sensitiveness to me? It is of use to me in this way—in the way in which the French use what they call *la clairvoyante*—for the subject is preferably of the female sex. In the magnetized condition in which I am able to place the dear Miss, her faculties, naturally of a high order, are exalted to an incredible degree.* On any problem which may baffle my own powers I am enabled to call in the assistance of the exalted faculties of the dear Miss. She becomes, for my benefit, *la clairvoyante.* At the present moment, I do not object to inform you, the object for which I have employed the powers of the dear Miss, your daughter, is but a vulgar one. I left Italy, as I believe you are aware, in consequence of certain political troubles. I left in haste. Through a certain member of the Roman Church—no matter the name—I was informed of what he deemed an important secret—namely that when the monks of the establishment of St. Andrews were compelled to flee by the zeal of the so-called reformer they did conceal in the subterranean passages of the Cathedral the mass of the plate of the Church, of enormous value. The reformer, you see, deemed himself worthy of his hire—the good man. But he was disappointed. He did not find the plate, which is therefore there still. My friend the priest has given me a plan, a chart, of the passages beneath the Cathedral, but to that passage wherein on the chart it is marked that the treasure is concealed I can, by the most careful searchings in the passages, find nothing to correspond. I have likewise employed the faculties of the dear Miss, your daughter (pardon me the desecration) upon this vulgar quest—as yet in vain. It is my wish to go to my friend, to ask him once more to indicate more precisely the position of the sacred plate, which, in a measure, was my reason for choosing St. Andrews as the home of my exile.

"'Such then, being the motives—in addition to my sincere affection—for desiring the dear Miss, your daughter, as my

* This hyperæsthesia in hypnotic subjects has since been a matter of very frequent observation by the doctors of the Salpêtrière. Nor would this exaltation of faculty seem to be confined to the senses, but to extend to the intellect also, for we are told of "subjects who could during somnambulism" (i.e. *le somnambulisme provoqué*, or hypnotism) "perform intellectual feats of which they were quite incapable in the waking state."—*Animal Magnetism.* Binet and Féré.—ED.

lifelong companion, I determine that she shall be my wife. But there are great obstacles. I am foreign, and you English and Scotch, you do not understand the foreigners. You would not consent. Also there is a certain Mr. George Craigie.

"'But there is something else which you English and Scotch do not understand—a man who means to accomplish that upon which he has determined. You are deterred by what you call *scruples*. I am not. The first obstacle to be got rid of was Mr. George Craigie. Well—he is gone.'

"'Do you mean you killed him?' I asked.

"'Ah,' he said deprecatingly, 'it was necessary. I regret it. You will perhaps believe it to have been because of Mr. George Craigie's rudeness to me—that he broke my violin. But no. I was enraged, but soon that passed. Before that, even, I was determined he must be away from my path. Well—he is gone.

"'The second obstacle—the difficulty to obtain your consent—that I shall have overcome before we leave this room.'

"'Good heavens!' I said, 'you must be mad to think that I would give my daughter to you; you man fiend!'

"He shrugged his shoulders again, and smiled. 'Ah, well,' he said, 'I will go on with the story.

"'It was necessary for me, then, to get rid of Mr. George Craigie—and it was most simple. They were lovers. The dear Miss, your daughter, was constantly walking with him in secluded spots. There was nothing more to be done than for me to direct the dear Miss as to the means and place of killing him. By good luck I had with me my little dagger. I left it behind me in your house. I talked of the little dagger. I showed how easily a man might be killed. Ah, it was sharp! A child's hand could do it. The dear Miss, I fancy, will have found no difficulty.'

"'Great heavens, you demon!' I screamed at him," said the old man, raising himself in bed, and brandishing the dagger fiercely, and almost screaming now in the excitement of his narrative. "'You fiend,' I said, 'do you expect me to believe that, at your asking, my girl would do such a deed as that—would kill her lover! You must be mad.'

"'I do not expect you all at once to believe it—no,' he said. 'Nevertheless it is the truth.'

"I laughed at him.

"'Perhaps you have forgotten,' he went on, 'the power I have over the dear Miss, your daughter. Did I make her take up

her violin and lay it on your bed? Was she conscious of what she had done? What have you to say to me? But no, you will not believe it—I might well know that. Do I not know you English? Your beliefs must be always in accordance with something you were taught long ago, as a child, rather than with any intelligent use of your faculties of observation. You are a marvellous people!'

"'But it is so wonderful—so supernatural,' I said, distracted for a moment from the real question by the interest of this side issue.

"'Just as wonderful,' he said, 'as a daisy growing upon the links, and just as supernatural. But that is the way of you English. Your words "wonderful" and "natural"—are they not used in opposition, the one to the other? As if nature was not wonderful! As if there was anything that is not natural—anything, that is, that our natures can have knowledge of! But with you it is all a question of numbers. Because you have seen many daisies you think there is in them nothing of wonder. Because you have seen few persons, as you say, mesmerised, you think it so wonderful that you do not believe it, because you do not understand it—but do you understand then all about what makes the daisy grow?

"'But we are far from my story. You have the main facts—in detail it was very simple. The dear Miss had been kind enough to inform me at a time when I commanded her confidences—at a time when she was beneath my influence—that Mr. George Craigie was in the habit of summoning her from the house by the means of a peculiar whistle. This was preferred by them in order to avoid the gossip of the servants and the impertinent comments they would make if he were continually ringing at the bell. I hope I may be pardoned that I took advantage of this knowledge. I went to your house one morning—on the morning of Mr. George Craigie's unfortunate disappearance—and I took with me the little dagger which has also so curiously disappeared. You will remember that you came in, and that I explained to you the history of the dagger. Ah well—but before you came in I had already given to the dear Miss, your daughter, some instructions—ah, it would have interested you, had only I been able to permit you to be present—but that could not be. I had asked the dear Miss some simple question—what was it? Ah yes, I had asked her with whom you did play at golf that morning—and before she could answer, I did give her one swift keen look, and in a moment she

was oblivious of all except what I should put into her mind. Her senses were alive to impressions from but one source—from me. Then I did say to her, "My dear Miss, do you meet Mr. George Craigie this evening?"—'Yes.'

"'Does he call you by the peculiar little whistle?'—'Yes.'

"'At what hour do you meet him?'—'At half-past five o'clock.'

"'Ah! It will be dark then?'—'Yes, quite dark.'

"'And you meet him—where?'—'Just outside the house, at the top of the little zig-zag path running down the cliff on to the beach.'

"'And you will go—where?'—'Along the beach towards the links, and then out along the links.'

"'Thank you, my dear Miss,' I said. All was as I should have wished it. I was pleased that it should be quite dark when the lovers should meet, for—perhaps you may not have noticed it, but lovers' eyes are sharp—the eyes of the dear Miss are not quite the same when she is beneath my influence. They become more prominent. But now Mr. George Craigie would hardly have the chance of seeing this—it would be too dark.

"'Now, my dear Miss,' I said to her, 'will you kindly give me your attention?' and I gazed into her eyes to fasten them on mine. 'You will this evening, at the time at which you expect your lover's whistle, hear a whistle which shall indeed sound to you like that of your lover. My dear Miss, when you hear that whistle, know that you are in danger. Not only will this be your signal that you are in danger, but your lover will then be in danger too. There is but one means whereby you can ward off that danger from him and you. When you hear that whistle you shall at once go down to your place of rendezvous. There you shall find awaiting you a man who is not, indeed, your lover, but who shall pretend to be your lover—this, my dear Miss, is your enemy. He is the enemy who will slay your lover and also yourself, my dear Miss, if you do not first slay him. And this is what you shall do—pay attention to my words. You shall take down with you this little dagger, which shall be in your possession—you shall hide this in your bosom, and on going to this man, you shall behave as though you had no suspicion but that he was your lover—but that he was indeed, as he shall pretend, Mr. George Craigie. You shall then walk out with him as though he were your lover, upon the links. Then, having passed the fifth hole of the golf course, you will lead him aside from the course among the whins, and there, on a sudden you will stab to his heart—(here, do you see? under

the breast-pocket—it cannot fail) with the little dagger. Strike hard, and so you will save your own life and your lover's. Return then straightway by the same way. On the little cliff path I will meet you. Should I not be there, you will await me. And remember, you shall bring back the dagger.'

"'Ah, well, thus were my instructions given. You may ask me, how did I know they would be obeyed? I had already made experiment. In addition to the experiment which you yourself witnessed, I have made many others. There was never will more obedient to my own than that of the dear Miss, your daughter. This experiment of making to her a suggestion which should possess her mind on a given signal, notwithstanding that many hours had intervened during which she was in her normal state, I had already tried upon her—quite without her knowledge, I would have you understand. When the dear Miss has been beneath my influence of a morning I have said to her, "The next time that you shall hear the sound of my violin, you shall do such and such an act, you shall have such and such a fancy." And it has been so. She has perfectly fulfilled my order, though many hours during which she has been unconscious of it had intervened. Therefore I had confidence that on hearing the whistle of her lover, the strength of my suggestion would revive—it would take full possession of the dear Miss, your daughter's mind.

"'You see, then, all was planned well. It did but remain for me to calculate the hour at which the dear Miss might probably return. They do not walk fast—lovers. The meeting was at half-past five o'clock. Very well; in one hour or less she would be back—well! Until half-past six, then, I did play at chess. It is a most interesting game, and I should recommend that you should learn it. I then go to the cliff head, where I do find the dear Miss awaiting me. The dear Miss has been careful. The dagger has been cleansed—but there is evidence that it has done its work. Ah, how sharp it was! The dear Miss will have had but little effort. One little stab—that is all!

"'I say to the dear Miss, "Kindly give me your watch." I put back the hands until they show the time one hour too slow. This will help the dear Miss in explaining to herself how one whole hour can have slipped out of her consciousness. Then I say to the dear Miss, "Go to your room—take care that you are unobserved. Secrete the dagger in the bolster. Then, on hearing the peculiar whistle of your lover, it is my command

that you return to your normal state. It is also my command that in your waking state you shall remember nothing of that which you have done whilst in my power." The dear Miss proceeds to her room, where, I do not doubt it, in the bolster you may find concealed the dagger.

"'It would take but few minutes to hide the dagger. In few minutes, therefore, I whistle—in the manner of Mr. George Craigie. I stroll past your house, for I am anxious to be assured that the dear Miss has returned to her normal state. I meet the dear Miss hurrying out. "Ah, my dear Miss," I say, "at what a late hour do you go out! Past half-past six o'clock.'

"'Nay, half-past five,' she says.

"'Pardon me, my dear Miss,' I reply, 'I think I make no mistake. Your watch has probably misled you?'

"'The dear Miss looks at her watch, but in the darkness she can scarce make out the time. I say to her "Good night," while still she is looking, and pass on.

"'Ah well—that is all. My story is now told.'

"Now, I tell you, boy," said the old man, emphasizing his words by beating time to them with the dagger. "I tell you I had left off, for the moment, hating the man, with the hate that makes you desire to put your enemy out of the world; but I looked upon him rather as some horrid curiosity, some snake or devil, not like a human being.

"'And you,' I said, 'you who are like nothing human, who have made a murderess of my girl—you ask me to give her to you as your wife?'

"For the first time he showed some symptoms of impatience.

"'Bah,' he said, 'why will you use that nasty word? Murderess! It is no such thing. No more murderess than the dagger—equally will-less—moved by my will as a machine by the driver—just an instrument of my will.'

"'But why could you not have the courage, you wretched coward,' I said, 'if you want to attack a man, to attack him, to challenge him, as a human being would—not by these diabolical means?'

"He smiled a curious smile, as he glanced at my pistol. It was true, I thought, what that glance conveyed—I could hardly deem him a coward when he sat before me unarmed and spoke like this. 'But what was your motive?' I said.

"'Ah,' said he, 'I am coming to that. Suppose I had myself killed Mr. George Craigie—what then? He would have been

away, but should I have been nearer to my intention? Scarcely at all. I might of course have influenced the dear Miss, your daughter, to accompany me to my country; but there was this objection, that in her magnetized condition would almost certainly recur to her the troublesome remembrance of having killed (as she would suppose) her lover's enemy—in fact her lover himself.* Moreover when she was not under my influence she could not fail to be troubled, perhaps would even try to fly from me, when she knew she was with me against her father's will. But now, since it was the dear Miss herself that has been the means of killing her lover, and since your legal wisdom has far too much common sense (that I think is the name you would give to it) to make any distinction in such a case as this—therefore it is, my dear sir, that the dear Miss, your daughter, is in what you would call a most delicate position. Milord the Fiscal, who is no fool so far as he goes, but fool only, as is each of us, in that he does not go far enough—Milord the Procurator Fiscal suspects your daughter. Already there float in his mind certain little half-formed fancies which from you, my dear sir, he would be most careful to hide. Why does he keep your daughter's watch? To consult a watchmaker, as I suppose, as to whether its works show reason for its thus unaccountably losing one whole hour. Why did he ask so much about the dagger? He, I say, has his suspicions. Now, my dear sir, I say to you this—give me your permission to marry the dear Miss, your daughter, that so she may rest with the feeling of your approval in the land whither I shall take her; and by to-morrow you shall say, 'Where is she?' and she will be gone—with me. But if you refuse—ah, well! I shall regret, but by to-morrow Milord the Procurator Fiscal will have a note from me telling him where he may look for the dagger. 'You will remove it,' you think—you cannot, however, so carefully sew up the ripped seams of the bolster as to leave no sign. "You will destroy the bolster," you say—but a bolster is a big thing to destroy, and your servants, will they not notice that it is gone? "But you will kill me before you leave this room," you say, "and before I shall have written the letter,"—but the letter is already written. It is in the hands of one I can trust. It will be sent, though I am dead, and you will but be in the like peril for my death as the dear Miss for the death of her lover. Moreover, as it happens, there is in the harbour a sailor whom I

* For full information on this aspect of hypnotism see Pitres' *De la Suggestion Hypnotique.* Bordeaux, 1884.

am fortunate to have once helped in the Port of Naples. It also happened (was it accidental, or was it so arranged?) that he passed, in the evening, but while there yet was light to recognize them whom he well knew, the dear Miss, your daughter, and her lover as they went out upon the links on that walk from which but one of them returned. I have bid him stay and let his fishing-boat go out without him to-morrow to the sea, should he not hear a word from me. But should he hear that word he will be gone, in silence, and will not return until all this difficult case (as you call it) be judged, what your Scotch law calls—is it not?—"not proven." That is all I have to say, my dear sir. Will you write that you give your consent that the dear Miss, your daughter, become my wife, or will you permit that your law shall take its course upon her? There is the pen and ink. It remains only that you should consider.'"

"My boy," said the old man solemnly, "it was a strait such as no mortal man, I pray, may ever again be in. What was I to do? Could I write it? Could I give my girl whom I loved to this man-devil? Yet could I give her over, bound, though innocent, to the blind justice of the law?

"That fiend sat coolly opposite, and watched me in my agony.

"'Yes,' I said at length, 'give me the paper and I will write and sign it. I would sooner give my girl over to any ordinary death, than give her to such a fiend as you, but this is a thousand times worse than death; and if I sign, it may give me time. And I tell you that though I now sign, I will do all in my power to prevent the contract ever being fulfilled. Will that satisfy you?'

"'Perfectly,' said he, and arranged the writing things for me, and I wrote my consent, giving my beautiful, sweet girl to this arch-fiend.

"'And now,' I said, 'let me tell you—though I write this, and though I do not kill you now, for my girl's sake and for her fame and character's sake, yet if ever I can I will kill you hereafter, even though you be her husband, if only to free her from you.'

"He bowed, as if I had paid him a compliment. Then he rang the bell, and, speaking through the door, told the servant we had got ourselves locked in, and bid her let us out. And I went out of that room staggering like a drunken man—feeling as if the scene had been a nightmare rather than a reality."

(*To be concluded.*)

TRADE UNIONISM.

REPLIES TO MR. GEORGE SHIPTON.

*** *The Editor begs to remind the readers of the Magazine that he in no sense holds himself responsible for the opinions expressed in the following papers.*

(I.)—By J. L. MAHON.

Mr. Shipton has not done justice to either the Old or the New Unionism. The points of difference with which he deals exist only amongst a few individuals. The societies which they represent have not endorsed their utterances, and are not at all likely to do so. Amongst the general body of the members of the old and new unions, the most fraternal feeling prevails, and is likely to continue in spite of the squabbles of their secretaries. The old unions have voted large sums of money and rendered the most invaluable personal help to the new; and the new have followed the counsel, and imitated the lines of organization of the old. In the face of these facts it is preposterous to assume that there is a great split in the ranks of trade unionism. Mr. Shipton need not fear for trade unions that "schism will be the active agent of their ruin,"—at least not till there is a schism. It is true that Mr. Shipton and Mr. Mann have fallen out; but that does not make a schism in the trade unionist movement.

Trade unionism is entering upon a new development, and large and important questions are coming to the front, which are worthy of discussion; but Mr. Shipton has not touched them at all. The distinguishing features of the new unionism are not its contempt for friendly society benefits, its looser organization, its gropings after federation; nor its selfishness, music, flags and Phrygian caps; nor can the new unionism claim a monopoly of

disregard for the amenities of public controversy as long as Mr. Shipton belongs to the old. In organizing the unskilled, unsettled and almost uneducated workers, looser forms of organization are necessary; friendly society benefits are not practicable; hasty attempts at federation are to be expected; music, flags, the Phrygian cap which excites Mr. Shipton's disdain, are not to be despised, and, alas! even the lack of polished manners must be overlooked. I can quite understand that these things jar on the sensitive nerves of the staid, imperturbable, easy-going old trade unionist. But even he should not condemn them too hastily. To Mr. Shipton these things denote a difference of principle. To me they seem but the difference of method imposed by the conditions of the men who use them, and adopted only because they are the best means of carrying out the same principle.

In asserting that the old trade unionism is based on self-reliance, non-interference by the State, and "the voluntary principle" (whatever that may mean), Mr. Shipton shows that he has misunderstood the old as well as the new. It is not upon *self*, but upon their *trade* and their *class* that the old unionism (and the new also) teach men to rely. If Mr. Shipton will stick to the traditions of trade unionism, he will find that it abhors *self*-reliance, that it appeals to the State, and that it knows nothing of "the voluntary principle." Mr. Shipton has been befogged by the sophistries of that sect of politicians who call themselves individualists, and who believe that the State should do everything for the capitalist and nothing for the wage-earner.

Mr. Shipton has also, I think, misunderstood Mr. Cunninghame Graham. Mr. Graham argued that the class-interests of Capital and Labour could not be conciliated. This is perfectly in accord with the principles of trade unionism, and cannot be fairly construed into implying that Mr. Graham does not wish for the amicable settlement of particular trade disputes.

What is called the new trade unionism is merely a new stage in the expansion and development of the old. There is no difference of principle nor divergence of aim. Any friction which may occur will arise only from the inevitable difficulty of adjusting the old movement to the new lines.

Trade unionism began with the effort of particular crafts to protect their craft or trade interests. With the development of the capitalist mode of production and the conversion of the workers

into a wage-earning class, the antagonism of employer and employed became more clearly defined. The increased use of machinery has made the employer less dependent on the men who were masters of particular crafts. It has also brought unskilled and slightly skilled labour into competition with the craftsmen. This competition has raised an apparent clashing of interests between the craftsmen and the labourers, and a good deal of bitterness has resulted. The skilled engineer, for instance, is confronted by a machine which turns out fifty or a hundred times as much work as he can do by hand. The work is better done, and a labourer with none of the craft-skill, very ordinary intelligence, and a few weeks' or months' superficial training, can tend the machine. At first the skilled workman hastily and foolishly jumped to the conclusion that the machine and the labourer were his enemies. The learned political economists, who should have taught him better, only pestered and disgusted him with preachings of underlying economic harmonies to which his daily experience gave the lie. But he is getting at the truth for himself in his own slow but certain way. He finds that both the monopoly of machinery and the cheap unskilled labour are merely being used against him, and that he must direct his attacks against those who use these agencies, and not the agencies themselves.

There is an apparent antagonism of interest between two skilled craftsmen who apply for work where only one is wanted. Trade unionism has overcome that; in fact that has been its whole work until now. Should it seek to stop there, it would well deserve the epithet "old." But it cannot stop there, and it shows no signs of wishing to do so. Just as it subdued and harmonized self-interest to the common interest of the craft, so it must now weld all sections of wage-earners into one body, devoted to the interests of the wage-earning class.

It is not for me now to follow the subject further, but I will say in conclusion that, although trade unionism frankly recognizes the conflict of class interests between capitalists and wage-earners, it does not seek to perpetuate them. The Amalgamated Society of Engineers is one of the most powerful and is often alleged to be one of the most conservative of Unions. But on becoming a member of it I found that its rules exhorted me to maintain the interests of the trade—"*Until some more general principle of co-operation shall be acknowledged in society, guaranteeing to every member the full enjoyment of the produce*

of his labour." Its motto is, "ALL MEN ARE BRETHREN." I suppose it would be classed as Old, and yet these sentiments are not unlike those of the New Unionism, and indeed, if I mistake not, I have even seen them inscribed on flags under Phrygian caps.

J. L. MAHON,
Secretary Postmen's Union.

(II.)—BY F. HAMMILL.

"OLD TRADE UNIONISM."

"Old Trade Unionism" has not been denounced as wholly useless, nor has it, to my knowledge, ever been proved that the intentions of its promoters were any other than for doing good in the form of labour fighting capital, provision for out of work, sick, superannuation, and death benefits. Such combinations have been denounced as not being the powerful fighting machines they could be, and because they have not moved fast enough. They have been attacked for being more of charitable institutions for doling out funds for sick and superannuation, thus relieving the upper and middle classes of poor rate, than of *bonâ fide* labour organizations, and justly so; and it is my opinion that a trade union should be a trade union, a friendly society should be a friendly society, and that an insurance or superannuation society should keep its proper character. If in the past these conglomerations and labour clogs had to be embodied in labour unions to induce men to combine, such is not the case to-day, as is exemplified by the success of new unions on labour lines, and for labour alone. Facilities being now offered on every hand outside the pale of labour organizations for provision for sickness, old age, and death alone, new trade unionists believe those facilities should be embraced, and that old unions, such as the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, for instance, should separate the benefits of labour, sick, and superannuation, to be supported by separate contributions, so that a member could belong to labour only, or labour and the other benefits, but positively labour. This palliative, we maintain, could be used in cases where the total exclusion of all

benefits was unfavourably received by a majority of the members. New unions are commencing and progressing, pregnant with this policy, and may they be successful.

The writer in 'MURRAY'S MAGAZINE' says: 1. "Trade unionists have never been actuated by the narrow greed of less work for more pay." 2. "The principle always insisted upon is a fair day's work for a fair day's pay." The first remark I deny. It has always been more pay for less work, and more pay for the same work, as instanced by advanced wages and reduced hours. The second remark I challenge any man to define otherwise than that, "A fair day's work for a fair day's pay," means that the labourer shall enjoy the full product of his toil.

"NEW TRADE UNIONISM."

Under the flag of "New Trade Unionism" every worker knows that "Rome was not built in a day," neither does the most sanguine leader or follower imagine that the rights of labour are to be obtained, or that society will be reorganized in the same time. But evolution is propelling the movement at a rapidity hitherto unknown or even anticipated by the most hopeful pioneers of labour and labour's struggles. This position of the labour movement of to-day has not been attained as assumed,—"by the loudest talker carrying his audience, dashing off high-sounding sentences, seasoned with stray words and catching expressions, with a lamentable lack of knowledge on the part of those who use them," or the term "new trade unionism."

It has been attained and accomplished by the new life, new hope, and new thought imbibed by the masses from the teachings of advanced thinkers and speakers, who, armed with resolute determination that the condition of the workers should be improved against all the opposition levelled against them, have made and are ready again to make sacrifices for the cause, and who have preferred to be "running and reading," fighting and struggling, while the aristocrats of labour have been sleeping in the "old trade unionist's" arm-chair, wrapped up with cloaks and furs, the proceeds of Sugar Bounties and Channel Tunnel schemes.

Scores of thousands of lectures and addresses, outdoor and in, have been delivered; millions of pamphlets have been circulated and distributed from one side of the coast to the other, showing and explaining how the workers were exploited

by those who never do any work at all, how profits and dividends were made, how wealth and capital was produced, who produced it, and what was the producers' share. Hence, we have workers to-day, who—unable to read or write, and many who can unhappily never trouble to do so—are full of information on everything appertaining to themselves and their own condition, and only through this source of education. Thus, knowledge obtained through the Socialistic and labour policies of educating the ignorant masses produced the great Dock Strike, has produced a contagion of "new trade unionism" in all parts of the globe where civilization lays a claim, has swelled the ranks of old unions and created new, instilled the old with new vigour, and to-day marshals the new with a force and power irresistible.

What the New Unionism has done.

Barge-builders have doubled their members in the union in six months. Carmen have established a new and lasting union numbering 15,300 members in the same period. Of the tailors there are 1500 in one society alone, and new unions have been formed in all districts in the tailoring trade. Gas-stokers have enrolled 70,000 members in less than twelve months, and obtained 30 per cent. reduction in hours from 12 to 8 per day. General railway workers form 40,000 members; the amalgamated railway union has increased by thousands. Bakers have enrolled 5000 in two months in London alone, and gained 40 per cent. reduction in hours, and higher wages. Dockers 50,000, and 10 to 20 per cent. better terms. Amalgamated Society of Engineers added 19 new branches, and admitted the unprecedented number of 9155 members in twelve months, bringing up the total to 62,895 members.

New unions have been formed in the Engineering trade; one originated in Newcastle, formed on December 7th, 1889, on labour lines alone, now numbering some hundreds of members, which has lately declared, "To all non-society artizans in the different sections of our trade, we would say, *now* is the time for the one-hundred-and-odd thousand to unite together, and study to protect your best interests by maintaining the dignity of manhood, and not be driven upon the streets in cases of dispute, without having a voice in the matter. Sick, funeral, and insurance societies abound on every hand, which can be,

and are legal institutions. Why pay a high rate of contribution, when a trade protection society, pure and simple, such as this, is estimated to meet the requirements of the trade, both as regards ordinary and extraordinary benefits?" Another union in the same trade in London takes in all members of the trade who through the fact that they have not served any regular apprenticeship, are by rule ineligible for admission in the main societies of Engineers. Here is presented a determination by men who, outside the pale of all unions, band themselves together and decide to make a union to suit their condition and only through the inspiration of "new trades unionism." The growth of the movement could be detailed in the case of Mr. Shipton's own society, and not through any energy on his part. Compositors, Tram-men, Bus-men, Barmaids, Match-girls, Wharfingers, Government dockyard labourers, Telegraphists and even Postmen's Unions have been formed against Government threats, and are in a position to defy destruction. The influence of the new unionism is even seen in the ranks of the police, probably owing to their having listened to words of wisdom from John Burns and others in Hyde Park and elsewhere. They have caught the infection, and Mr. Monro is even understood to be sympathetic and has resigned. Mr. Matthews' present position of difficulties is owing to his opposition to new unionism.

And these results have been produced under the nose of the writer referred to, and constitute what we are to accept as the chaotic state of the "New Unionism apart from the Old." Did the old trades-unionism ever paralyze trade for weeks in the Port of London? Did it ever show with such formidable force the power of labour combined? Did it ever give such a spontaneous lesson to the uninitiated and ignorant of what would become of the rich man and the wealthy capitalist when labour ceased to toil? Did it ever present the grave position of the wealthiest city in the world—through the power of unionists—being immediately plunged into darkness? Did it ever show in a coal trade dispute—with combination all along the line—that industry in all parts can be checked and the food supply stopped, thus proving practically, that capital without labour is valueless? Bowls full of sovereigns are useless to a starving man without food.

It must not be inferred that the new trades unionists have any desire to produce the chaos as instanced in the foregoing, but

only to show as a warning that such a state of threatened invasion into the whole of our industrial system can be introduced unless concessions are made, which are only justly demanded on the part of the wealth-producers.

Why called "New Trade Unionism."

It is because we know our power and are determined to use it and make it felt, and particularly by those who dispute its existence and will not see it, that we are called the "new school." It is because that power has long remained in a chrysalis state, locked up to the advantage of a few pretentious Wat Tylers under the *régime* of trades-unionists, that the new departs from the old, desirous, nay anxious, to lift the Cradley Heath chain-makers from the bondage of white slavery and degradation. We mean to sweep from the face of the earth the middleman with his pernicious system of sweating, sucking the life's blood of hopeless men and struggling women. To make it impossible for the luxury of men to be bought with the blood, tears, disease and death of common humanity, while sharers of the spoil smile at their grief. We exist, because tram-men shall not work seventeen hours a day for 3*s.*, nor barmaids stand behind a bar twenty hours for 2*s.* Because the adornments of ladies at Her Majesty's drawing-rooms shall not be produced on bare subsistence wages alone. Because agricultural labourers and navvies shall be organized. Because female labour must be organized when we have 1,250,000 domestic servants; 700,000 in the millinery, dressmaking, tailoring and needlework trades; 729,500 clerks, book-keepers and shopwomen; 360,000 laundry-women and charwomen; 655,000 factory girls; 124,000 teachers; 64,000 following agricultural pursuits; 50,000 in the medical profession, including nursing; 40,200 lace, toy and artificial-flower makers; 35,500 shoemaking and its branches; 21,000 Art and Literature; 6223 Local and National Government systems; 2368 actresses &c., &c. Women and child labour being used wherever the employer can adopt it because cheaper, it is important that it should be organized, so as to make it possible for female labour to demand the same price as male labour, and also stop the tendency it has of displacing male for female, and generally lowering wages. Because Royal Commissions of Inquiry, Sweating Committees, &c., have proved themselves incapable

of remedying social evils, and because organization on the part of workers is the remedy.

Unskilled Labour.

"The New Trades Unionism" recognizes no inequality between skilled and unskilled workers, because the unskilled is only so through a force of circumstances over which he had no control, and all occupations require skill more or less. Therefore, it is to what is known as "the unskilled labour market" that our attention is especially directed, and it is to the discredit of the old trade unionists that the fallacy of their antipathy to the unskilled class was not earlier revealed. We know that the less skilled and unskilled worker, having been abandoned, nay, ostracized, was our open enemy, and rightly so. We find that workers of whatever class or sex outside our combination can be used against our interest, eating into the heart's core of our organizations, and making a much more powerful enemy than the capitalist. Recognizing this as a fact, and believing that it should not be, the hand of the skilled is clasped with the unskilled, with feelings of fellowship and brotherhood pledged for the solidarity of labour.

Conciliation.

How far we disavow conciliation is no matter of conjecture, but is generally known. We are not prepared to enter into any conciliatory agreement with anybody, which shall in any way tend to fetter our action, or tie us to certain proposals, and particularly those formulated by the London Chamber of Commerce, nearly a thousand members of whom are idle capitalists and Stock Exchange speculators. I am puzzled to know why binding conciliation should be accepted, or how it can be when our cry is still the vehement and bitter cry of labour against capital. While we are still at war we shall hold out no flag of truce to the capitalist until the product of our labour is ours and not his, preferring to fight on openly, hitting fairly above the belt, leaving conciliation and arbitration to take place where and when disputes arise, and by parties of both sides best able to understand them and their settlement. What Lord Macaulay said long ago can be truthfully said to-day: "For so miserable a recompense as a shilling a day are the producers of wealth

compelled to toil, rising early and lying down late, while the master-clothier, eating, sleeping and idling, becomes rich by their exertions." Knowing that this system still exists in all trades, knowing that the workers have been persistently subjected to the cruelties, tyrannies, and impositions of the capitalistic employers of labour, I am convinced that their conciliation proposals to us are nothing more or less than a climb down the ladder of supremacy and power on their part, and an act of submission to us only because they realize that by our combinations we are becoming a power, and a power which is dangerous to their interest.

"PROFIT-SHARING."

Profit-sharing has been introduced as a salve for the wound of discontent. By all means let us have prófit-sharing in its true sense and meaning; but decidedly not with the infringement of our liberty, with the bartering away of that we hold dear, of that we consider worth fighting for—our independence. And

> "Perish the man that's bought or sold,
> And barters liberty for gold."

"EIGHT HOURS."

It is assumed that "new trade unionism" "relies absolutely on legislation rather than on combination." This is a gross misrepresentation surely. New trade unionists rely on combination by organization for obtaining eight hours per day, or by any method presented with the possibility of success, as instanced by the gas stokers; but, to make secure, we believe in legal enactment, so that eight hours per day shall mean that and no more, and, where not practicable, "that forty-eight hours shall constitute a week's work." That it will at once—for a time—rid the State of a serious difficulty and problem by absorbing the unemployed, the following advertisement, which a short time ago appeared in the *Bucks Advertiser*, is sufficient to prove:—

"TO ABLE-BODIED LABOURERS.

"Owing to the change from 12 to 8 hour shifts, a large increase in the number of men employed in the Gas Works in London has to be provided for this winter.

"The South Metropolitan Gas Company are prepared to pay the following wages to suitable men:—

Stokers, 5*s.* 4*d.* to 5*s.* 7*d.* per shift of 8 hours.
Firemen, 5*s.* 6*d.* ,, ,,
Fire Rakers, 4*s.* 5*d.* ,, ,,
Barrowmen, 4*s.* 5*d.* ,, ,,
Labourers, £1 4*s.* 9*d.* per week of 54 hours.

"Application to be made by letter to, Mr. F. BAILEY, South Metropolitan Gas Company, 709A, Old Kent Road, London, S.E."

Here is presented the striking testimony of the beneficial effect of the reduction of hours in solving the problem of unemployed. Our work in this direction is organization and education. That accomplished sufficiently, combination will exert itself to insist on all local governing bodies working employés no longer than eight hours per day; the same in all State factories, and the same combinations pressing private employers into the same channel where possible, and always travelling towards the goal of legal enactment.

"LABOUR'S FUTURE ASPECT."

Labour's present result is the outcome of educational development in the masses. And as knowledge is power, knowledge has produced a power—which will continue to grow—which has surprised the world, baffled statesmen, and frightened monarchs. And although much has been accomplished which old trade unionists never dreamt of and never attempted, yet mountains of work lie before us, probably many rebuffs, defeats, and failures may be strewn in our path and fall to our lot, nevertheless we shall not become disheartened, and our cry will always be "Forward for Victory." The stepping-stones in our path are the legal enactment of an eight-hour day or maximum of forty-eight per week, free education, Adult Suffrage, shorter Parliaments with State-paid members, labour representations apart from all political parties; and as the New Unionism has seized the labour machine, "The London Trades Council," so will labour achieve the seizure of and rule the political machine. Positions of responsibility and representation in the labour movement of the future will not be held by reactionary, fossilized trades unionists, but by men of resolute deter-

mination, courageous front and energy, capable of championing the cause of the toilers as the fearless mouthpiece of labour's cry. Cliques and intrigues of trades-unionist schemes will be exposed so as to make it impossible for the workers to be cajoled by the juggling tricks of old.

Finally, I may say, it is our determination henceforward to advocate openly, fairly and fearlessly the rights of labour, and, irrespective of individual consequences, with truth and wisdom as our guide, to marshal and march forward in irresistible force, demanding and finally achieving by organization and combination the national and international federation bringing in its train the long-hoped for emancipation of labour.

FRED HAMMILL,
London Trades Council,
Member of the Fabian Society.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

ONE of the most notable features of the month has been the success of the ladies in competitive examinations at Cambridge. In the Mathematical Tripos it was announced that Miss P. G. Fawcett had been placed by the examiners "above the Senior Wrangler," an honour which can hardly be unduly estimated considering that the year has been by general consent regarded as a good one. A similar distinction has been gained by Miss Alford in the Classical Tripos, whose name appeared in the first class, although here there is no suggestion of her having beaten her male competitors. Both ladies bear out the theory of heredity in intellectual powers, Miss Fawcett being the daughter of the late Professor of Political Economy and Postmaster-General, while Miss Margaret Alford is the niece of Dean Alford and the daughter of the Vicar of St. Luke's. Whatever else these successes have done to promote the feminine cause, they have certainly provided manifold arguments for those who wish to see women serve on the London County Council.

The theatrical success of the month has undoubtedly been "Judah" at the Shaftesbury Theatre. The play is in some respects a painful one, as it describes the history of the temptation and fall of a young Dissenting minister, Judah Llewellyn, a part which is magnificently played by Mr. Willard. The minister secretly aids a certain Welsh fasting girl called Vashti in her pretended ability to exist without food, and thus supports her reputation as a wizard. Repentance and full confession follow, traced out with considerable power by the author of the play, Mr. H. A. Jones. The success of the piece shows that the public still cares for serious dramatic studies and so far is a promising sign; on the other hand these psychological problems are not in every respect well adapted to the stage, and certainly are not calculated to please those who go to the theatre to be amused.

It seems as though Italian Opera has after all a more genuine hold upon its patrons than was at first anticipated at its revival a few years ago, when it appeared as if a mere caprice of fashion determined whether there was to be Italian opera in London or not. The season

of 1890, however, opened with an unusually brilliant "first night" on May the 19th, when Gounod's "Faust" was given. At the same time it must be allowed that a first night at Covent Garden *still* does not draw representative artistic people, as do other "first nights," both musical and theatrical. This fact was doubtless partly due to the time-honoured work performed on the 19th, and as long as the audience is not required to be representative of aught but fashion, it may certainly boast of having consisted of every one, from the Prince and Princess of Wales downwards, that an enterprising manager like Mr. Harris would desire to be present. It is said that £65,000 was subscribed before the curtain went up on the 19th of May, in which case the success of the Italian operatic season of 1890 is a foregone conclusion. So far we have had no novelties as to works, the well-known "old favourites" apparently contenting their public. Several *débuts* have been made, but none of very striking significance; the brothers de Reszké still deservedly excite the warmest admiration, and of the *prime donne*, Madame Melba and Madame de Lussan (who made so great a success in English opera) are probably the most popular. "Romeo and Juliette" has drawn so far the largest house with the exception of the first night. The "Meistersinger" in Italian is always somewhat absurd, the absolutely German character of the *libretto* rendering it specially unsuitable to any other language; but this does not seem to have been any drawback in the eyes of the large and "smart" audience which assembled to hear the work on June the 17th; the spirit of Wagner was remarkable by its absence from the performance, but the perfect singing of M. Jean de Reszké as the "Meister" atoned for a good deal that was disappointing in it. Mr. Goring Thomas' "Esmeralda" is promised later in the season with an excellent cast, when the many admirers of this young composer's charming work will have an opportunity of hearing an admirable performance of it.

The comparatively recent revival of unaccompanied Madrigal music, and the evident appreciation attending it, seem likely to stand out as a feature of Victorian music, even bidding fair to rival that of Elizabeth's time. We can take no better instance of this, than the yearly invitation concert of that admirable choir calling themselves the "Magpie Minstrels," given on Wednesday, May 21st, at Princes' Hall. We do not believe it would be possible to hear better executed Madrigal music than that selected for performance by this amateur choir, of which H.R.H. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, is a performing member among the *alti*, Mr. Lionel Benson being its most efficient conductor. Byrd and Morley, Gibbons, and Greaves, after a somewhat lengthy slumber, are again the fashion, and evidently meet with hearty approbation from executants and audience alike. For beauty of tone, and refinement of phrasing, it would be difficult to beat this amateur choir.

Perhaps, however, the most interesting feature of the concert was a song called "Sweet Echo" by Henry Lawes, dating 1634, of whom Milton said that he

> "First taught our English music how to span
> Words, with just note and accent."

The song was excellently sung by Countess Valda Gleichen; it is of a solemn, striking character, rising to a very fine climax; its words are Milton's, from the "Masque of Comus." In order to preserve the characteristic effects of music of the date the piece was given with the accompaniments of *viola d'amore*, *viola di gamba*, and harpsichord; the delicate character of which combined, with the song, in presenting an excellent example of the instrumental as well as vocal music of the period. Lawes was somewhat looked down upon by the pedants of the Madrigalian School, but he appears to have possessed a rare gift of melody, equalled by his appreciation of the *words* as well as music in song-writing, which made him deservedly a favourite composer with poets of his time. We would gladly hear more of him, and congratulate the "Magpies" (why must they have such a singularly inappropriate title for sweet singers?) on leading the way in this respect. Their splendid singing of some beautiful part-songs by Brahms specially calls for notice, representing modern part-writing in interesting contrast to that of byegone days.

Notes from Paris.

The labour question is still the great subject of discussion among politicians; but the difficulty of coming to an understanding as regards conciliating adverse interests is in no way diminished. The working party insists on the limit of eight hours, the "*Trois Huit*," equal divisions of time for work, for sleep, and the enjoyment of their homes. "If the amount of work which is needful is not got through in the allotted time, then take extra hands, and those who now cannot get work will be employed." To this the "Patrons," or masters, reply: "Our establishments cannot pay under such circumstances. If you do half-time, you must have half-pay; for if our expenses are doubled, we must be ruined in a short time, and we shall all prefer to close our doors at once and retire from trade with what we possess. We have now the greatest difficulty in balancing our debtor and creditor accounts; if we accede to your wishes we can no longer struggle against foreign competition; our prices must be raised, whilst the country will be flooded with cheap imitations of our wares, coming from countries where expenses and wages are lower. Our work may be much better done, and of a higher quality; but the vast majority of purchasers will prefer the cheap goods, and ours will not sell. We shall be bankrupts,

and you will necessarily be dismissed; what will you do then, and how do you mean to live? As to your homes, the high rate of Paris rents obliges you to crowd into garrets where there is too little comfort for you and yours to create any wish to remain in them longer than you can possibly help, consequently the increase of leisure would only amount to more time spent in public-houses (*chez le mastroquet*), to the great detriment of your own welfare and that of your families."

It cannot be denied that there is much weight in such arguments. Workmen claim a share of the profits, but are by no means inclined to share losses, nor are they in a position to do so. It is a case of "wheels within wheels;" stop one, and the whole machine breaks down.

In French trade the established principle is, that for the whole organization to work properly the demand must be far in excess of the supply. Thus, if it be considered that sufficient employment will be provided for, say, 500 locksmiths, only 450 are engaged in the regular workshops; between which a tacit understanding exists, all the *Corps de Métiers*, or corporations, holding together. When great pressure occurs, extra hands are called in; but they have no regular engagement, and suffer fearfully at other times, having no possibility of getting work. The workmen in constant employ are usually those who have been promoted after having served an apprenticeship in the workshop, to which they afterwards belong; where they remain indefinitely, and whose habits and traditions they maintain. So there is no room for new-comers unless in very exceptional cases, as a temporary arrangement leading to nothing durable.

A "Patron" or master may sell his business and retire, but the men are handed over to his successor, like the farmer serfs of a Russian domain, and it is still "Notre Maison" with its particular ways. There is no law to prevent any one from setting up a shop for any trade; but the stranger would find many difficulties in his way, and amongst his peers he would hold the position of the fox in the fable. Disagreements between the "patrons" and men are usually referred to the council of "Prud'hommes," or heads of syndicates, who give judgment according to precedent or usage, and whose decision is accepted in most cases.

The whole organization has a curious flavour of the Middle Ages.

The proposed Bill, limiting daily work to ten hours, will satisfy no one, being too much for one side and too little for the other. All the really good and able workmen will protest against the loss of individual liberty; for the over-work of one period of the year compensates the enforced idleness of times of "chômage" or slack work. The great desideratum is, in fact, rest on the seventh day; the sanctification of the Sabbath, which would be welcome to all; inasmuch as it is the uninterrupted continuation of labour, which is really beyond human strength, rather than the more or less work of each day. Apart from

religious considerations, it would be most desirable, as a mere matter of humanity, that Sunday-work should not be enforced; but will the Government accept the appearance of yielding to "clerical" influences?

Military questions are especially interesting in France now that every one must serve in the army, and the recent refusal of the higher military authorities to sanction the appointment of a young actor to the rank of officer in the reserve force has created something of a sensation in the artistic world. It is impossible to conceal the fact that the theatrical profession does not enjoy public esteem in France, and that the position held by some eminent members of that profession in England is unknown here. No French family belonging to what is called "Society" would receive within the precincts of its home actors or actresses otherwise than in a professional capacity, when they are treated with that exaggerated courtesy which is the most effectual of all barriers. Intimacy, or friendly intercourse, would be out of the question. The position of an actor at the officer's mess would really be intolerable, and much annoyance has undoubtedly been avoided by the decision which has caused so much anger in the artistic world, and the literary set on the Borderland of Bohemia.

The position of an officer in the reserve force is, at all times, difficult to hold, as the regular army does not willingly look upon it in a serious light, or otherwise than as a mere "playing at soldiers" of civilians.

When the reserve force was established in the year 1874 it became of course necessary to appoint officers to command the new corps. The first chosen were retired officers, or volunteers who had served as such during the war. The examinations were made easy, to fill up the vacant grades, and in every respect great indulgence was shown. Soon all the "volontaires d'un an," who, having served in the ranks for one year, were transferred to the reserve force, became extremely anxious to go through their "Vingt-huit jours," or month of active service, as officers, and not as privates. It is unnecessary to dwell on the immense difference between the manifold annoyances of the barracks, and the gentlemen-like position of an officer. The necessity of serving as privates for a year is a severe trial in the case of young men belonging to the upper classes; and to begin again, at stated periods, for the month's service, becomes a real hardship. To escape this no stone is left unturned, in the hope of obtaining promotion.

But after examinations have been passed, and promotion has been obtained, it must be ratified by the military commission, and here difficulties begin; minute enquiries as to health, physical appearance, money resources, education, character, position, must be satisfactorily answered; for an officer should be respected by those whom he has to command. There is also the serious consideration of avoiding quarrels with the officers of the regular army, who are disposed to show super-

ciliousness, and, not unnaturally, have a feeling of vexation when required to treat as their equals young men who are officers for only three or four weeks at a time, and have had no military training in the schools.

It is therefore important that no marked difference of social position or education should prove a temptation to increase the almost unavoidable coldness of intercourse to which both sides are predisposed.

A benevolent lady, Madame Louise Koppe, has instituted a society, called "L'Adolescente," for the special protection of young girls, from thirteen to fifteen; an age, when, in this country, they are usually allowed to run wild. The object of the society is to prevent present and future mischief, by teaching the girls how to be useful in their homes, rather than by encouraging too early apprenticeship in work-rooms, where they lose all domestic habits, and often learn much evil, without even practical benefit. The division of labour, established with a view to increase of profit, by the rapidity attained through constant practice of one detail of manufacture, is too often a serious cause of final destitution; for, if that fails, the workers can do nothing else.

We have known instances of lace-workers, or gimp and fringe-makers, who, when the changes of fashion threw them out of employment, could not mend their own clothes, and hardly knew how to thread a needle. The workers of the beautiful and costly "Point d'Alençon" lace have each their particular portion of the fabric to make, which is all done by the needle. In a few years their sight is ruined by the too fine work; they can no longer execute their particular stitch, and they can do nothing else.

Madame Koppe attempts to prove that the small deficiency of a woman's too uncertain gains is more than compensated by the saving affected in a home by housewifely care. The young girls who attend her classes are taught house-work, plain needle-work and mending, plain cooking, washing and ironing. On Sundays the ladies of the society undertake to amuse the girls by long walks and excursions, to avoid the temptation of the dangerous public diversions which lead so many young girls of the lower classes to their ruin. After four years of regular attendance they receive an outfit, which they are taught to make themselves; and when put out to service, or even apprenticed to any trade, they are constantly protected and guarded by the watchful care of their patronesses.

Notes from the Home of Adelina Patti.

Owing no doubt to the long and tedious journey down to South Wales, it is but rarely that a Londoner finds his way to the many charming haunts amid its quiet hills; but when once the effort has been made,

the weary length of the pilgrimage is soon forgotten in wonderment at the beautiful world which opens upon the adventurous traveller. The first sight of Brecon cannot, indeed, be easily forgotten, with its dense woods of beech and birch, and grass-clothed heights surrounding the picturesque old town, whilst round the hills a brawling stream breaks into a hundred directions over a stone-strewed bed, on the banks of which Nature has lavished such a wealth of wild flowers and greenery that the soft damp air is sweet with their scent. After leaving Brecon behind the landscape grows wilder and less attractive until reaching Penwyllt, when a halt is made, and visitors to Craig-y-nos are conveyed from Madame Patti's own particular station to her cosy home nestling in the greenest of valleys amid the stern surrounding heights.

Tall and stately as the Castle appears from the distance, its sombreness is relieved on a nearer approach by the gaily flying flag and golden lyre painted in bas-relief above the windows in the front of the house, and the masses of bright flowers which greet the eye at every turn. Within, all that heart of Patti and upholsterer could desire has been carried out, and nothing more complete than the combined splendour and comfort can well be imagined. Leading out of the carpeted hall we enter the drawing-room, and it must be left to my readers to bring before their minds' eye a vision of silver and blue brocade, pictures and costly *objets d'art* presented to the Diva during the course of her long and distinguished career. Foremost are the splendid goblets and golden laurel wreath studded with diamonds, and other trophies given by her San Francisco admirers; a tasteful casket from her *confrères* in the Vienna opera-house, and such pretty conceits as birds of solid gold with ruby and emerald plumage, a tiny piano powdered with diamond dust, cunningly devised photograph frames, Watteau fans, gems, delicate china, and every imaginable form of dainty souvenir strewing the tables and shelves of every cabinet in the room. Beneath a glass case Madame Patti has locked away her special treasures—a ruby bracelet (her first gift from our Queen), and a fan and a pair of Roman ear-rings from Grisi and Mario, who were amongst her earliest friends in England. A cabinet in the boudoir is set apart for the photographs of royal personages, the place of honour being assigned to the old Emperor of Germany, for whom the Diva cherishes a special reverence, and who from the time when he first saw her, a naïve damsel in her "teens," at Homburg, always treated her with a marked courtesy and consideration. Then there is a portrait of the Empress of Russia together with our own Princess, and another of the late King and the Queen of Spain with her little boy in her arms, inscribed, "Mille félicitations sincères, and 'many happy returns of the day,' surtout parmi nous." Patti also treasures the last likeness ever taken of the Duke of Albany, accompanied by a gracefully expressed letter, asking for hers in exchange.

The boudoir is very tastefully furnished and hung with water-colour

sketches done by the Diva herself, whose talent for painting is only second to her musical gifts. "Whatever my hand has found to do, I have done it with my might," declares the fair artist, "from the time when I used to bowl my hoop down Broadway, and sang, 'Oh, let us be joyful!' at my mother's knee."

A book of Autographs of all the great composers is another treasured possession. Here we find lines of appreciation from Meyerbeer, Auber, Mario, Tietjens, Niemann, Christine Nillson, Gounod, Délibes, and others too numerous to mention. Verdi, after hearing the prima donna in "Rigoletto" (her favourite opera), sent her a card with the words "A mia vera e unica Gilda;" and when asked whom he considered the first singer of the day, wrote "La première, Patti; La Seconde, Patti; La seule, Patti." Even severe Berlioz relaxed his grim humour when "la Petite Fauvette" was concerned, although the following anecdote may somewhat belie the fact. Years ago, when only just entering upon her career, Patti begged hard for the autograph of the composer. "Deux mots seulement," she begged, "and as a reward my cook shall bring you one of his best *pâtés*,—or, if you prefer it, I will give you a kiss of thanks." With a slow smile breaking over his keen old face, Berlioz took up his pen, and wrote the two words; "Oportet Pati." "But what does that mean?" asked the little prima-donna. "Bring the *pâté*," was the reply of Berlioz.

Rossini too has inscribed his immortal name with a few lines of kindly compliment to "la Pattina" in the celebrated book. But the happiest thought was that of Hans Richter when he gracefully offered his felicitation to the "Meister Sängerin,"—a name of all others she most richly deserves.

The billiard-rooms at Craig-y-nos lead out of the hall, and to these cheery haunts the house-party always adjourns after dinner to enter upon a lengthy game, whilst listening to the strains of a monster orchestrian which was discovered at Geneva by the Diva.

Life at the Castle is taken very easily. The hostess is perhaps the only early riser, and may be heard warbling her scales and roulades, and giving orders to her servants at an hour when many a chatelaine is still busily engaged in slumber. The morning is occupied by her in writing business letters and studying English literature, but to her guests la Patti is invisible until 12 o'clock, when déjeuner à la fourchette is served,—as are all the meals—in an Italian winter garden warmed with currents of hot air and hung with green creepers and trailing flowers.

When abroad she announces herself as "at work." At home she laughingly declares her life "a grand Divertissement." Be this as it may, it is certain that the nightingale has built her nest in a spot worthy of so rare a bird

OUR LIBRARY LIST.

ON RIGHT AND WRONG. By W. S. Lilly. (*Chapman & Hall.*) Mr. Lilly's latest work will not add to his reputation, whether for philosophical power, for fairness of mind, for practical insight, or for learning. It is an unmeasured attack upon the popular ethical doctrine of the evolutionist school, and upon certain movements of thought in practical matters which he ascribes to the influence of that doctrine. It is written in a popular style; but it is essentially a piece of special pleading before a court which we are inclined to think will not be captivated by the advocate. His own theory of ethics, insisted on with much force of language, but not supported by any evidence (though we do not doubt that some evidence exists) is that there is something absolute in morals, which appears on further explanation to be nothing more than the existence of a distinction between right and wrong. If any one is content with this shadowy absolute, which is perpetually mixed up with the different notion that there is an absolute standard to which men approximate, we have nothing to say. It is a truism which no one denies, not even the theorists against whom Mr. Lilly inveighs. Against them he brings the charge of materialism, in spite of their protests, and in spite of his own knowledge that they are entirely removed from the earlier forms of materialism; yet he points his subsequent attack with the insinuations conveyed by the name. It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Lilly to think that he himself may have failed through insufficient knowledge or reflection to understand the writers he attacks. He accuses them of destroying free-will and responsibility, falling into the vulgar error of supposing that when a thing is explained it is abolished, or its sacred character impaired. He must know that the writer whom he deservedly quotes with eulogy, T. H. Green, has himself shown the impossibility of free-will in Mr. Lilly's sense, and except for metaphysical presuppositions, is practically at one with the "materialist," J. S. Mill. Mr. Lilly's vagueness of mind pursues him when he comes to the practical aspect of morals. He declaims against the immorality of politics, the mendacity of journalism, the wickedness of allowing any relaxation of the marriage tie, in a way which implies that he has little of that sense for circumstances which constitutes sanity of judgment. The only practical

assistance he gives in the question of property is to declare that there is a natural right to property, but that it must be held justly, and must be employed by a man in a proper manner for himself and others; as if in this and all other questions the only difficulty were not to discover what is the particular course of action required. We do not see how the vague absolute distinction of right and wrong will help to solve any question; at most it fortifies a weak-kneed individual in acting up to an established principle in a particular case. But though we disagree with Mr. Lilly's views, we do not complain of these, nor are we insensible to the literary qualities of his work. What we do complain of is the thoroughly bad workmanship of his book considered as a work of reasoning, its pretentious dogmatism, its ignorance of current speculation, its inability to appreciate the position of others, but above all, its loud and almost hysterical declamation and its deplorable lack of dignity.

OPPOSITES. By LEWIS THORNTON. (*Blackwood.*) Whether Mr. Thornton is fortunate in possessing a mind which is always impressed with the opposite aspect of questions we do not know; but if it is a misfortune, it is not without its compensation, for nothing is more pleasant for a time than to be in a minority. It is difficult not to feel kindly towards a writer who writes so readably and pleasantly, and with such good temper. He professes on his title-page to take the unpopular side of popular questions, but we do not know what he means by the word "popular." It rather appears that his own description of his mind gives a truer idea, and that wherever he finds a few hundred people holding the same opinion, he takes the opposite side. He will have nothing to do with evolution, but still less with orthodox theology, and is yet a firm believer in the truth of everything in the Bible, interpreted in its proper spirit; he looks with suspicion on spiritualism (which surely is the popular view of that question), but yet he allows there may be something in it. He appeals to the practice of Socrates, who contradicted everything. But Socrates' contradictions were of the most thought-provoking character, and we are bound to say that Mr. Thornton's do not provoke thought at all, but, if anything, a smile. He never gets to close quarters with any of the questions he is discussing; but after stating the views he objects to, he admits that there is a great deal in them, and then proceeds to state his own view. This is that there is much to be learnt from the Bible on all the questions of the day. He thinks that a passage in 1 Timothy which speaks of "seducing spirits and doctrines of devils . . . forbidding to marry," refers to some spiritualist prophets of to-day, who advocate free love. He believes that the six days of Genesis were literal days, when all existing forms of life were created, but the earth was created a long time before, and may have undergone indefinite evolution; and to this period he refers the fossils!

Messrs. Blackwood have lavished on these essays print, paper, and binding, which are worthy of a more serious book.

THE WISDOM OF LIFE, *and* RELIGION, AND OTHER ESSAYS, by SCHOPENHAUER. Translated by T. BAILEY SAUNDERS, M.A. (*Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.*) We have here translations of the first part of Schopenhauer's 'Aphorismen zur Lebensweisheit' and of parts of his 'Parerga und Paralipomena,' and translations so excellent that we find ourselves often forgetting that Schopenhauer did not write in English. We are only sorry that so good a writer as Mr. Saunders should no less than six times leave us searching for the "when" which should precede "once." Of the two volumes probably the second will be the general favourite. It abounds in shrewd sayings and masterly epigrams. In the Essay "On Books and Reading" we are told that continuous reading is the enemy of thought. "This is the case with many learned persons; they have read themselves stupid." "Hence in regard to reading, it is a very important thing to be able to refrain." We are especially warned to avoid histories of literature. To go to them for knowledge "is like reading a cookery-book when one is hungry." Of the more serious Essays we prefer the one on Pantheism. The chief defect of this system, we are told, is that unless founded on Theism it says nothing, it merely enriches the language with a superfluous synonym for the word "world." Very notable too is the Essay on "Physiognomy," and the shrewd observation that "If you want to find out your real opinion of any one, observe the impression made upon you by the first sight of a letter from him." In 'The Wisdom of Life' we have a discourse upon a threefold division of good things: what a man is, his personality, what he has, his property, and how he stands in the estimation of others, his rank and reputation. It is, perhaps, of less general interest, for it often deals at considerable length with practices, such as duelling, which are now scarcely matters of serious moment; but, like all Schopenhauer's writing, it is cynical, brilliant, and amusing. To this volume there is an excellent Preface, in which Mr. Saunders gives a clear statement of Schopenhauer's fundamental principles.

MUNGO PARK AND THE NIGER. By JOSEPH THOMSON. (*The World's Great Explorers Series. Philip & Sons.*) The respectable length to which the volumes of this series of books about travel run, allows the story to be told in sufficient detail to be interesting. Mr. Thomson has written a very graphic and instructive history of the explorations by which the Niger became known to Europeans, and his book has the additional interest that the writer is himself the last of the actors in the drama, for it was Mr. Thomson who, starting from the Niger mouth, concluded the treaties which secured the Niger basin

below Timbuctoo for Englishmen under the control of the Company which is now the Royal Niger Company. The greater part of the volume tells again the story of Mungo Park, familiar already to many from his journals; and tells it well. Mr. Thomson defends Park against the accusations Mr. Ruskin has brought against him. It is not so much the fault of Park as of his time, that no one, however, can acquit him of indifference to that slave-trade which has made of the West Coast negro, in Mr. Thomson's words, "the most villainous, treacherous, and vicious being to be found in all Africa." Perhaps the most interesting part of the book, because less familiar, is the story of Park's successors (especially Clapperton and Lander) who first demonstrated that the Niger was not, as Park believed, continuous with the Congo, and then explored the lower part, beginning from the Guinea Coast, until at last Lander sailed down the river to the sea, and verified the predictions of a stay-at-home geographer, McQueen, as to the course of the river. This volume has some excellent maps, but the same praise cannot be given to the illustrations. The book deserves to be widely read.

LIFE OF HAVELOCK. ENGLISH MEN OF ACTION. (*Macmillan.*) Mr. Forbes has produced an excellent and thoroughly sympathetic picture of the hero of the Indian Mutiny. We use the word "picture" advisedly, for the whole description is so vivid, and the writer's love for his subject so real and intense, that we seem rather to see Havelock moving and acting before us than to read a mere account of his life. His early years are passed over in a few pages, and it is with his military career only that this book is concerned. This in Havelock's case is peculiarly suitable, for he was a soldier, every inch of him, full of enthusiasm for the history of his profession, and believing firmly in the necessity for enforcing its rigid discipline. Not in any way a complex or difficult character—and to some perhaps appearing hard and unattractive; but high principled and fearless, gradually winning the hearts of the men who had learned to know and trust him in the hour of danger. As Mr. Forbes says, "he lived a long life of repression, and it was not until he was past sixty that the opportunity for his genius to assert itself came. But though his career as a general was shorn of its glories, let the story of the entrance into Cawnpore and the heroic relief of Lucknow speak in Mr. Forbes' thrilling description. And perhaps no better account of General Havelock's life could be given than is contained in his own dying words spoken to his old comrade Outram: "I have for forty years so ruled my life, that when death came I might face it without fear."

THE MODERN MALADY, OR SUFFERERS FROM NERVES. By CYRIL BENNETT. (*Arnold.*) This is a book well worth reading. The author's plea is for a rational treatment of the "modern malady" of nervous

weakness, which he claims should be recognized as really a disease, and not made light of as a fancy, or dismissed as incurable under the name of hysteria. The wonder is that it should be necessary to enforce such a proposition. But the author speaks from experience, and doubtless there is still too much inclination to treat mental disorders as if they stood apart by themselves and were not traceable to definite causes, if not in actual bodily derangements, at any rate in mental derangements, which demand no less scientific care than fevers or broken limbs. Probably these nervous troubles are looked upon with suspicion, because it is felt that they are partly due to avoidable lack of self-control, or to avoidable social pressure. Mr. Bennett has some interesting chapters on the causes which make the malady so common, which he finds partly in actual inheritance, partly in the strain of our social system, and in the excessive wear and tear of the system of education as at present ruled by examinations. The defect of the book is that it tells us too little about the means to be employed in cure, but it is the author's chief object to call attention to the necessity of better methods. A preface from Dr. Tibbits, the founder of the West End Hospital for Nervous Diseases, is of value as coming from a professional man who has definite ideas of how the disease is to be treated.

THE HISTORY AND PROGRESS OF DISTRICT NURSING. By WILLIAM RATHBONE, M.P. (*Macmillan.*) Miss Florence Nightingale prefaces with a few wise and earnest pages a very interesting history of the institution of nursing the sick poor in their own homes. The project originated at Liverpool; it has been very successful both there and in London, and it has now received the highest sanction by the act of the Queen in directing the greater part of the Jubilee Fund raised by the women of England to the Institute for training such district nurses. This little book should open the purses of many subscribers to the Institute. We must call attention to the marked literary skill with which the writers of the book have done their work.

POPULAR TALES OF THE WEST HIGHLANDS. By J. F. CAMPBELL. (*Alexander Gardner.*) We have here a reprint of a collection of tales, which will perhaps be more welcome to the student of folk-lore than to the general reader in search of amusement. Doubtless it is hardly possible to satisfy both at once, but we could have found it in our hearts to wish for a little more smoothness and lightness in the telling of the stories, and a little less insistence upon the number and variety of the versions which the author has collected. Still the stories themselves, though only rough and literal translations put side by side with the original Gaelic, are not without a certain wild grace of their own. With this the general reader must content himself, whilst

leaving to one better equipped the troublesome task of generalising from the mass of evidence indifferently well arranged. For both notes and introduction are somewhat lengthy, and contain a good deal more repetition than seems absolutely necessary. A little judicious abridgment would add to the pleasure with which we greet many old friends with new faces in Mr. Campbell's pages. Another Ulysses escapes from the Cyclops by the same famous device, a Celtic Hercules is set to clear the stables of a northern Augeas, and time would fail us to speak of Cinderella, of Hop-o'-my-thumb, of Dick Whittington, and of innumerable favourites of our nursery days, and heroes celebrated in the pages of Grimm. The book is charmingly got up, and is published under the auspices of the Islay Association.

THE MASTER OF THE MAGICIANS. By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS and HERBERT D. WARD. (*Heinemann.*) This book is not without considerable power, but the story of Daniel, if it is to be the substance of a romance, needs to be told with an art that can touch the feelings more deeply than the authors have succeeded in doing. As was to be feared in such an enterprise, archæology and fidelity to the familiar narrative have interfered with the unfolding of character. Daniel himself becomes shadowy, and even his love for the daughter of the Babylonian priest does not make him an interesting character. The Queen and the Captain of the Guard are perhaps the most real of the personages. There is an exciting account of a lion-hunt, where the King (whom the authors spell Nebuchadrezzar) receives a wound, ingeniously introduced to suggest a reason for his subsequent madness, which is described as a form of lycanthropy. But most readers will be relieved to turn from the commentary to the original text.

A MARIAGE DE CONVENANCE. By C. F. KEARY. (*T. Fisher Unwin.*) This is a curious book, and leaves the reader wondering why so much literary power should have been expended upon so unpleasant a subject. For it is undeniably interesting, although the author has chosen a most unattractive way of telling his story. We have only a series of letters, for the most part addressed by the hero, Arthur Norris, to his friend Richard Purcell, to whom, as he himself explains, he cannot help telling the truth. And a most unpleasant truth it often is. He is restless, dissatisfied, a prey to ever-varying moods, and utterly regardless of the evil consequences which his constant changes may bring upon others. He forsakes science for Bohemianism, Bohemianism for a wealthy and fashionable marriage, and though no real fault can be found with the charming girl he has chosen and whom he professes to love, within six months he has left her for freedom and the society of a German *artiste.* When even this

society proves a failure, his heart turns again to his much-injured wife; but the guilt of murder inadvertently committed prevents his return to England and safety. At last he becomes persuaded that the only amends in his power is to divorce his wife in the most effectual manner by putting an end to his own life. We find it difficult not to admit that both she and the world have had a happy release, and we wonder how often and how quickly a man is entitled to change his mind, or, at any rate, his course of action. Yet at the end—and this is no mean tribute to the author's literary skill—we find ourselves almost sorry for Arthur Norris. Like Hamlet, he seems to have been haunted by the feeling that the times were out of joint, but, unlike Hamlet, without any sufficient cause for his pessimistic views. We are shown a character without hope; we are not shown how such a character came to be. The quickness of the transitions and the inadequacy of the motives are the weak points in an otherwise clever piece of work. Perhaps the quotations are rather numerous, and, as Arthur himself says, "polyglottic." The comments upon Balliol rather lead us to attribute this to a misuse of Oxford and her opportunities.

A WOMAN OF THE WORLD. By F. Mabel Robinson. (*Smith, Elder & Co.*) It may be that we are not of the world, or at any rate of Miss Robinson's world; but we do not remember ever to have met with such a large proportion of people with glorious eyes or such striking "ideality of gaze." Nor in our experience is it usual to establish intimate relations with comparative strangers so quickly as to be entitled to make personal remarks such as, "You have an uncommon fine brain-box," on a first introduction. But we are clearly mistaken, for these eyes and this familiarity distinguish all the dwellers in this world from the heroine whom three men in succession recognize as their ideal, down to the youngest brother of the hero, who only appears in the very last chapter. This is a pity, because when we shut our eyes to the extravagance of the descriptions, there is very much in Miss Robinson's book which deserves nothing but praise. The construction is good, many of the minor characters are life-like and interesting, and if we were not told so often that Eugenia Canning was adorable and soul-inspiring, we should have been disposed to find her charming and delicately drawn. Will Harrington, the Methodist medical student, is not so successful. He is self-sacrificing almost to a fault, and we find it hard to believe that his pity for the unfortunate girl he finally marries could so soon after the loss of Eugenia have ripened into love. Both he and his wife fall victims to consumption, and the third volume is chiefly concerned with their fate. But the long account of Will's tragic and lingering death is an artistic mistake; there are some things of which we would not willingly be eye-witnesses, as the old Greek tragedians knew. And more especially is this the case when some of

the details introduced are not only gruesome but grotesque. What are we to think of a touching scene between the stricken son and his mother, in which we are told that "he kissed her neck beneath the ear many times," or of such an expression as "sprawling" applied to a man on his death-bed? It is just this utter lack of an artistic sense of fitness in the choice of words which is the great defect of the book. The adjective, like the title, seems to have come there haphazard—at any rate their appropriateness is hardly self-evident.

BEATRICE. By H. RIDER HAGGARD. (*Longmans & Co.*) 'Beatrice' is to some extent a new departure in Mr. Haggard's novelistic labours. The scene is not laid in Africa or in any mythical and man-eating continent, and there is a singular absence of bloodshed in these pages. Whether the result is wholly successful or not may be considered an open question. No doubt the story is an interesting one in the sense that it makes one read with avidity the evolution of the plot to its bitter end. Neither the subject, however, nor the treatment are particularly pleasant. The relations between Geoffrey and Beatrice are somewhat unhealthy, and Geoffrey's wife, Lady Honoria, is little better than a caricature. There are one or two well-described scenes—especially the storm with which the novel opens; and the account of the central incident, which brings matters to a crisis in Chapter XXII., is a vigorous if not a very graceful piece of writing.

WITH ESSEX IN IRELAND. By the HON. EMILY LAWLESS. (*Smith, Elder & Co.*) This is a singularly successful dramatic study. It purports to be a diary kept in Ireland during the year 1599 by the secretary of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, but the semi-historical form only serves as an excuse for an interesting and able piece of characterization. In the simple but faithful records of his secretary we get more than a superficial acquaintance with the brilliant young soldier and statesman who failed so lamentably in his service to Queen Elizabeth. There runs through the story a poetic background of superstition and mysticism exemplified at least on two occasions. The faithful secretary does not himself believe in ghosts, which gives an air of historic reality to the tales of wonder which he has to tell. The book is not only ingenious, but artistically clever, and shows once more the versatility of the authoress of 'Hurrish.'

THE RING OF AMASIS. By the EARL OF LYTTON. (*Macmillan & Co.*) Lord Lytton's story is not a new one, although it is now presented in a new form. It was published twenty-six years ago, and enjoyed great popularity in America, which contains "the largest and

least sophisticated reading public known to the author." Whatever may have been its success in the United States, we do not believe that in its present shape it will continue to be popular in England. The incidents of mystery and wonder employed for the illustration of a pyschological problem have the fatal effect that they do not produce conviction, and our interest in the hero, "the man in black," flags when we realize how little he belongs to the world in which we live. In the stories of Lord Lytton's ancestor we were never conscious of this unreality, because he had the power of carrying us captive at the wheels of his powerful imagination.

COLOURED MUSIC SYSTEM. By E. M. STORY. Yet another Pianoforte Instruction Book! Its author, in a carefully written preface, which certainly puts the intention of his work in a very admirable light, asks several questions as to the utility and desirability of its existence, which, it is hardly necessary to say, are there answered in the affirmative. The idea of the book is very simple, namely to localize notes to the eye by means of colouring the lines, "locality is called into play, and all its weight is enlisted with time, tune, order, colour, weight, calculation, &c." (what more?), "to assist teacher and pupil in their respective tasks, the perfection of the musical faculty and its memory." The work is divided into parts, the names of the colours corresponding with the notes, being taught by means of mnemonical verses, which certainly help some people to learn by heart as much as they hinder others from doing so. To those persons, however, who find their pianoforte studies, according to E. M. Story, "a daily horror and a nightly spectre," we would strongly recommend the cessation of those studies at once, and cannot believe that they will be changed into a pursuit of Paradise by means of the Coloured Music System, which, by the way, if adopted, would entirely shut off the study of music to all those persons who are colour-blind. If an introduction is needed to the difficulties of reading music at sight by the old notation, it has already been proved to be found in the Tonic Sol Fa system. And if there were no better reasons, the expense of colour printing must happily effectually render the "Coloured Music System" a luxury for the few.

MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1890.

OUR HOSPITALS.

(I.) THE HOUSE-SURGEON.

THERE is nothing that interrupts the even tenor of country-house life so much as the occurrence of accident or sudden illness in one of the party. How many of us have experienced ourselves, or have sympathised with our friends on experiencing the shock when, after weary hours of waiting for the promised relief, which the cheery face of the old and trusted family practitioner is sure to bring, there enters in his stead a young man, beardless and bashful, who, whatever may be his qualifications from a legal point of view, has evidently but little acquaintance with the sick-room of a private house. The older man is ill, or away, and has sent his junior partner or a "locum tenens." In a case of illness the patient thus situated may be at a disadvantage. There is a confidence and an air of reassurance which comes only with experience, and which goes far to take the place of more recent scientific methods, and at once lays the foundation of that implicit trust and reliance between patient and doctor without which both drugs and directions must fail to combat disease. But, on the contrary, it is no disparagement to the older man to say that in most cases of accident the patient will fare better in the hands of his junior, especially if, as ought always to be the case, the young man has recently held some responsible surgical post in a hospital where accidents are treated. Take up the morning paper, and in some corner will be found a paragraph somewhat as follows:

"Mr. Jones, House Surgeon to St. Barnabas Hospital, stated

that the deceased was brought in at three o'clock in the morning, that he saw him immediately on his admission. The patient was insensible, and was bleeding profusely from an irregular wound of the scalp; that everything possible was done for him, but that he expired in the course of an hour. On cross-examination, he admitted that the wound might have been caused by a fall, but there was no bruise or sign that the patient had fallen, and, in his opinion, the death might have been caused by a blunt instrument such as the poker produced."

Some such evidence as this may be read in every newspaper daily, but how many of the thousands that scan the reports of inquests or of the police-courts have any idea of the duties, responsibilities, or qualifications of the young man whose evidence may be sufficient to condemn a prisoner on a charge of manslaughter, or send him to the gallows? It is hardly to be wondered at that the public should know so little concerning the duties of such an office, since the newspaper reporters not unfrequently show their own ignorance, and add to the confusion by some such statement as that the patient's condition was deemed so serious "that Dr. ——," naming one of the greatest surgeons in London,—"the senior House Surgeon, was sent for to operate."

It is many years since I filled the post of House Surgeon to a large hospital, but it is not at all uncommon for friends, on learning that I hold a position in connection with such an institution to enquire if I am the House Surgeon, and whether I have to live there? Fancy asking the senior partner of a firm of solicitors if he had served his articles, or a leading Q.C. if he was still eating his dinners at the Temple! But now that I have a House Surgeon to watch the cases under my care, and carry out my directions respecting them, it has struck me that some of my past experience might be useful and interesting, to those at least—happily an increasing number—who concern themselves with such zeal and self-denying energy to watch over the affairs and conduct of our hospitals. It may, moreover, not be out of place, at a time when many recent events have caused the public to learn much of the darker events that occur in the Metropolis, to tell something of the working of those institutions to which almost all serious casualties are taken, whether they be due to accident or violence, and then to explain the duties and positions of the various responsible authorities in London General Hospital.

By a General Hospital is understood a hospital which provides accommodation for every class of case, whether accidents, which of course come under the care of surgeons, or diseases which may be medical or surgical. In the larger hospitals each class of case is treated in a separate ward, and in some each ward is under the superintendence of separate officers, accidents being provided for by a distinct ward, or being received into the beds allotted to the surgeon under whose care they happen to fall. Besides this, separate wards, or a certain number of beds are set apart for special classes of cases, such as ophthalmia, the diseases of children, or those peculiar to women; and for each of these a Visiting Physician or Surgeon is appointed. It is from the cases which occupy these beds that all clinical or bed-side teaching has to be given, and the resident agent whose duty it is to attend to their immediate wants and to carry out the treatment prescribed by the Visiting Physician or Surgeon, is the House Physician, or House Surgeon, as the case may be.

To most of the large London Hospitals a Medical School is attached, and it is from the senior pupils that the house officers are selected. These appointments are eagerly sought for, and therefore, when there are a number of candidates, the selection is made by competitive examination. In those hospitals to which no school is attached, the appointment is made from among those who apply in answer to advertisement, and in such cases a small salary is given. But where the appointment is made from among the pupils of a school, nothing beyond board and lodging is given, and in some instances a fee of £50 is paid by the House Surgeon, which goes into the pocket of the surgeon under whom he has to work. The period of tenure of office varies in different places from six to twelve months, or even more. But the experience to be gained is so great, that it is an essential part of the career of all those who aspire to a high position in their profession; and there is therefore never a lack of candidates from among the most prominent students who can afford to give up a year or so before entering into practice. A person to hold any of the resident appointments must, of course, be legally qualified to practice medicine and surgery, or, in other words, must have passed the examinations, and hold the diploma of one or more of the many licensing bodies.

Taking then only the "Surgical Side," or that portion of

the hospital which is devoted to surgical cases, of which there is always a larger proportion than on the medical side, the patients are more or less equally distributed among the beds which are under the charge of the various surgeons. Of these, there are three, four, or five, according to the size of the hospital, and to each surgeon is attached an assistant surgeon, who attends the hospital on the same day as his senior; visits the wards for him if he is compelled to be absent, and assists him in the performance of operations, &c. When a vacancy occurs on the staff, a new officer is elected, and he commences as the junior assistant, and gradually works his way up until it is his turn to be elected one of the visiting staff, when he takes the duties of his predecessor. Besides his duty as assistant, he has on certain days to see the out-patients, but except in the absence of the senior, has no charge of the patients in the wards, unless by favour he is granted a small number of beds. The mode in which cases are allotted to the care of the several officers varies in different institutions. In some all cases admitted during certain days are entrusted to the surgeons in a definite appointed order; in others, each surgeon is responsible in turn for all cases admitted during the course of a week, and in some such way a fairly even distribution is made. Except when sent for on account of some emergency, such as a severe accident requiring operation, the surgeons visit their wards at stated times and on regular days, though, when there are many serious cases under his charge, there are very few days when a less formal visit is not paid.

Let us accompany a Visiting Surgeon on his round. He is met in the Hall by the House Surgeon and Dressers, who are students appointed in rotation after they have passed the first professional examination, to work under the superintendence of the House Surgeon, and by a number of other students who are anxious to have instruction from him regarding the cases under his care. On entering the ward the first case is one that has been admitted since his last visit. The House Surgeon informs him that the patient has been sent up by a former pupil, and exhibits such and such symptoms. The clerk or dresser is then desired to read aloud the notes which he has prepared under the supervision of the Surgical Registrar, an officer whose duty it is to record all the cases admitted, and to make statistics and tables concerning them. In these notes are recorded the patient's age, occupation, general condition, a history of his past and present

symptoms, and a description of such features of his malady as have been discovered. Having received this information, and made further enquiries on such points of the story as may require fuller elucidation, the Visiting Surgeon makes his examination of the patient, pointing out to the students such further facts as he can ascertain. Having satisfied himself of the nature of the malady, he explains his reasons for coming to his conclusions, and issues directions to the House Surgeon as to the treatment which he wishes to be adopted. In the next bed, perhaps, is a case which has been operated upon a day or two previously. Whilst the dressers assist the House Surgeon to remove the bandages and dressings, the clerk is asked for the report of the patient's condition since the operation took place, and the Visiting Surgeon then informs the students of the nature of the case, the reasons for operating, the method of operation adopted, and any other useful facts that he may think it wise to lay before the class. Attention is then directed to the appearance of the wound, the mode of dressing, and the nature of the materials used, and instructions are given as to the details of further treatment. In the next bed, perhaps, is a case upon which much has been said at former visits, and some of the senior students are questioned as to their knowledge of this and similar cases In this way a visit is paid to all the beds under this surgeon's care, and the round occupies from one to two hours, according to the number of the patients and the severity of their maladies. Surgeons naturally differ greatly as to their powers of and inclination for teaching; but students soon discover from whom they may expect to learn what is of value, and the numbers that follow a surgeon in his round are a good indication of his power of bedside teaching.

But this is only a portion of the day's work of a House Surgeon, and his duties commence with early morning and often end at a very late hour of the night. Soon after breakfast he has to attend at 9 A.M. in the Out-patient Surgery, where his dressers are expected to be in waiting. There he inspects the "casualties" or cases of minor accident which have been treated in the Surgery, and attend as often as necessary for further treatment. These are cared for by the dressers under his supervision, and it is fortunate if he can finish this part of his work by 10 A.M., when he is due to enter the wards. But on his way from the casualty room there are always a number of small matters to be attended to. There are the anxious friends

of patients inquiring after the state of their relations; there is the hospital chaplain with orders to be signed for the transmission of patients to convalescent homes. Then there is the hospital porter with orders to be signed for patients' discharges, or the removal of the dead; letters from governors requesting the admission of patients; orders for instruments, lint, bandages, &c. Not infrequently the Coroner's officer is waiting with a summons to an inquest, or a police inspector with enquiries for details as to an assault case, and a host of other matters may occur to hinder or detain the House Surgeon from the performance of his duties in the wards. At last, however, he is free to enter them, and this he does in company with his dressers and such senior students as are anxious to watch for themselves the progress of various cases. Here every patient under his charge requires to be looked at, and more or less attention has to be given according to the urgency of the case. In the accident ward he has to see that all splints are properly adjusted, and, if need be, to superintend the reapplication by the dressers. Some of the older cases of wounds have to be dressed, whilst the more recent ones, unless there be some urgent reason, are left for the inspection of the Visiting Surgeon. He has to enquire of the nurses as to the symptoms of the more severe cases, to note all other facts on which the Visiting Surgeon may require to be informed, and to prescribe such medicine and treatment as may be thought desirable. Before leaving each ward there are again many orders to sign and many small details to attend to. Thus, even without interruption, he is fortunate if he can complete his round of the wards by 1 P.M. But if it happens that it is part of his duty to attend to the fresh accidents, though this work is sometimes allotted to a separate officer, and sometimes shared amongst the House Surgeons, the interruptions to his duty may be many and protracted. All the more serious cases of accident must be seen by him as soon as the "dresser of the day," who is in attendance in the casualty department, sends notice of their arrival, and directions must be given as to their treatment, or, if necessary, as to their removal to a bed. Other minor accidents may need his care, wounds need to be inspected, smashed fingers may require removal, and a careful supervision has to be given to all the work of dressers and other subordinates.

This is no over-drawn picture of the day's work; and when it s completed, and dinner is over, there remains a period of

comparative rest, broken only by the summonses to attend to casualties, and the nightly round, when each ward has to be visited and the more serious cases inspected, opiates administered to those who require them, and instructions given to the night nurses. When bed-time comes, the House Surgeon may look forward to a night's rest, but is of course liable to be called up to attend to cases already in the ward or to accidents which are brought during the night. Generally, when there are two or more House Surgeons, this duty is taken by each of them for alternate weeks, and it varies much how far their slumbers are interrupted, Saturday nights, of course, being the time when there is least chance of undisturbed repose.

It must not be imagined that a position of such responsibility is thrust upon a young man who has just emerged from his student's career without some previous training. Generally some minor posts have to be held beforehand, in which an insight into the work is obtained, and, by mixing with those holding the post in advance of him, he catches the tone and spirit of his predecessors, and thus a sort of "traditional policy" is handed down.

It says a great deal for the method of training, that young men are very seldom spoilt by the position of authority which they are thus called upon to fill. Chosen from among their fellows, and suddenly vested with a power which is almost autocratic, within the walls of a large institution, it might well be expected that a young fellow's head might be turned. But such a thing is hardly ever known—a result which speaks well for the tact of those who in the first place select, and afterwards supervise the work of, these officers. And yet there are many holding high positions in the hospital world who have had little or no experience of young men other than medical students. It is only of recent years that the Universities have sent many men into the ranks of the surgical profession; and twenty years ago there were not half-a-dozen Hospital Surgeons in London with a degree from either of the older Universities, though there were numbers of graduates of Oxford and Cambridge to be found among the physicians. But it will generally be acknowledged that those who have passed through a public school and University life are much more able to guide and appreciate the feelings of young men than those who have had no such early training. My own experience during my first six months as House Surgeon was a very fortunate one, for it was my luck to

serve under two gentlemen who had all the kindness and tact which could encourage a younger man in the performance of difficult and responsible work, and this fortified me for the remaining half-year under seniors of a very different character. But year by year more University men are entering the profession, and as they come to fill these minor positions in our hospitals, the tone of the students is steadily improving; for it is naturally by those in official positions that the younger students are guided, and it may almost be said that from the character of the resident staff the tone of the whole school is taken. For beside his official duties the resident officer has a certain amount of social hospitality to exercise. It is to his room that old students resort when they come back to the hospital to see how things are going on, and it is generally expected that he shall occasionally invite the dressers to sit with him in the evening until the night rounds are completed; so that he becomes a central figure among past and present students, upon whom it is in his power to exercise a very prominent influence, and it is one of the pleasantest features of our hospital training that these influences are almost invariably exercised for good.

It is not only moral excellence that is called for in satisfactorily carrying on such work as has been described. A considerable amount of physical power is not to be despised as an auxiliary to compel a refractory and half-drunken patient to submit to all that may be necessary for his proper treatment. I remember once having to rush to the assistance of my fellow House-Surgeon whom I found engaged in a stand-up fight, and defending himself from the onslaughts of a tipsy navvy whose bleeding head he had attempted to bandage. On another occasion, as we were leaving the dinner-table, we heard a great uproar in one of the medical wards, and the House-Physician who had charge of them, on rushing upstairs found a huge labourer, who had suddenly gone out of his senses, standing in the centre of the ward, and threatened to brain any one who approached him with the poker which he was flourishing wildly around his head. Those patients who were able to rise had fled, and the screaming arose from the patients who were unable to leave their beds. Luckily my colleague, who was a very strong and powerful football-player, was able to rush in when the poor madman was looking away, and seizing him by the legs, to throw him down just as we arrived to help disarm him.

One comic side there was even to this tragic episode. A small boy, who had been admitted some weeks before, was strongly suspected of "shamming ill," and every effort of blandishment, bribery and persuasion had been made to induce him to get out of bed, which he obstinately declared to be impossible. However, when things had settled down after the excitement of this outburst, the boy was missed, and could not be found. At length he was discovered under the bed in another ward, whither he had run as fast as his legs could carry him at the very first alarm, and it was a very long time before he could be induced to quit this "harbour of refuge."

The patients who require the greatest tact and management are not those who are most seriously ill, or suffering from the graver descriptions of accident, but are those who, when cautioned that there is danger in their quitting the hospital, are either so drunkenly obstinate or hysterical as to refuse to remain. Whilst there is no legal power which authorizes him to compel such an individual to submit to his advice, the medical man has his own credit and that of the hospital to protect, and if the patient succumb to his own folly, the jury will probably add a rider to the effect that there is great blame attached to the authorities for allowing the patient to leave the hospital in such a dangerous condition. I remember an occasion when I very nearly got into trouble of this sort. It was in the summer of '71, soon after the Commune in Paris, when London was crowded with French refugees. A young and apparently healthy foreigner applied for admission on account of a carbuncle on the back of the neck. The beds were all occupied and I told the patient that he could not be admitted. He told me, in reply, that he was homeless and friendless and without money, and I advised him to apply at another hospital, the name of which I gave. Something in the hopeless manner of the man as he went down the steps roused my sympathy, and I ran after him and promised to take him in for the night. But next morning he was very ill, and in two days' time he was dead of tetanus following the carbuncle.

Firmness, decision, promptitude, and tact are qualities which are essentially developed in the administrative part of a House Surgeon's duty; but there is ample opportunity for the exercise of gentler and more kindly humanity, both in dealing with patients, and in calming the anxieties of friends and relatives. No part of one's duty in my recollection was

more painful than that of meeting the enquirers after those who had been brought into the hospital with severe accidents, especially if the patient had met with his death. I remember that when I took office, this task of informing the friends of patients of the state of the case was performed by the hospital porter, as sterling and honest a fellow as could be, and very likely, in his way, he performed it better than I could do. But I gave him orders always to refer such enquirers to me, in the hope that I might be able to soften the tale of sorrow to the wife or child or mother, and many were the painful and bitter scenes which I had to encounter. But in another direction there is opportunity for doing some lasting service. The first case of compound fracture of the leg which came under my care was a poor fellow who had met with the accident in a drunken brawl. This was at the time when antiseptic surgery was not known, and the accident was therefore one involving great danger to life. When the patient began to improve, I asked him how it was that he had taken to drinking, and he told me that he had always been a steady man until two years before, when his wife had died and left him with two little children. After this his loneliness preyed upon him, and he took to drinking. The man interested my sympathies, and I talked to him, and persuaded him to promise to turn over a fresh leaf, a promise which I have every reason to believe that he kept, for I saw him for some years after, acting as a 'bus conductor, and to all appearance steady and respectable.

Surely no worker in the slums of London could find more subjects for sympathy and interest than are to be met with daily in our out-patient rooms. Take, for example, the following, which I freely offer to any writer of the sensational type who cares to enlarge upon the subject. An old-looking miserable creature, who stated that he was by trade a shoe-black and that his age was only forty-one, came to me with an ulcer of the leg. He was dressed in a worn and shiny black frock-coat, and trousers of the same colour, which were so ragged at the lower part as barely to cover his boots. These were evidently not made for the wearer, and were in a very dilapidated condition, but the articles I have named constituted the whole of his apparel. He had no hat, no linen, no socks, and, needless to say, his integument had no recent acquaintance with any of those commodities so much vaunted for their cleansing powers. In all he was as wretched-looking a being as could be gathered from

the streets of London, but yet there was something of the shabby genteel about him which prompted me to take him aside from the students who surrounded me, and by talking to him kindly, I gathered some short history of his career. He assured me, with every appearance of veracity, that he had been "on the booze" for five weeks or thirty-five days, that beer was the liquor which he affected, and that during that period he had averaged six pots per diem. The price of a pot was 4*d.*, so that without gin, of which he had occasionally partaken in addition, his potations of beer only during that period had cost £3 10*s.* But he had not been without society during this period, as he had been one of a party of six, all of whom had indulged in a similar fashion for the same time. It was not, however, at any cost to his own or to their pockets, for the whole had been given by his sister, who was the wife of a barrister working in the Temple, and she was the mother of seven children. She had left husband and children to join her relatives in a "booze" lasting five weeks, and had herself spent more than £20 over their amusement. I gathered that the barrister had married beneath him, and whilst he struggled for briefs in the Temple, his earnings were dissipated by the wife who, as so often happens, sought from time to time the company and vices of those with whom she had been reared. I did my best to induce him to remain in the hospital, but all I could get was a promise that he would return next day, which, it is needless to say, was never fulfilled. The data quoted are from notes which the interest of the case prompted me to keep, but would that I had recorded many others that have come to my knowledge, though doubtless any who have gone through similar experience could cap them with tales equally sorrowful and thrilling!

Some of the most strange of all my own experiences were in connection with cases that came before the magistrate, or were sent for trial to Clerkenwell Sessions or the Central Criminal Court. Most of these were cases of assault, in which I had to give evidence as to the nature and extent of the injury. But, apart from the unsavoury surroundings of such duties, there was so much irksomeness, and such a deplorable waste of time connected with these duties, that one was only too glad to get them over, and, if possible, forget them. Although it is to the police court that medical officers are most frequently summoned to give evidence, I was fortunate in my own experience from the fact that, very soon after my appointment, the magistrate who

presided in those days at Rochester Row, where the majority of assault cases were taken, was brought into the hospital with a broken rib, having been knocked down by a cab. Instead of the awe-inspiring dignitary, as he appeared when seated on the Bench, I found him one of the gentlest and kindliest of human beings, and infinitely more grateful for attention than the ordinary patient for whom I had frequently to give evidence before him. We became great friends, and I took occasion to tell him how very greatly my work was interfered with in consequence of having to wait till I was called at his Court. In consequence, whenever I had to appear, I had only to send my card to his clerk, and the case in which I was concerned was immediately called, and my evidence being taken as early as possible, I was free to leave, and thus could be back at my duties in less than an hour. It was very different at Clerkenwell and the Old Bailey. One was summoned under heavy penalty to appear on the opening day of the sessions, and by no possible means could one ascertain when the case was likely to be taken. Thus often days dragged on, and had to be spent in the uncongenial occupation of "kicking one's heels about" in the purlieus of the court. In order to be absent from the hospital it was necessary to obtain a competent substitute to take one's place, not always an easy matter, and, that the patients should not suffer, they had to be attended to before leaving, which involved early rising and late rest. Besides this, the surgeon who looked for information regarding his cases, was always somewhat irritated at having to go round with a substitute who could tell him but little, and on returning to regular duty one had to submit to some grumbling.

At the Old Bailey, so far as my experience went, a witness was worse off than anywhere else, and on one occasion I found, on my arrival there, that I had been fined £40 for non-attendance. I had been summoned to give evidence on the Monday, when the sessions opened, in a case of manslaughter, and I had arrived soon after the appointed time. Nothing could be learnt as to the prospect of the case coming on, and Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday passed without its being called. During this time I made everyone's life a burden, who had anything to do with my case, begging him to get it taken as soon as possible. It happened that on Thursday there were some very severe operations, and to these I had to attend on my return. It never rains but it pours, and so it chanced that during the night some bad

accidents were brought in, and a case of amputation of the thigh had secondary hæmorrhage, which it took great trouble to arrest. I hardly got to bed for two consecutive hours, and was called up at 6.30 to attend to some of these cases and a fresh accident. The substitute on whom I relied to take my place did not make his appearance until noon, and I could not possibly leave such serious cases without seeing him at my post. I remember well the scene of my arrival in a hansom at Ludgate Hill. Two or three policemen, who were witnesses in the same case, were watching for me at the foot of the hill with faces of the deepest concern and anxiety. It appeared that the case had been called on at 10 A.M., and had been adjourned in consequence of my absence, and the usual fine inflicted. I made my way to the Court and heard the end of a very painful trial. An old grey-haired clergyman was in the dock accused of forgery in connection with some moneys for which he was trustee, and, saddest part of all, he had declined the aid of a barrister, and was attempting to defend himself. The prosecuting counsel was Mr. Montagu Williams, whose kindly nature did not allow him to do more than he was obliged in the interest of his clients. The evidence was indisputable, and the attempt at defence a rambling statement which only made the case worse. The jury retired, and the judge was informed that the doctor in the case which had been called on first, was now present. I was ordered to step into the witness box, and received a severe lecture from the Bench, in which the Commissioner, who was well-known as a somewhat high-handed administrator of justice, informed me with great severity that never in the whole course of his experience had he been so bothered about a case before, and now, when he had called the case early, in order to suit my convenience, he was informed that I was absent, and he had therefore inflicted the full penalty. This gave me my chance, and I drew such a harrowing picture of the cases under my charge, the work that had been done during the night, and the awful consequences which might have ensued had they been left a moment sooner, that his heart relented; he remitted the fine with a caution that it must not occur again, and my case was called on next. The poor old clergyman heard the verdict, and received his sentence without much sign of discomposure. Possibly he knew that there was no chance of any other finding, and was prepared for a heavier sentence, but it was one that made it very doubtful if he could ever come out of prison.

In the course of these experiences I made a good many acquaintances among the detective police, and among others made friends with Mr. Butcher, who has since risen to a very high position in his department. He was engaged in a case of assault upon a cabman, who was brought to the hospital very late one night with a scalp wound. There was not much interest in the case itself, but two of the witnesses of the assault showed a very remarkable amount of irritation at having to appear, and, as they did not seem to have any particular occupation, I enquired the reason from the detective. They were very gentlemanly looking fellows, one about thirty-five and the other about twenty-eight, and they had been present at the fracas which took place in Chelsea at about three o'clock in the morning. Mr. Butcher told me that he had long had his eye upon these men, and their annoyance at having to appear at Clerkenwell went far to confirm his suspicions about them. One had been an officer in the army and the other in the navy, and they lived in a house near where the assault had taken place, and it struck him as curious that, whilst no one was ever seen to enter the house or to be moving about in it during the day, there were always lights in the underground rooms at a very late hour of the night, and his suspicion was that the house was used for making false coin. I asked him a year or two afterwards if he had heard any more of them, but he replied that nothing had been brought against them at present. I think it was after this trial that the victorious cabman invited all the witnesses on his side to a friendly drink at the neighbouring tavern. I do not know whether the Inspector accepted, but I politely declined.

It will thus be seen that poverty does not monopolise the privilege of forming strange acquaintances, but in compensation for this somewhat doubtful advantage the preceding sketch will show how admirably the duties that have been detailed are adapted to call forth quickness of resource and readiness of administration. In the short period during which a young fellow holds the post of House Surgeon to a large London hospital he may see more surgery than he will meet in twenty years of ordinary country practice, and the habits of quick observation that are acquired under the supervision of a good general surgeon will never be lost, and will lead to that watchful insight into disease which is the making of the successful practitioner, and lead him to know how far he is justified in undertaking the responsibility of a threatening case,

and when he should seek the assistance of one who has made surgery his special study and care.

In the daily routine which has been outlined it may be noticed that no provision is made for fresh air and exercise, and nothing has been said as to the housing and feeding of young men who are performing such arduous work of mind and body under very bad hygienic surroundings; that is to say, in the wards and out-patient rooms, where, under the most careful supervision, the air must be more or less vitiated. I am sorry to say that this is a matter too little regarded by hospital authorities. As regards exercise, it is a standard rule which should be insisted upon, that a hospital should at no moment be left without some responsible officers who are capable of assuming responsibilities in any emergency; but on the other hand the rule should be capable of so much expansion as to allow every resident in turn to have a certain amount of fresh air and recreation every day, and as a matter of fact, this is generally accomplished when the residents are all willing to help one another.

The subject of housing and feeding are again of great importance to the health of those working under these conditions. Not only should their dwelling-rooms be light, airy, and cheerful, but their food should be ample and of the best. Possibly, coming fresh from Oxford, I may have appeared fastidious, but these matters were certainly very much neglected when I was holding the post of House Surgeon to a large hospital. The rooms were dirty and the feeding inadequate. After much solicitation the Board were prevailed upon to paper the rooms, and I provided a carpet and some furniture at my own expense. But the feeding was not by any means well looked after, from the point of view that young men in such laborious work should be at least well nourished. During my student's career of five years, one House Surgeon died from ill-health contracted in the performance of his duties, and hardly one passed through his year of office without having to be absent for one or more periods on account of sickness, and I believe that this might have been avoided if more attention had been paid to this small detail, and a little more interest shown by the governing body in the welfare of those on whose shoulders the labour of conducting the chief objects of the institution fall; and now that I have the opportunity of seeing how well the system of liberality in such details works in the hospitals to which I have

the honour to be attached, I am more than ever convinced of the pettiness of neglecting such matters. Our breakfast was on the table at eight, and if by chance we were able to get to the Board-room in which it was served at about that time, we found the Secretary, Matron, and other paid officials, who had had every opportunity of retiring early and of enjoying undisturbed repose, making a leisurely and comfortable meal. But to us who had often retired at 1 A.M. to be called up several times during the night, it was not an easy matter to get dressed before nine, when breakfast was cleared away, and many a time have I begun the day's work with no more than a cup of coffee which I made for myself. The next meal which we enjoyed in the company of the officials was the Board-room dinner served at 6.30 on week days, and 5.30 on Sundays. The beef and mutton on alternate days, with fish twice a week, and hospital beer and porter, were good enough, and though the ideas of the Secretary and Matron did not extend beyond the hospital walls, the conversation of a kindly genial Irish chaplain served to keep some freshness in our minds during the short time that the meal lasted, supposing that we were not called away to attend to some urgent case. But between breakfast and dinner the only food supplied was a lunch of bread and cheese and beer, and to young men whose breakfast was often more than hurried, that was not sufficient to sustenance for the day's work, and we were obliged to supplement it out of our own pockets. This niggardliness was rendered all the more galling from the fact that the paid officials, whose labours were by no means exhausting, were provided with a good substantial meal, served in their own rooms. The truth was that they had only to represent their wants to the Board to have their wishes granted, whilst no one took sufficient interest in the residents to make any provision for their welfare or comfort.

Such trivialities would hardly be worth mention if it were not for the opportunity of pointing out to governors of hospitals that there are others besides the patients to whom thought and care are due, and that by attention to the health and comfort of those who, under very trying circumstances, are the agents for effecting those objects for which such institutions are conducted, they may materially assist in promoting the efficiency of the executive staff, and thus aid in making every department work thoroughly and effectively. Such minor subjects are often overlooked as being out of the ken of Boards of Management, and are left to the care of an official; but, from my own observation,

I can assert that they are well worth enquiry on the part of energetic governors.

In the sketch which has been given of the work of all who have the care of the inmates of a hospital, it may be judged how very large an amount of time, labour, and experience is given to the welfare of the patients. Nothing has been said of the nursing, because this is an entirely separate subject, though far be it from me to lose the opportunity of saying how admirably the sick are tended, and how impossible it would be for the work of any of the officers to be carried out if it were not for the intelligent, thorough, and patient manner in which nursing is now conducted at the majority of London as well as country hospitals.

With this tribute I will turn to a question which is often asked, namely, Are the recipients of all this care in any way duly grateful to those who minister to their sufferings and ailments? I have given the matter much thought, and I am sorry to say that it is not a case of "Where are the nine?" but of "Where are the nine hundred and ninety-nine?" To a very large proportion of the inmates of our hospitals the change from the squalor and privation of their homes to the cleanliness and good diet which is provided for them must, it would be thought, awaken some feelings of gratitude and thankfulness, and I believe that it does so in many cases, and that it is not expressed in words from a feeling of shyness, or some lack of expression. But there are some from among a slightly better class who bear the denial of their smaller comforts with very bad grace, and these are among the most unsatisfactory and discontented patients with whom we have to deal.

Another thing which doubtless gives rise to a want of appreciation on the part of patients of all that is done for them by the medical staff is the belief that all such services are amply paid for, and that, in attending to their needs, the surgeon and physician are simply fulfilling part of a contract. This impression is by no means confined to the lower orders, and there is not one person in a hundred of the general public who would not open his eyes with astonishment when told that all such services were rendered entirely gratuitously at all except the few endowed hospitals of London. The only remuneration which the officers of a hospital receive is from the fees paid by students for lectures or for instruction in the wards, and as this is paid out of the funds of the school, it is in no way deducted from those of the hospital. There is no profession in which such an enormous amount of

gratuitous labour is undertaken and conscientiously performed as by the honorary staff of a large hospital. Not only have they to perform their duties in the wards, but, in order to assist in the management and regulation of the institution, they are called upon to attend frequent committees and meetings, and it seems rather cruel that there should be so little gratitude on the part of the recipients. But so, I fear, it is, and there are many who think that more appreciation would be shown if patients were compelled to pay something towards the cost of their own maintenance. This, however, opens a very large question which is wide of the subject with which I have dealt, and I will not stray into such fields of political economy, but content myself with asking those who have learnt anything from these few pages to go and study for themselves the working of those institutions which do such great charity in relieving the sufferings of their fellow-men.

JOHN H. MORGAN.

(II.) A PRACTICAL VIEW OF NURSING.

So much has been written of late in connection with the question of work for women, and the calling of nursing holds so important a place in the profession open to them, that a few remarks on the subject delivered from a practical standpoint may not be out of place.

The pedestal which nurses occupy in the eyes of many people, who adorn them with a halo of sentiment, and in fact look upon them as models of self-sacrifice, is a purely imaginary one. It has been the fashion to speak and think of a nurse's life as a beautiful renunciation of the world and worldly pleasures, the devotion of a life to soothing the dying and consoling the living, to the shaking of pillows and stroking of aching heads, brightened only by the satisfaction which comes to those who, in working for others, sacrifice themselves. This is a mistake. Self-sacrifice is not a leading characteristic of the present age, and we have perhaps to some extent lost the sense of its beauty and some of the great qualities needed for it. I do not think more self-sacrifice will be found in a hospital than in the world at large. Nurses are not the pale-faced, pious, overworked women they are thought to be, but a merry set of hard-working

women who, as a rule, sleep soundly, eat heartily, and enjoy any pleasure that may be found possible with an acuteness which might well excite the envy of many jaded pleasure-seekers. They are, unfortunately, much given to gossip, and they exercise the Englishman's privilege of grumbling considerably; but, withal, they are a kindly class of women, generally intelligent, though rarely intellectual.

In considering a nurse's life, her position towards the world, towards the hospital, and towards her patients, must be clearly and practically defined. Her position towards the world is that of a woman wishing for independence, willing by her own hands to obtain and maintain it, and to have a profession, the proceeds of which will maintain her in comparative comfort, owing no man anything, and wishing for no undeserved praise or blame. Her position towards the hospital is purely commercial. She receives, during her probation, board, lodging, uniform, instruction, and a small salary in return for work done; or she pays a specified sum for instruction, according to her arrangement with the hospital. As a fully trained nurse her position alters only in detail; her services being of more value, she receives more money, and her status is improved. Her position towards her patients is practically that of an attendant *paid* by the hospital to wait upon them and to do everything in her power for their comfort and well-being. That, I think, is a plain statement of a nurse's actual position in these several relations with the sentimental side expunged. I am quite alive to the importance of sentiment in relation to a nurse's life. It is in many cases the salt of existence, in some it is merely incidental; but to all it is, and must be, a more or less important factor in the pleasure to be gained in a hospital career; but whether it be as regards her hospital, and the associations connected with it, or as regards her patients, it is a purely personal matter, just as a patient's gratitude to a physician is personal; it may enhance the pleasure that the latter has in his profession, but does not improve his legal status. Nurses, then, are literally working women, bound to give their best efforts to the institution which pays them for their work. I will not enter into a discussion as to whether they are sufficiently paid, as it opens up the wide subject of the value of woman's work; but nurses, I think, are paid as well as most other women: the average salary for trained nurses being £30 a year, with board, lodging, a limited amount of washing, and uniform. The salaries attaching to the

higher appointments of Matron and Superintendent of nurses average about £70 a year, with everything found but uniform, the maximum being, I believe, £260. Pecuniarily speaking, nurses are quite as well off as other women whose position is independent as a result of their own labours.

The social position of those who enter the profession of nursing has, during the last few years, very much improved. This is partly owing, I take it, to a growing desire for independence, and distaste for idleness, among the girls of the upper and middle classes, and partly to the much higher standard of education required in governesses. Then, again, the ever increasing difficulty of obtaining appointments in hospitals excludes those who cannot afford to wait, while the necessity of attending lectures on elementary Anatomy, Physiology, and Chemistry, and passing the subsequent examinations, discourage those of limited education. Thus nursing is rapidly becoming a profession for upper and middle-class women, who must earn an independence, or who are tired of idleness at home. This change in the constitution of the nursing profession has wrought many changes in hospital rules and discipline. At first, when only the devoted pioneers of this improved nursing entered the profession, a leap was made from great laxity to very great severity of discipline, and nurses were held down with an iron hand without attempt at the velvet glove. This rigidity of discipline on the part of the reformers, who were impelled as most reformers are by stern devotion to their cause, was rendered necessary by the extreme laxity of their predecessors. Of late years, however, it has given place to a more moderate amount of restriction, though traces are still to be found amongst those in authority of the ascetic spirit which caused and accompanied it, to which many of the complaints, some with reason, some without, at present existing in hospitals, perhaps owe their origin.

The more important rules and times are much the same in all hospitals, though the minor regulations may differ very much. Thus almost all nurses go on duty at 7 A.M., though in some hospitals they breakfast at 6.30, in others at 6.40 A.M., and in nearly all, prayers are read before the duty hour; in some they are read in chapel, in others at the breakfast table or elsewhere, the difference in the various institutions lying merely in detail.

I think the complaints made against hospitals may easily be reduced to five, and these vary very much in importance. That

they must rise at 6 A.M. to be on duty at 7 may, I think, be dismissed as frivolous. That most nurses must be in bed at 10.30 P.M., when all lights are put out, and may be in bed much earlier if they choose, so that they must have seven and a half hours' sleep, and may have more, is a sufficient answer to that complaint.

Nurses are not nearly so hard worked now as they were a few years ago. There are so many more of them to do the work, and hospitals have considerably increased the number of their staff, consequently the work, which was some time ago not considered too much for two is now sufficient for three. This has its advantages in many ways. Nurses are not now often overworked, and the work is done with greater attention to detail.

That some nurses complain that they have to dust and sweep and do other household work, which could be more quickly and efficiently performed by less well-educated women, is a slightly more serious matter. If it be true, as we are taught in these days, that absolute cleanliness is a most essential factor in the recovery of a patient, and that in the doctor's absence the nurse is his vicar, then, I think, that housemaids' work is an important part of a nurse's training, and that nurse only is efficient who can clean a room so deftly and well as not to disturb her patient. If, however, nurses are to be mere carpet-knights, and never to soil their hands, but merely shake the patient's pillow, give him his medicine, and look nice in a carefully-chosen uniform, then let hospitals pursue the cheapest and easiest course, and employ servants to do this work. This, I am sure, would be resented by the best nurses, who in realizing the necessity of cleanliness, do not wish to escape from the occasional hardness implied by it.

With much more reason do nurses sometimes grumble at the shortness of their time off duty, and as I believe that in most hospitals, though the hours may be different the length of time allowed for recreation and exercise is the same, I will state what the times of duty in this hospital are. Probationers during their three years' training are off duty—

1st week, from 6 P.M. till 8.45 P.M. twice;
from 2 P.M. till 5 P.M. once.
2nd week, from 6 P.M. till 8.45 P.M. once;
from 2 P.M. till 8.45 P.M. once.
3rd week, from 6 P.M. till 8.45 P.M. twice;
from 2 P.M. till 5 P.M once.

4th week, from 6 P.M. till 8.45 P.M. once;
from 7 A.M till 8.45 P.M. once.
Sundays, from 10.30 A.M. till 12.45 P.M.; or,
from 2 P.M. till 5 P.M.; or,
from 6 P.M. till 9 P.M.,

as may be arranged.

The Sisters, who are the head nurses of the separate wards, are off duty from 6 to 9, alternate evenings; one half-day from 2 till 10 P.M. once a fortnight; and from 4 P.M. on Saturday till noon on the following Monday once a month. Probationary nurses are allowed fourteen days' holiday each year; Sisters thirty-one days.

Another cause of complaint is that nurses' food is not well-cooked, and that they are not allowed sufficient time to eat it. This, of course, in any institution is a serious and self-evident fault, and one which a moderate amount of care would obviate. The nurses' food should never be left in the hands of the steward. I have never found it good or sufficient when this has been the case. Housekeeping is by practice and heredity woman's work, and it seems to me that the best arrangement is one in which there is a good housekeeper, working under the Matron, the accounts being left in the hands of the steward, or should the hospital be a small one, the Matron can combine her work with housekeeping. A faulty commissariat results in much gastric trouble and general ill-health among the nurses, and consequently needless trouble and expense to the hospital. It is generally the result of an imperfect knowledge of housekeeping, or a lack of interest in the official at the head of the department, who should have a thorough training in housekeeping and domestic management, as well as nursing, before undertaking so important a post. The bill of fare ought to be varied as much as possible, within reasonable limits; roast and boiled beef, varied by roast and boiled mutton, soon becomes unappetising. It would certainly be wise to add soup or fish and pudding, as often as practicable. It must be borne in mind, however, that they are much more expensive than meat, owing to the fact that they are more difficult to prepare, and more attendants are needed in any kitchen where they are much used. Nurses are usually allowed half an hour for dinner, and the same for tea and supper. In St. Thomas's Hospital they used to be allowed three-quarters of an hour; but this is, I think, exceptional. Half an hour

seems to me ample time for a dinner of two courses, and I notice here, where nurses are not allowed to rise until grace is said at the end of the half hour, that they will in many cases read for ten minutes before it.

I have kept what may possibly be considered the most serious complaint till the last, namely that nurses work fourteen hours a day. I cannot altogether defend this, but I think I can show extenuating circumstances in mitigation. Nurses are not kept hard at work all these hours. They go on duty at 7 A.M., and for the next three hours they really work hard, making beds, scrubbing lockers, sweeping, polishing, dusting, and doing the hundred-and-one things that produce that air of comfort and cleanliness so characteristic of a well-kept hospital. After 10 o'clock there is a considerable pause. The patients having been well attended to, and having had their lunch, are rarely in want of anything, and the nurses now have leisure to do a little sewing, or other ward work. The House Physician or Surgeon makes his round without creating much bustle. At noon the nurses go to dinner, and at 12.30 the patients' dinner is usually served. Then the ward is tidied up, and made ready for the visiting physician or surgeon, who always produces a pleasurable excitement as he goes from bed to bed, followed by his class of students. Tea for the patients is served at 4 P.M., and for the nurses at 4.30 P.M. Then follows a very quiet time till 6 P.M., when a sort of miniature repetition of the morning's work is done. All being finished at 8 P.M., the gas is turned down, and the nurses wait in quietness until 9 o'clock, when, on the arrival of the night nurses, they go off to supper. I do not say that nurses have never more to do than this. I know there are times when they work hard all day, and have hardly a moment to sit down; but I know also there are times when they have not even so much to do as I have stated; but as the exigencies of a ward vary very much, and as we can never hope to reduce human ailments and wants to a machine-like regularity, the evils arising from this variability must be endured. Looked at in this light, the fourteen hours' work does not seem such a hardship, and there is apparently no help for it at present, as I doubt if any of the authorities in hospitals would feel justified in incurring the enormous expense which would necessarily be entailed by the increase of the nursing staff sufficiently to allow of shorter hours.

That the public should grumble, seems to me a small matter; but that many of the complaints should originate with nurses

themselves, seems much more serious. However, I think I may venture, in the name of almost all women who take up nursing as an earnest life-work, to repudiate the complaint that deals with the cleaning necessary in a ward or sick room. There are of course, many women entering the profession of nursing whose sense of honour is not high, and whose appreciation of the dignity of labour is not great; but who see in nursing either the means of gaining a livelihood, or a way to escape from the rather dull and petty routine of a single girl's life at home. They like the *éclat* of doing a noble work, and the independence which is essential to it, but are unwilling to do more work than they can help to attain their desire. There are, however, other women who, in taking up nursing, often as a means of livelihood, do so with the highest motives, and who, in rendering themselves independent, have at the same time the great pleasure of helping others in their struggle through life. From this class come all our best Matrons, Sisters, and nurses, and to them is due the high position nursing holds as a profession for women. Their patients are sentient human creatures, whose tempers must be studied, and whose feelings must be considered; not mere models by which they can become adepts in a comfortable profession. I do not find this desirable woman very often among nurses, nor do I find her wholly confined to the class who insist that they are "ladies." There is another class of women who join our ranks, many of them useful good women, but who do not possess the robust health capable of bearing the necessary strain. To those the work in the wards seems an unnecessary waste of strength, for if it were not for that, they might acquire an interesting and useful profession. We cannot help sympathising with them, but this work, in soon showing them their unfitness for the life they have chosen, is really their best friend. No woman not in sound physical health should attempt to take up nursing as a profession. She ruins her health, and occupies a valuable appointment, which might be filled by a stronger and more useful woman. In nursing, as in most things, the weakest must go to the wall.

The life of a nurse, when lived conscientiously, can never be easy, and it is sometimes, even now, made harder by petty tyranny and small irritating rules which tend to cramp the mind and train women into mere nursing machines—never satisfactory or sympathetic articles. But hospitals where this is the case are in a fast decreasing minority. The old habit of fencing a nurse

round with useless rules and soul-wearying restrictions, is fast dying out. The heads of institutions are realizing that nurses are in most cases reliable fellow-creatures, who will do the work that duty requires of them well, if the motive be but self-interest. And as the Matrons of hospitals are now nearly all trained nurses, and have therefore had ample opportunities of enlarging their minds, the petty tyrant is becoming rather rare.

Notwithstanding the hard work, the necessary discipline, and the want of leisure, there is no life, I think, happier than that of a nurse in a hospital to which a medical school is attached. The interest in the work is so acute, the life around so changing, the character she sees and can study so varied, the touch she obtains with the science of the day so fresh, and the independence and freedom of her life so great in comparison with the rather narrow life which every single woman must live in her home circle. I have watched with much interest the effect of this larger life on the characters of the many nurses with which I have come in contact. In a very few cases it is demoralising; but in the large majority the view of life is widened, and many a silly girl grows into a useful woman. There are a few—would there were many more!—whose mental growth you can see almost from day to day; their views enlarge and their moral natures expand like a flower under the rays of the sun into the perfect blossom of true womanhood. All the details of the sorrow and sin of life which they must know as nurses only widen their natures, and leave no stain. To be "Sister" of a ward, where the "hearts of her patients do safely trust her," and when she feels herself the trusted colleague of her surgeon or physician—that is happiness indeed. There is enough bodily labour in a nurse's work to keep her in good condition, and sufficient mental work to interest and occupy her mind; and yet not so much as to be too great a strain to a healthy woman. There are few such opportunities of development open to women, or for the real enjoyment that comes from a useful and busy life.

ISLA STEWART,

Matron and Superintendent of Nursing,
St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.

MARCIA.

By W. E. NORRIS.

Author of "Thirlby Hall," &c.

PART II.—CHAPTER XXIX.

OLD FRIENDS MEET AGAIN.

Speaking generally, it may be said that towns which have a season should be carefully avoided out of that season, save by persons whose natural hilarity is so great that they can endure the sight of closed shutters and forsaken streets, and can keep up their spirits amid scenes which have all the melancholy of a desert without its grandeur and mystery. Nobody, for instance, would be in London during the month of September if he could help it, or at Nice in July or at Cowes in January. Certain places, however, there are which do not lose all their cheerfulness and gaiety (perhaps because they have not a superabundance to lose), when the quiet time of the year comes round, and amongst these Torquay may claim to be counted. Torquay is, of course, a winter resort. Nobody denies—nor would it be worth anybody's while to deny, in the face of the statistics which doctors and other learned persons have at their fingers' ends—that during the nine cold months of the year Torquay is a little less cold than the rest of the United Kingdom; but what is not so generally admitted, because not so generally known, is that this favoured spot, besides being comparatively warm in winter, is decidedly cool in summer. It is in summer that the well-to-do residents go away for change of air; it is in summer that many of the innumerable and oddly named villas which cover its hills are to be let upon moderate terms, and it is in summer that the place acquires a beauty and charm which can hardly be said to belong to it when the sea is no longer blue and when the leaves have fallen from the trees.

It was partly in consequence of the natural advantages of the place, and principally in consequence of the annual reduction in house-rent which has been mentioned, that a certain small villa had been made ready to receive temporary tenants one fine August afternoon. The proprietors of the villa, in accordance with a common custom, had left their servants behind them, and these functionaries were awaiting, with the serene impartiality which characterises irremovable persons of all ranks, the advent of employers who might possibly be unreasonable enough to be dissatisfied with them, but who could have no power to dismiss them.

"Gentleman's a hartist I understand," the butler was saying to the housemaid. "I don't think much of hartists, without 'tis hamatyoors. What I mean to say, a man as gets his livin' by paintin' pictures don't take rank with the harmy or the navy. I've told cook to say to 'em as they must dine middle o' the day on Sunday or else 'ave their dinner cold. And *then* I shouldn't wait upon 'em. On'y three in family, I think you said, Mary?"

The housemaid nodded. "And bringing no lady's maid, which sounds as if they was a shabby lot. I did hear tell as they'd been living abroad for a number of years and was bad off. Sometimes the pore ones is more liberal than the rich, though."

The butler, a man of experience, shook his head. "Not when servants' wages is included in the rent," said he despondently. "When they goes to stay with their friends 'tis different, because then they don't want to be known for what they are, you see; but the moment there's no call to show off a hartist is a mean feller, you may depend."

In this particular instance, however, the butler was mistaken. During the twelve years which had elapsed since his marriage Cecil Archdale's nature had not changed, nor had he become more careful with regard to money matters, although he had now a good deal less money to throw away. His outward appearance, too, had scarcely altered for the worse as much as that of most men does after they have taken leave of youth and entered upon that prolonged period of middle age when looks are of small importance. As he jumped out of the fly which had brought him and his belongings from the station, the expectant servants beheld a man who was still handsome, if a trifle too stout, whose hair had not yet begun to turn grey and whose face was not furrowed by care. He might very well have passed for being six or seven years younger than he actually was.

The same compliment could not have been conscientiously paid to his wife. Marcia's dark tresses had plenty of white threads in them; her eyes had become sunken; her complexion was a thing of the past. She had grown old; the expression of her face, when in repose, showed that she had also grown sad; and as she entered the house, followed by her little daughter, a child of eleven, the listlessness of her movements seemed to afford evidence that she was out of conceit with a world which had treated her neither better nor very much worse than she had deserved. She had perhaps been more unhappy in her second marriage than in her first; yet, since she had never admitted this to herself, the point must be regarded as doubtful; for of course nobody can really be more unhappy than he is conscious of being. Marcia, at all events, had been conscious of much anxiety and distress of mind. Her husband had proved himself just the sort of husband that she might have expected him to be; he had been in love with her for almost a year after their wedding day; he had retained as much affection for her as her jealousy would allow an easy-going, good-natured man, who hated scenes, to retain; he had seldom spoken unkindly to her and had treated her, upon the whole, fairly well, although it cannot be denied that he had more than once given her reasonable excuse for being jealous. He had, however, deteriorated during their long sojourn abroad, which had only been broken by occasional flying visits to their native land and which to a man of his indolent, sensuous temperament had been inevitably harmful. It is quite possible that poverty and the bracing rigours of a northern climate might have made a great artist of Cecil Archdale; but he had lacked these incentives to exertion and was now past the age at which fortune and renown are likely to be acquired. In the course of a dozen years he had painted some half dozen good pictures, and had been well paid for them, and had promptly spent the money. He had not been altogether forgotten, but he certainly had not increased his fame and he was spoken of as having failed to carry out the promise of his youth. The worst of it was that he knew this and did not care. What he had come to care a great deal for was material comfort, and especially for that important part of it which depends upon a good dinner.

"I do trust," he said earnestly to Marcia, who was taking stock of the small drawing-room, "that these people have left us a decent cook. I never heard of anything more risky than hiring a house and servants without having seen either. Do you

think it looks the sort of house in which people would live like civilized beings?"

Marcia shrugged her shoulders. "There is no kitchen-maid," she answered, "and I should imagine that the cook's wages would be under thirty pounds a year. We can't expect to get a *cordon bleu* thrown in for the rent that we are paying, and as we can't possibly afford to give more——"

"Oh yes, I know," interrupted Archdale hastily. "For heaven's sake, don't let us talk about economy; it is bad enough to be obliged to practise it! Torquay may be a very nice place for people of slender means to spend the summer in; but I don't think I should select it if I were as rich as Lady Wetherby. I wonder what she does with herself here all day long!"

"She sits in the garden and looks at the view, I believe," answered Marcia. "At least, that is what she told me in her letter that she did. I suppose, now that her daughter is out, she has more gaiety than she cares about during the London season and is glad enough of a little rest and solitude when it is over."

"Quite so; the only difference between me and Lady Wetherby is that my daughter is not out, that she would not see much of London gaiety if she were, and that, although we appear to have a small garden, we haven't any view to speak of. Well, I suppose we shall manage to pull through somehow. The least that Lady Wetherby can do, after bringing us here, is to suggest to us some means of whiling away the time without yawning our heads off."

The responsibility which Mr. Archdale thus sought to fix upon Lady Wetherby was not quite justified by facts. Marcia and her former schoolfellow had not met for many years, though they had kept up an intermittent correspondence, and the latter had scarcely expected a chance phrase in one of her letters to be taken literally. "If you really think of coming to England in the summer," she had written, "and if, as you say, you can't make up your minds what watering-place to patronise, let me recommend Torquay. You won't find much in the way of amusement there; but, by writing to one of the local house-agents, you will easily get a comfortable villa at a low rent, and you will be within reach of an old friend who would be delighted to see you again."

Upon the strength of that encouragement Marcia had decided to delight an old friend. Since her second marriage she had made many new friends, but none who had quite filled Laura's place and, of course, none so intimately acquainted with the story

of her life. It was, therefore, with anticipations of receiving sympathy as well as condolence that she betook herself, on the following morning, to Malton Lodge, which was the name given by Lady Wetherby to her prettily situated villa on the summit of the Lincombe hill. For indeed she believed that she had every right to claim both.

Nevertheless, she could not help feeling a little chilled and a little envious when a butler and two powdered footmen opened the door for her and ushered her into a luxuriously furnished drawing-room. It may very well be doubted whether the possession of two footmen, instead of one, adds much to anybody's happiness, or whether the floury appearance of these menials' heads enhances their attractiveness very greatly in the eyes of their employers; but such signs and symbols of wealth are full of significance to less fortunate people, and while Marcia, sitting beside an open window and gazing across lawns and flower-beds and shrubs at the expanse of blue sea beyond, awaited her friend, she reflected somewhat bitterly upon the unequal hand with which the favours of fortune are distributed. It seemed to her that she had started in the race of life under conditions at least as favourable as Laura Beaumont had done: as regarded looks, at all events, the advantage had certainly been upon her side. Yet, now that she had reached middle age, she was anxious, troubled and in straitened circumstances, whereas Laura had all that the heart of woman could desire. So she sighed and repined, as the immense majority of mankind would doubtless do if they had time to be so foolish; and probably this consciousness of having been unfairly treated had something to do with the lack of cordiality which she displayed when a stout, grey-haired lady rushed into the room and embraced her.

But Lady Wetherby was cordial enough for two. "My dear Marcia," she exclaimed, "what a pleasure this is! I made up my mind years and years ago that you would live and die in some foreign land and that I should never hear the sound of your voice again. You aren't as much altered as I expected you to be; I should have known you at once if I had met you in the street. You wouldn't have known me, though—would you now?"

"Not if I had met you in the street, perhaps," answered Marcia, a little mollified; "but I should have recognized your voice at once. And now that I look at you, I can see that you are still the same good, kind-hearted old Laura as ever. Well I daresay you have had nothing to spoil your temper."

"I have been very fortunate and very happy," Lady Wetherby admitted. "Wetherby has grown up into the best of sons, and indeed he has never given me any serious anxiety. As for Evelyn, I am sometimes told that I have spoilt her, but I can't see that the spoiling has done her much harm and I don't think it will prevent her from securing an excellent husband when the time comes. I really haven't a word to tell you about myself, because everything has gone smoothly with me; but I should like to hear how the world has treated you all this time."

Marcia had a good many grievances and was not averse to dilating upon some of them. She did not say that she had been made miserable by her husband's numerous and more or less platonic friendships with other women; but she confessed that his idleness and improvidence had embittered her life. "And," sighed Marcia, "the whole burden of manipulating the budget has fallen upon me. It hasn't been an easy task, I can assure you. Some men—Cecil is one of them—can't live without small daily luxuries which cost a great deal of money, and I don't think I myself am a particularly good hand at saving. We haven't been specially extravagant; but somehow or other we have always exceeded our income, and then we have made some unfortunate speculations, and altogether we haven't prospered. I want Cecil to stay in England now, if he will; it is a great mistake to let oneself drop out of sight and out of memory."

Lady Wetherby hardly knew what to suggest by way of consolation for a state of affairs which certainly did not sound promising. "Why didn't you bring your little daughter with you?" she asked. "I want so much to see her. Is she like you?"

"No," answered Marcia, smiling. "Flossie is more like her father than me. She is very pretty and a dear little thing, and I don't know what I should have done without her. And yet—she isn't what my dear Willie used to be to me. I suppose it isn't possible that anybody could ever fill his place."

"And haven't you seen him all this time?" Lady Wetherby inquired wonderingly.

Marcia shook her head. "I haven't seen him and I haven't heard from him; most likely he has forgotten me. Every now and then I have had news of him in a roundabout way through friends; I know that he is in the army now, and that he is well and happy: that ought to satisfy me, perhaps. But it doesn't."

"Of course it doesn't!" exclaimed Lady Wetherby warmly; "how could it? I never could understand your consenting to

part with him, Marcia ; but at any rate the reason that you gave me can't hold good now that he is a grown-up man. Sir George Brett must have forgiven you long ago."

"Well, I don't know ; if he has, he has never said so. But Willie is of age, and I daresay that to some extent he can please himself, and I presume that he doesn't give a strict account of all his actions to his uncle. In fact, the truth is that his regiment is quartered at Plymouth now, and that I have written to beg him to come over here and see me. Now you understand why I persuaded Cecil against his will to take a villa at Torquay for the summer."

Lady Wetherby laughed good-humouredly.

"Well," she answered, "I did flatter myself that my being here was the sole inducement ; but I am very glad indeed that it wasn't, and I hope you will soon have the joy of seeing your son again and finding him all that you could wish him to be."

"I hope so," said Marcia in a somewhat despondent tone. "It will be a joy to see him whatever he may be ; but one thing is certain—he won't be the Willie whom I lost. Did you ever go back to a place where you had once been very happy? If you have, you must have regretted your folly in having robbed yourself of a host of pleasant memories. I am not at all sure that I am wise in trying to bring about this meeting."

To Lady Wetherby, who was a good, motherly, unimaginative sort of woman, the selfishness implied in such a point of view was barely comprehensible. She herself loved her children because they were her children and because it was natural to do so ; it would never have occurred to her to wonder whether she had loved them better at this or at that period of their lives, or to regard them as ministering more or less to her personal gratification. She was about to express something of the bewilderment which her friend's words occasioned her when she was interrupted by the entrance of a tall, slim girl who stepped through the open window from the garden.

This was Lady Evelyn Foljambe, a young lady who, without being beautiful or even remarkably pretty, had nevertheless been more admired than many of her contemporaries who had a fair title to be considered one or the other. Her success may have been in some measure due to the redness of her lips, the whiteness of her teeth and a dimple which she had in her left cheek : the upper part of her head, too, was well shaped, her greyish-blue eyes did not lack expression, and her hair, of a bronze tinge,

grew prettily. But it is more probable that the charm which young men discovered in her had very little to do with her outward appearance She glanced for a moment at the stranger and then, in an interrogative way, at her mother, who said :

"Evelyn, dear, you remember Mrs. Archdale, who was so kind to you when you were recovering from the scarlet fever?"

"Quite well," answered Evelyn, smiling and extending her hand. "For a long time after that I used to ask periodically what had become of Mrs. Archdale, but as nobody could tell me, I gave up asking at last in despair."

She sat down beside Marcia and was very talkative and pleasant. Perhaps a shade too completely at her ease to give satisfaction to a woman of twice her age. Whether for that reason, or for some other which it would have been difficult to specify, Marcia did not take to her, and it soon appeared that she, on her side, had not taken to Marcia; for no sooner had the latter departed, than she wrinkled up her nose in an expressive manner at her mother, without speaking.

"My dear," protested Lady Wetherby, who understood what this meant, "Marcia Archdale is one of my oldest and best friends."

"Yes, mother; but she isn't one of mine," returned this impertinent young woman; "so I can form a perfectly impartial opinion of her. I won't distress you by announcing it, though. Is she going to stay here long?"

"For the rest of the summer I should think," answered Lady Wetherby. "From what she told me, I imagine that it is an object with them to live economically; and then she wishes to be near her son, who is quartered at Plymouth with his regiment, and whom she hasn't seen since he was a little boy. I must have told you her story, poor thing!—how she had to give the boy up to his uncle, Sir George Brett, and how she was forbidden to meet him."

Lady Evelyn nodded. "And now the boy has turned into a man and a soldier, and I suppose he will come over here to renew acquaintance with his mother. That may be rather interesting. If he is at all nice he will help to relieve the monotony of this out-of-the-way place a little."

"One can't call a place that is within six hours of London out-of-the-way," remonstrated Lady Wetherby, who had never been able to imbue her daughter with any liking for Torquay as a residence.

"That depends," rejoined Lady Evelyn. "Six hours north of

London is in the way. If one lived in the Midlands or even at Wetherby, one's friends would perch with one for a night or two on their flight to or from Scotland; but as nobody goes to the Land's End, nobody ever comes here."

"Yachting people do," Lady Wetherby observed. "Mr. Mortimer, for instance, said he would make a point of putting into Torbay in the autumn."

"Well, of course that is a great treat to look forward to; but in the meantime it wouldn't be disagreeable to have a chance of exchanging ideas with some other fellow-mortal. So, as I said before, I trust Mrs. Archdale's son may turn out to be nicer than Mrs. Archdale."

"He was a very nice boy," remarked Lady Wetherby musingly. "Poor little fellow! I meant to keep on eye upon him, and have him to stay with us in the holidays sometimes, and try to be kind to him; but I lost sight of him somehow or other—as one does."

"We will make up for lost time by being kind to him now, if he seems to deserve it," Lady Evelyn declared. "Was he good-looking when he was a boy?"

But it now occurred to Lady Wetherby that enough had been said about this unimportant young gentleman; so she answered rather shortly: "Oh, no; quite ordinary. If anything, I should say that he promised to grow up a plain man. Besides, it is not likely that we shall see much of him if he does come here."

CHAPTER XXX.

WILLIE AS A MAN.

Lady Wetherby's recollection of Willie Brett may have been, and probably was, rather indistinct. It has already been said that he was not a particularly handsome boy; yet if, on the day following that of her mention of him to her daughter she could have been transported to the Plymouth barracks and could have seen a certain young officer, as he reclined in a camp-chair, clad in the becoming undress uniform of the British line, she would doubtless have admitted that he was not a plain man, though she might have held to her opinion that he was ordinary. For indeed there is nothing extraordinary in broad shoulders or in a spare, well-knit, sinewy frame, or even in one

of those waxy complexions which go with black hair and eyes and of which the pallor is in no way inconsistent with perfect health. Yet these things, taken in conjunction with a kindly expression of countenance and with that general air of being a gentleman which cannot be defined in words, make up a whole quite pleasing enough to meet the requirements of any member of the male sex; nor in truth would the young officer in question have lacked sincere admirers among the young ladies of Plymouth if his tastes had inclined him towards flirtation.

But he was not at all given that way, being modest and a trifle bashful in the society of women, of whose general qualities he entertained, for some reason or other, no exalted opinion. Life for him meant, in the way of work, soldiering, and in the way of relaxation, hunting and reading. At all of these pursuits he was, if not first-rate, decidedly above mediocrity; he found them sufficient to occupy his time and keep him out of mischief, and he did not care to seek the attractions which most garrison towns have to offer.

Now, however, he was for once looking a little troubled. He had been reading a letter which lay open upon his knees and of which the contents had been such as to cause him some anxious thoughts. It was only natural that he should have learnt to regard his mother, who for twelve years had never communicated with him either by pen or by word of mouth, as virtually dead. He had not forgotten her, nor had his affection for the mother whom he had known diminished; but he had long before this taken it for granted that she must have forgotten him, and he had given up all idea of attempting to recall himself to her remembrance. His uncle and aunt had spoken of her before him every now and again. They had heard that she and her good-for-nothing artist were living far beyond their means in Venice. They had heard (although this did not happen to be true) that she treated her second husband with as much indifference as she had treated her first, and rumours which were not altogether without foundation had reached them to the effect that Mr. Archdale was a good deal less exemplary in a marital capacity than poor Eustace Brett had been. All these things they had judged it wise to mention in the young fellow's presence, so that he might see how much he had to be thankful for and from what a deplorable fate he had been saved. They did not produce precisely that effect upon him; but some effect they did produce, for they made him less anxious to renew

acquaintance with Mrs. Archdale and more disposed to think of her only as what she had been when she had borne his own name. On his coming of age Sir George had thought fit to give him a word of warning.

"You are now practically your own master, Willie," he had said. "You are no longer a boy, and as you have a man's responsibilities you may claim a man's liberty. Nevertheless, I am entitled to tell you what my wishes are upon certain points, and one of these is that you should keep yourself entirely clear of the Archdales. They have become disreputable; they have become impecunious, and it is not difficult to foresee that some day or other they will apply to you for pecuniary assistance. When that event takes place I shall expect you to inform me of it, that's all. In my view your mother has no sort of claim upon you; but that may not be your view, and I have good reason to know that you cling to your views with considerable obstinacy. I don't forbid you to meet her when she asks you to do so, as she undoubtedly will: I only request that there may be nothing clandestine about the meeting, and that you will bear in mind my wish that you should see as little of her and her husband as possible."

Willie had made the required promise without hesitation. It had never been his custom to do anything after a clandestine fashion, nor had he ever given any undertaking that he would refuse to meet his mother should she express a desire for him to do so. It was therefore no fear of arousing his uncle's displeasure that drew horizontal wrinkles upon his smooth forehead when Marcia's unexpected summons reached him. What troubled him was an emotion somewhat akin to that which his mother had expressed to Lady Wetherby and which had so puzzled that excellent woman. He wanted to preserve, if he could, certain memories of his childhood which were dear to him; he did not much want to be embraced by a stranger, the sight of whom must necessarily cause those memories to become indistinct, and he could not help feeling that the proposed interview would probably bring about disappointment for both parties to it. For, after all, there was no getting over the fact that his mother had left him to his own devices during twelve long years, and perhaps the somewhat exaggerated language of affection which Marcia had employed in her letter served rather to increase than to diminish his sense of distance from her. It was not easy to believe in the sincerity of such

language. He would have preferred a more frank recognition of the truth, an honest admission that she had chosen to devote her life to her husband rather than to her son, but that she now felt eager—as she very naturally might—to see with her own eyes what sort of a man the latter had grown up into and to hear with her own ears that he had not lost all recollection of bygone happy days. To an appeal of that nature he could have responded with all his heart; but he did not feel quite equal to meeting the demand made upon him for a renewal of the old tie upon the old terms. He had, in short, the habit of looking things in the face, and when he was asked to ignore the obvious—a request with which most women and not a few men can comply readily enough—he had no answer to make, except that it was out of his power to do so.

It was, however, within his power to obtain a few days' leave from his colonel, and evidently that was the only course open to him. As soon as he had made sure of being able to visit Torquay, he answered his mother's letter, telling her when she might expect him. His composition, which had necessitated the tearing up of several sheets of paper, did not satisfy him, for he perceived that, in spite of all his efforts, it had a cold and slightly distrustful ring; but he was too poor a hand at self-deception to be capable of deceiving others, so he had to let it go, such as it was. Perhaps, he thought, she might understand what his feelings were, and might make excuses for him which it was out of the question that he should put forward on his own account.

The letter which he despatched by the same post to Sir George Brett did not give him nearly so much trouble. In this he merely mentioned that his mother had begged him to go over to Torquay, where she was staying, and that he intended to spend a day or two with her shortly. "I don't think she will ask me for a loan," he added, smiling as he wrote down the words—for his uncle's firm conviction that what everybody chiefly desired in this world was to get hold of money had always seemed to him a little comical—"but I daresay she will ask me to go and see her again, unless Mr. Archdale objects, and I suppose you will not mind very much if I do."

Now, it was by no means unlikely that Sir George would mind a good deal; but his nephew, who was fully aware of this probability, was not in the least disturbed by it. Willie Brett had not only managed to preserve his independence, but had

successfully asserted it more than once. He could not but acknowledge that he owed a great deal to his uncle, only he did not consider, and never had considered, that he owed him implicit obedience in all things.

So it was not at all of the prejudices and animosities of Sir George that he was thinking as, a few days after this, he sat pensively in the fly which was taking him from the Torquay station to his mother's temporary abode. What made him feel nervous and anxious was uncertainty as to how much would be expected of him in the meeting which was at hand, and fear lest he should fall short of reasonable expectation. He could not yet tell whether or not he was going to see once more the same mother whom he had once loved so dearly; but he suspected that all these years must have altered her greatly, and he knew that they had altered him, and he was painfully conscious of his inability to conceal his impressions.

Happily, however, it so fell out that he was not called upon to feign anything that he did not feel; for no sooner had he reached his destination than the front door was flung open and a lady rushed out to meet him who gave him no time to notice her grey hairs or the lines upon her cheeks. He felt her warm kisses upon his own and the trembling pressure of her arms round his neck, and it was the old familiar voice, broken by sobs, that whispered in his ear, "Oh, my own dear boy, how glad—how *glad* I am!"

Well, after that, there was no difficulty as to demeanour nor any need for pretence. The young fellow's heart—which, indeed, was a soft one—was deeply stirred; he forgot all his doubts and grievances, and when she had led him into the drawing-room, and had made him sit down upon a sofa beside her, he was able to say with perfect truth that she could not be more glad to look upon his face again than he was to look upon hers. And if closer inspection gave him something of a shock (for of course twelve more or less troublesome years must needs leave ineffaceable traces upon the countenance of a woman who has left the prime of life far behind her), yet her voice and her quick impulsive manner remained what they had been, and he laughed when she held him at arm's length, just as she had been wont to do of old, scrutinizing him from head to foot with fond, proud eyes.

"I'm not much to look at, am I?" said he.

"Not much?—that depends upon what you call much.

There must be two yards of you at the very least. I always knew you would be a tall man. And I'm sure I don't know whether you are good-looking or not; but I know that if I were a girl, instead of being your mother, I should fall over head and ears in love with you at once. Do they generally fall in love with you? But of course they do."

"Oh, no, I don't think so," answered Willie, laughing and blushing a little. "At least, if they do they have kept it very dark so far. I don't go much into ladies' society; there are plenty of other fellows in the regiment who go in for that sort of thing, and do it better than I should."

"Yes, I daresay; I can quite imagine them. Appalling beings with waxed moustaches and loud clothes who are mistaken for men of fashion by garrison belles. What made you join a line regiment, Willie? I should have thought you would have gone into the Guards, or at least into the cavalry."

"So Uncle George said," remarked the young man, smiling good-humouredly; "he seemed to think that the Royal Devonshire Rifles wasn't nearly good enough for the nephew of a banker, though most people would tell you that it isn't a bad regiment. At all events, I can live quite comfortably upon my income in it, and I doubt whether I could have done that in the Guards or the cavalry."

"But he makes you some allowance over and above what you have of your own, I presume," said Marcia.

"No; he offered to do so, and I am sure he would have been very glad if I had accepted his offer; but I didn't see my way to it. It is best to be your own master if you can, I think, particularly when you have insisted upon taking your own way. Uncle George was dead against my being a soldier at all; he wanted me to go into the bank. But I couldn't do that; so, after a great many rows and discussions, he gave way."

"Stupid old man!" exclaimed Marcia. "As if he hadn't grubbed up money enough to keep you and all your children and grandchildren in luxury! He is just the same as ever, I suppose?"

"I don't think he has changed very much," answered Willie. "He has grown older, of course, and he has attacks of gout pretty often. Aunt Caroline is quite an invalid now."

"That can't be called a change, for she never was anything else, by her own account. I daresay she will live to be a hundred, all the same. I needn't ask whether she is still the consummate hypocrite that she used to be."

This not being a question, Willie made no reply. His aunt was certainly rather hypocritical, but there had been no hypocrisy about her kindness to him, and he did not feel inclined to dwell upon her failings. To effect a change of subject, he presently began to relate his not very eventful experiences as an officer in the British army, and was somewhat surprised to find how little interest his mother displayed in them.

"Ah, well," she interrupted him by saying, "the past is over and done with, and it isn't always pleasant to think of it. The best way is to make the most of the present, which still belongs to us."

Nevertheless, she could not resist narrating some of her sorrows to him, and hinting at some of her disillusions. Willie had not very much to say in reply; but he looked as sympathetic as he could, and put in a murmur of commiseration here and there, so that she was not dissatisfied with him. About Mr. Archdale it was not possible for him to speak much, for he well remembered how he had disliked the man, and he could not say anything which might sound like "I told you so." But he was able, with unaffected interest, to make inquiries as to his little half-sister, whom Marcia presently summoned by ringing the bell.

"Flossie is a dear child and very pretty," said she. "She isn't a bit like you, though."

In truth Marcia had never felt half the love for her daughter that she had felt for her first-born, and had never made a friend and companion of her, as she had made of him. After the necessary delay required for the donning of her best frock and sash, Flossie appeared—a demure little golden-haired, blue-eyed maiden, who certainly bore no outward resemblance to Willie. However, she was very soon upon the best of terms with the latter; for he belonged to that species of human beings in whom children and dogs place immediate confidence, and her presence relieved a certain embarrassment and restraint of which both he and his mother were beginning to be conscious. Willie had taken the child upon his knee, and was listening gravely to a description of her dolls and their respective characteristics, when Archdale came in.

"Well, Brett," said that gentleman, holding out his hand, with a smile which was doubtless meant to be amiable, but which was somehow a little offensive to his stepson, "so you have found us out at last. Very glad to see you again. If I re-

member rightly, we weren't exactly friends in old days; but that is no reason why we shouldn't be friends now. The times have changed and we have changed with them, in accordance with the Latin grammar and the immutable laws which govern the world."

Willie said something civil, and thought to himself that if Mr. Archdale had changed with the times he had not changed for the better. But then, to be sure, a gentleman, like a poet, is born, not made, and the bad taste of his stepfather's speech was probably the result of a law of nature quite as immutable as any other. At all events, he had no more reason or wish to quarrel with the man than to become his friend. They would be able to tolerate one another for a few days, which was all that would be required of either of them.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LADY EVELYN.

Liberty, as all English-speaking people are convinced, is an invaluable boon, and no doubt the possession thereof, whether politically or socially, does give room for the expansion of individual as well as national character, and is, upon the whole, favourable to the growth of virtues rather than of vices. At the same time, a little discipline is no bad thing, as a corrective and a reminder that freedom does not mean the right to be a nuisance to your neighbours. The boys of the rising generation probably get as much of it, or nearly as much, as is required at school; but it seems open to question whether the girls of the rising generation get quite enough of it at home. Lady Evelyn Foljambe, for example, had been indulged to an extent which was perhaps scarcely prudent, and which so sensible a woman as her mother would never have dreamt of permitting in the early years of the present century. But Lady Wetherby belonged, like the rest of us, to her period, and thought, as other sensible people appear to think, that education is a process which can be successfully carried through without recourse to restraints or punishments. "You cannot," the fathers and mothers of the present day say in effect, "coerce anybody into being wise or honest or sober or pious: what you can do for your children is to set them an example of decent behaviour,

and to let them see, as far as may be possible, what is gained by self-denial and loss of self-seeking. When all is said and done, the choice must rest with them." It is pretty enough as a theory, but in practice it is very much like asking an unfledged bird to fly.

Evelyn Foljambe, who might now be considered full-fledged, since she had been presented and had passed through more than one London season, was not a very bad specimen of the modern young lady. She was very independent, rather self-willed and somewhat too self-confident; she knew more than one would wish—if one had any choice in the matter—that one's daughter should know; but perhaps she did not know a great deal more than the general run of her contemporaries, and as she had inherited a refined temperament, as well as some noble and generous qualities, the chances seemed to be that she would get into no serious mischief. Meanwhile, she had the reputation of being a flirt—which reputation, it must be confessed, she had done something to earn. For the rest, she was very fond of her mother, for whose convenience she often cheerfully sacrificed her own; otherwise she assuredly would not have spent, on an average, six months out of a year in a Torquay villa.

One sunny morning she had slung her hammock in a shady part of the garden belonging to that villa and was reclining therein, with her hands clasped behind her head. She had brought out a novel with her; but it had dropped out of her hand on to the grass, and it was not interesting enough to be worth the trouble of picking up again. Her own thoughts, to be sure, were not very interesting either; but such as they were, they were a little more so than the author's, so she gave them a free rein. As she lay there, gazing up through the sunlit foliage at the blue sky overhead, she was wondering how in the world she would manage to get through the summer without being bored to extinction, and amusing herself by imagining all sorts of exciting events which might conceivably happen, but were not in the least likely to happen. The first event of any importance that could be counted upon with certainty was the arrival in the autumn of Mr. Mortimer's yacht and its owner; and that could hardly be called an exciting incident, for as she had spent some time on board the yacht, and had danced repeatedly with its owner in London, neither of them possessed the attraction of novelty. Not that she had a word to say against the vessel or against Mr. Mortimer, for the matter of

that. She liked the latter a good deal better than she liked most of her partners; she was perfectly aware—although she was not supposed to be aware—that her mother and all her relations wished her to marry him, and since he was rich, well-connected and well-conducted, there was nothing surprising or unreasonable in their wish. She thought it quite on the cards that she might accept him when he proposed to her, as he unquestionably would do before long; but she had not made up her mind, nor was she in any hurry to make it up.

And indeed the thought of this suitor was not one upon which she cared to linger for more than a few moments. She had forgotten all about him and was once more enjoying the pleasures of imaginative speculation when she was recalled to actualities by the sound of her mother's voice hard by.

"You will cut off a long piece of road by going down through the garden," Lady Wetherby was saying to some unseen person or persons. "You can't mistake your way, and you will find the little gate unlocked. Good-bye."

"Oh, bother!" ejaculated Evelyn under her breath; "what business have people to call this hour of the day! The chances are that they will see me, and full well I know that if they do see me they will pull up and hail me without the slightest compunction. The only thing to be done is to feign slumber. Unscrupulous as they are, I should think they would draw the line at shaking a person until she wakes."

She accordingly closed her eyes and became to all appearances unconscious of everything about her. But if her eyes were shut her ears were open, and the approaching tramp of a man's foot-fall upon the gravel path caused her to prick them up. This visitor, it seemed, was of the masculine gender and singular number. Furthermore, he was in the wrong case; because he had turned to the left instead of to the right, and the path which he had chosen would take him to Lady Evelyn's elbow, but not much farther. Under the circumstances, it was a question whether one ought not to conquer one's somnolence so far as to become aware of the strayed explorer and give him some friendly information as to his bearings—always supposing, of course, that inspection should prove him to be a fit object for benevolence. It was but a cursory inspection that Evelyn could make of him through her eyelashes when he came alongside and stopped short, as she had been sure that he would do, on perceiving the sleeping beauty in the hammock; but that brief glimpse

must have been satisfactory, for she at once sat up and looked smilingly at the stranger.

He took off his hat and said, "I beg your pardon."

"Not at all," answered Lady Evelyn politely. "Are you trying to find your way out?"

The tall, dark-haired young man whom she addressed replied that he was. "I am not a trespasser," he thought it right to explain; "I came with a message from my mother, Mrs. Archdale, and Lady Wetherby told me that I could get out by a gate at the bottom of the garden."

"Quite right," answered the young lady; "only this path doesn't lead to it, or anywhere else, except to the heap where the gardeners throw the cabbage-stalks and things which they are too lazy to burn. I'll go with you and show you where you ought to have kept straight on, instead of turning off at right angles," she added, with a deft movement which brought her feet to the ground.

"Oh, thank you, but I won't give you so much trouble," returned the unknown youth, who was much too modest to be embarrassed or to suspect that a great compliment was being paid to him.

"It isn't any trouble," Lady Evelyn kindly assured him. And as soon as she had quite disengaged herself from her hammock and had moved a few paces from it, she said, "If Mrs. Archdale is your mother, you must be Mr. Brett. We have met before, although I suppose you have forgotten it."

Willie showed his white teeth and answered, "No, I haven't forgotten it; but it was a very long time ago. I was a small boy in those days."

"Yes; and I was a still smaller girl. You were a friend of my brother's then, I think. Have you kept up your friendship with him?"

She knew very well that he had not; but she liked the look of him and wanted to make him talk to her, which he, for his part, was not in the least unwilling to do. He explained at some length and with a simplicity which confirmed her favourable impression of him, that he had not seen much of her brother at Eton, and nothing at all since he had left.

"Wetherby went to Oxford, I believe," he said, "and I didn't. I'm in the army now."

Lady Evelyn's previous acquaintance with young men had led her to the conclusion that nine out of ten of them are

ludicrously vain, silly, and self-conscious. As far as a middle-aged man is capable of judging, she was wrong; but it is certain that many persons of her sex, standing, and experience would pronounce her right, and it has to be remembered that they have opportunities of forming an opinion upon the subject which are denied to us. However that may be, she was greatly pleased with Willie Brett, who seemed to her, and probably was, quite unlike the average adolescent Briton. In a very few minutes she found out more about his tastes and views than his mother knew; she graciously imparted to him some of her own and showed herself so amiably disposed towards him that he did not hesitate to say:

"I hope you will join a little expedition of ours to Anstey's Cove this afternoon. My mother sent me to ask whether you would come, and Lady Wetherby has consented for herself, but wouldn't answer for you. Mr. Archdale has gone out there to make a sketch and we are to follow him and have tea on the beach. It doesn't sound a particularly attractive programme; still, if you had nothing better to do——"

"I certainly haven't anything better to do," replied Lady Evelyn, "and I should like very much to join the tea-party, thank you. We shall drive, I suppose?"

Willie answered that Lady Wetherby had kindly offered to take him and his mother in her carriage, and that he presumed that the offer would be accepted. "Flossie—my small half-sister, you know—can go in a fly with the kettle and the provisions," he added.

A few hours later this arrangement was carried into effect. Anstey's Cove, a more or less secluded bathing-resort with which summer visitors to Torquay are well acquainted, has always captivated the artistic eye by reason of the colouring of the rocks and cliffs which surround it as well as the sweep of coast-line which stretches away from its shores towards Portland Bill in the far distance, and although Mr. Archdale was not a landscape painter, he sometimes, when he was in the mood, painted landscapes. Being in the mood for it that day, he had transported his easel, his luncheon-basket and the rest of his paraphernalia thither after breakfast, and by the time that his wife and her friends arrived upon the scene of his labours he had achieved results which he hoped would ultimately place a comfortable sum of money in his pocket. It was as conducing towards that end that he had learnt to value the talent that he possessed, and when

Lady Wetherby, after having expressed the pleasure that it gave her to renew acquaintance with him, scrutinised his work and praised it, he answered laughingly:

"Oh, it isn't worth much. One or two men have taken up this line and have got the monopoly of the market. I am not considered to be an adept at depicting Nature, so I shan't be very well paid, whether I deserve it or not."

"But the great thing," observed Lady Wetherby, "is to deserve it."

"Oh, no," returned the artist, shaking his head gravely, "the great thing is to get the pay, and the next best thing is to be able to do without it. Unfortunately for me, I am not in either of those enviable positions."

He was in a good humour that afternoon (his good humour was no longer as continuous as it had been in former years); he left his work to assist Lady Wetherby's rather inefficient footman in making up a fire and boiling the kettle; he evidently wished to be pleasant, and doubtless he would have succeeded in being so if the three people for whose benefit he was exerting himself had not been hopelessly prejudiced against him. Willie and Lady Wetherby could, if they had chosen, have given good reasons for their prejudice; but Evelyn, who knew nothing about the man except that he was Mrs. Archdale's husband, could have specified none. However, it was not, in her opinion, necessary to specify reasons for liking or disliking anybody. This stout, elderly artist, who assumed some of the airs and graces of a youth in addressing her, struck her as a contemptible sort of personage, and she took but little trouble to conceal what she thought of him. On the other hand, she decidedly liked and felt interested in Willie; so, as soon as the tea and cakes had been almost disposed of, she asked him whether there were any fish to be caught thereabouts.

Willie replied that he really didn't know, but that he should imagine so.

"Well, then, couldn't you get a boat and some lines from that old fisherman who has been hovering round us for the last quarter of an hour? We might go out and try our luck while Mr. Archdale finishes his picture and our respective mothers talk about whatever it is that mothers always talk about and seem to find such an inexhaustible subject."

The proposition was referred to Lady Wetherby and Marcia, neither of whom had anything to urge against it. A shady spot

was discovered where they could sit and rest their backs upon an overhanging rock; Archdale returned to his easel; Flossie obtained permission to take off her shoes and stockings and wade in the pools; and, everybody else's tastes having thus been thoughtfully provided for, Lady Evelyn and Willie were free to consult their own. One of them, as has already been mentioned, had no great experience of or fancy for such interviews as that which now seemed to be before him; yet he was not so abnormal a young man as to dislike the idea of it, nor was he altogether unconscious of the compliment that Lady Evelyn had paid him in suggesting it.

Now, when the boat had been pushed off and the lines dropped over the side, it appeared that she did not, after all, care very much for the pastime upon which she was ostensibly engaged. "Oh, it doesn't matter," she said, in answer to her companion's remark that the weather was not very propitious for their purpose; "sea-fishing is poor sport at the best of times. Are you fond of sport?"

"I am fond of hunting," replied Willie.

"So am I; but I never have any except when we are at Wetherby. We generally stay here through half the winter, and of course it isn't worth while to go out for the sake of such hunting as one can get in these parts. Torquay is a slow enough place for a woman, but what it must be for a man I tremble to think of. How will you manage to endure existence here?"

"Oh, I think I could endure it pretty well, if I were obliged," answered Willie, smiling; "it is a very pretty place, and I am not particularly exacting. However, I shan't have time to get tired of it, for I shall have to return to duty the day after to-morrow."

"So soon!" ejaculated the girl—and he could not but notice and be gratified by the evident disappointment with which she received this news—"I thought you were away from your regiment on leave. But you will come back again perhaps?"

"Well, I don't quite know. I shall get long leave in the autumn, but whether I shall spend part of it here or not will have to depend upon other people. My real home is with my uncle, and I expect he will want me to be at Blaydon, where he lives, when the pheasant-shooting begins. Besides, I am not sure that my mother and Mr. Archdale will ask me to pay them a second visit."

As the result of some rumination over the above speech,

Lady Evelyn observed, "It must be horrid to have a stepfather. Don't you hate him?"

"I don't know much about him," answered Willie; "I haven't seen him since I was a boy. It would be rather unfair to hate him for being my stepfather, though, wouldn't it?"

"I daresay it would; but I should hate him for that reason, all the same. Added to which, I am quite inclined to believe that I should hate him for his own sake. And I can see by the way you look at him that you do."

Willie laughed—he had a low, boyish kind of laugh which the least experienced of human beings could recognize as that of an honest fellow. "I'm sorry if I looked murderous at him," said he. "I have no right to hate him that I know of; but I wasn't very fond of him in old days, and I suppose he isn't quite the sort of man whom I ever should choose to make a friend of."

"At all events, I wouldn't allow him to stand between me and my mother if I were you," Lady Evelyn declared.

She may have made this statement spontaneously and because it was truth, or she may—for her wits were sharp—have divined what the young man's feelings were and what was the shortest road to an intimacy with him. Either way, she had no difficulty in breaking down that barrier of reticence behind which many people accused him of entrenching himself, and in less than a quarter of an hour he had confessed to her what he had never confessed to anybody else; namely, that the loss of his mother's love and companionship had been almost a heavier sorrow to him than her death would have been.

"Of course it was all right," he hastened to add. "People are entitled to marry again if they choose, and as she had fallen out with my uncle, it wasn't her fault that she had to drop me. Still, it seemed a little hard."

Lady Evelyn was of opinion that it had been very hard indeed; she also thought that only a heartless and selfish woman could have acted as Marcia had done. But she knew better than to say what she thought. "I daresay it has been quite as hard for your mother as it has been for you," was the only comment upon which she ventured, and the young man thought it a very kind and sympathetic one.

But it was not only in order to utter or listen to kindly and sympathetic speeches that they had put out to sea; and of this they were reminded when Evelyn's line, which she had been

holding loosely between her fingers all this time, was suddenly twitched from her grasp.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, "I do believe I have caught a fish!"

She had undoubtedly hooked a fish; whether she would have caught him if Willie had not promptly seized her line is another question. However, that kind of angling can scarcely be included among the fine arts, and, after some moments of anxiety, the line was restored to her in order that she might have the pride and satisfaction of hauling a huge conger-eel into the boat. Now, when you are in a small open boat in company with a conger-eel of fine proportions, nothing is of such urgent necessity as to kill him before he bites one of your fingers off. As he is not quite the easiest animal in the world for a novice to kill, Willie had his work cut out for him during the next few seconds, and consequently did not notice a look of annoyance and consternation which had come over his companion's face. Not until the deed was done, and he was offering her his congratulations, did he perceive that something was amiss.

"What is the matter?" he asked anxiously. "Did the line cut your fingers?"

"Oh, no," answered Evelyn; "only, in pulling it in, one of my bracelets slipped over my hand, and has gone down to the bottom of the sea. It is tiresome; but it can't be helped."

"I am so sorry!" said Willie. "Is it a bracelet that you care very much about?"

"Well, I didn't want to lose it. However, we can't possibly get it back again, so there's no use in crying about it. I must console myself with that repulsive-looking monster that I have secured in its place. Can we eat him?"

"I doubt whether you would like him," answered Willie, "although I believe that he is considered eatable. But perhaps I may be able to get your bracelet back for you to-morrow. Anyhow, I'll try. We know the exact spot, you see."

"Do we?" asked Lady Evelyn rather absently.

It was evident that the loss of this trinket had distressed her more than she cared to show, and it was also evident that she placed no sort of confidence in Willie's ability to recover it. Both of these circumstances may have made him all the more determined to succeed in a somewhat doubtful enterprise; but he allowed the subject to drop for the time being, and, as Lady

Wetherby was now seen to be signalling with her pocket-handkerchief from the shore, his conversational powers were not taxed much farther. He had the pleasure of driving home in a fly with his stepfather, Marcia having suddenly and at the last moment stated her intention of keeping Flossie with her.

Archdale, leaning back in the jingling conveyance and puffing at his cigar, contemplated his silent neighbour with a smile of amusement. "Really it's no fault of mine, my dear fellow," said he. "Of course you would like to be in the carriage with the ladies, and I'm sure nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see you there; but I presume that, for some reason best known to themselves, they don't want you. They don't always want us, you know; but be consoled—they generally do. And, after a good many years' experience of them and their ways, I am beginning to think that it would be a happy and fortunate thing for us if they didn't."

Mr. Archdale was fond of enlarging upon that theme. He had always been a child of Nature, and he had now reached a time of life at which it appears to be one of Nature's laws that a man should derive satisfaction from futile moralisings. He went on talking, and said some cynical things as well as some which were perhaps true and a few which were almost witty. He amused himself and did no harm to his companion, who was not listening to him. What Willie was thinking was that that bracelet must have been given to Lady Evelyn by somebody to whom she was fondly attached. Possibly by her mother, or even by her brother. He had gathered from what she had told him that she was not engaged to be married; so that assuredly no man who was not related to her would have had the impertinence to present her with a bracelet. In any case, he must fish it up from the depths of the sea for her, and this he was fully determined to do. In that way he might count at the least upon pleasing her, and perhaps also upon earning her gratitude.

"I suppose, if one wants to bathe before breakfast, one can always get hold of some fellow who will take one out in a boat," he said, quite irrelevantly, during one of the pauses which broke his stepfather's leisurely discourse.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FULFILMENT OF PROPHECY.

In days gone by fashionable young ladies who were wont to dance all night seldom showed themselves to an expectant world before noonday; but the present generation, as anybody may perceive by taking a stroll into Hyde Park after breakfast, has other habits. Some people affirm that this is because their consciences will not allow them to rest; but the theory sounds far-fetched: it is more likely that their supply of vitality is greater than that of their mothers used to be, because they have been born of a race of comparatively abstemious parents. Be that as it may, Evelyn Foljambe was an early riser, and on the day following that of the expedition to Anstey's Cove which has been described, she was out in the garden by ten o'clock in the morning.

Now, although she was a fashionable young lady, she was also impressionable (which most of them, as far as one can discover, are not); so it was natural enough that her maiden meditations should centre round the rather grave and reserved youth who had taken her out fishing and had as good as promised to restore her lost bracelet to her. It had been Willie's good fortune to interest her. She thought he had expressive eyes—and indeed she was not wrong there—she thought that his face, as well as his conversation, exhibited a strange mixture of cheerfulness and melancholy; she thought, in short, that he would repay cultivation; and there is nothing extravagant in the supposition that that was why she sauntered down as far as the garden gate and stood with her elbows resting upon it until the figure of a tall young man, clad in flannels, was discovered approaching along the road.

She was not surprised to see him; but apparently he was surprised to see her, for he started when he recognized her, and a slight flush showed itself on his cheeks as he took off his cap, saying:

"I was on my way to your house. I found your bracelet all right, and I hope it isn't any the worse for having spent the night under water."

It did not seem to be any the worse when he produced it from his pocket. It was one of those hoops known as *bracelets de bonheur*, and only differed from the prescribed aspect of such

talismans by being formed of alternate diamonds and rubies instead of plain gold.

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed Lady Evelyn gratefully. "I never expected to see it again. How in the world did you contrive to get hold of it?"

"Well, I dived until I found it. That was easily enough done, of course."

"I should have thought that nothing could be more difficult. How many times did you have to dive?"

Willie did not remember, and consequently could not say; but he seemed anxious to make it understood that he would cheerfully have gone on diving all day long rather than have failed in his purpose. "I was sure that you valued the bracelet for more than its intrinsic worth," he explained.

"Were you?" said Lady Evelyn, passing the circlet over her hand and smiling at him. "I don't know that I value it so very, very much; still one doesn't like to lose presents. The person who has given you the present might ask you what had become of it, and then, if you had to tell him that you had accidentally dropped it into the sea, he might be put out. It takes so little to put some people out."

Willie Brett, at all events, was not easily put out; yet he was a little put out now by Lady Evelyn's incidental admission that the donor of her bracelet had been a man. And surely it was a very pardonable curiosity on his part that made him desirous of discovering who that man might have been.

"I suppose," said he, with a most unsuccessful assumption of indifference, "it wasn't your brother who gave you the thing, was it?"

"I will not deceive you," replied Lady Evelyn gravely; "the thing was not given to me by my brother. He doesn't often give me things. Wetherby is a very decent sort of brother, as brothers go; but he has a bad memory for dates, so that he generally ignores my birthday. If you want to know who did give it to me, I don't at all mind telling you. It was a certain Mr. Mortimer, who will be coming here shortly in his yacht, and who will be certain to fix his eyes upon my wrist the moment that he shakes hands with me."

"Oh!" said Willie; and if this announcement made him feel as though somebody had suddenly planted a dagger in his heart, the reader will probably understand the cause of his uncomfortable sensations better than he himself did.

"Yes," continued Lady Evelyn tranquilly; "I had a bet with him about something—I forget what—and I won it. Even Mamma, who is very particular, admits that debts of honour must be paid; so she allowed me to accept the gift, although she said it looked rather compromising. Do you think," she inquired innocently, "that one compromises oneself by accepting gifts of that kind?"

Willie hadn't a doubt of it. However, he only said, "Oh, I can't pretend to be a judge. Perhaps, if your friend Mr. Mortimer is an old gentleman——"

"But unfortunately he isn't; he is quite a young gentleman. In fact, as he was at Eton with Wetherby, he must have been at Eton with you. Possibly you may recollect him?"

Willie nodded rather gloomily. "Quite well; he was in my tutor's house. A very good-looking fellow."

"I believe he is considered so," replied Lady Evelyn, who was probably enjoying this colloquy a great deal more than she ought to have done. "Does that make things worse? If it does, you might take the bracelet and throw it into the sea again. Rather than incur your disapproval, I would nerve myself to endure that loss."

"I beg your pardon," said the young man in a hurt voice; "I didn't mean to be impertinent."

"You weren't a bit impertinent," she returned, laughing, "and I am glad to have my bracelet back, although I shouldn't have broken my heart if I had lost it, and I am very much obliged to you for all the trouble that you have taken. Will that do?"

At any rate, he could not reasonably expect her to say more. He expressed himself satisfied, and then, as she did not ask him to enter the house, he took his leave.

"We may hope to see you again in the course of the autumn, may we not?" she inquired. To which he replied that he would certainly do his best to come, if invited.

Somehow or other, he went away feeling rather dispirited. Lady Evelyn had been very kind and pleasant to him—much more so, if he had only known it, than she was in the habit of being to casual young men—but it was quite clear, he thought, that she would forget all about him the moment that his back was turned. Indeed, there was no reason in the world for her remembering him, nor perhaps any sufficient one for his desiring her to do so. He had, however, reached the point of feeling perfectly certain that he could never forget her and of deter-

mining that he would miss no opportunity of recalling himself to her recollection. Only the thought of Mortimer discouraged and disheartened him. Mortimer was rich, handsome, and probably belonged to the social set in which Lady Wetherby mixed; whereas he himself, although rich—or at least likely to become so—was quite unknown to the fashionable world and had no personal attractions. He was a very modest youth, and that was the estimate that he had formed of himself. For his weal or for his woe, he had fallen in love with a girl whose rank was above his own, and everything led him to believe that she would go tranquilly on her way, without so much as noticing that she had walked over the prostrate body of a young infantry officer. Holding such convictions, he would doubtless have been wiser to abandon all idea of revisiting Torquay; but no one can be wise and in love at one and the same time. Later in the day, therefore, he asked his mother whether she would like him to spend a part of his forthcoming leave with her, and had the satisfaction of receiving an unhesitating reply in the affirmative.

"How good of you to wish it!" exclaimed Marcia gratefully (for it had not been deemed necessary to tell her anything about the loss and recovery of Lady Evelyn's bracelet). "It will be horribly dull for you, I know; but perhaps it may console you a little to remember what pleasure you will be giving to me. Won't Sir George make difficulties, though?"

"Yes, I daresay he will," answered the young man; "but I expect I shall be able to make it all right. As soon as I came of age, he admitted that I was my own master, and of course I shall put in a week or two at Blaydon."

It seemed, in fact, unlikely that Sir George Brett could find any decent excuse for giving trouble in the matter; yet before this conversation came to an end an event which that gentleman professed to foresee, and of which he certainly would not have approved, had taken place.

Marcia and her son had gone out for a walk together and had wandered as far as one of the slopes overlooking the sea which is known as the New Cut and has been prettily laid out with shrubs and zigzag paths and benches in sheltered spots. They had been sitting upon one of the latter for some little time before she reverted to the subject of her domestic anxieties, which, it appeared, were chiefly, though not exclusively, of a pecuniary character. That Archdale had not proved himself altogether beyond reproach as a husband Willie had already been

given to understand; he now gathered that his mother's fortune had been slowly but steadily encroached upon by the demands of the establishment until it was alarmingly near extinction.

"It is useless to preach economy to Cecil," Marcia declared; "he won't understand that it is impossible to go on living upon one's capital, and he gets impatient when I try to explain to him that we spend rather more than double our income every year. He says we have no fixed income, which of course is true enough; but if he sells a picture he always counts that as a sort of windfall and throws away the money at once upon all sorts of luxuries that we don't want. The consequence is that I can hardly pay my way from day to day. I can't imagine anything that would give me greater joy at the present moment than to hear that somebody had left me a hundred pounds."

Now, a hundred pounds is not a very large sum. At all events, a hunting man who stands over six feet in his stockings can hardly expect to find a horse that will carry him at a lower figure, and Willie, as it happened, was even now in treaty for an animal whose price was about half as much again. He thought he could do very well without that horse, and he was sure that his mother needed £150 a great deal more than he did. He therefore begged her to let him have the satisfaction of relieving her from worry in that simple and easy way.

She protested a little, but not very much or very long. After all, Willie was extremely well off for a bachelor and would some day come into a great fortune. Had their positions been reversed, she would have thought him most unkind if he had refused to let her help him, and why should she be unkind to one whom she loved so dearly? Perhaps she was an adept at self-deception; perhaps he was adroit in the methods of persuasion which he employed; or, more probably, she believed what he said because he was evidently telling the truth. In any case, she ended with the comfortable conviction that she was doing him a favour by accepting his trifling gift. He absolutely declined to call it a loan, affirming that, if it came to a debtor and creditor question, he owed her far more than that.

Possibly he did owe her more; for she had been a good and kind mother to him in his childhood, and such debts are not to be discharged by money payments. He was, at any rate, very glad that he was able to be of some service to her. He wrote out a cheque for the required amount as soon as they returned to the house and dismissed the subject from his mind forthwith.

He was, however, reminded of it in a somewhat unpleasant way about ten days later. By that time he had returned to his regiment, and as his stepfather had given him a kind and even pressing invitation to revisit Torquay in the autumn, he had written to his uncle to announce what his intentions were. Sir George Brett's answer, which arrived by return of post, was not altogether agreeable reading:

"MY DEAR WILLIE,

"You are aware that I am strongly opposed to your associating upon terms of intimacy with Mr. and Mrs. Archdale; you are also aware of the reasons which I have for opposing you upon this point. Nevertheless, you are free to please yourself, and although it is a great disappointment to your aunt to hear that you will not be with her during the whole of your leave, she recognizes, as I do, that two old people cannot fairly ask a young fellow to devote himself solely to them. The time, however, has now come for me to speak to you seriously and decisively upon a subject which I have already mentioned to you; I mean the risk of your being eventually called upon to support your mother and her husband. Your own money you can, of course, spend in any fashion that may seem good to you; but I wish you to understand, once for all, that if you spend it, or any part of it, in loans to Mrs. Archdale, you will inherit none of mine. I have worked hard all my life, and I have no idea of allowing the fruits of my labours to be dissipated in foreign countries by a pair of spendthrifts. I can understand that it may be difficult for you to resist your mother's appeals; but you will have to resist them, and if you do not do so at once you will never do so at all. It is evident that I am not premature in conveying this warning to you; for a few days ago a cheque for £150, drawn by you in favour of Mrs. Archdale, was handed in at the bank. I desire to make no further comment upon the incident; I merely request you to take note of the fact that, should such a thing occur again, the consequence which I have indicated will inevitably follow.

"Your aunt joins me in love to you and in the hope that you will see how undesirable it is that your stay under Mr. Archdale's roof should be a protracted one.

"Your affectionate uncle,

"GEORGE BRETT."

This is the sort of thing that comes of opening a banking account with one's relations. Probably Willie Brett was not the first man who has realized and regretted the inconveniences entailed thereby.

(*To be continued.*)

EARLY DAYS RECALLED.

WEYBRIDGE being only four miles from Esher, we often rode over to Nutfield Cottage; on one occasion I was sent over with a message from my mother to her father, Mr. Austin, and found him talking with, or rather to, Dr. Whewell about the iniquities of Louis Napoleon. This was a subject which always moved my grandfather deeply, and I need not remind the few who can remember him, what his eloquence could be when roused. As his faithful friend Sir W. Erle said, "It is impossible to describe the manner in which one was carried away and utterly absorbed by his talk." His fine face lit up, and his splendid large eyes dilated, as with his musical rolling voice he denounced the enemy of France. I waited for some time, listening entranced, and at last ventured on a timid, "but, Grandpapa, Mamma says," which was no use at all. After several ineffectual attempts I addressed Dr. Whewell: "Master, I can't get in a word, stop him," which made them both laugh, and I delivered my message and rode home.

In the autumn of 1858 my father and I, who were inseparable, went to Harpton, where we took long rides on little Welsh ponies over the wild hills with Sir George Lewis. No one who only knew him superficially, or as the author of the often-quoted sentence that "life would be tolerable but for its amusements," can have any idea of the vein of humour that often welled up in his conversation.

He was a dull speaker, and there is a story of Bernal Osborne, who, after Sir George had delivered a long and rather tedious speech in the House, jumped to his feet and raising both arms above his head, shouted in his loud, ringing voice, "I entreat the House not to be carried away by the fervid eloquence of the Right Honourable Gentleman," which roused all the members to hilarity. Bernal Osborne was very averse to war, though not an advocate of peace at any price, and he used to say that a successful general was the most expensive luxury of the day.

Knowing my love of horses, Kinglake took me to see Mr. Rarey; after the performance we had some talk with him, and I got his straps in order to try and break in a filly of ours. "Cruiser," the untamable stallion, was wonderful. He followed Mr. Rarey about, who, however, never took his eye off him, and shook hands like a dog; but on being given a handkerchief between his teeth, let it drop like a hot potato. Mr. Rarey insisted, when Cruiser gave a scream of rage and looked devilish, but took it and held it. The most curious thing was that the horses thrown down for the first time, as Mr. Rarey assured us, seemed to be convinced that they were unable to rise again unless he helped them. A splendid Arab horse had been sent to my mother from India, and on a filly of his, out of my father's thoroughbred chestnut mare Celia, I tried the Rarey straps, and soon broke her in perfectly. Mr. Watts bought her and rode her for some years, till I bought her back again for Prince Halim Pacha. When I married and went to Egypt I took a second filly with me, and the Prince never rested until he persuaded us to let him have her, and he then wanted her sister also. The Bedaween scoffed at the idea of the two mares having English blood, and always declared they were high-bred Saglawis.

The Arab, being rather queer to ride, was my especial mount, and he was the great amusement at Esher Station. I went every day to meet my father at half-past four, and as soon as the train came near, the horse would spin round and round like a top. I did not care for him, in spite of his great beauty and easy paces, because I could not use him for hunting. At last my parents were persuaded to exchange him for a wonderful cob belonging to Sir Francis Head. I first met Sir Frank on Epsom Common, where I tried to instruct the Arab in jumping on the old steeplechase course, and we made great friends. The only subject on which we disagreed was dancing, and many a scolding did I get for going to balls from my old "whipper-in" as he called himself. I generally had three or four dogs with me, and we sometimes started a hare or a rabbit, when Sir Frank would get quite excited.

My cob became celebrated with the Surrey Union Foxhounds, and the harriers of the Duc d'Aumale. No fence was too big, no ditch too wide for him. As docile as he was handsome, he learnt to pick up my whip or my handkerchief if I dropped them, and when I said "Hop!" he reared straight up and jumped

high into the air, a trick that delighted Kinglake and frightened other of our friends. Luckily, he would only do this if I was on his back, or he might have thrown my mother, who sometimes rode him.

In May 1859 my father and I went for a few days to Eton to stay with his old tutor, Dr. Hawtrey (who was the Provost). An elegant scholar and a man of extraordinarily wide reading. one never came to the end of his knowledge. His translation of English poetry into Greek, Latin, Italian, German, and *vice versâ*, are admirable, as any one who possesses his "Trifoglio" can testify. Mr. Rogers had a copy, printed on pink paper, and in his most solemn, *pincé* manner used to say it was "all stained with the blood of little boys."

Dr. Hawtrey was one of the kindest and best of men, and his tender devotion to his sister was the most touching thing I ever saw. The Provost's house at Eton was delightful. Dark passages and unexpected corners, large rooms with small recesses out of them, and all crammed with books. There was a curious gallery of portraits of his old Eton pupils. Later in the year we went to see him at his rectory, Maple Durham, on the Thames, and the kind old man was delighted at discovering that I knew a great deal of Pope by heart. He wrote to Mrs. Austin, praising me as "an accomplished young lady," which made me very proud.

In October my mother went to Brighton with my baby sister, but returned in November in consequence of Mr. Austin's serious illness. It was a terrible time. My father had been called over to Ireland on official business connected with the Inland Revenue; my mother was ill, and wild with anxiety about her father, whom she adored. Twice a day I rode over to Weybridge to see my grandfather, whose condition was most alarming; and at length my mother, disregarding our doctor's orders, insisted on going to stay at Nutfield Cottage. She sat up several nights, and never recovered the chill caught in that cold, damp house; and her father's death on December 17th quite prostrated her.

In answer to letters written for my grandmother to old friends, I received some containing curious traits of Mr. Austin, while all spoke of his noble character and his wisdom. Sir W. Erle, who was one of my grandfather's most attached friends, after deploring his loss, said:—

". . . I came upon a mention of him in the 'Memoir of Sir

John Patteson' which I think might have some interest in showing an early recognition of his worth, which was so lamentably latent during his life. The Memoir runs :—

"'One day a singular man entered the pupil-room' (at Mr. Godfrey Sykes', where Mr. Patteson was studying) 'for the first time, and presently announced to his companions that he had come there not only to qualify himself as a Special Pleader, but to study and elucidate the principles of Law. This was John Austin. Not unnaturally the others smiled at his apparent presumption, but as the late Judge used to say, "We were wrong, for he has done what he proposed," adding his meed of praise of that masterly work on the Province of Jurisprudence.'

"This is remarkable as showing his beginning with a set purpose for principle in preference to practice, and prevented him from rivalling his brother Charles in making money. . . "

Some time afterwards Mr. Nassau Senior told me that he had spent an evening with M. Guizot, who talked of the friends he had made or found when Ambassador in London in 1840. He only mentioned the dead: Hallam, Sydney Smith, John Austin, and Macaulay. As an original thinker, he seemed to put Austin above them all; as a man of learning, Hallam; as a companion, Sydney Smith; as a man of information, Macaulay. M. Guizot said he had been over Westminster Abbey with Macaulay, who knew the biography of the tenant of every tomb, and could repeat the finest passages of the works of all those whose busts are in Poets' Corner. "Every one of these men," continued M. Guizot, "might be considered as a candidate for pre-eminence in the literary world—they might have been expected to show the mutual jealousy of men of letters. There was not a shadow of it. Austin's health kept him out of the great world, but the others lived in it as simply, as unpretendingly, and with as much mutual affection as if the idea of rivalry had never occurred to them."

Few are now left who knew Mr. Austin, but the memory of his extraordinary eloquence, the vigour and apt language with which he upheld his views, and the sense of power and deep thought conveyed by his whole personality, will not soon fade away. His upright figure, finely cut face, silver-white hair, and large expressive eyes, were familiar to the dwellers on the commons between Weybridge and Esher. We used to take long walks together, he talking the whole time.

Lord Macaulay and Mr. Hallam also died in 1859. The

latter had been a mere wreck for some years, and it was sad to see his fine intellect so dimmed. But Macaulay's friends were hardly prepared to lose him so soon. The wonderful thing about him was the perfect footing of equality on which he seemed to place whoever he talked to. To me, a young girl, he would say, "Don't you remember?" as if I had one-tenth the information he possessed in his little finger! Sometimes I ventured to interrupt him by saying, "No, I don't," when he would quote title of book, number of page and line, and advise me to read some work I had never heard of. I have to thank him for what memory I possess, as he inculcated on me to trust to memory, and not to write down what I wished to remember. To please him I learnt his 'Lays of Ancient Rome' by heart in very early days. He was very different from Mr. Buckle, who also had a prodigious memory, but gave me the idea that he considered himself, as he was, immeasurably superior, and that he talked a little for effect. Lord Macaulay was so kind and gentle in manner that I never felt how ignorant I was until he had said good-bye, and left me aghast at the quantity of subjects he had talked about of which I knew nothing.

Italian affairs occupied much attention in the beginning of 1860. Cavour was denounced as a villain and a schemer by some, and lauded to the skies as the greatest of living statesmen by others. We heard a great deal about it from Mr. Layard and from Kinglake, who was eloquent on the subject of the annexation of Savoy and Nice. Apropos of Kinglake, Lord Houghton told me a curious anecdote. In 1848 he went over to Paris, and by dint of great perseverance obtained admission to Lamartine's room. There the Poet-Minister sat, making decrees and tearing up those made by his colleagues, until paper was accumulated up to his waist. He hardly gave himself time to eat, and only vouchsafed a few words to the intrusive Englishman. While waiting for his audience, Lord Houghton (then Mr. Monckton Milnes) saw a book lying open face downwards on the table. Curiosity overcoming him, he turned it up. The book was 'Eothen,' and it was open at the interview with Lady Hester Stanhope during which she described Lamartine.

On February 10th I heard Mr. Gladstone's Budget speech, in which he announced the Treaty of Commerce with France which had been negotiated by Mr. Cobden. The house was crowded, and a storm of applause greeted the great Finance Minister's graceful recognition of Mr. Cobden's work. "Rare is

the privilege of any man who, having fourteen years ago rendered to his country one signal and splendid service, now again, within the same brief span of life, decorated neither by rank nor title, bearing no mark to distinguish him from the people whom he loves, has been permitted once more to perform a great and memorable service to his Sovereign and to his country."

Speaking with enthusiasm to Lord Lyndhurst some time afterwards about Mr. Gladstone's oratorical powers, he told me he was going to speak—probably for the last time—and would send me a ticket of admission to the House of Lords. On the 21st of May Lord Lyndhurst was eighty-eight, and he left the family party at his house to speak on the Paper Duties Bill, and uphold the right of the House of Lords to reject a Bill involving a remission of taxation. He spoke with the fire and acuteness of a young man, and never hesitated or repeated himself.

In December 1860 I married and went to Egypt, stopping a fortnight at Malta on the way.

> "To live in hearts we leave behind
> Is not to die—"

came true in Valetta, for I found the name of Austin was an "open sesame" to Maltese houses, where my grandparents were still talked of and loved.

In January, 1861, I landed at Alexandria, my new home. The town I thought dirty and ugly, but the broad stretches of sand, the waving palm-trees, the statuesque, graceful people and the glorious golden-red sunsets delighted me. My husband was summoned to Cairo by Halim Pacha, brother of the Viceroy Saïd Pacha, the day after our arrival, and I shall never forget the odd and humiliating sensation of not being able to understand a word any of our servants spoke, or being able to make myself understood. Mohamed, our nice "sofragee," or footman, an extremely intelligent Berber lad of fourteen, soon found out that his "Sitt" wanted to learn Arabic, and told me the name of everything I touched, which I wrote down as though it had been German, a plan I found to answer well, as in six weeks I learnt a great deal of Arabic.

Halim Pacha sent me a very fine bay Arab horse as a wedding present, so when my husband again returned to Cairo, I went with him and drove to Choubrah to thank His Highness. Cairo fulfilled all my expectations, and I felt myself transported

bodily into the Arabian Nights. The melancholy handsome young merchant in the Khan Khalil, from whom we bought carpets, was certainly Ganem, son to Abou Ayoub, who loved the beautiful Sultana; and my pet donkey boy, stalwart Hassan, who escorted me into the bazaars, shouting, "To the left, to the right, oh old man! oh soldier! oh maiden!" had stepped bodily out of the immortal Arabian Nights.

After thanking Halim Pacha I went to the hareem to visit his wife and a daughter by a former wife. The young Princess was about thirteen, very intelligent, and beyond her years in most things. The Pacha, I think unwisely, brought her up like a European. She rode well, and drove a four-in-hand, four dear little Shetland ponies her father had given her. She fretted terribly at the prospect of being shut up, and did not get on well with the ladies in the hareem. Having heard that Halim Pacha was fond of music, I asked her if she played or sang. Rather scornfully she answered, "No, my slave-girls do that; besides, my father no longer cares for music, it gets old, like people, you know, and then is thrown aside." "Surely," said I, "you like some old people?" The girl shrugged her shoulders and answered impatiently, "With us it is so different, you don't understand." And pointing contemptuously to the other ladies, added, "Who cares for them? They are worse than children, because they won't learn and one cannot beat them. Why, they were frightened out of their senses by an eclipse of the moon some nights ago, and actually woke me!" The young Princess spoke French perfectly, as she had a French governess.

Mr. Nassau Senior had given me a letter to Hekekyan Bey, an Armenian, a most courteous and charming old man, whose devotion to the Pyramids and learned theories about them will be remembered by all who knew him in Cairo. His wife took me to the marriage of a young Turk, the son of an old friend of Hekekyan Bey. The bridegroom was only twelve years old, and his mother (a widow) insisted, against the advice of Hekekyan, on marrying him to her favourite slave-girl, a very beautiful woman of twenty. "She will look after him and amuse him, and when he is a man she will choose a suitable wife for him, and look after the house when I am gone," said the Khanoum; which I thought was a nice prospect for the lovely scornful-looking creature who sat like a waxen image in the centre of the raised divan at one end of the great room into which we were ushered. We salaamed, and she bowed her head slightly, and

then became again immovable. She blazed with jewels, and her white satin trousers were embroidered with gold, while the Diubah, or dress, of pale-green satin was covered with gold embroidery and pearls. Deadly pale, her eyes seemed far larger and more brilliant, thanks to the deep border of köhl * painted underneath, and her hair fell in countless plaits, interwoven with strings of pearls, from under a jaunty little fez, which appeared to be made entirely of various precious stones. On each cheek was gummed a diamond star, and a larger one dangled over her forehead.

We went to the hareem at three in the afternoon, and till the sun set we were entertained by dancing and singing-girls with interludes of short funny stories told by two dwarfs, who made, I was told, a large income by attending marriage feasts and "dilating the hearts" of the guests. As I did not understand Turkish, I tried to talk to some of the women in my halting Arabic, and was not sorry when Madame Hekekyan Bey told me that we were to have dinner. Little did I think of what an ordeal my first Turkish dinner was going to be. Sitting cross-legged in a heap is not difficult for a short time, and on a low divan one leg can be put down for an occasional rest; but at dinner I was obliged to sit close to the little inlaid table, under pain of spilling the food into my lap, and cramp was the result. The first time of eating with one's fingers is also rather a puzzle; but the dinner was excellent, and I wonder Turkish or Greek cooks have not taken the place of French *chefs*. There was rather a jumble, according to our ideas, of soup, sweets, roast, &c., the dishes seemed to come up whenever they were ready, puddings and creams between various preparations of meat or vegetables, and the rapidity with which they were served was extraordinary. Our kind hostess pressed us to eat, until I realized what the school-boy at our village feast felt when he answered the curate timidly, "Please, sir, I think I could eat a bit more if I stood up."

After dinner there was more dancing and singing, and all this time the beautiful bride sat motionless. She had not joined us at dinner, but was to dine alone later. The bridegroom came in to see us, a nice-looking boy, but very shy, and I should say rather afraid of his wife, at whom he hardly looked. At ten we took leave, and I never saw the family again.

Several tragic hareem stories were told me of intrigues which

* Antimony.

are rendered possible by the law that no Turk can enter the women's apartments if there are lady visitors. One I have never forgotten, as I had heard and admired the impassioned and beautiful singing of the unwilling and unhappy hero of the tale, "Suleiman the nightingale."

On the road to old Cairo lived a Bey, who had been honoured by receiving a slave-girl from the hareem of the Viceroy as his wife. These ladies generally give themselves great airs, and make their husbands' lives a burden to them by threatening to complain to the Validé Khanoum (the mother of the Viceroy), whenever they are out of temper or their whims and caprices are not gratified. At a *fantasia* or *fête* the Bey's wife heard the celebrated Suleiman (who often received fifty napoleons for singing at a marriage or a *fantasia*), and fell in love with him. From that night she became melancholy, refused to eat, and ill-treated her slave-girls more than ever. An old Dongola woman, who was a favourite, at length ventured to ask the cause of the Khanoum's sorrow, and proposed to help her mistress in return for a good *backsheesh*. She suggested that "out of charity" one of the slave-girls of the hareem who had a fine voice should be given to Suleiman in marriage. The singer accepted with alacrity, as he expected to get a handsome marriage portion with his wife from the house of so great a Bey, and Zeeneb the slave-girl was envied by her less fortunate companions at making so good a marriage. During the marriage festivities the old Dongola woman explained to Suleiman why her mistress had given Zeeneb to him, and intimated that he was often to come to the hareem on various pretexts. For a time all went well, until Suleiman discovered that he liked his wife better than the fine lady, when his visits to the hareem became few and far between, and his *backsheesh* to the eunuchs and slaves less lavish. The Bey one day overheard complaints about insufficient *backsheesh* with which the name of Suleiman was connected, and asked the chief eunuch what it all meant. The Aga hesitated, but the courbash loosened his tongue, and he denounced the old Dongola slave-woman as the authoress and chief abettor of the intrigue.

Ordering the slave-woman to be brought before him, the Bey gave her the choice of bringing Suleiman to the hareem within an hour's time or losing her head. Rushing off to the singer's house she implored him to come to her mistress, who was sick with longing to see her heart's beloved. Zeeneb, alarmed at the old woman's manner, entreated her husband not to go, while the

former threatened him with losing the patronage of the Viceregal hareem, where her mistress had great influence. Suleiman at last consented to accompany the old Dongola slave, but swore to his wife, by the head of his father, that this should be his last visit to the Khanoum. So it proved, for as he entered the door the Bey cut him down with his own hands. Zeeneb became uneasy as her husband did not return, and sent his mother to enquire after him. The Bey showed her the dead body of her son, and bade her begone, upon which she so bitterly reproached and upbraided him that he lost all self-control, and, drawing his sword, killed her also. Small black crosses, such as are worn by the Copts, were hung round their necks to avert suspicion, and the two bodies were thrown into the Nile at sundown. Next morning the corpses were found entangled in the anchor-chains of a dahabieh, and taken to a priest, who buried them in a Coptic cemetery, under the impression that they were Christians.

The sudden disappearance of Suleiman caused some surprise, but was soon forgotten, and would never have been heard of had not Zeeneb been summoned with other gawazis (singing girls) to sing at the marriage *fantasia* of a slave-girl in the hareem of the Viceroy's mother. When her turn came she burst into tears, and falling at the feet of the Validé Khanoum declared she could not sing, and implored her help. The Princess stopped the fête and asked what ailed her. Zeeneb then told of the insane passion of her former mistress for Suleiman, and of how she had been married to him as a cloak to hide his frequent visits to the hareem of the Bey, of his weariness of the Khanoum, and his being induced by the old Dongola slave to go there one fatal day, since which she had never seen him, or his mother, who went to look for him.

The Princess promised that justice should be done, and kept her word. The Bey was summoned before the council, interrogated, and sentenced to banishment at Fazoglou (the Egyptian Cayenne), whence few ever return; and his wife disappeared as mysteriously as "Suleiman the nightingale." Whether she was killed by her husband before he started for Fazoglou, or by the orders of the Viceroy, or whether she was sent to the galleys, is a mystery; but it is not likely that the Bey would have dared to touch a woman who had come out of the Viceregal hareem.

Another event made some sensation in Cairo; because one of the actors, a young and good-looking Turk, was well known among the Europeans. Shaheen Bey's house was near that of

a Pasha, who, contrary to the general rule, had not married again after the death of his young wife Fatmé, who was known as "Werd el Masr," or the "Rose of Cairo," for her exceeding beauty. She left two little girls, Fatmé and Elmass (diamond), who were in the charge of an old nurse, and did pretty much what they liked. Shaheen Bey had often seen Fatmé as a child, in the doorway with the eunuchs, and been struck by her loveliness, and some years later he caught sight of her at the open musharibiëh, and immediately sent his uncle to her father to ask her in marriage. The Pasha replied that he thanked Shaheen Bey, and admitted that he had no objection to make to the Bey's fortune or position, but that he lived much with those dogs of infidels, and therefore was no true Mussulman, so he declined the proposal.

Fatmé must have heard something about Shaheen Bey, for she contrived several times to let him have a glimpse of her as he rode past, and the result was that he became "mad with love," as the Arabs say. He bribed the old nurse, and was introduced into the hareem disguised as a woman. Of the mature age of fifteen, Fatmé was proud and delighted at the impression she had made, and soon her love for the adventurous young Bey was as violent as his own. But Elmass, a year younger than her sister, grew jealous, and threatened to tell her father, so the old nurse suggested that Shaheen should bring his young brother to amuse Elmass, who would then tell no tales. The two brothers were frequent visitors to the hareem, and all went smoothly, until Shaheen Bey, becoming foolhardy, one day committed the signal folly of going undisguised into the hareem. On leaving, he met the Pasha face to face, who seized him, and after a tremendous struggle was thrown down and Shaheen escaped. The eunuchs confessed that they had entertained suspicions of the sex of the two young visitors, and by dint of a vigorous application of the courbash, the Pasha elicited the whole story from the old nurse. In a towering passion he went to the Viceroy's secretary, who being a wise man, and more civilized than Turks in general, advised the Pasha to make the best of a bad bargain, and to marry the two young couples. But the infuriated father would not listen to reason, and insisted on the affair being laid before the Viceroy, who ordered the brothers to be sent to Fazoglou. The youngest, a poor lad of sixteen, died soon after passing Luxor, and Shaheen continued to drag out a miserable existence for a few

months, and then the report came that he had destroyed himself. Fatmé and Elmass, with their nurse, were condemned to death. Horrified at the result of his complaints, the Pasha threw himself at the feet of Effendina, and at length obtained a commutation of the sentence on his daughters to imprisonment for life among the female galley-slaves.

These and other stories made me feel very sad when I rode or drove past the high blank walls of the hareems where so many women are shut up without interests, education, or occupation. They caused me to pity H. H. Halim Pacha's young daughter more deeply, who, having once tasted the delights of liberty, was to be immured in her prison, gilded, it is true, but more irksome to her than to one who had been brought up "alla Turca" ever since her infancy.

Many excursions did I make into the bazaars of Cairo and to the tombs of the Memlook Sultans, all, alas! in ruins, but *how* beautiful! Looking up at the springing arches seemingly decked with priceless lace as an ornament, and the graceful cupolas, I recalled Noor-ed-Deen, and wondered if a Jinnee would come and place herself at my orders if I slept for a night in one of those magnificent buildings. In the town I could never pass the ancient mosque of Tooloon without a feeling of rage at seeing such an edifice neglected and falling to pieces, while the Viceroy squandered vast sums on hideous barracks (miscalled palaces) and European furniture. The stonework in the Tooloon is like old *guipure*, and the whole is so beautiful, so simple, and so grand, that it made one wretched to see such barbarous neglect. The roof had fallen in, and the great court was the abode of paupers.

The Hassaneeyeh struck me far more than any cathedral I ever saw, and the gates of the tomb of Sultan Hassan are covered with the finest enamel plaques, as I discovered by rubbing one clean with my glove. Hassan, the donkey boy (a stalwart young fellow six feet high), quite entered into my enthusiasm about Arab architecture, and still more into my imprecations against the Turks. He told me some very funny Arab stories, after saying with a broad grin, "Oh Sitt, if thou wert like most English who laugh at our ways, I should hold my tongue."

"Allah sitting in heaven kicked off one of his shoes, which fell into hell. So he said to our father Adam, 'Oh, Adam, fetch my shoe;' but Adam answered, 'Oh, Lord, I am thy slave; but I

am made in thy likeness, and it is not therefore fitting for me to go among the deeves.' The Lord then turned to Halil Ibrahim, saying, 'Oh, Halil Ibrahim, go, fetch my shoe.' Halil replied, "Remember, oh Lord, that I am thy beloved one, and surely thou hast slaves, who will do thy bidding.' So the Lord Allah said to Moses, 'Go, fetch my shoe;' and Moses answered, 'Oh, Lord, am I not thy lawgiver, and do the evil ones not hate me?' Then Allah saw Jesus, and repeated his request; but he answered, 'Allah, am I not thy spirit?' At length the Lord espied Mohammed,—on whose name be peace,—and calling him, said, 'Oh, Mohammed, surely thou wilt fetch my shoe.' And our Lord Mohammed bowed his head as he answered, 'Oh, my Lord, I hear and obey, for am I not thy Prophet?' and he went. Christians," added Hassan, laughing, "I mean *proper* Christians, not such as you, would say that he never came back, would not they?"

Another tale was of two *fellahs* (peasants). One said, "If Allah were to die, who would bury him?" The other answered, "Oh, thou of small understanding, how canst thou talk so foolishly and like a child; of course the angels will bury him." To which the first replied, "Oh, thou of little faith and no knowledge, will not our Prophet, who is sharper than any monkey, bury him?"

"What I am going to tell thee now, oh Sitt," continued Hassan, "happened to Ibrahim, whom I know, and he had to leave the village in consequence of his joke, which was no loss, as it was a nest of robbers and liars. Ibrahim one day rebuked them, saying, 'Oh, ye vile ones, how can ye behave with so little respect, and take what belongeth to better than ye? Verily ye will come to a bad end.' And they replied, 'Let every sheep hang by its own tail.' Now Ibrahim had a sheep who died of the rot, so he took it and hung it up by the tail just outside the door of the mosque. Soon the people came to him, saying, 'Oh, Ibrahim, verily thy sheep is a nuisance, the mosque is untenable, and we request thee to remove the carcass.' And Ibrahim answered, 'Let every sheep hang by its own tail,' and so they fell upon him and beat him." While laughing at Hassan's story, my donkey nearly knocked down an old Arab, so I stopped and hoped he was not hurt, and we were most polite to each other, and parted with many salaams. This set Hassan off again, who remarked, "It is fortunate, oh Sitt, that he was a well-bred man, and not like those who took the Copt before

the Cadi; but then, to be sure, the Copt did not stop and make excuses."

Of course I requested to hear about the Copt, and Hassan began:

"A Copt, riding a fast donkey through a crowded street, knocked down some Mohammedan children, and urged his donkey on still faster. But he was followed, caught, and taken before the Cadi. 'Why, oh Christian, dost thou knock down true believers?' The Copt shook his head and did not speak. 'Hast thou no tongue, oh man?' The Copt still remained silent, and the Cadi turned angrily to his accusers and said, 'Why do ye bring me a dumb man, oh ye oxen of no understanding?' 'Oh, Cadi! oh, our Lord! he is not dumb, for he was shouting *riglick, shemalick, amenick* (to the right, to the left, take care) in the street.' 'Why then did ye not take the children out of the path if he said *riglick, shemalick, amenick*, oh ye foolish ones?'"

JANET ROSS.

(*To be continued.*)

PIERRE LOTI.

"Is this man Loti? Why, the thing is impossible! Such a plain, insignificant-looking person, father to Rarahu, to Gaud, to Aziyadé?" and "tout Paris" passes in frustrated disappointment at not seeing the light of genius, the dreams of the poet, and the speculations of the psychologist at once in Commandant Viaud's excellent portrait at the Palais de l'Industrie.

"But, Madame, a portrait only gives one aspect of a physiognomy. How can you expect it to give you at once the source whence Rarahu's *morbidezza*, Gaud's virtue, Aziyadé's passion? It is only as centuries go by that an Erasmus's picture acquires all the wit contained in 'L'Éloge de la Folie.' Death alone and the imagination of the public make man 'one' with his work. But *à quoi bon? Il y a des banalités immortelles.* Besides, Loti is a poet and a word-painter himself; as great a colourist, pen in hand, as Decamps or Corot. That is to say, feeling equally the cloudy, misty aspects of nature, as those of light. Brittany and the Equator, Paimpol and Papeete, Chateaubriand and Théophile Gauthier,—*that* is Loti. Not the Chateaubriand of the 'Prose Epics,' but the 'Chateaubriand-voyageur,' the Chateaubriand of Atala, and of the Père Aubry, of whom Loti reminds one, in interrupting, as he does, Rarahu's very embraces by reflections of the following kind:—'L'éternelle et sublime prière du Christ, Notre Père qui êtes aux cieux, sonnait d'une manière étrangement mystérieuse et mystique au-delà du vieux monde, aux Antipodes, dite par la voix de ce vieillard fantôme' (*Mariage de Loti*). Chateaubriand and Loti are alike by some sides of their 'minds.' The analogy between Gauthier and Loti, however, lies in the æsthetical temperament of both: in their common worship of the sun. The one, Gauthier, a pagan, bursts into full bloom at the first touch of the 'East.' The other, Loti, offers his divinity a more mystical internal cult. Gauthier dwells in Olympus amidst

gold and glitter, side by side with the impassible Juno; Loti, on the contrary, of a more unquiet nature, demands of himself, whence comes in the creature man his thirst for belief?"

"Quelles sont ces essences inconnues qui planent dans les endroits où l'on a prié long-temps? Quelle est cette oppression du surnaturel?" Both Loti and Gauthier turn to the sun in their own way; but their way differs as they themselves differ; Gauthier being above all an Athenian, Loti a "Celt." Gauthier finds pleasure in love; Loti, like Chateaubriand and like all the modern school, sees in the "fact love" only a creative force, whence work is conceived in torture and in woe! Loti is not alone in his work, the man of his time, but is so to the full as much in his very being. Logical, implacable, passionate and taciturn, "will" is to him the supreme law: he counts with sentiment as with an evil. Without a certain amount of emotion really experienced, he knows the brain cannot produce the "Gauds," the "Rarahus," &c.: such creations being conducive to fame, the emotions have to be borne. Love to such men is only a "means."

Self-consciousness has a considerable part also in Loti's writings; his reminiscences carry him back to scenes where the puerilities of child-life are entirely lost in the poetry of the pictures. "The days lengthened, the flowers grew, the heat and light became intense—something unexpected to me, I felt, was going to take place. It was summer, I was then three years old; all my day had been employed in mud-pie making. I had turned these pies into an alley planted with rows of cut flowers. Notwithstanding my wish to walk in this garden I perceived it was too small even for myself. To admire my doings from above, I rose on my wheel-barrow, overturned it and fell. My nurse took me up, sang to me, coaxed me. Since, I have understood that had I been coaxed and sang to, in life, on all occasions when I failed for having undertaken the 'impossible,' I would have suffered far less! During these lovely summer days, in order to express my exultation, I composed hymns to nature, which I sang to myself." To his "home," also, Loti has remained faithful, through travels and years. In "Fleurs d'ennui," one of his last books, Loti writes, "This bench on which I am now, there is my true home; here comes my mother across the courtyard. Oh the love of a mother, the only disinterested one, the only love which breeds no deception, the only love which teaches one to believe in the soul and in life eternal! What madness

prompts me to rush constantly from this home to far away lands!"

Sadness, that latent sadness of things, mentioned by Virgile, expressed by Othello's cry of despair, "O Iago, the pity of it!" that philosophical sorrow born in the thinker from the decay and short-livedness of all which is human, such a sadness enhanced in his sailor-mind by seeing man all over the world subjected to the same misery, is the "dominante" note of our prose-poet. A veil of melancholy drapes all Loti's works: it overshadows Rarahu's hut; filters in Aziyadé's boudoir—dwells at Ploubazlanec by old Mother "Moan," and it clings to "Un Vieux." As the space fails us here in face of Loti's entire work, we will restrict ourselves to those which present the most opposed characters, illustrating thus, what we said above of Loti's equal understanding of all aspects of nature—whether Asiatic or Polar. Born in 1850 at La Rochelle, when the "Mariage de Loti" appeared, Pierre Viaud or Loti had just reached the grade of "Lieutenant de Vaisseau," and navigated all around the world for upwards of twelve years already. "Propos d'Exil," which came out in 1885, is the condensation of all his Asiatic impressions. A more desolate book than all others, as it is written from Tonking, where Loti says, "La France est si loin dans ce pays jaune, qu'on n'espère plus la revoir," and contains the pathetic narrative of Admiral Courbet's death.

The "Mariage de Loti" was Commandant Viaud's first book, and at once noticed. If "Rarahu," the heroine of this romance, differs in herself and in her surroundings greatly from her elder sisters "Atala" and "Ourika," * it is principally that Loti, her creator, is a physiologist as well as a dreamer. The days of neo-Sauvagerie, as the days of neo-Greek dress, are as far from us as Madame Récamier's "Turban" and Ourika's Christian submission. Though of a less medical turn of mind than Zola and Maupassant, Loti submits to the influence of his time; he creates "bodies" as well as "souls"—bodies endowed, as in real life, with stronger influence on the moral being than the moral being ever had on the "mere" body; hypnotism, in proving that

* "Ourika" is a novel written by the Duchesse de Duras, which created great sensation in the days of Napoleon I. It is the story of a nigger girl who, brought in contact with the highest Paris world, loves with the violence of her race, and submits to the sacrifice of her love with the passivity of a Catholic nun. No book can betray a greater ignorance of physiology than "Ourika;" but in those days physiology was unknown, at least unapplied to romance-writing.

the first condition required in the "subject" to the producing of any "phenomena" is to be hyper-nervously organized, has shown the supremacy of the body, humanly speaking. However null might be the "will" in the "subject," if the physical organism does not sufficiently vibrate to receive the discharge of animal magnetism as its propulsor, there is no phenomena produced.

To the modern school of science the soul is but an outcome of cerebral forces. A "result" hence among the chiefs of literature—the passionate study of physiology. When Shakspeare mentioned Hamlet's fatness and short breath, he did no less in favour of physiology than the modern French masters. Villemain said, "Pour comprendre tout plus clairement il faut d'abord comprendre l'homme. Tout écrivain et tout penseur devrait d'abord avoir fait son doctorat en médecine." Maupassant, Zola, Loti himself, though much modified by the "poet" which is in him, are more or less "physicians." Their "subject" is a living one, that is the difference! Instead of pressing with the finger on dead arteries in their demonstration of circulation, these thinkers watch the play of "forces" in the living "subject" man. As they see impulse or instinct overthrow reason, they look on. Their process of study is not mischievous, it is merciful—it is merciful as the diagnosis of the scientific man, who foresees in the abscess of to-day the cancer of ten years hence; though he cannot cure it, by careful advice he prolongs life. Should a novelist, therefore, write only truth, but real human truth, he would in so far be doing a good deed. No man would ever have trusted and followed an Æschylus or a Shakspeare if, before rising to sublimity, man had not felt that his guide knew him as a "man"—knew him thoroughly and understood him. If genius did not "caress" humanity first by talking to it the language of its weaknesses, humanity would never listen to the teachings of genius. Truth, whether noble or ignoble, whether realistic or idealistic, is good when spoken, for truth alone breeds useful thought in the minds of those whose thoughts are entitled to command attention.

An imitation sauvage like "Ourika" puzzles the reader—a true little wild being like "Rarahu" attaches. She has lovable instincts as well as savage ones; she is a genuinely interesting object of study for the critic, because she is herself a genuine piece of humanity.

"Rarahu," the principal actress of the "Mariage de Loti,"

dwells in the rivulet of Tataoué—the "Burlington Arcade" of Papeete. She is to be seen there like a bronze Correggio nymph, either clothed by the limpid waters, or lounging on the deep green grass on the shore. Harry Grant, an English marine officer, whose name has been turned to "Loti" for the sake of Tahitian pronunciation, meets "Rarahu," loves and marries her—not by that everlasting bond known to so-called civilized countries, but according to Papeete customs, which, in fact, so little differ from any others, that marriage with them lasts just as long—or as short—as the *man* wishes!

One evening at a Court ball Rarahu has been dazzled and maddened by the dresses of Tahiti Europeanised ladies; the next day she appears to Loti arrayed in a splendid "Pareo," but a "Pareo" bespeaking its Chinese origin. Now anything Chinese means shame—and Loti, having got really to care for "Rarahu," feels sad.

He has gone too far, however, in his conclusions, and the way in which "Rarahu" greets a "Celestial," obese, and yellow old gentleman who desecrates "her" rivulet by bathing in it, convinces Loti of his mistake. Rarahu is "confused," she is not "culpable." "She sat on my knees and wept her eyes out, for in that little wild heart of hers good and bad was strangely mixed, though her innate sharpness led her to understand the gap between us, created by the different views we took of all things in general!"

According to Tahitian ways, Rarahu had been adopted by two old people* who had died, the mother first, the father last. Once protectionless, she goes to live altogether with Loti. The first knell of separation tolls, however, for the lovers—when Loti's frigate is ordered away to the "Sandwich Islands;" it is a short distance, but nevertheless it is a first parting.

Rarahu, inspired by love, applies her knowledge of writing; she corresponds, "My sorrow is higher than the Paraï. Oh, my lover, thou hast gone, and thy eyes may now be lifted to me—mine can no more meet their gaze, but, alas! every day I feel more, that women like myself are but toys to men of your race."

At his return Loti finds Rarahu has learned English. "Her voice seemed sweeter than ever in this language, although she could not pronounce its hard syllables." Loti's knowledge of

* Tahitian parents place at once their children in the hands of willing persons, who take charge of them as though they were their own—rather a terrible argument against the said laws of nature!

Rarahu's weak nature makes him fear that no sooner shall he be gone than she will become light and dissipated. "To all my entreaties that she might keep faithful to the higher mode of life I had initiated her in, she only sneered, or opposed the most determined silence."

Faithful to Loti she was, though, but in that measure which was "Polynesian fidelity." She had no European lovers, that was all! and that was a great deal, as natives were not counted! To her lover's prayer, "that she should go on believing in God as before," she answered, "I believe in nothing more, not even in ghosts, for there is nothing after death, and ghosts themselves only last as long as the body endures." This harshness gives way before grief, however. On the day of the final parting she says, "I am thine, Loti, thy little wife for ever. Fear nothing, to-morrow I leave Papeete and take refuge with Tiahouï" (a dutiful married Tahitian).

The frigate goes back to Europe. Years elapse, and one day Loti landed in Papeete again; hastens to enquire after Rarahu—she has died. For one whole year after he had left she was a model. But days rubbed away the sorrow, and augmented the wish for pleasure. She gave way, the result was —early death.

Instinct had been at the bottom of "Rarahu's" better qualities. Instinct as well was her ruin! It is the tale of "Rarahu" which Loti tells us. He is far too much of a disciple of Merimée to profit by the occasion for plunging on the "misdeeds of the civilized man!" Loti's moral lessons, luckily for his reader, run through the lives of his heroes. He is too much also a man of the world, pen in hand, to see in Rarahu anything but a lovely "Bibelot." "Cela plait—on s'en lasse—et c'est fini." A "Bibelot's" life begins and ends with the caprice of the purchaser.

A most direct counterpart to the "Mariage de Loti" is "Les Pêcheurs d'Islande," a book as eloquent on the poetry of duty as the other was eloquent on the divers sensuousnesses of tropical natures.

Not only is "Pêcheurs d'Islande" opposed to the "Mariage de Loti" by the countries where it takes place, Brittany and Iceland, but also because the nobility of the passions within the heroes' hearts offer a more favourable ground to our author's psychical temperament—vouchsafes him more scope for those curiosities which momentarily raise the novelist to the rank of a Montaigne, or a Bacon. Where are the germs of thought?

Does man know all he thinks? Can thoughts lie unknown to the thinker in the thinker's own mind for a life-long time? Is the true man the one who speaks in the state of unconsciousness, "madness," or dotage? or is the true man the one who, knowing his own short-comings, conceals them, and acts nobly whilst he feels basely? Those are the queries which Loti is brought to ask himself, when old Mother Moan, a model of virtue for seventy-three years, all at once begins in old age to shout out foul images. Are these the outcomes of folly? were they part of Mother Moan's true "self"? Did she know of these feelings and conceal them as long as reason was "mistress" in her? or did she harbour all these thoughts in herself unconsciously, so that madness alone would reveal their existence?

"Avoir été toujours bonne, pure, puis étaler pour finir une science de mots grossiers qu'on avait cacheé!—Mystère moqueur!" A mystery sketched out, however, two hundred years ago by Shakspeare when he brings out of Ophelia's mouth, and of King Lear under pretence of madness, the strange songs of Hamlet's mistress—and the scathing speeches of Lear to women. (Act iv.)

Gaud, the heroine of "Les Pêcheurs d'Islande," is all moral effort—her love all abnegation. Whilst Rarahu's untutored soul tends to the absorption of all else by "self," Gaud, on the reverse, throws her own individuality entirely in her love.

"Yann sera pour elle, quoiqu 'il arrive toute sa vie, un fiancé quelle n'aura pas, un fiancé fuyant. Elle le préférait en Islande car les cloîtres de la mer le lui gardaient. Aucune femme ainsi ne lui prenait!"

At a fair in Brittany, Gaud, a manner of "Demoiselle" (her father possesses landed properties), walks leisurely up and down. Seeing a handsome though rather gigantic sailor, she exclaims, "Here is a giant!" The man turns round, takes her entire person up at one survey, and thinks, "Who is this woman so pretty, with the Paimpol coiffe, yet unknown to me?" Thus do the two heroes of "Pêcheurs d'Islande" meet for the first time.

Their next encounter happens at a wedding, where Yann point-blank informs Gaud, without any more words, that "She, and she alone, in Paimpol—and in the 'world'—is capable of deterring him from good fishing!" This is all he says, but said with such a look, that though Gaud is the richest and the prettiest girl in the place, her heart shall hence be approached by none

However, the departure for Iceland arrives, and Yann, "le beau Yann," starts without having even so much as called again upon Gaud! At his return from Iceland same indifference on his part. Not only does he never come near her, but he courts many others. Gaud's heart is sinking, she takes the initiative, and seizing hold of a kind of business between her father and Yann's father, she walks off to their house, hoping to meet "him," but he is out "tackle buying!" so it is all useless! Before the next departure for Iceland, however, she knows he will call at her house, always touching that same business. This time, happen what may, she is resolved she will speak to him. The day comes. After such an inward battle as to feel herself half dead, she springs from her room down the stairs as Yann is going from her father towards the entrance door, and faces him.

"Monsieur Yann, I want a word with you."

"With me, mademoiselle?" and as if from fear of her mere contact, Yann effaces himself against the wall! Her heart sinks, she could not expect such disdain on his part. In a voice so husky and unnatural that she does not know it as her own—"Monsieur Yann," says she, "is our house now so repuisive to you? The night of that ball when we first met, you spoke the words 'au revoir' to me in such a manner that I had reason to believe I was not quite indifferent in your eyes?"—"No, Mlle. Gaud, we have been already talked about enough in this country; you are rich, we do not belong to the same class. I am not a man to be continually coming to your house. Good-bye!"—and he goes.

Oh, had he but listened one moment! she would have pleaded, "Forget my money,—let yourself be loved." She would have said, "I am pretty, I am honest, Yann: I love you—take me to your heart!" But none of these words should now ever be uttered: to attempt another explanation after this one, how could she?

The departure for Iceland took Yann again away. During this journey of his, however, events happened. An old woman, "Mother Moan," a kind of old relation of Gaud, lost her grandson, and through this loss, almost lost her mind. Gaud's father died, and unexpectedly left her penniless.

She sold all she had, and took up her abode with Mother Moan, earning both their livelihoods by her needle. When night came, harassed by the toil of the day, but firm and courageous, Gaud lay down in her little bed—still hoping for

Yann's return. She thought, "He cannot escape from calling on Mother Moan, as Sylvester (the deceased grandson) was a sailor on the same crew as Yann. When he calls, I shall be there, and this time I will govern circumstances, and try again."

One day she heard "La Marie" (Yann's boat) had returned. Growing feverish before the end of her "journée," she hurried off her work and started to walk home. She had not proceeded a quarter of a mile before she recognized him on the road coming towards her. She felt her feet give way. What would become of her? The same fear and mad heart-beating as at her father's house came over her; the sudden thought also struck her that she was unbecomingly *coiffé*. Oh, that she could only disappear in one of the side bushes! Yann, on his side, was quite as discomfited; but it was not to be helped, and they crossed each other. She gave him one look of entreaty; he took off his cap, and said, "Bonjour, Mademoiselle Gaud." She answered, "Bonjour, M. Yann." He hurried away, and she felt stunned. This old heart-breaking game, so often played since Beatrice and Benedick, never has been more feelingly portrayed than in these few touches of Loti. Two words—"Bonjour, Mademoiselle Gaud," "Bonjour, M. Yann," and the bubble blown by hope was burst. A second before, no sacrifice was above Gaud—but what was the use, now? She was not only to him "Mademoiselle Gaud," but a Mademoiselle Gaud, like any other mademoiselle! This was the real end of all! "Alors la chaumière lui sembla plus désolée, la misère plus dure, le monde plus vide—et elle baissa la tête avec une envie de mourir."

Time for Iceland was coming on again. Yann had just touched his pay from his employer when he caught sight of a mob near Ploubazlanec. An old woman stood gesticulating with her stick, screaming and menacing, whilst boys laughed and mocked her; they had killed her cat! Yann, infuriated, dispersed the mob. Gaud, coming back from Paimpol, hastened to the group, and lifting her eyes to Yann in one touching look of inquiry, said, "The mother has been dragged along, I assure you, M. Yann; her dress was all neat and clean this morning, when I left her." And whilst she spoke, Yann kept looking at her as though her poverty enhanced her charm. Her mourning surrounded her with a halo of dignity. Yann walked on with both the women.

Poor Gaud's heart was on her lips; she felt as though it would burst. What could mean such attentions on the part of Yann? They had reached their door—what would happen now? Was

he going to leave them? Or, was it possible that he should pass their threshold? Some grand decision was about to be taken—each of these three felt it.

Happiness had come home to Gaud at last. They married. For six days Gaud was Madame Gaos. Then came again the Iceland departure, and Gaud was left behind.

Summer passed, and in September the boats began to return; October, November, December. Neither Yann nor any of the crew were seen! A year went by; none of them ever reappeared.

One ominous night Yann had celebrated his nuptials with the sea. "An unspeakable mystery had presided over the monstrous wedding; the sky, draped in black, overshadowed the feast. The bride gave tongue in order to smooth the victim's shrieks. Thinking of Gaud, his earthly wife, Yann had battled hard, till, vanquished, he had opened his arms and given himself up to the fatal embraces."

After the tales of love, of despair, of passion, Loti, some years ago, gave the readers of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" the most pathetic narrative of the sad moment when the "State" orders its old servants to their "Rest," under the title "Un Vieux." An old sailor is sent to repose not only because he really *is* old, but because the State has declared the time has come when he "must" be so! Kervella, the sailor, has been all over the world; his frame is wiry and looks strong, yet he is internally worn by fifty years' seafaring.

"When the day came for the old sailor to part with his life of activity it was a day like any other, and none of the men seemed to notice whether this faithful servant went or stopped," writes Loti. With a pang, at night he put away his "master's" uniform, shut up his old "tattooed" body in a black overcoat, and, all accounts settled, the State having sufficiently paid him his life, he walked out of the barracks.*

Now indeed bliss has come to him! there were no more dangers, no more "duty," no troubles. A good bed, in a comfortable little house bought upon his economies, with a view on the port and a lovely little garden to care for, his wish of all his days fulfilled at last! this was happiness! and the tears kept washing his face, and his heart yearned for death!

On mild Brittany summer days, to give himself the illusion of being in the Tropics, he put his water in a cooling bottle, dressed himself in a nankeen suit, brought down his parrot, and

* In Brest some of the men sleep in barracks, like soldiers.

fanned himself with a palm-tree leaf. Though he appeared to the passers-by as if in sleep, his brain was in reality living over again all his past. He remembered—he remembered he had once been young, strong, handsome; now his limp arms hung on both sides of his long empty body, overspread by a net of blue veins like a corpse overspread by worms. He remembered he had mistresses; he had been longed for and knelt to. Women had swooned under the kisses of these withered, faded lips; this dark face or that blonde one passed through his mind. Still he regretted none. Love? The mouths pouting of themselves towards caresses, the eternal charm drawing creatures towards each other, blending them in passionate embraces—all that was gone! and he cared not! His "food" was now his everything—what he would eat for supper. He remembered having had a wife. His married life lasted one spring. All the generosities of his heart, all the energies of his unemployed fondness he had showered upon her. For her he had become timid and reserved as a child; to woo her he had trained himself to refined modes of courtship quite out of his habits. "Duty" had called him away; when he returned, his wife was living with a rich old man, spending all he gave her upon fine clothes. He remembered having had a daughter, whom a sailor had robbed him of a certain May evening. The remembrance of this child brought tears to his eyes. A hideous little faded photograph of her as a "première communicante," taper in hand, brought pangs to his heart. Thirty months had he counted and *de*-counted in that last expedition to China, till he saw her again. Scarcely had he been on shore, than he ran to the woman who kept her. Depositing the bag full of presents for the little girl, he flew up to her room. She was dying. He forgave, and paid high prices for a nurse, who poisoned the baby with a drunkard's milk. There still remained the holy little grave; so from Hong-Kong he sent the woman in Brest a big sum of money to get a marble slab and an inscription to be laid on the grave. But the woman, having become imbecile, drank the money, and when Kervella came back, his child's sacred little bones were being jostled with others in the "Fosse commune." Years and years had accumulated; wounds and feats of courage had carried him to the notice of an admiral. Ambition helping, he became "Master," the highest grade a "man" can ever attain to in France.

Thus he remembered; and now that he had come to his rest,

sleep had gone. His nights were filled with horror; his body was broken and deformed; the sea had left him to remain a solitary old man whose tears fell unnoticed by all. Why had he not died young? An animal keeps his shape to the last; man alone is condemned to wearisome old age—derision of life!

One night in March Death, who was hurrying on to Brest, tarried to twist Kervella on his bed, turn his eyes inside out, and his mouth all awry. Coming in the morning the Mère le Gall, his charwoman, said, "Tiens, mon vieux est crevé!" Whether in Papeete, or whether in Morocco, Loti's philosophical sadness leads him to the same queries as M. de Vogué before the "Sphinx," as Chateaubriand before Jerusalem.

To really thinking minds the "Sphinx" is everywhere, most of all in the mysterious sufferings of innocence! Why shame to this pure one, why honour to this lower soul? Why slavery to a poor negro girl, born with every instinct of modesty and dignity? That is the question Loti asks himself at "Fez" in the depths of Africa.

"The slave-market looks slow," interrogated I from the dealer.*

"There still remains to be sold that nigger woman which you see in the corner," answered he.

And a form closely hidden under a grey veil, crouched on the earth, rose at my biding. It was a girl between sixteen and eighteen, her eyes brimming over with tears bespoke infinite despair; her mistress stood by her side, as miserable as herself. Though much attached to the girl, she had to dismiss her for want of money to keep her—it looked like the sale of a child by a mother!

Fatou-gaye, the "négrillonne" of the "Roman d'un Spahi," is another excellent type of the nigger, in her wildness, and also in her capacity of feeling "black-melancholy." Fatou-gaye is a kind of Rarahu—rather comical at first. "Her head," writes Loti, "was entirely shaved, save five rats' tails sticking out, and gummed with little bits of coral hanging by their ends—and one 'sequin' which served as a kind of tonsure." Setting apart this grotesque coiffure, Fatou-gaye's face was that of an exquisitely fine little Greek statue, with a skin of polished onyx, wonderfully white teeth, and eyes of an excessive mobility.

Fatou-gaye was a child-slave of the Spahi's first mistress; her dress consisted only of one row of gris-gris. One night Jean (the Spahi) had seen the proof of his mistress's infidelity. Stunned

* 'Le Maroc': Levy, Paris.

with grief, he had fallen at her door, and risen to rush madly towards the sea—the perspective for his corpse of becoming the prey of crabs had prevented his drowning. Vanquished, however, by feverish drowsiness, he had fallen asleep on the burning sands, to find himself when he woke protected by a sort of tent. Fatou-gaye had followed him, and this tent was made of her best "pagne." For many hours she had watched him in a trance, covering his brow with kisses as he lay quite motionless. She would not have minded much if he had died, for "I would hold him so fast in my arms," thought she, "that none could separate us." But the palms of Fatou-gaye's hands were roseate, and Jean looked upon her as on a kind of ape. To Loti, however, Fatou-gaye's hands are of no consequence; her heart is the main object, and his treatment of it is masterly.

Loti's career enters far too much in the particular nature of his talent, and his cult of his commanders is too illustrative of his professional qualities for us to omit quoting some passages in his narrative of Admiral Courbet's death.

"The Admiral was to me the incarnation of the sublime old words, 'honour,' 'patriotism,' 'heroism,' 'abnegation.' He had the secret evidently of making himself loved, but he was at the same time rigid, inflexible to himself as to others. His orders were imperative and dry. 'You have understood me, my friend. Go.' A pressure of the hand, a kind frank look and with that, one went—one went—anywhere—so long as one obeyed him, one felt on the right road. Here he lay now vanquished by the two maladies of this yellow country, dysentery and hepatitis, and at the same time heart-sick at the small echo his great victories had had in France. Death in these extreme regions allowing of no 'lying in state,' the body of the Admiral had been embalmed, and wrapped in his shroud, lay on the red carpet of his 'state cabin.' After the 'défile' came the religious ceremony, during which time a small bird obstinately goes on to sing, perched in the folds of the flag. Never yet had I seen sailors weep whilst on 'duty.' Here, however, all those of the piquet d'honneur have given way."

We stated in the beginning of these pages how much resemblance was to be found between certain characteristics of Loti's style and those of Théophile Gauthier. This would in no way tend to lessen our author's individuality. Although decidedly more poetical, Loti's talent is not robust as Théophile Gauthier's, not robust either as Maupassant's, or as powerful as Zola's. It

is of a more psychical turn, and some of its dreamy features may be attributed to his sea-life, while its irony by times seems almost an echo from the Boulevard. Loti is an outcome of the Boulevard, such as it was, in the past; when the peripateticians Gauthier, Méry, Gozlan, and others issued their literary decrees while walking up and down from the "Librairie Nouvelle" to the Rue de Richelieu. There are no more Gauthiers, no more Mérys, no more Gozlans; but there remains a Loti, an aristocratic-minded Loti, who talks little, and never "converses" but with his equals, sufficiently full of hatred for the "Philister" to express his disdain as did Heine in the following speech:

"Vous devez me trouver bien sot aujourd'hui, mon cher," said Heine to one of the collaborateurs of the 'Revue des Deux Mondes;' "c'est que je viens 'd'échanger' mes idées avec X."

Loti's vein of irony is often that of Heine; it is dry, cruel almost, as is shown by Kervella's adventures. Heine, however, had known of fights of all kinds, pecuniary and others. Loti is now rich (through his marriage), and from his beginnings never knew but comfort, which sufficiently shows that temper depends not from circumstances but from "temperament" and personal dispositions.

Melancholy by nature, and by his almost "Breton" origin, the morbid spirit of his work is the outcome of his own feelings. He put himself last year forward for the Academy, and failed. But Loti is very young. Without adopting Fontenelle's view on the matter,

> "Quand nous sommes trente-neuf on est à nos genoux;
> Quand nous sommes quarante on se moque de nous."

It is more than probable that Loti will one day sit among the "forties." To wait long enough is the great secret of life. "Il n'y a que de vivre," has truly said Ste.-Beuve, "car alors on voit tout—et le contraire de tout."

MDLLE. BLAZE DE BURY.

OLD LORD KILCONNELL.

LORD KILCONNELL was a very old acquaintance of mine, but I had never been thrown into any special relations of intimacy with him until the autumn before last, when the following little succession of events occurred, which I have at present to relate.

I had gone to spend a few days with the Carrolls, kind friends of mine of long standing, who possess the most delightful little home conceivable upon the shores of Queenstown Bay, upon the edge of one of its long fiord-like arms. All sorts of wonderful things grow in their garden; eucalyptuses and aloes; cassias and yuccas; begonias, making a glory of lichen-covered walls; a jungle of bamboos along the edge of a pool; palms—or I believe palmettos; nay, in one sheltered nook a tree-fern, which had survived two winters, although its fronds, I am bound to add, were beginning to look not a little shrivelled and sorry for themselves. Up to the edge of all this sub-tropical luxuriance the salt waters of the bay would come curling and crinkling in, salting the grass, and leaving behind them long streamers of oily-looking sea-weeds, which clung to the edges of the bank, and peered up in all directions upon the lawn. I used sometimes to wonder what they and those fine acclimatized creatures in the flower-beds thought of one another!

It was autumn—an Irish autumn at its best. The sun shone with a sort of mild and sleepy benevolence upon the reluctant falling of the leaves; upon the grass, touched at the summit with a trail of brown, as though fiery fingers had been carried along it, but fresh still and green below. Standing at the window of my friend's sitting-room the morning after my arrival, I could see a rush of small wavelets carried in

upon the shoulders of the tide, and gradually filling up all the sinuosities of the little channel, each wavelet drawn out in a long fanlike tail like the train of a comet, and getting thinner and thinner, until recruited by another rush of water, which swept it round the flanks of the next green headland, over the sand and the slush, until, its impetus exhausted, it wore itself out amongst the grass and mosses at the top.

Unlike the greater part of Ireland, where the original woods have been pared to the stump (early Irish colonists like some modern ones regarding the largest attainable clearing as the source of the greatest pride), the shores of Queenstown Bay are fairly well off for verdure. Immediately opposite to where I was standing, a house with ugly, ornamental chimneys showed upon a piece of rising ground, the "Great House" *par excellence* of the neighbourhood. For all its ugliness, it was a stately-looking abode in its way, with a great sweep of wood behind, and two wide-spreading wings linked to the main body by colonnades in a pseudo-classical fashion. Big as it was, and really magnificent as was the reach of woodland carried up upon the shoulders of the hill, there was something just then to my mind at once pitiful and lugubrious about its aspect, a lugubriousness which even the glow of generous sunlight under which it lay failed to correct.

In front spread a terrace with vases ranged at intervals; then the path suddenly narrowed, and dipped into a hollow amongst the trees, where it remained a long time invisible, re-emerging at last in the form of another terrace stretching for some distance along the shore, from which it was only divided by a balustrade, also adorned at intervals with vases. Why it was I hardly know, but the whole place seemed to me to have taken on an air of decadence, almost of out-of-elbowness, since I had seen it last; the woods had grown thicker; the vases, which at this season used to glow with geraniums, were empty; the windows of the house shut, and only a barely-discernible thread of smoke was rising languidly out of one of the great chimneys.

"Is Lord Kilconnell at home?" I enquired of Kitty Carroll, who had just returned to the room from an excursion to the kitchen regions.

"Yes, he is there," she answered, joining me at the window, and looking out across the channel at the opposite woods. "He has been there, in fact, ever since we returned in July.

Poor man, it is so piteous to see him!" she went on. "He has grown to look so old. Some one maintains that getting old is a question not of going down an inclined plane, but of running down stairs—very uneven stairs—a jog, then a pause, then another big jog. If that is the case, Lord Kilconnell has gone down two or three steps at a time lately. He has never held up his head since Dermot died. He potters about the place, and has his dogs to keep him company, and sees after the eagles and seals, and the rest of the queer menagerie which poor Dermot brought together, but one can see that his heart is broken. Anything Dermot cared for—Dermot whom he is by way of never having forgiven—*he* cares for, but nothing else."

"What was it, I forget, that happened exactly to Dermot?" I enquired. "I was abroad at the time, and one gets so hazy about everything when one is at a distance."

"Oh, it was a bad business, and it is getting an old one now," she answered rather curtly. "Poor Dermot! what a pleasant creature he was, to be sure!" she went on in a different tone, "with all his father's charm of manner, and that delightful boyish spontaneity of his own! To see him come into a room was to feel in better humour, to realize that the world was really, after all, an enjoyable sort of planet. How he came to be the brother of that dismal prig, Lord Sagart, is inconceivable! No wonder his father liked him the best. The Sagarts are the two dullest people in existence, it would be hard to say which is the most so, and do you know they entirely decline to be considered Irish. For the matter of that they might safely do so, for no one would discover it from their wits; conceive, though, a man whose name, though he happens to be called Lord Sagart, is really Patrick Murrough, declining to be considered Irish!"

"But do tell me what happened to Dermot," I persisted, for not being freer from the vice of curiosity than my neighbours, it was naturally tantalizing to be put off in this fashion. "He ran away with an actress, or a ballet girl, or something of the sort, and married her?" I added, by way of helping her on.

"An actress? Oh no, it was worse, much worse, I am sorry to say than *that*. It was a girl down here. A girl belonging to their own property."

Kitty Carroll had left the window, but now came back and stood beside me, her hand resting on the ledge.

"There never was anybody so popular as poor Dermot was," she went on musingly. "The people about here literally adored him. Not being the eldest son, and having nothing therefore to say to the property or any of the disputed points, of course helped his popularity. After Lady Kilconnell's death he and his father spent nearly the whole of the year here, and there was always something going on. When he was not getting up pony races, or regattas for the fishermen, he was having labourers' dinners, teas for the women, bran pies for the children, I don't know what all! He used to offer prizes for the best pig, for the best rick of turf, for the best jig dancer—for anything and everything. He once offered a prize for the man who would get first to the top of a hayrick with his hands tied behind his back! His father adored him, and let him do as he liked. You remember that summer you were last here, when we all went out to Inishgowan, how you declared they were like lovers? It was always so. They agreed in their tastes, or else Lord Kilconnell made his own tastes suit Dermot's. They were both devoted to yachting, and used to make excursions together to all sorts of places, and bring the yacht back full of strange beasts and birds. Of course Dermot ought to have had a profession, but somehow he was one of those people whom you never think of requiring to do anything definite. And he was never idle, always happy, and occupied about something. All went well, in short, until in an evil hour he fell in love with this girl, Mary Delaney."

"She was simply a peasant, you say?"

"Yes, sister of a right-hand man of Dermot's—Phelim Delaney—you may remember he was his prime aider and abettor; used to look after his hawks and eagles, and helped him to dig out that cavern at the bottom of the garden. He is there still, though I fancy it must be pain and grief to Lord Kilconnell to see him. This girl was very handsome, and Dermot saw a great deal of her one summer, and got into the habit of walking about with her, and going out to meet her of an evening. He was dreadfully weak about women, always falling in love with some one in a head-over-heels sort of way. It had gone on for some time, but at last her brother discovered it. You know how anything of that sort is regarded in Ireland? The girl's character, at any rate, was gone. Poor Dermot was at his wit's end, what with shame and remorse, and his own affection for her, and the reproaches

which he knew would be heaped upon him from all sides, and the end of it was that he took her off to Cork one fine morning, and married her there before a registrar."

"And his father found it out, I suppose?"

"Of course. Such a thing couldn't but be found out sooner or later. At first he was simply indignant. But when Dermot told him that he was married to her—to a girl, remember, who had run about the place barefoot, weeded the walks and picked the gooseberries, married to a Murrough, perhaps the proudest people in Ireland, and the vainest of their blood—there was a frightful scene. Both men had violent tempers when once they were roused, though no one would have expected it from seeing them on ordinary occasions. It ended by Lord Kilconnell ordering his son out of the house, and by Dermot retorting that he would never set foot in it again if his father went down on his knees to him to do so. He left that very night with his wife and took her abroad, though where they lived, or how they lived, no one knew, for he hadn't a farthing except an allowance from his father. Lord Kilconnell's anger prevented him from writing for a long time, but at last the silence frightened him, and no doubt he was yearning all the time to be friends again with Dermot, for he tried to discover the young couple's whereabouts. Whether he found it or not I don't know, but one morning, about three years ago, he received a letter telling him that Dermot was dead, he had died after a three days' illness of typhoid fever in some small town in France—Caen, I think."

"Poor man! Poor man!" I ejaculated, looking across at the woods in all their autumn glory, at a little sailing boat just rounding the next green point, thinking of the face that used to be the brightest thing in all that smiling scene.

"How did he take it?" I asked.

"He was found by one of the servants half an hour afterwards, fallen with his head upon the hearth-rug under Millais' big portrait of poor Dermot, which in spite of his disgrace always hung over the fireplace. He nearly died, and when he came to himself and began to get about again, he was feeble and almost childish—seemed to have grown twenty years older in that one miserable fortnight. He is better now, but his memory is very much impaired, and he cannot rouse himself to take an interest in anything."

"And the widow?"

"Money was sent to her, and she was told, I believe, that a certain yearly sum would be hers, but that she was to keep away from the place, or it would be immediately stopped. There was no boy, happily perhaps, but I am told that there was a little girl, though to the best of my belief Lord Kilconnell has never enquired and knows nothing about her. He kept away from here for a year, since then he has come down from time to time, generally without being expected, and this year he has spent nearly the whole summer here. He is one of the very few people in this part of the county who has never had any difficulties with his people. They pity him—and in Ireland that goes a long way. 'He's been cruel hard sarved, th' ould Lard has, God hilp him!' a woman said to me not long since, and that seems to be the general sentiment. Now too that Dermot is dead, all their old affection for him has revived, and they feel kindly towards his father for his sake. Lord Kilconnell comes to see us now and then, and we try to get him to stay for dinner; but he is very shy, and disinclined for society, though he used to be so sociable. Now, however, that you are here I will ask him to come again. He will be glad, I am sure, to see you, and you can talk to him about old times in Italy and elsewhere."

"Do," I said, "I shall like to see him again."

A few days later, Lord Kilconnell came across the sound in the course of the afternoon, and was induced, not without some little difficulty, to stay for dinner. He was indeed greatly changed since I had seen him last. Then, though no longer young, he had been a striking man, noticeable in the youngest company for his good looks, in the brightest for the quick flash and flow of his wit. Now he was bent, old, enfeebled, I might say extinguished. It could not be said that his faculties were any of them actually gone, but the first blur of age had perceptibly passed over them. You might have compared him to a singer who had lost her high notes; his memory had not failed, but the power of perspective was no longer there; the quickness of his perceptions, too, had gone, and his mind moved slowly, and chiefly in old and long familiar ruts.

"The Cove," as my friend's hospitable little domain is called, is very popular, and it was rarely that we sat down to dinner without at least two or three unexpected guests appearing. Most of these self-elected guests were yacht-owners, or members

of the Yacht Club at Queenstown, so that a great deal of yachting talk went on, much of which was so excessively technical as to be practically over my head, and more than half, I own, unintelligible. On this occasion there happened to be only one guest besides Lord Kilconnell, a vehement and rather deaf old gentleman known as Commander Boss, an unmitigated bore, in my opinion, but a local institution, and as such tolerated, if not relished. Commander Boss's one thought day and night was of yachts and yachting, indeed I never heard him open his lips upon any other subject. As the other guest, Lord Kilconnell, had been a noted yacht-owner in his day, the Commander on this occasion directed his conversation chiefly to him, persisting pertinaciously in recalling former seafaring experiences, which he fished up from the cosy depths of his memory, despite the evident disrelish of the other man for the subject.

"Dodger, now!" he began again, when we had hoped that the topic was momentarily shelved. "Dodger, you remember, my Lord, who owned the *Shrimp*. When you knew her she was a yawl, wasn't she? but before that he had a cutter, and after that a schooner, they were all *Shrimps*. Poor old Dodger, and he has gone to the shrimps himself now!" he added cheerfully, "for he died somewhere near the Azores, and was buried at sea. He always said he was to be buried at sea if he died on board the yacht, and so he was. He was the right sort, poor old Dodger!".

There was a pause, but our Old Man of the Sea had by no means done with his reminiscences. "Sir Wheeler Jones. You knew Sir Wheeler Jones when he was Commodore of the Yacht Squadron, didn't you, my Lord," he began again. "He was Tartar; by the Lord Harry, yes! Do you remember the time he applied to the Admiralty for leave to flog his men? Oh, you may exclaim, ladies, but it is true! Ask his Lordship if it isn't. Of course they wouldn't hear of anything of the kind, and only laughed at him. But what do you think he did? Hired a fresh crew, and gave them fivepence-ha'penny a day extra on the understanding that he was to be allowed to flog them if he chose! And they agreed to it too, fast enough, be hanged if they didn't! Only one ill-conditioned cur of a fellow, whom he had given a dozen to for something, had him up before a Plymouth jury, and got damages, too, to the tune of five hundred pounds. Rum old codger, Jones! He's dead too. Got

rheumatic fever that time the *Cormorant* went down outside Falmouth Harbour, and never stood straight again. I remember his coming on board the *Cuttlefish* at Cowes with two sticks under his arms, and his face twisted all awry! There was Dalby too—mealy-mouthed Dalby, we used to call him—he's dead; died at Constantinople of the dropsy. Gad, I believe you and I are about the last of the old lot, my Lord, and, by George! I suppose we shall be slipping our anchor pretty soon too, eh? Ha! ha!"

Lord Kilconnell bowed sadly, and replied that it was probable. His manner was very dreamy, though as full of a sort of old-world dignity as ever. After dinner he came and sat beside me a little apart from the rest of the circle. We talked about old times, for though I had never known him very intimately, we had met frequently from time to time, and had a good many reminiscences in common. Now and then a momentary lapse of consciousness seemed to come over him—a sort of film over the mind; his eyes would grow misty, and an oddly fixed expression come into his face, then the attack, whatever it was, would pass off, and he would resume his courtly deferential talk as if nothing had happened.

I think he enjoyed his evening, in spite of old Boss's reminiscences, for after that he came pretty frequently to the "Cove." It was lovely weather, and he would land of an afternoon from his boat, and walk up the gravel path which led from the little pier, two of his dogs generally following soberly at his heels. Here he would find us sitting about upon the lawn, the younger people playing tennis, we of an older and staider generation chatting or sipping our tea to an accompaniment of lapping waves, the reflections from the little fiord performing fantastic dances upon the grass and tree-trunks. Now and then a fishing or pleasure boat would appear, looking like some white blot or oddly shaped blossom amongst the leaves, the soft poetic sunlight of the South of Ireland streaming in uneven bands over the sward, and bringing out fresh eccentricities of tint amongst the orange and livid-coloured begonias which were Kitty Carroll's especial pride and joy.

We took as little notice of his coming amongst us as we could that being evidently what suited him best. He would settle himself into one of the basket-chairs, and either talk, or sit there silently stroking the silken head of Sheelah, his favourite red setter, who never seemed quite easy in her mind unless she was

cuddling her nose into his hand, her great pathetic brown eyes fixed upon her master's face. Sometimes he would grow quite brilliant for a few minutes, all his old animation reviving as he described some scene in which he had taken part, or touched off in a few words some well-known character of a generation past. It was rarely that the flash lasted more than a few minutes, however; the impulse would die out as if extinguished, and he would drop into silence, and sit dreamily twisting and untwisting Sheelah's silky ears through his fingers. His love of pet animals embraced even children, and there was one little girl, Kitty Carroll's youngest child, who shared with Sheelah the right of standing beside his knee, and having her head stroked. One day I remember he arrived with a small black bundle stowed away under his elbow, and enquired for her. "Where's Dodo? where's my little Dodo?" Dodo was not long in appearing, and received a small black retriever puppy, with the wettest of noses and tightest of curled fleeces, like an Astracan lamb's—a piece of unusual munificence, I believe, the one point upon which Lord Kilconnell had always been accounted churlish by his neighbours being his dogs. He had the best breed of setters and retrievers in the whole South of Ireland, and had hardly ever, I was told, been known to give one of them away.

I stayed on longer that autumn at the Cove than I had originally intended; another visit in the South of Ireland which I had proposed paying having to be unavoidably postponed owing to illness, and the Carrolls hospitably insisting that the time thus left vacant must come to their share. Nor was I loath. The place was delightful; the people kindness itself; we made daily expeditions in their steam launch; visited everything worth seeing in the neighbourhood; assisted at the departure of sundry "White Stars" and "Cunarders" on their Atlantic voyages; dawdled about the garden, and discussed horticulture, upon which subject my hosts were experts, and I an enthusiastic ignoramus. I got into the habit, too, of going over on my own account to Castle Murrough. (It is no more a castle, by the way, than this implement I am writing with is a stiletto, but then as every fourth house in Ireland is called castle, there is nothing noteworthy in that.)

Lord Kilconnell was always alone, and always received me kindly, seeming rather to enjoy the encroachment upon his solitude. There was something to me extremely touching in

his relations with his immediate retainers, most of whom had been born, and were growing grey in his service. He was often extremely fractious, to the length of swearing at them with old-fashioned vigour, forgetful apparently for the moment of my presence. Upon these occasions the culprit, whoever it was, would stand, hat in hand, listening to the storm of words, which in most cases seemed to me to be thoroughly well deserved. Always, or almost always, however, there was a look of forbearance, of pity, in the corner of the offender's eye, which seemed to neutralize and, as it were, reverse the relative position. Of this look Lord Kilconnell would himself seem conscious, for with a final "pish!" of anger, he would break off, and hurry away at a rate which obliged me to scuttle along in somewhat undignified fashion in order to catch him up.

After three weeks of this, in my experience of the South of Ireland, unexampled weather, a change occurred. For some hours an ominous calm "raged," as a Cork newspaper once expressed it. Then the wind began to get up, rain fell, and all at once a storm descended. Never had I seen so vindictive a storm! The flowers in the garden were broken short off at the stalks, and scattered like chaff over the walks; the trees rocked; branches were broken with a sudden snap. Everything was seized, throttled, destroyed; the whole grace and beauty of the season wrested from it at one fell swoop. In all directions the leaves were being flung about like flights of frightened birds; the birds themselves tossed like things devoid of all volition in handfuls about the sky. There was something piteous and cruel in this convulsive struggle of all nature against the invisible onslaught. The friendly trees, the brightly-tinted creepers, the orderly walks and pretty flower-borders, all wore that peculiar pathos which clings to mild and orderly natures when brought into violent contact with a power before which they are helpless to do anything but to suffer. We gathered in the windows, and could do nothing but look on at their ruin, unable, of course, to interpose a finger.

Next morning, when the storm had abated, I took an umbrella, a pair of galoshes, and a mackintosh, and crossed over the little channel to Castle Murrough, where I found Lord Kilconnell, as I expected, sauntering alone upon the terrace with Sheelah at his heels. He proposed that we should go for a turn, to which

I readily agreed. On this side, too, everything looked battered and saturated; the clouds hung grey and swollen over the dun-coloured headlands; the woods dripped at every pore. I should have preferred (galoshes, notwithstanding) a drier walk, but Lord Kilconnell turned from the terrace to the walk that took us through the low-lying part of the woods towards the shore. It was a dank melancholy one at any time, and naturally looked doubly so that day. A heavy scent of decaying vegetation met us as we advanced; there were one or two forlorn little summer-houses stuck here and there, and at one place stood an aviary, in which a sulky-looking eagle was hopping disconsolately about, who fluttered and shrieked a discordant shriek of anger at the sight of Sheelah.

We crossed one or two level bridges made of logs, under which a lazy current of water, swollen with the rain, was slipping into a small, duckweed-covered lake, and presently came to a point where the path branched, one part leading to the shore, the other to a small enclosed flower-garden, lying under a high rocky bank.

A little girl was standing close to the gate which led to this garden with a bunch of flowers in her hands, not garden flowers, but common loosestrifes and such-like weeds, which she must have gathered along the edge of the stream. She was a pretty little creature, with light golden hair, and beautiful dark-blue eyes, dressed poorly, but not like a peasant's child, in a short black frock, with a broad band round her waist, well-fitting stockings and shoes, and a straw hat with a shabby black ribbon. Lord Kilconnell, with his usual liking for children, stopped to lay a couple of fingers upon her head, and ask her her name, to which she made a blushing and inarticulate reply, and we passed on into the garden, Sheelah lingering a moment to sniff solemnly round the child, which done, as if satisfied with the result, she also trotted leisurely on after her master.

The garden, which was larger than it appeared to be outside, ended in a sort of oval curve, overhung with a high cliff or bank of rocks and earth. At this end a sound of digging reached our ears, which seemed to come from underground, and looking more closely I perceived the mouth of a passage or cave, which seemed to penetrate for some distance, and from which the sound proceeded.

Lord Kilconnell started, and half turned, as if to leave the place. At the same moment the sound ceased, and a man

appeared at the entrance of the cave, a big stalwart fellow broad-shouldered and grey-eyed. He too started when he perceived his master, and lifted his cap with an air of embarrassment. Lord Kilconnell thereupon apparently relinquished the idea of retreating, and returned the man's bow with a friendly nod.

"Good day, Phelim. Did Mr. Connor desire you to clear out that passage?" he asked.

"'Deed no, me Lard; 'twas meself thought 'twould be better. 'Tis two years and more, yer Lardship knows, since 'twas——"

Lord Kilconnell put up his hand hastily. "Yes, yes, I know. Very well, only don't do more than is absolutely necessary. This is a nice plant of araucaria, is it not?" he continued, turning to me, and pointing to a shrub of sickly aspect, half-suffocated by grasses and wild briar.

I replied that it was, which was perfectly untrue, and we continued looking at it for some minutes in silence.

While we were still standing in the same place I chanced to glance back towards the entrance of the cave, and perceived to my astonishment that the man to whom Lord Kilconnell had spoken was going through the most extraordinary series of pantomimes. With his head still half-turned in our direction, he was flinging his hands, now upwards, now forwards, with a gesture directed towards some one at the other end of the garden, evidently with the desire of preventing that person's approach. Curious to see to whom this pantomime was addressed, I turned and saw that the little girl whom we had already noticed at the entrance had followed us into the garden, and was now standing some little way off, close to a clump of laurels, her little face puckered up into a not unnatural expression of bewilderment. A moment later Lord Kilconnell too turned, and a smile lit up his eyes; the peculiar smile which I had already noticed awoke there at the sight of children.

"Well, little girl, so you've come to look at the garden, have you?" he said. "There, don't be frightened. Go and pick some flowers for yourself. Who is she, Phelim?" he added, turning to the man and speaking in a lower tone.

But Phelim's face had assumed that expression of impenetrable stolidity which every one who knows Ireland is intimately acquainted with.

"Is't who, my Lard?" he inquired, in a tone of the most admirably natural astonishment.

Lord Kilconnell stepped a little aside, and pointed to the child.

The man thereupon scratched his head with an air of blank unrecognition.

"Trath I dunno, my Lard. Mayhap 'tis one of thim lodger's childer that do be comin' to Kilmuck, your Lardship knows, for the say water. Bad scran to them for lettin' them trespass over your Lardship's grounds. Will I send her away then before she does be spoilin' the plants?"

"You never saw her before?"

"Is it me, my Lard? Sure, how would I? 'Tis here to-day and gone to-morrow, that sort is."

"Very well, if you know nothing about her, I'll take her back myself, and find out who she belongs to. Come here, little girl, take this lady's hand, and come along with us."

The child, attracted apparently by his voice, had gradually approached of her own accord along the walk towards where we were standing. Lord Kilconnell advanced a few steps to meet her, and they stood facing one another. At the same moment I saw an odd startled expression come into his face, and he put his hand quickly before his eyes, as if seized with giddiness; the little girl, too, seemed suddenly overtaken with fright, for, darting past us like a rabbit, she rushed up to Phelim Burne, and seizing him by the knees, pressed her little head tightly against his body as if for protection.

Sheelah barked with sudden excitement. Lord Kilconnell wheeled round like a hawk.

"Why the child knows you perfectly, Phelim! What the devil did you mean, you impudent rascal, by telling me you had never seen her before?" he exclaimed angrily.

"Well, indade, I humbly ask yer Lardship's pardon—whist, darlin' child, don't cry. Sure, I didn't want to be bringin' them into trubble, an' that's just the gospel truth. Dacint people the Slatterlys is, an' allays was, ould tinents of your Lardship's and your Lardship's father before it, safe to the day with their rint, as your Lardship knows."

"You mean that the child is a Slatterly, eh?"

"She is, yer Lardship, that's what she is, Aleesha Mary Slatterly is her name. She'd tell ye so herself only she's dashed just now, not being used to the quality."

"Every Slatterly I've ever seen was *dark*," Lord Kilconnell said, looking at the child's hair with an expression of suspicion.

"And that's true, your Lardship. This one now, she's got a little shister at home—born the same minute as herself—Rosabel Anna is her name—that's as black as the tail of an ould crow. One ov them has taken all the light colour, an' t'other one the dark, I'm thinking," Phelim ended, with an inimitable air of mature reflection upon the subject.

In spite of this last piece of circumstantial evidence, Lord Kilconnell seemed unconvinced. His eyes rested with an expression of trouble, of growing perplexity upon the child's fair head.

"Come here, little girl," he said at last gently. "Let her go, Phelim, damn you!" he added fiercely, seeing that the man and child were remarkably unwilling to part company.

"She's dashed, dashed, the cratur," the former said apologetically. "She's afraid of being skelped by her mother when she goes in for trubbling your Lardship and the leddy," with a sudden piteous glance in my direction, one which seemed to intimate an extreme desire to establish some channel of communication with me.

"She has got a mother, has she?" Lord Kilconnell asked quickly.

"Is it a mither? Niver a mither in the warld, bad cess to me tongue for lyin.' Sure her mither died the day she was born, an' that's why she has the black on her this minute, the cratur'!"

This being scarcely a sufficient reason for a little girl of five or six years old wearing mourning, I here indulged in a slight laugh, on hearing which Phelim gazed at me with an expression of piteous resentment which ought to have melted a stone.

Lord Kilconnell was not apparently inclined to give up his point. "Come to me, my little girl," he said again. Then when the child had reluctantly approached with a few steps—"Tell me your name yourself, pretty one, and don't be afraid. Nobody is going to hurt you," he said, stooping down so as to bring his face more on a level with her tiny one.

The child looked up with eyes half full of frightened tears—beautiful eyes they were, blue as a blue nemophila. Then, when he had repeated his question, "Uncle Phelim 'thaid"—she whimpered piteously, stopping short and putting both hands to her eyes and screwing them vigorously into the corners.

Lord Kilconnell started upright, and looked at the man over

the child's head ; a look full of sorrow, of passionate resentment, of something too that was almost, I thought, like fear.

"Och 'tis a way they have, the childer, of callin' me uncle," that inveterate perverter of facts responded shamelessly. "'Tis because ov an ould song—'Teddy the tailor's uncle,'—I do be singin' them," he added calmly, though his lip trembled as he spoke, and his brown cheek, I saw, had visibly paled.

This was too much for Lord Kilconnell's patience. "How dare you stand there lying to me, you scoundrel?" he thundered. "Tell me this very instant who the child is, or by God I'll——" His hands, which were clenched, suddenly opened, and he caught at the air as if trying to find something to support him.

Much alarmed, I seized hold of him, Phelim ran to the other side, and between us we kept him upon his feet. I was convinced that he was going to have another stroke, but by a great effort of will he recovered, and as he did so he looked round, first at the child who had shrunk away behind us, then at the man, who stood trembling and scarcely less frightened beside him.

"You needn't tell me any more lies," he then said feebly; "I know whose child she is, I know——"

He stood upright, shaking off our hold of him as he did so, and seizing the child's hand, he started off at a rapid walk.

I followed, perplexed and not a little alarmed, not knowing in the least what he proposed doing. We left the garden, Sheelah trotting after us, and turned away from the house in the direction of the sea. I heard other steps, not Sheelah's, following upon the gravel, and knew without turning round that Phelim had also followed, unable doubtless to endure the suspense of remaining behind. Luckily we had not far to go. Before long we came to a good-sized cabin, standing in the middle of the wood, and almost hidden by a dense growth of overgrown laurels and tall dilapidated elder-trees, whose blossom, I remember, was filling the air with their heavy narcotic scent. The door of the cabin was shut, and the whole house looked deserted ; but Lord Kilconnell went straight up to it, and struck a single loud resounding knock on the door with his walking-stick.

There was a minute's pause—a pause as of consternation—and then it was cautiously opened, and an old woman in a blue homespun dress and striped shawl peered cautiously out. At sight of the two who stood there she uttered a loud scream of terror, and ran hastily back, evidently with the intention

of giving a signal to some one within. She had no time to do so, however. Quicker than thought Lord Kilconnell followed, I after him, Sheelah after me, and we all stood inside the cabin. There in the middle of the floor stood a young woman, dressed in black, who had evidently just sprung to her feet, for she still held a little stocking she was knitting in her hand, a handsome creature, with brown hair and grey eyes, like Phelim's.

There was a pause, weighted with I knew not what of ominous suggestions. Then the girl—she seemed little more—suddenly sank upon her knees, and began to sob. At first hardly audible, her sobs gradually rose in the silence, louder and louder until the whole cabin seemed to echo with them. The old woman, too, caught the infection, rocking herself to and fro, and wailing as if in the presence of a corpse. It gave me the strangest, most overwhelming sense of death, an uncanny eerie sensation, such as I had never felt before. It seemed to affect Lord Kilconnell too. The impulse, whatever it was, that had brought him to the cabin seemed all at once to desert him. His anger appeared suddenly to die away. He glanced vaguely at me as if to ask me what I counselled, what he was to do in this unforeseen dilemma. A fresh impulse, this time the determining one, came from the little girl, whose hand he still mechanically retained. Pulling it away she ran forward, and flung herself upon her mother, with a loud cry of distress, which added its innocent plaintiveness to the volume of sound, and from this refuge looked back pitifully at the old man, her blue eyes flooded with tears; those eyes which I now recognized instantly to be those of Dermot Murrough come to life again in the face of a little child.

It was the turning-point! His courage, his endurance, so long maintained, broke down. Covering his face with his hands, Lord Kilconnell too fell into helpless sobbing—the heavy, labouring, slow-coming tears of an old man, the first tears, I believe, he had shed since Dermot Murrough died.

My story is finished. Mrs. Dermot Murrough left her mother's cabin the next day, but she was *not* turned adrift. There happened to be a good-sized cottage vacant, formerly inhabited by a steward, with a garden, but no other land, attached, and into this she and her child were formally inducted. Lord and Lady Sagart were furious, I was told, and wanted,

right or wrong, to have the "shameless creature" driven from the property. This, however, served her well rather than ill, there being few things Lord Kilconnell resented more than any hint of interference on the part of that little-loved eldest son of his. Two or three evenings later I happened to be returning alone to the "Cove" in the steam-launch, the rest of the party having got out at another point to walk home. The boatman took me close under the Castle Murrough woods, and I instinctively looked up at their tangled luxuriance, rising curve above curve—very brown and battered, by the way, those curves had grown to look during the last fortnight. The chimneys of the "Great House" were nestling against the sky, sending out columns of pale-violet smoke; a squadron of rooks were swooping downwards with much croaking clamour to their roost in the big elms; the sunset light was palpitating in rapidly paling dots and streaks upon the leaves and trunks; upon the more or less dilapidated gazebos and aviaries; upon the little boats curtsying gaily at their anchorage in the clear brown water. And higher up, upon the broad gravel terrace which lay immediately in front of the house, I could see three figures—those of an old man, a dog, and a little girl—who were pacing leisurely to and fro in the gathering dusk.

EMILY LAWLESS.

THE LEGEND OF THE BRIAR ROSE.

I.

BEHOLD how small a hurt to maidenhood
—The least pin-prick for finger—can avail,
So that in spite of jerkin and plate-mail
The indignant thorns in this enchanted wood
Rise up in waves of blossoming thorny flood,
And make with their sharp fence perpetual jail,
Wherein lie princely captives 'neath the bale
Of that dark drowse that might not be withstood.

But as I gaze upon the face and mind
Of him who at the fulness of the year
Comes seeking Peace enwrapt in slumber deep,
I almost pray the bush shall never bear
But shields, the sword no fitter sheath shall find
Than this rose tangle, so that war may sleep.

II.

Couched at the feet of that old hoary king
Asleep above the laws he fain would mend,
The Dante-faced and blue-robed councillor friend
Leans on his hand and dreams of that new thing
He thought of ere the soft bewildering wing
Of slumber touched his forehead ; purple-penned
The book lies open, what the King shall spend
Sleeps in the bag, the harper cannot sing.

So roll the hundred years, in gorgeous sleep
The arras hangs, but still with open eyes
The roses through the lattice push and peep,
And still where sits the standard-bearing Moor
One thing must wake to give back sun's surprise
And colour's marvellous life,—the shining floor.

III.

Above the well the maidens three are sleeping;
Above the maidens three the roses blow;
None pass the long dark gateway's arch to know
What tryst beside the fountain they are keeping.
Above the cloth the shuttle no more leaping
Rests 'neath a drowsy hand, and down below
Half-wound the wool-ball lies, from rafters glow
The unwoven yarns new come from colour-steeping.

Sleep, maidens three, the wells of fate are dry!
Sleep, maidens three, the loom of fate is still!
But Até's ball upon the floor beneath,
And Love's red roses that o'er-canopy
Your slumber wake, they have not lost their will;
Love cannot sleep, nor Envy swoon to death.

IV.

Now know I why so wistful was the face
Of that dark knight before whose naked sword
The thorny casket opened where was stored
Love laid in slumber, sleep with beauty's grace.
Behold, this is his lady's sleeping place:
There lies her jewel-box with added hoard
Of rose-leaf gems, her golden hair is poured
Above a rosy cushion—but the lace

Of bed-quilt jewelry has never moved:
She has not sighed nor turned in sleep; she lies
And dreams of things beyond the hundred years;
The fateful morning's light is in the skies!
The roses flush and fall, a footstep nears!
And Beauty wakes to find herself beloved.

HELIGOLAND IN 1890.

"Green is the land,
Red is the rock,
White is the strand—
These are the colours of Heligoland."

IT would be impossible to describe the tiny little isle in the North Sea better in a few words than is done in this bit of an old song which probably owes its existence to a patriotic Heligoland poet. Even in the postage-stamp, the national colours are introduced, and the islanders never get tired of displaying them in houses, scarves, flags, &c. The sun-brown island sailors will go to a dance—and they are very fond of dancing—with bouquets of green leaves fastened to red-and-white geranium-sprigs in their coats. Indeed, the patriotism of the 2000 Heligolanders would be hard to match. In their opinion there is no place in the world, there is no island, like Heligoland. The inhabitants of the Celestial Empire may think their land the centre of the world, but the Heligolanders in their quaint language call their red rock "Det Lunn," *i.e.* "The Land."

Heligoland is an abrupt rock nearly 200 feet high and about three-quarters of a square mile in size. A staircase, the Treppe, of about 200 steps, cut out of the red crumbling rock, leads up from the foot of the rock, the Unterland, on the south side, to its top, the Oberland, and connects two villages of the above names. The outlook from the top of the rock is like standing on the deck of a big ship, looking over the boundless ocean. The island is "roofed in green," according to a local proverb; but this green roof only affords pasturage for some sheep, a few goats, and half-a-dozen cows. These are the only quadrupeds, except mice, inhabiting the island. The Heligoland rabbit is a myth of foreign invention.

On a fine day a lounge on the Oberland is highly enjoyable. Everywhere the strong warm sea-wind meets you. Every face tells of sun and salt waves. The tethered sheep and goats rub

their noses against the hands and faces of the girls who come to milk them. You hear the milk bubbling in the pail, while under the cliff the white waves dash against the red rocks, and sink back with a gurgle in half-submerged caverns. The butterflies hover in the air round the edge of the rock, as if to make the solitude more intense in the midst of the boundless expanse of waters. Surely this is an idyllic scene, if there ever was one.

The Flora of the island is not much richer than its Fauna. Some flowers and potatoes grow in gardens and sheltered places, and the main thoroughfare of the capital, Oberland, bears the significant name Kartoffel-Allée (Potato Avenue).

During the greater part of the year the Heligolander is content with sufficient fishing to keep life together, and an occasional wreck or two to bring some life and excitement. But during the bathing season, which lasts about ten weeks, or from the middle of July to the end of September, the life of the island is transformed. Everything centres round the guests, who are a source of wealth to the Heligolander. I will try to give some idea of the daily life of one of these important beings during the season.

He takes his breakfast in a sumptuous Oberland hotel, and then walks down the Treppe, where on each step he must stop to answer the "Morgen," *i.e.* "good morning," of the pretty Heligoland maidens and the sturdy seamen, a constant stream passing up and down. He may also go down by an elevator, if he is too weak or too lazy for the Treppe. Then he buys his bath ticket and places himself in one of the sailing-boats bound to the *Dünen*, or Sandy Island, which is a sandbank, nearly one mile distant, where the whole sea-bathing establishment is set up. All charges are fixed by the Governor, and the guest is never overcharged. On arrival at the Dünen, if a male, he is landed on the right side of the bank, if a female, on the left. In this primitive way the sexes are separated. The white sands are dotted with green bathing-boxes; the waves, warmed by rolling over the wide expanse of sand, break in a white salt spray over the head of the bather and thrill him with tingling pleasure. The water is clear and pure as crystal. Then our guest dresses, strolls to a café on the Dünen and takes his second breakfast, as hungry as a wolf. This over, he lounges or lies down on the warm sand till he sails across to Heligoland, which he reaches at one o'clock. At half-past one the steamer arrives from Cuxhaven, and the passengers, the

new contingent of bathing guests, have to walk through a lane of scrutinizing fellow-beings. The post arrives, and then a band of music plays on the beach or in the evening in the Conversation House. This building serves as a ball-room twice a week, and also as a theatre and as a club. Our bathing guest can wind up his day, if he pleases, on a verandah on the edge of the Oberland, especially on a calm summer evening; the talk and the laughter and the music from below come floating up towards you, and, as it were, hover round the edge of the rock, blending themselves with the heavy moaning of the sea. Our guest would not sit in this place on a winter evening when clouds of surf fly over the island. Then he is comfortable at home in Hamburg or Berlin.

The life of the Heligolanders is not so dull as it is commonly supposed to be. Dancing plays a great part in their lives. Three or four times a week the two dancing halls of the island are open for the waltzing sons and daughters of Neptune. The dance, advertised at 8 or 8.30, never begins before 10 o'clock, when everybody has finished work. The entrance fee is thirty pfennig (4*d.*). As you enter the low-roofed ball-room the girls sit round on rows of low forms, while the men have to stand. The girls wear little white woollen shawls, mantilla-like, over their heads, and look very pretty in them. They all dance well and gracefully, for they have much practice. All the dancers, male and female, know and call each other by their Christian names. The national dance is "Sling mien Moderken," a curious sort of intertwined and twisted step. For this dance the band demand an extra fee. No drunkenness is seen, unless, very rarely, in the case of a drunken foreign sailor.

Once a year, in August, the coasts and caves of the island are illuminated. A procession of boats, headed by the Governor, rows slowly round the island; the boats are hung with Chinese lanterns, while the island is ablaze with fireworks. The black waters and hanging precipices, lit up for a moment by the red and green fires, are very startling. Out at sea the island shines, to use the words of the captain of a steamer, "as a glowing gem of fire." The whole winds up with "God save the Queen," in red letters of fire.

In the church of the island may still be seen the last trace of the Danish occupation; the Danish flag, Dannebrog, is painted on the roof. There are some old wall-paintings, illustrations of Bible history. Satan is here represented with a wooden leg, and a

round knob at the end for a foot. Hence the proverb: "In Heligoland the Devil goes on crutches." During the season an English sermon is preached once a month.

Many strange customs still survive among the Heligolanders. It used to be the custom that before the father gave his daughter away he had a discussion with her lover, in the course of which he ran down her character as that of a worthless girl, but this is now a thing of the past. For many days before the wedding the bridal bed is being adorned as well as possible with linen, lace, and curtains, and all the friends and acquaintances come to wonder at the "bedmaking" and its splendour. Each visitor gets a spoonful of warm wine. Every Heligoland wife, no matter how old she is, takes special pride in her bed. After the ceremony in the church the bridegroom himself fetches all the guests. There is a national cake, made for this occasion. The woman who makes it invariably enters the banquet room and demands compensation for having burnt a hole in her chemise in making it—which, of course, is not the case—and always gets the value of a new chemise. Then there is a triumphant walk over the whole island, and the bride dances her marriage dance at the dancing-hall before retiring.

When a child is baptized, the baptismal font is filled by children, who, each with a cup of water in his or her hand, pass it in a procession and pour in the water. They are looked upon as the future playmates of the new-born, or they are kindred by blood, or both together.

Theft is impossible in the island, as everybody knows everybody else's possessions. The fares are too high for beggars to come over from the Continent, so there are none of them. When a man is arrested, he goes himself and rings up the warder of the prison and tells him that he is to lodge there. There is a story that once the islanders tried to wreck a ship because of the advantages to them resulting from it, but I doubt if it is true. The average death age of the islanders is sixty-three, which is uncommonly high compared with that of other countries.

Heligoland has a history which goes very far back. Tacitus speaks of it as *insula oceani*, in which the sacred rites of some tribes took place. Hence, probably, its name, Heligoland, or "Holy Island." Lindisfarne was also called by the Northumbrians "Holy Island." Missionaries landed in Heligoland in 699, and in those early times it is connected with the Danish king Helgi. The smallness of the island is accounted for in

this way. Ursula and her 11,000 virgins were murdered here, and in consequence of this act a great part of the island sank into the sea. Adam of Bremen mentions Heligoland in the eleventh century. Under Canute the Great the island was united with Denmark and England. Heligoland acknowledged the dominion of Slesvig Holstein and was Danish at all the times when the Duchies were Danish.

About A.D. 1600 the shoals of herring left the neighbouring seas of Heligoland. This great loss was attributed to the following occurrence by the islanders. Once when the annual procession round the island was going on, a shout rose that the herring were in sight. The men forgot their piety and ran to their boats, and the crucifix that was carried in front of the procession was thrown down and broken. Thus Heligoland lost the herring shoals.

In 1684 a Danish man-of-war captured all the Heligolanders out fishing, and sent a message that unless the island surrendered to their king they would put all the fishermen to death. The wives and mothers at once took the ducal officers and officials prisoners and gave the island up to Denmark. Heligoland was Danish throughout the eighteenth century. In 1807 it was taken by the English without shedding a drop of blood, and now a glorious time began. During the Continental blockade it was the headquarters of a large smuggling trade. The island was literally covered with English goods for seven years, and any price was paid for the storage of them. Never had the island seen such a happy time, but it came to an end in 1814. In 1820 the Heligolanders took an oath of allegiance to George the Fourth, who added to his title "Supreme Lord of Heligoland." The same oath was taken to William the Fourth and Queen Victoria. The Queen is very popular in the island, and her Jubilee was kept in every nook and corner of the red rock with great festivities.

In 1868 the island was granted a new constitution and became a Crown Colony. The Governor is the autocratic ruler of the island. He has two councils at his side, but the members of both are nominated by himself. No vote can be carried against his will. He is his own Chancellor of the Exchequer. He makes his own laws, and the dissent of a member can only be entered in the minutes of the meeting. This works well, and most of the improvements in the island are due to the Governor, as the Heligolanders have no initiative in that direction.

The language of the Heligolanders is a Frisian dialect, which in spelling and pronunciation bears a much closer resemblance to English than to the common literary High German. Many words are identical, and seamen do not always distinguish between the two languages. The Frisian saying,

> "Buwter, breat en greene tzies
> Is guth Inglis en guth Fries,"
>
> (Butter, bread, and green cheese
> Is good English and good Frisian,)

is a good example of the lingual ties which they are conscious of. The days of the week and many other examples of the lingual affinity might be given. A guide to Heligolandish, called "Snake Jim Hollunder?" (*i.e.* "Do you speak Heligolandish?"), though it is the only help to learn the language, is full of blunders and errors. It may be mentioned as a curiosity that there has been a good deal of etymological investigation by German professors for the origin of the local name Bill-berg. All their learned disquisitions, however, were cut short by an old bluff sailor, who explained that this eminence on the island was named after a he-goat, Bill, that was the pet of the English regiment on the island, and when he died had been buried solemnly on this spot.

There are no horses in the island, but there is a story that once an Englishman rode up to the Oberland, and that an old woman who had never seen a horse was so terrified by this apparition that she fell senseless to the ground.

Heligoland is proud of its one ghost. It is the ghost of a Lutheran missionary who was thrown down from the cliffs by the Roman Catholic islanders in 1530. But the next day he stood on an outlying rock and preached, and converted all the Heligolanders. Whenever piety is on the decrease, he is seen, though the rock which first served him as pulpit has now succumbed to the sea.

In 1864 the Danes won a great victory at sea off Heligoland over the united Austrian and Prussian fleets. The neutral English territory in which the Austro-Prussian fleet sought refuge saved it from complete surrender, as Admiral Suenson, who commanded the Danish fleet, was obliged to respect neutral territory and stop his pursuit. If Heligoland had been German then, no Austro-Prussian ship would have escaped. This is the only "Battle of Heligoland."

THAT FIDDLER FELLOW.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

CHAPTER VIII.

"NOW it was not till I had got out of the house," the old man went on, "that the idea entered into my head that I had been fooled. I ran nearly all the way home, vowing that if I did not find the dagger as the fellow had described, I would come back and do for him straight away. Luckily, my girl was out, and there was no one in her room. I locked the door and began fumbling in the bolster. At first I thought there was nothing there. The sickening idea occurred to me of one of the servants having found it and taken it out, for I did not really believe the fellow had lied to me. But after a while I felt something hard; then, following it up with my fingers, felt out something in shape of a skewer—beyond doubt, the dagger.

"I tore the bolster case off. The end of the bolster had been unripped, and pinned together cleverly, so that the join did not show. I pulled the rips asunder, and plunging my hand among the feathers drew out this dagger, and knew—great heavens!—that the fiend had spoken true—that my girl, if morally guiltless, was, legally, a murderess?"

He paused a moment, overcome by his feelings.

"Well," he went on, "I found the dagger, as I say, and I have kept it, as you see, till this day. But now I want you to take it, boy, and to swear to me that you will carry it out in a boat and drop it far out in the bay. I have not much longer to live, boy, and I want this evidence of the past to have vanished when I am gone."

So I promised, little knowing what a very different fate was in store for the venomous-looking little dagger.

"But my story is not finished," the old man resumed. "I said nothing to my girl of the paper I had signed agreeing to her

marriage with this fiend. I could hardly see how I was to do so without telling her all the circumstances that had driven me to it; and that of course I could not do. I was in such a state of mind that I do not know what would have become of me if it had lasted long. It did not occur to me, now, to doubt the fellow's story. Without doubt, I thought, he had told the truth. I had seen what he could do in the way of making my girl, without her own knowledge, take the fiddle upstairs and lay it on my bed and come down again; and if he could do that, why could he not just as easily make her take the dagger and plunge it in George Craigie's heart?

"Just imagine, boy, what my thoughts must have been each time that I looked at my dear girl and pictured her stabbing to death her lover—probably just as they were in the midst of an innocent embrace! I knew her to be guiltless of this murder, morally speaking—and yet one is so beset by one's prejudices that I could hardly help shrinking a little even from my own girl. And then I would hate myself so for this feeling, and would try to be all the kinder to her for it afterwards, as if to make up for the thought I had had of her. Besides all this there was the dreadful possibility that at any time the Fiscal's suspicion might be more keenly aroused, and my dear girl might have to learn all the details of this dreadful tragedy which she had unconsciously enacted.

"But all the rest of the day I watched every in-going and out-going of my girl, for fear that this foreigner, with his diabolical power, might meet her and spirit her away. I tell you, boy, I am certain I should have gone mad, had it lasted long.

"But it lasted short time enough. The morning after I had had the interview of which I told you with the foreigner—the very next day my girl, who was generally long before me in the morning, was not down when I came to breakfast. I called to her, but she did not answer; and I then told the servant to go up and say I was downstairs.

"In a few minutes the servant came back with a scared look on her face. She said my girl's door was locked on the inside. She had called through many times, and had rattled at the door, but could get no answer.

"I went up with a sick feeling at my heart. As the servant had said, the door was locked, and though I called several times my girl gave no answer. Our houses are not very strongly

built, and in my anxiety it did not take me many moments to burst in the lock.

"I rushed in with a fearful dread of what I should see. It was not as I had expected—and feared. I had had visions of my dear girl lying dead—but, so far from that, there was no human being, alive or dead, in the room at all! The bed showed that it had been slept in. On a chair were my girl's clothes, folded, apparently, as she had taken them off. But most remarkable of all—in fact the only thing noticeable—was that on the table lay, like a sheaf of golden corn, a mass of beautiful hair, and beside it the scissors with which, no doubt, my girl had cut it from her head.

"And where was she? How could she have flown? The door was locked—the window bolted. How? Why? Or whither?

"These were questions for which I could find no answer. Had she, in grief for her lover's death—or even with some awakening knowledge of how it had come about, been impelled to self-destruction, in a moment of despair? The cliff was so temptingly handy!

"I went to the cliff-edge and looked over, but there was nothing on the beach below, and the water rippled peacefully and told no tales. Besides, if she had committed suicide, why take this pains to cut off all her golden hair? And had she gone out unclad?—for even her nightgown was upon the bed!

"Leaving, as hopelessly insoluble, the riddle of how my girl could have left her bolted room, I spent the morning in going distractedly from one house to another of those where I thought it possible I might learn tidings of her; but I found none. Then I felt constrained to do what I had determined I would not do save as a last resource—go and question this accursed foreigner. Could he be in any way connected with her disappearance. Had he not told me—though in the turmoil of my thoughts I had paid but little heed to it—that on the morrow I should say "Where is she?" and she would be gone?

"I called at his lodgings, but the servant said he was not at home; and then, after a moment's hesitation, asked me to wait a minute while she went to speak with her mistress. Almost immediately the landlady appeared, and asked me to come in. She said she was glad that I had called, because she was in some perplexity and would be thankful for my advice. Mr. Mattei, she said, was not in, and, moreover, she could not think

what had become of him. He had gone to bed, according to his usual custom, at a rather early hour, but in the morning, when the servant went to the door of his room, she received no answer; and on going in (for the door was not bolted) found him to be gone out. There was nothing alarming about this; but breakfast-time came, and the foreigner still had not put in an appearance, and now it was about four o'clock in the day and he had not yet been seen. What did I think was the best thing to be done? He had taken with him a fiddle—not the one which poor George Craigie had smashed with the golf club, but another, and a small portmanteau was also gone; but the majority of his things were left, and the rent had been paid up only the day before. There was no suggestion on the landlady's part of an attempt to defraud.

"Of course I could not fail to connect his disappearance with that of my girl. The shearing off of her beautiful hair—her own clothes left behind, all pointed to the conclusion that she had gone off in some disguise—possibly that of a boy, I thought. But how had this accursed fellow, whose diabolical power seemed almost irresistible—how had he lured my girl from her room, through bolts and bars, at dead of night?

"And then of a sudden it occurred to me that that night, in my dreams, or between waking and sleeping—I had heard the sound of music, and had for a moment wondered if it were the foreigner. Then I had concluded it must be my girl, and wondered at her playing at such an hour of the night, but had thought that she was thus, perhaps, solacing the hours in which, in her grief, she could not sleep. So I had turned over and gone to sleep again, fool that I was!—and in the morning had forgotten about it. But now the sounds came back in my ears, almost as if I were still hearing them—I used not then to be so haunted by this mysterious devilish music as I am now. That has come upon me by degrees in the years since.

"Oh, why had I not got up then—fool that I was, I repeat!—when I heard the music? For I fancied then, and believe still, that it was by means of these sounds that the fellow roused my girl and brought her under his influence. If only I had then got up I might possibly have saved my girl from the clutches of the monster, though by what means he got her from the room I cannot tell. Great heavens!" the old man screamed, in a sudden paroxysm of fury that was horrible to see, "if I could but meet him once before I died I would take vengeance on him

for all the ruin he has brought into my home. See there! there! there!—if that were his heart, and that, and that, and that"—and as he spoke, he raised and turned himself on one elbow on his bed, and at each exclamation drove the dagger with all his force into the pillow. It was frightful—the murderous rage of this wretched old man, with the gaunt arms and neck, venting his fury on the pillows of his death-bed! I watched him with a kind of fascinated terror. Indeed I have often wondered how I bore so well the strain of the uncanny story, told at midnight, in the dimly lighted sick room of the old ghostly, creepy house whose silence was but emphasized by the occasional dubious noises that reason said were rats while fancy could not but suggest for them less common-place explanations.

"And my girl was gone," the old man said, resuming his story in a quieter mood. "My girl was gone, and to what fate I could not guess, but gone, I doubted not, to be the slave of this foreigner and his diabolical influence, and I had signed the contract which would help him to establish his power! For days I went about, hopelessly trying to find out whither they had gone, and many would have thought me mad could they have seen me nursing, like a mother her dead child, the dead golden tresses which my girl had shorn from her head. They were all that were left me of her, and I kissed them a hundred times a day.

"But neither at Cupar nor Dundee nor any town whither they might have fled to catch the coaches could I learn of any news that could help me to trace them. The inquest over poor George Craigie took place, and resulted in an open verdict. No one was ever indicted for trial; and what the neighbours said of it I know not, for indeed, if their suspicion pointed in the direction of my house at all, it is probable I should have been the last to hear of it.

"Thus two years passed—two blank dark years in which I heard no tidings, and I began to deem it certain that I was never to learn more of the fate of my poor girl; and then, at length, all of a sudden, long after I had ceased expecting it, and certainly from a most unexpected quarter, came news—such as it was. You may know, perhaps, that among our fisher folk are constantly on hand small enterprises of a questionable, illegal kind—such as smuggling—and that amongst themselves they are wonderfully close of their secrets. You see it is necessary it

should be so. It is so easy, on a dark night, to give a push to a mate and send him overboard. The sea tells no tales. Punishment of a tale-bearer is so easy. Therefore, there is honour among them, of the most perfectly reliable kind, whether in respect of these small illegal ventures, or, maybe, an occasional less venial one. But there is a power, boy, as you will come to learn, that is greater than even such a sentiment as this of enforced honour—and that power is love. And one of these fisher fellows fell in love with one of my servants who had been devoted, as all were who knew her, to my poor girl, and to curry favour, as I suppose, with his sweetheart, this fellow, as my servant was telling him, for the hundredth time most likely, the story of my poor girl's disappearance, hinted that he fancied that he might, if he chose, tell something that would show how her disappearance was effected. Once he had said that much, he soon found himself obliged to tell all he knew. It was a case of giving up his secret or his sweetheart. So, under solemn promise of secresy, he told this woman how, as they set out from St. Andrews' harbour on a certain night in the autumn of two years back, the foreigner, whom they all well knew and well liked, as the gentleman who fiddled to them in the evenings on the quay, had suddenly appeared on the vessel's deck from off a boat in which the fisherman could not distinguish sufficiently to identify him—so at least he said—the features of the rower. With the foreigner was a boy, of very fair complexion, who seemed to be the foreigner's servant and carried his portmanteau. The fisherman said that the skipper had given up to these passengers the cabin, such as it was, of the smack, and that all the men had had to sleep together in the forecastle. The skipper told them that they should be liberally rewarded for this inconvenience, and the promise was thoroughly fulfilled.

"The foreigner spent much of his time on deck and pleased them all by his fiddle-playing and his affability, but the boy scarcely appeared at all. The skipper did not put out a net or a line or trawl, until they had put their passengers on board of a Dutch fishing vessel; after which my servant's lover knew no more of them, but doubted not that from the Dutch ship they had disembarked at some foreign port.

"Now, though the fisher fellow had seen so little of the so-called 'boy' that accompanied the foreigner he yet expressed himself as having no manner of doubt that this supposed boy was no other than my girl. He judged this partly from the

personal description, which my servant gave him of my poor girl, partly from the secrecy with which the foreigner and his companion left the country, and partly from an indescribable something which the fisherman spoke of as something not quite natural-like about the boy's appearance, doubtless the awkwardness which my poor girl would necessarily feel in wearing men's clothing.

"The fisherman told this story to my servant under promise of the strictest secrecy, and it was not till some months later—not, in fact, until he had jilted her for some other sweetheart, that my servant told it to me; and then it was with many apologies for having hidden it from me for so long. And when she had told me, of what service was it? It explained nothing of the mysterious means whereby my girl had been taken from a fast locked and bolted room, and, that apart, did it put me a step nearer the finding of my girl, or the learning of her fate? No, it is all blank—it is all mystery. She might as well be—I often hope she may be—in another world.

"So that, my boy," said the old man wearily, sinking back upon his pillows, "is all my story, and that is the truth of what has turned all my life to misery. You are the only one to whom, in all these years, I have told it; but I now have a feeling that I am near my death, and I seemed as if I could not go down to the grave without having made some one a sharer of the burden of it."

CHAPTER IX.

One does not readily conceive a much greater contrast of climatic conditions than that which the bright smiling city of Florence presents to the sad grey hues of grave old St. Andrews, nevertheless in Florence, a few weeks before Mr. Macpherson's narration of the story which has occupied the last two chapters, a scene was being enacted which had a most important bearing on the present history.

In a room of one of those many-storied, many-windowed houses which overlook one of the bridges spanning the Arno, were three persons—two men and a woman. Both men were dark, but whereas one wore the habit and tonsure of the priest, the other bore a very tolerable resemblance to the stereotyped gentlemanly villain of the modern stage. The woman, on the contrary, was of remarkable fairness, with a face whose intense refinement indicated an almost morbid sensibility.

The men were conversing in undertones, now and again glancing towards the woman, who sat, taking no notice of them, in an attitude expressive of the deepest grief. Heavy sobs again and again shook her delicate frame. Presently the younger of the two men, none other than Signor Mattei, the violinist and mesmerist of St. Andrews, rose from his chair, and saying to the priest with something of a sneer, as he glanced towards the woman,

"I resign her to the consolation of the Holy Church," left the priest and the woman alone together.

The woman had half arisen, as if to follow Signor Mattei, but hearing his last words sank again on her chair. As soon as the door closed the priest came rapidly to her.

"What has he been telling you?" he asked in a quick whisper.

"Oh, he has told me dreadful things!" she said, speaking scarce coherently through her convulsive sobs, and in broken Italian. "He has told me that before leaving Scotland he compelled me to an awful deed—that I am my lover's murderess—that my own hand stabbed to death the one man on earth I loved, in obedience to his fiend's will. He has chosen that till now I should not know it, but now it comes back to me that I did some awful deed of that nature, but I fancied that I had killed one who menaced my lover's safety, and not my lover. Let me tell you, Father," the wretched woman said, dragging herself to him on her knees over the floor; "I believe he has told it me to torture me. He delights in my misery, and one of these days he will make me kill myself, so as to be rid of me. Oh, I do so hope it will be soon! It would not be a sin, would it, Father, if I did it without knowledge?"

"Why do you not leave him, flee from him, my daughter?" the priest asked compassionately, without committing the imprudence of hazarding an answer to her question.

"Because I cannot leave him, Father," she said piteously. "He uses his power to keep me. Do you think I would not leave him if I could?"

"True," said the priest, comprehending her. "Doubtless you cannot. But," he added, after a moment's thought, "there is a way by which I might be able to help you."

"Oh, if you but could," said beseechingly the wretched Edith Macpherson, for it was, of course, she. "But ah no, it is no good. His power is irresistible."

"Listen, my daughter. I am about to tell you what you

must swear never to divulge, for it might greatly ruin my position in our Holy Church. I too have some knowledge of this mesmeric art. It will be long, maybe, with every willingness of surrender on your part, before my power over you shall become sufficient to influence you to resist the power which this man has acquired upon you, but in time, in days or weeks, it must be that with the aid of my influence you shall be able to separate yourself from this man and from his power. I shall have full leave to visit you, for he deems me his friend, as I might have been had he not laughed defiance of our Holy Church."

"Oh Father!" she said earnestly. "How ever grateful I should be if you could deliver me from him! Yet," she added with a change of tone, "yet even so, whither could I go? There is no place for me on earth."

"To your father's house in Scotland," said the priest with decision.

"Ah, to my father's house!" she echoed sadly. "Could I dare go there when I left it in such a manner, and with knowledge of what he has but now told me? Whom should I find there, and how would they receive me, such as I am? Yet, Father, save me only from this man, and I will go wherever you command me."

The priest proceeded to execute some mesmeric passes, to which the woman at length partially yielded, though not without obvious physical and mental trouble, due doubtless (though the method of its effects are not even yet rightly understood) to the conflict in the one over-wrought system of the different magnetic influences of the priest, and of Signor Mattei.

The visits of the priest and the exercise of his influence were many times repeated, after this first attempt. At the commencement it was only after some length of time that the subject yielded to his power, but by degrees it came to have an almost immediate and unbounded sway, until he was one day able to announce to her :—

"You are free, my daughter. By the power of my suggestion you may now be able to resist the influence of this man. You are free to go whithersoever on the earth you please."

CHAPTER X.

"So that, my boy," the old man had said to me, at the conclusion of his narrative, "is all my story, and that is the truth of what has turned all my life to misery.

"This dreadful knowledge," he went on, "of my dear lost innocent girl's part in her lover's death has been ever haunting me, and I cannot think of it without the accursed fiddle music coming tingling in my ears. Give me the whiskey," he said. "It is the only thing that will hush it. I hear it now—it fills the whole room. Why do you not give me the whiskey?" he asked in fierce impatience as I sat motionless.

"Hush," I said. "Listen!"

"What," he said excitedly, "do you hear it too?"

"Yes," I said, "I do, distinctly. Let me see."

I moved towards the open window, where, from below, rose a strain, soft but unmistakable, of violin music.

Could it be my fancy, under the influence of the old man's extraordinary tale?

No. I shook myself to feel that I was in my senses, but the music would not be denied. As I looked out of the window my eyes, used to the light, dim though it was, of the feeble flickering lamp by the old man's bedside, could distinguish little. The moon was down. The summer lightning still played against the distant background of cloud. The old castle reared its ruins against the sky, and I could see the sharp edge of the cliff, twenty yards from the house, silhouetted against the different tone of darkness of the waters of the bay which splashed upon the beach below.

By degrees my more accustomed eyes made out the uneven single-rail-fencing a yard or so from the cliff, and as the music came skirling up through the still night to the accompaniment of the placid swashing of the sea, I fancied that, in the deep shadow to the left, I made out something like the figure of a man.

"There is certainly some one there—I believe I can see him," I said half under my breath, straining my eyes to pierce the darkness. "Yes, there is certainly some one there.—Ah, he has stepped back now, and I can see him quite plainly against the sea. I can see his arm moving as he plays."

I continued to gaze out, filled with wonder as to who this mysterious midnight player might be. On a sudden I heard the sound of a door opening below. The violinist played lower, as if he too were on the watch. I looked, and a figure in a white fluttering robe appeared from the house. It crept over the sward towards the violinist.

With an exclamation of surprise on my lips I glanced back into the room. Great heavens!—the bed was empty! The old man was gone!

In a moment the truth flashed upon me. It was he, this figure in white that crept through the darkness upon the violinist—he, armed, I doubted not (though of course I could not see it) with the slender snake dagger.

For a moment I turned towards the door. Then, drawn by the fascination of the scene below, came back to the open window and watched, holding my breath in the supreme excitement of expectation, and incapable of speech or action. Against the background of the sea and the dark cloud which the lightning ever and anon illuminated, I could now distinctly see the motions of the violinist as he continued playing. Did he not perceive the stealthily approaching white figure? He played slower and slower. It was like the charming of a snake. Was he charming, by his weird music, the crouching, snake-like figure that was creeping upon him, armed with sharp serpent-fanged dagger? Now, as he played, the violinist began to walk, with a sidelong gliding movement, over the sward, and, as he glided away, the white crouching figure crept upon him closer and quicker, closer and quicker, until it was almost upon him—when, with a sudden sound of light mocking laughter which startled me till my heart seemed to leap to my mouth, the violinist ceased playing, and, with a quick movement, disappeared.

In an instant, with a scream of fury that was like an intensified echo of the violinist's laughter, the white figure leapt forward also, and in a moment it too had disappeared. What meant it—this double disappearance? In the excitement of the moment I at first deemed it somewhat in the way of a miracle. Then the simple explanation leapt to my mind—the violinist had fled down the underground passage which led from the old castle in the direction of the harbour and of the labyrinthine passage below the remains of the Cathedral. The violinist had fled, and the old man had followed in pursuit.

I knew no fear now—the excitement was too intense. With

silent speed I hurried down the stairs and out through the door whence the old man had commenced his stalk of the violinist. I ran to the mouth of the passage—nothing was to be seen or heard. Down the darkness I groped my way, feeling with my hands the earthen wall, now on the one side, now on the other, stumbling over clods and stones. At length, having made some thirty or forty yards of this painful progress through the darkness I stumbled over a larger boulder than usual, and fell, full length, upon the ground. I can recall to this day the thrill of horror with which, as I painfully raised myself, I felt a gentle hand laid upon my shoulder.

I uttered an exclamation of terror. Then a sad, quiet voice, close beside, said to me out of the darkness, "Hush, boy, go away. Can you not leave the dead in peace?"

It was a woman's voice. I stretched forth my hand and it met with a shoulder over which the tresses of the hair flowed. Then the figure drew away from my touch, and was gone in the black darkness. I was too terrified to follow. I made my way forth from the passage and stole home to my father's house.

But in the morning the hue and cry were raised. Where was the old man gone?

As I had last been with him, I was closely questioned. I said nothing of the strange story which he had told me of his girl's disappearance, but I told the truth of the apparition of the violinist, and of how the old man had stolen forth and pursued him into the subterranean passage—of how I had followed, and of the woman's voice that had there addressed me, and of her form that I had touched.

How much or how little they believed of what I told them I cannot say; but I know that my boyish pride was sorely wounded by their incredulity. Nevertheless it was little while enough before my veracity was at least partially re-established, for an official of the law, making his way down the passage to endeavour to find out something about the old man's fate, was met by a similar female figure, and accosted in almost the self-same words. This official, however, had the advantage over me of being accompanied by a man bearing a lantern, which lantern, when its rays were turned upon the mysterious figure which thus strangely barred the way, revealed a very pitiable sight—a woman, in flowing garments, of a face which must once have been of wondrously delicate beauty, but was now worn to a distressing pallor and attenuation, with hair of beautiful length and

silken texture, but its once radiant gold saddened by streaks of white, while the eyes glowed with an unnatural, fevered intensity brighter than the intelligent light of sanity.

This sad figure fled, when the officer of the law attempted to address and approach it, up a winding stair which, by the lantern's doubtful light, might have escaped notice an infinity of times, so concealed was its entrance by a jutting escarpment of the rock of the passage wall. At the head of the winding stair, when the officer of the law followed in pursuit, appeared a blank wall of earth; nevertheless, since the figure had disappeared somewhere, it was evident that through this seemingly dead wall there must be some way of ingress. Close examination with the lantern showed that this dead wall was not of a connected piece with the earth around, though artfully fitted, and coated over with some concretion, over which the spiders had swung their webs till it was almost indistinguishable from its surroundings. For a while no means of opening the door were apparent, until the attendant chanced to notice a bolt, resembling the stop of an organ, on pressing which the whole door revolved on its own central line as axis.

And where then, on passing through, did the officer of the law and his attendant find themselves?

In the house of the old man—in that very room whence, years before, his daughter had fled away in such mysterious manner with the violinist. It explained many things—this secret stairway leading into a wardrobe of the girl's room, and down into the subterranean passage which, maybe, had seen many a strange and untold episode of ecclesiastical history.

It explained the ease with which the girl appeared to have gone in and out unobserved. It explained the means of her flight. It explained the apparition and the noises by which the old man told me that both he and his servants had been troubled; for it was she, the old man's daughter. The figure that had so frightened me in the passage, which had fled from the officer of the law, was indeed the being who had gone off years before, a lovely girl, under the influence of this uncanny violin player.

The law officer and his attendant now found her sitting upon her old bed, taking no notice of their presence, moaning to herself a little, and rocking herself to and fro. How long she had been living there none knew. In the room were a pitcher of water and a loaf—whence obtained, who could say?

Doubtless it was to lure her back to him that the violinist had

thus mysteriously appeared, playing his weird music at the dead of night.

And where was he? Where had he gone—he and the old man, his murderous pursuer?

None knew, and in all probability, none will ever know. Maybe pursuer and pursued made their way by passages in the labyrinths known to the foreigner, and taught him by the priest of the Romish Church, to an outlet giving upon the harbour—maybe the one successfully made his way thither, while the other was lost or left in the passages—or maybe (to which view I mostly incline, by reason of the words which the woman spoke to me in the passage, "Leave the dead in peace,"), the two perished together in the secret passages.

This, at least, is sure, that nothing has since been heard of either—that vigorous search along all the labyrinthine caverns revealed nothing; and it may be that, in her half-crazed state, the old man's daughter covered them over secretly in some obscure winding or corner, or entombed them in some recess.

Many aver that the uncanny music is still heard skirling up through the dark passage—and whether it be so I cannot say, for to me personally it has never, save on that one night, occurred to hear it.

The law effected an arrangement by which the old house was held by trustees for the behoof of the poor crazed daughter of the old man, who was quite harmless in her insanity; and for the few remaining years of her life she inhabited the room which had used to be hers in her father's house. The old house is now pulled down—there is no vestige of it—and when the Principal's present house was built the underground passage was walled up for good and all, and there is now only the entrance of it, beside the Castle, to remind one that it once was there.

* * * * * *

Now with regard to all that the old man told me. I must confess that at first, as a boy, I hardly knew what to think. Then, as I grew older, I gradually inclined to utter disbelief of it, being unable to credit that the influence of one human being upon another could go so far as to make that other commit so unnatural a crime; nor could I conceive how the girl could have remained in ignorance of her act. But it is part of the chief business of age to learn distrust of the rash and hasty judgments of youth, and accident having re-directed my attention to the now far better conducted inquiries into the phenomena of what

we to-day call hypnotism, I have been driven to confess that not one iota of the story of the influence of the violinist upon this impressionable girl was contrary to the conclusions of the rigorously scientific experiments and investigations carried on of late years at the Salpêtrière and elsewhere. This foreigner appears to have neither claimed nor employed powers upon which further research has tended to throw even a doubt, though to many who have made no investigation of the latest recorded results of this branch of science they may appear utterly incredible. Rather he appears to have anticipated the demonstration of certain facts which have been somewhat of a revelation to modern Europeans, however familiar they may have long been to the wise men of the East.

It is now proved beyond dispute, that a hypnotized patient will punctually obey a suggestion made to him (or, oftener, to her) not only hours, but days and even weeks before.* It is also proved that by the suggestion of amnesia (*i.e.* telling the subject that she shall forget all that happened while she was in the morbid state) this injunction also, improbable as it may seem, is perfectly obeyed, though it would appear that, when re-hypnotized, the subject will re-awake (if the paradox may be excused) to knowledge, or to such knowledge as was permitted or suggested to her, of the acts of her previous hypnotization.

In Denmark the dangers attendant on the practice of hypnotism are so fully recognized that it has been made a penal offence.

In fact, from the point of view of its criminal possibilities, the case cannot be more pointedly or briefly stated than in the following words quoted from the volume on 'Animal Magnetism' by Messrs. Binet and Féré, in the International Scientific Series: "The hypnotic subject may become the instrument of a terrible crime, the more terrible since, immediately after the act is accomplished, all may be forgotten—the crime, its impulse, and its instigator."

* Professor Beaumis succeeded in getting a suggestion obeyed 172 days after it was given. (Beaumis, "Le Somnabulisme provoqué." *Etudes Psychologiques.* Paris, 1886.)

THE END.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The name and address of Correspondents must always be sent (not necessarily for publication), and the Editor cannot undertake to communicate with the writers or return their letters under any circumstances.

To the Editor of 'Murray's Magazine.'

Sir,

Mr. Burch's criticisms on my article, "The Present Position of Electric Lighting," seem to call for some reply on my part, but as many of his points are of a much too technical description for proper discussion in your Magazine, and are moreover entirely outside of the matters touched on in my paper, I only propose to deal with what he says in a more or less general manner.

Mr. Burch no doubt presents the subject of electric lighting from the point of view of the gas interests with considerable skill, but is he not a little prejudiced in his strictures and incorrect in some of his facts?

I am not personally concerned in defending the scheme of the London Electric Supply Corporation for the distribution throughout London of electricity generated at Deptford, in fact, though one can scarcely but admire the boldness of its conception, the scheme appears to me to be a step of greater magnitude than prudence would have recommended. Still I must express surprise at the rashness of Mr. Burch when he rushes into print to state that the Deptford Station is not yet opened, when, as a matter of fact, it has, since last December, been supplying current to London regularly, and at the very moment Mr. Burch was writing his letter it was maintaining nightly 10,000 8-candle power lamps, or their equivalent.

It would be interesting to have Mr. Burch's ideas as to why he thinks applications for Electric Lighting Orders are made merely from a wish to be first in the field, for, since an Order not worked within two years is liable to be rescinded, what would be the possible use of obtaining one were it not intended to proceed with it? Here again, however, your correspondent's information is, I think, hardly reliable.

The operation of connecting house wires to the electrical street main may appear a matter of difficulty to non-electrical persons, but so would

the making of a plumber's joint to any one not a plumber. The one operation is about as difficult or as easy as the other.

A machine, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, is an apparatus with moving parts. An alternate current transformer has no moving parts, and is therefore not a machine. The convenience of a public supply of electricity is due to the facility that it gives in enabling the consumer to enjoy the advantages of the electric light without the inconvenience of having moving machinery (*i.e.* engine and dynamo that require constant attention) on his private premises. A properly constructed transformer requires no attention, hence its employment is no disadvantage whatever.

Mr. Burch does not appear to be very well informed on the subject of electric meters, or he would be aware that at the Paris competition most of the best makers of these instruments were unrepresented. Owing, no doubt, to the onerous terms insisted on by the Paris authorities, the competition included few but meters of French manufacture and design.

Mr. Burch seems to be very happy in his gas-burners. Those in ordinary use in London houses do not give anything like 12-candle power for 4 cubic feet of gas per hour. No doubt the burners are capable of doing this when new, but after a short time their efficiency deteriorates to a large extent. Mr. Burch, moreover, in his comparison of cost, leaves out of count altogether the rapid deterioration of all decorations in rooms lit with gas. The depreciation of these decorations in many houses amounts to a very large sum per annum. However, as has been previously pointed out, the respective costs of gas and electricity do not form, for the better class of residences at all events, the comparison that is of real importance.

Gas is rarely used in these houses in the more important rooms; but the lighting is effected chiefly by means of wax-candles and oil-lamps, which are exceedingly troublesome and expensive, and not a little dangerous.

With the electric switches placed in conveniently accessible positions, say near the doors of the rooms, the difficulty of finding them as instanced by your correspondent, does not occur in practice. In fact the faults Mr. Burch has to find with electric lighting cannot be very serious if he is unable to discover objections more valid than this.

Mr. Burch is pleased to wax merry over the idea of a gardener being taught to look after an engine and dynamo. I can only say that I am personally acquainted with several gardeners, two or three indoor servants, and quite a number of ordinary labourers who, commencing with no technical knowledge whatever, have, in a comparatively short time and with very little instruction, learnt to take entire charge of electric-lighting plants, and to work them in a perfectly satisfactory manner. An engine and dynamo is not one whit more difficult to manage than a gas producer, and in no wise more dangerous. For

purely mechanical reasons I do not believe that Mr. Burch would find the terminals of a dynamo a very inviting or comfortable seat, but so far as the dynamos that are used in private plants are concerned, Mr. Burch must be aware that there could be no electrical danger whatever.

With reference to the state of affairs in America, Mr. Burch points triumphantly to his statistics as to the cutting down of electric-light poles in New York as proving his assertions as to the inherently dangerous character of electricity.

As a matter of fact, these statistics prove nothing of the kind, but only show the natural results of the internecine warfare at the time being carried on in the United States between rival factions of electricians, of whose quarrels the gas companies were not slow to take advantage, and the hopeless state of municipal corruption prevalent in the country. This is well understood by all who have given the slightest attention to the subject, and should be known to any one who presumes to instruct the public on electric lighting affairs.

The figures given by your correspondent with respect to the substitution of gas lamps for electric lights refer, of course, exclusively to street lighting, a matter which was not touched upon in my paper, and to take them as an instance of the respective growths of the electric and gas systems of illumination would be grossly misleading. What has Mr. Burch to say to the fact that last year 276 gas companies in the United States, and 21 in Canada, were themselves supplying electric light? Does not this show that confident as may be your correspondent as to the superiority of gas, the gas companies themselves are by no means of the same opinion?

Mr. Burch is fond of asking questions and enquiries whether electric lighting is not inherently dangerous because some one, as he states, received a fatal shock from an improperly insulated lamp, evidently supplied with current at an abnormal potential. Does he consider gas inherently dangerous because, as frequently happens, some foolish person is killed and adjoining property wrecked through an insane endeavour to discover the source of a gas escape with a lighted candle? or does he consider steam power inherently dangerous because, if an unsuitable boiler is worked at too high a pressure it will undoubtedly explode, and deal death and destruction around it?

But are the accidents, to which Mr. Burch alludes, in reality due to electricity at all? Quite recently in an evening paper I saw in large letters, the head line "Another Electric Light Fatality." Nine people out of ten who saw that paper probably assumed that the accident had been caused by electricity. But not a bit of it. As a matter of fact (the accident in question occurred at Lord Wantage's private house) it was merely a question of an electrician, while fixing a chandelier, falling off a high ladder and breaking his neck, electricity having absolutely nothing to do with the sad occurrence. Without doubt many of the

reports that are published of so-called electrical fatalities and accidents have as little to do with electricity as the above.

With regard to safety from fire, it will probably be admitted that no better judges as to this can be found than the Fire Insurance Companies, who have innumerable statistics to base their opinion on, and have every interest opposed to dangerous experimenting. The following paragraph from a publication of the Phœnix Fire Office, which is one of the largest and best known Insurance Companies in England, is therefore a sufficient answer to all that Mr. Burch has to say on this point.

"The electric light is the safest of all illuminants, and is preferable to any other, when the installation has been thoroughly well put up."

In the early days of railways and of steamships, in the early days of gas itself, there were always forthcoming persons who did their best to alarm the public at the terrible catastrophes they pretended to foresee as sure to result from these great victories of science. The agitation got up against railways was at one time very serious indeed, and ridiculous as it now appears, strenuous attempts were made to induce Parliament to prohibit a greater train-speed than ten miles an hour. Even so great a man as Sir Walter Scott wrote of the "madman who proposes to light London with smoke," but Sir Walter lived to be one of the very first persons to adopt the "smoke" for lighting a country house.

The agitation against steam and gas both died a natural death in course of time, as have all agitations of a similar character, and the public are now not so easily alarmed at the practical applications of science. Not all that Mr. Burch or others may say will, therefore, arrest the progress of electric lighting.

When all is said and done the grand criterion is success, and so far as this is concerned the enormous and increasing momentum that electric lighting has now attained is a sufficient answer to anything that can be adduced against it.

Yours truly,

A. A. CAMPBELL SWINTON.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

JULY will be remembered as a month of Strikes and Riot. The discontent which had for some time been causing anxiety to the Authorities in the Police Force broke out at last into something like active disloyalty, and a scene of great disturbance—in which the Roughs and the Anarchists bore some share—took place round the Bow Street Station and the adjoining streets. This *émeute* was succeeded by a partial declaration of war on the part of the Postmen, and at the Mount Pleasant office a large body of men had to be dismissed for extremely riotous behaviour. Fortunately both in the case of the Police and the Postmen, the ultimate victory lay with the authorities, who appear to have acted with firmness and resource. These seditious movements, which so largely interfere with the public convenience and safety, are said to be due to the suggestion of irresponsible agitators who have gained some influence especially over the younger and less experienced men in Governmental employ. The failure of the strikes ought to bring home to the minds of discontented employés the disastrous character of such unofficial guidance.

An act of singular munificence to the nation deserves to be chronicled. Mr. Henry Tate, of Park Hill, Streatham, desiring to establish a National Gallery of British Art, has offered the best selection of his pictures, some sixty in number, painted by leading contemporary artists, as a gift to the English people, subject to certain conditions. In the first place, he wishes that a suitable gallery should be provided, which must be completed by June 1892. In the second place, Mr. Tate requires that the direction and government of the gallery should be in the hands of certain independent managers, entirely distinct from those who are at present concerned with the National Gallery and the Science and Art Departments at South Kensington. The Treasury has expressed its willingness to accept Mr. Tate's gift and to provide suitable galleries, but it refuses to pledge itself to make the direction as independent as the donor desires. It would be a thousand pities if the nation were deprived of Mr. Tate's generosity owing to the stringency of his conditions, or else to the obstinacy of the Government, and it is much to be hoped that some compromise may in due time be effected.

It would be impossible to describe a more interesting sight than that which brought together over 23,000 people on the occasion of the London School Board Fête at the Crystal Palace, to witness, in the morning, a school Choir Competition of eight entries, and, in the afternoon, to listen to a really wonderful concert on the Handel orchestra given by 5000 of the children and pupil teachers, who combined serious musical work with a large amount of play during the day in a very delightful manner. The great orchestra looked like a huge, gay *parterre* of spring flowers, as indeed it was, for the many-coloured garments and badges of the children, and still more the freshness of their youth, combined to make the comparison most striking. We have seldom heard anything more impressive or touching than the full tone of the fresh young voices giving out, to the well-known old-fashioned tune (usually sung to "While shepherds watched their flocks by night") the words—

'We are the children of a King
Who reigns in Heaven above;
Yet loves His children here below
With true and perfect love."

We were prepared by two similar festivals for a high standard of excellence, in the singing; but three portions of the day's work exceeded all expectation. First of all the reading at sight of the Competing Choirs of a piece of music of no mean degree of difficulty in three parts, written for the occasion by W. Roston Bourke, Esq., Chairman of the School Management Committee; it was performed without hesitation, and in four instances, without a mistake, as to notes; second only to this comes the singing at the concert in three and four parts of 5000 children taught separately, *without one combined rehearsal*, an almost impossible feat, as it seemed, easily and admirably performed. Those who know how difficult it is to keep the attention of a large body of children, can realize how excellent must have been this training when a moment's inattention to the conductor's beat would have resulted in a terrible *fiasco*. Little less wonderful was the reading at sight of the 5000 from hand signs (so much employed in the Tonic Sol Fa system), an exercise often in two parts, which was sung with a decision, and firmness of tone, that did credit alike to teachers and taught. The judges were Sir John Stainer, and Mr. W. G. M'Naught, H.M. Inspectors of Music in Training Colleges, to whose untiring efforts for educational advancement in music the rising generation, and indeed the whole country, owe a great debt of gratitude and an entirely altered and enormously improved musical standard. Such work as that done at the School Board Fête Festival is the result of the struggle of years for a place for music in the education of the children of our National Schools, with the wonderful results already described. This is the true way of providing "music for the people;" for such instruction for our children cannot fail to form in time a music-loving nation.

"Jeanne d'Arc," of which every one had heard so much, has come and gone, leaving, we are afraid, a somewhat lugubrious impression behind it. In two scenes only, in our estimation, did Madame Sarah Bernhardt rise to the heights we are accustomed to look for from her, one being her wonderful exit at the end of Tableau I., preceded by the lines:

> "Seigneur Dieu tout-puissant, j'implore ta bonté!
> Laisse, laisse ma vie en son obscurité
> Et daigne rejeter, par une marque insigne,
> Un fardeau si pesant sur une autre plus digne!"

and secondly, the scene in the cell at Rouen, where Jeanne, after insult and ignominy are heaped upon her, turns with contempt upon her conquerors, and pours forth her wrath in patriotic verse. There Madame Bernhardt rose to the situation, and held it firmly till the curtain dropped at the end of the fourth act. But "dull and long," is the verdict heard on quitting the theatre, and relief is not offered by M. Gounod's music; the incessant repetition of the march movement becomes wearisome, though possibly necessitated by the subject. Altogether, however, the great musician is not at his best, and two really charming songs were ruined by being sung dismally out of tune by Madame Andran. Even the spectacular department was a disappointment, nothing being so finished, or so generally well put on the stage, as we are accustomed to at the Lyceum under Mr. Irving. The Daly Company have been acting some eccentric comedies and two serious dramas, "The Taming of the Shrew," and "As you Like It," in which Miss Rehan has won golden opinions.

Notes from Paris.

The "Grand Prix" is won, and the fashionable world is fast leaving Paris, so that visitors coming now see it at a great disadvantage. The animation of the Boulevards has so far diminished, that it is comparatively easy to cross over; whereas a month ago the attempt was attended with serious risk, and required the utmost caution.

The Parisian coachman considers that it is the duty of a foot-passenger to get out of his way, and if he does not manage to do so, well, it is his own fault, and *on paie la casse*, i.e. the coachman being insured against accidents,—all fines are paid by the companies—so that his pocket and his conscience are alike at peace when he turns a sharp corner, and comes thundering down upon some unoffending victim, who is violently sworn at if he gets injured, meeting with scant compassion even from the police. They, if needful, methodically take him to the nearest "pharmacien," and then draw up a formal "procès-verbal," or official statement, which comes to nothing; a fine being the utmost penalty

inflicted, and this contingency being provided for. But if no more than a few bruises have been received, little notice is taken. We saw, lately, a French gentleman who had been knocked down in the most brutal manner, and as if purposely; he was but little hurt, and his clothes had suffered more than himself; but he was, however, in a perfect fury, and had a most vehement altercation with two policemen, insisting upon the arrest of the coachman, who had "nearly killed him," he said. The policemen listened listlessly, shrugged their shoulders, told him that he was not hurt (which considerably increased his anger), and merely added that they could do nothing in the matter—he might summon the coachman if he liked—who would perhaps be fined, but that was the concern of the insurance companies!

The *cochers de fiacre* are a standing grievance, although they have their own complaints to make of over-work and under-pay. But their utter recklessness is beyond all excuse; the number of vehicles over-turned daily, and of foot-passengers injured, constitutes an alarming total, with the result of a constant preference for tramways and omnibuses on the part of timid people, even when their social position would seem to require a vehicle of a more private kind.

English visitors are particularly liable to risk at the crossings, the "rule of the road" being reversed here; the coachman takes the right side instead of the left, which is very misleading. As to the "refuges," they are so slightly raised from the level as to be really dangerous in a crowd of vehicles; the *camions* carrying enormous stones, or endless rafters, swerving to and fro; the gigantic omnibuses, like Noah's arks, the "chars-à-banc" with four to six horses, of Messrs. Cook and Gaze, coming in strings and blocking up the way; when all these crowd round the small spot, scraping the kerb-stone, the situation of the unfortunate atom standing in the middle is scarcely to be envied! Some pitiless jokers assert that the "refuges" were only established that people might be smashed at once, instead of one by one, which was getting too troublesome.

The establishment of "ambulance vehicles" is rather significant, especially as they are in constant use and are a prosperous institution. There is rather a bitter sort of satisfaction in the certainty that everything is provided in case of a catastrophe, which is so likely to happen that the necessary conveyance is in waiting, and in readiness to come with the speed of a fire-engine to your assistance, carrying all that is needful to take you off comfortably to the nearest hospital.

The French have gone wild on the subject of Joan of Arc, who was well-nigh forgotten a few months ago, and now suddenly engrosses public interest in a strangely general manner. We have Joan of Arc idealized by Sarah Bernhardt; Joan of Arc in a pantomime display at the Hippodrome; a Joan of Arc festival at Nancy, with a new statue by

Fremiet, which it is to be hoped is more attractive than the ugly little woman waving a banner on the Place des Pyramides, by the same artist. All the daily papers are full of leaders on the "immortal heroine;" the "bien pensant" papers glorifying the saint and the martyr, the anti-clerical journals trying to make her out a sort of Louise Michel of the Middle Ages victimized by Bishops; forgetting to explain that these Bishops were excommunicated renegades, rejected by the Roman Church.

A Bishop of the present day, Monseigneur Pagis, with very different feelings, goes all over France to collect offerings for the building of a church in the native village of "la bonne Lorraine;" for Joan was a daughter of the lost province—a circumstance which by no means diminishes the general desire to glorify the Maid of Orleans.

The Duke of Orleans, the Maid of Orleans—these different glories get somehow jumbled up together—both young, both patriotic, both recalling the name of Orleans. In the provinces especially, the Duke is taking the position of the "Young Chevalier" of Scottish legend; his portraits are seen everywhere, his autograph is cherished, and whole bales of the "images d'Epinal" (rude, highly coloured pictures), retracing the history of his captivity, are bought up for distribution in the villages. Here we see the Duke of Orleans before his judges, the Duke of Orleans in prison receiving a visit from his "fiancée" (poor Princess Marguerite!), the Duke lying on a pallet-bed, with a stone pitcher of water by his side; his pink cheeks nowise faded by the sufferings endured, which is certainly remarkable, for they are most lugubriously depicted. It is to be hoped that the good sense, of which the young Prince has given ample proof, will act as a preservative against the effects of too much effervescence.

Considerable uneasiness is expressed by competent authorities at the increase of the "Bande Noire," or organized gangs of thieves. Twenty years ago, under the much maligned Empire, there were no more than a thousand of such dangerous malefactors in Paris; now the number is reckoned at five thousand. To the Bande Noire belong the men who hire apartments under aristocratic names, put in their accomplices dressed as servants; announce the coming of magnificent furniture; give large orders to tradesmen; and suddenly disappear with their booty.

Others hire furnished apartments, and come with heavy trunks (usually full of stones); after having won confidence, they also give large orders, and then make off. Jewellers are frequent victims of such adventurers.

At the "Bon Marché" and the "Louvre" a regular allowance is made for shop-lifting in the debtor and creditor accounts; the daily sum thus registered is surprisingly high. Besides amateur kleptomania, the female

accomplices of the "Bande Noire" make a continual raid on the counters, and notwithstanding the vigilance of the inspectors, they manage to reap a good harvest. We were told that these women usually wear skirts as full as fashion will allow, with very deep and capacious pockets; they also wear shoes—not boots—and have stockings cut off, so as to leave the toes free. They press close to the counters, where a rapid motion of the elbow, favoured by some dangling fringe, catches the coveted article, and throws it down. Then, quick, the foot slips out of the shoe, and the toes, exercised by long practice, draw the lace, or whatever it may be, under the long skirt, where it remains hidden, till an opportunity occurs of quickly secreting it in the pocket. The professional pilferers choose their prey very judiciously; but kleptomaniacs usually take the merest trifles; often bottles of perfume or some worthless knick-nack, which they steal in the clumsiest fashion, getting into great trouble and incurring deep humiliation without any conceivable temptation. But it is a case of partial insanity, and is easily distinguished from the deliberate adroitness of the practised hand or foot!

A Visit to a Newfoundland Lobster Factory.

It was a fresh June morning when we looked around us for the first time in this western harbour of Port Saunders, on the shore of the island off which the French are permitted to fish. The silence, which in all the anchorages of the island is most profound, was here broken by the voices of the fishermen, engaged in tossing their morning living catch of lobsters from their boats on to the pier-head; and there, as we turned our heads to the sounds, was the pier and its surrounding buildings of a canning establishment; and at anchor near it the envying French gunboat. This factory had been a thorn in the side of the French for six years, because of its unqualified success, and for no other reason; for here, in the harbour near and around the shores of Keppel Island, which separated our anchorage from Hawke Bay, it was worse than useless fishing for cod; while the small rocks teemed with lobster weed which these crustaceans fancy so much; and though our friends under the tricolor could enter into the competition of catching them, they were not allowed to erect permanent buildings to preserve and tin them.

Twenty miles from this place was a harbour in which the French had a rendezvous for their fishing schooners, and where their larger vessels lay at anchor during the fishing season from June till September; from this their gunboat and schooners were frequently running in for shelter or for wood or water. This factory, which was one of the first to be erected, was eminently successful, while year after year the visitors were sickening at the constantly decreasing catch of cod. How then was it possible for them to quietly watch the progress

of this factory on *their* shore without entering a protest against it, demolishing it altogether, or, at least, sharing in its profits by erecting similar structures near it, catching and tinning the lobster, and finally diverting him into French ports from those of Nova Scotia or England. The treaty of 1783 says, "And that the fishermen of the two nations may not give rise to daily quarrels, His Britannic Majesty was pleased to engage that he would take the most positive measures for preventing his subjects from interrupting the fishing of the French during the temporary exercise thereof. . . ."

Here is a case! The lobster must be caught in a creel, and the creel must be buoyed; an old cod net now drawn over the buoys will be torn, and the settler is thus "interrupting the fishing of the French." The creel must come up, and the factory stopped. This was the actual plan followed to demolish this particular establishment; but the enemy was defeated; the creels were removed a little further in shore where no cod could be looked for by any scheming, and the factory went on tinning.

We had not learnt this then as we rowed on shore in the skiff to see for ourselves the process of preparation of a lobster for the London market. We pulled in to the well-built log pier amongst the boats which had just come in with their creeping and fighting freight, and 'twas odd to see the fierceness with which these black fellows seized and hauled and pinched each other. So tightly would they hold, that when you attempted to separate two of them, a claw would be drawn out of the body rather than its owner would let go his assailant. On the pier these were being thrown by the thickly-gloved hands of the fishermen, who had taken them from the creels which they had baited the previous day, counting them in pairs as they threw them up. These boats were found and furnished by the factory, the Newfoundlanders engaged in them having only to visit, bait, empty, and rebait the creels daily, Sundays excepted. Here we might note how very particular the Newfoundlander is in keeping the Sabbath. No fishing or visiting of fixed nets or creels, though they may be loaded, tempts the fishermen afloat on the Sabbath; the knowledge of this observance amongst the fishermen accounts for the disturbances which have arisen with the French on that day; as they have not hesitated, when wanting bait, to haul up the Newfoundlanders' nets and freely help themselves, an act not likely to be looked on quietly by the owners of the nets, and which has led to menaces and open rupture on more than one occasion. On enquiry as to the number brought in daily, we found it to average about 5000; but an unusually successful morning has yielded as many as 15,000, and as each morning's catch is boiled and canned before the factory is washed down, and the doors closed for the day, this would mean a long day for the employés.

From the pier the lobsters are lifted by large but light wooden scoops on to a stretcher, and carried by two men into the boiling-house. Here

a large rectangular copper of boiling water, the mouth of which was covered by a hinged wooden lid, received them, and they were instantly killed. We had somewhere heard that the live lobsters on being plunged into the liquid gave forth a sound akin to a scream, but we can testify that death is instantaneous, and not a sound came forth. From the boiler after a few minutes the red bodies were taken out, and piled on a wooden slab, occupying the whole centre of the room, a walk around this separating it from a bench about three feet wide, which ran round the walls of the room. Here men stood taking lobsters from the central pile, turning round, and with light blows of a mallet breaking the coat of the lobster, and removing on to trays the flesh of the claws and after-body, the remainder being thrown overboard as useless for food purposes. The trays were now carried into another room, where girls were employed tinning and accurately weighing their contents, who passed them on to men engaged in soldering on the lids of the tins, after which they were packed in open crates and carried into another boiling-house, where they were again boiled, and finally packed into wooden cases of four dozen each, ready for delivery to the buyers in Nova Scotia or in London; the gorgeous paper labels, and grand names of their birth-places, being added after the cases left Newfoundland. Attached to the factory were machines for stamping out the tins from sheets, rollers for making the bodies of them, and carpenters' shops for preparing the wooden cases for packing them. The domestic offices of the factory consisted of a house for the manager, sleeping-rooms for the girls, standing apart from those occupied by the men, and a general dining-room for all. The working months of the year were part of June, all July, August and September; early in October the factory hands who came from distant places were embarked on a schooner, and carried to their homes, the boats laid up, and the factory closed till the following June. No village or collection of houses was within fifty miles of them, no church or chapel nearer than one hundred; their walks were confined to a few miles of open sea-shore, and thus their isolation from all but their own little world for these months was most complete. A small clearing, with a few graves marked by wooden crosses with the names of those beneath, showed that here, even in this healthy spot, death was ever ready to add to its list of victims; and we learnt that these had been girls who had come in a state of weak health, but whose lives perhaps had been a little prolonged by the cleanly regulations, their healthy occupation, and the pure air of the situation of the factory itself.

OUR LIBRARY LIST.

TRAVELS IN AFRICA DURING THE YEARS 1875–1878. By DR. WILHELM JUNKER. Translated by A. H. KEANE. (*Chapman & Hall.*) Engrossing as is, at the present time, the story of Mr. Stanley's discoveries and adventures, all those who are interested in the geography or the history of Africa will read with the deepest enjoyment the record of Dr. Junker's travels. Dr. Junker has rendered great services to African exploration. He has made known a large region of Central Africa, lying immediately to the west of Lado, the capital of the Equatorial Province. His headquarters were at Makaraka, and from this place he made many journeys into the surrounding country. He explored the course of the important river Wells, which was discovered by his predecessor Dr. Schweinfurth, and he proved it to belong to the Congo system. So far as this volume carries the record, there are no romantic adventures chronicled, or any circumstances which required the sword to force a way for geographical discovery. Dr. Junker availed himself of the facilities offered by the Egyptian government of the Soudan. His most important journey was made when his party was in the company of an Egyptian military expedition; but his discovery was embittered to him by the sight of the cruel raids committed by the soldiers. The narrative, which has been so well done into English by Professor Keane that one would hardly know it not to be an English work, is fascinating as well as scientifically important. It contains valuable information about manners and customs and the types of the various people, more particularly the female types; and the illustrations are throughout good and abundant. But besides the intrinsic value of the results which they furnish to the geographer and anthropologist, Dr. Junker's travels possess an additional interest in the fact that they bring us into contact with places and personages whose names have living, if painful associations for Englishmen, and in the side lights they throw on the whole romance of the loss of the Soudan. Almost one half the book is occupied with Dr. Junker's description of his journey to the scene of his chief explorations. He travelled from Suakim down the valley of the river Baraka to Kassala, the heroic defence of which in the Mahdi war is still fresh in our memories. He lived some time at Khartoum, and his description both of the town itself and of what he

saw there amongst Egyptains and natives is very interesting. On his way south he met Gordon, and on his return to Khartoum he enjoyed Gordon's friendship. He pays him a most honourable tribute. We catch a glimpse of "Dr. Emin," whose appointment by Gordon seems to have been suggested by Dr. Junker. And lastly we hear of the mysterious and infamous Zebehr. Dr. Junker portrays the excesses committed by the Egyptian government of the Soudan, excesses which may well suggest a doubt whether the loss of that region is to be deplored. From every point of view this book is worthy of its eminent author.

TENNIS, LAWN TENNIS, RACKETS, FIVES. Badminton Library. (*Longmans.*) Mr. Alfred Lyttelton in a few pages which he contributes to the new volume of the Badminton Library says that cricket can be played contemporaneously with any of the first three of these games, but they cannot well be played contemporaneously with one another. But if they do not go well together in practice, they are rightly connected in theory between the covers of one volume. Mr. J. M. Heathcote, who speaks with pardonable pride of his own unchallenged distinction as an amateur for many years, writes the account of tennis, the increasing popularity of which may be judged from the thirty courts which exist in England, and several new ones built in France, which, however, are a long way off from the 1000 courts which are said to have existed at Paris in the 16th century. The complexity of the game makes this part of the book closer reading than the rest. Lawn Tennis (undertaken mainly by Mr. C. G. Heathcote) naturally occupies the larger half of the volume, and it is instructive to read how in its short history of sixteen years it has undergone revolution and reaction, the Renshaw revolution of the volley, and the Lawford reaction of play from the back. As usual with the books of this series, every part of the subject is treated with care and fulness. Miss L. Dod discusses with some touches of irony and humour the achievements of women, and a very interesting chapter by Mr. Wilberforce debates the relative merits of the single and double game, freely conceding to the first the palm of skill. Rackets fall to Mr. Pleydell Bouverie, and Mr. A. C. Ainger, in a short chapter, describes the game Fives, for which he pleads that it is a game, good not only for boys, but for men whose wind is beginning to go. It is curious how uncertain should be the origin of the names of all these games. Even "fives" is uncertain. It must be admitted that this volume, in literary quality and in freshness and vigour, though not in care or fulness, falls short of its predecessor on Golf. But it is probably not so much the fault of the writers as of the subject, if they cannot compete in humour and breezy high spirits with the professors of a game which is played over miles of sea-blown links, which has a case to win, and which has at its back a whole nation, and such a nation as the Scotch!

THREE YEARS IN WESTERN CHINA. By ALEXANDER HOSIE. With Introduction by ARCHIBALD LITTLE. (*George Philip & Son.*) In the year 1876, by the Chefoo Convention, we acquired the right to have a Consul resident at Ch'ung-k'ing in the province of Ssu-ch'uan in Western China—a town on the Yang-tse which is now open as a treaty port. Mr. Hosie went as Consul in 1881, and this volume describes three extensive journeys which he undertook in the three years following with a view to report on the character of the country and the prospect of British trade. The question has become important, since our occupation of Upper Burmah, from which many persons desire a direct trade route to the province of Yun-nan. Mr. Hosie declares emphatically that the proper trade route is down the Yang-tse, the difficulties of which he minimises. The provinces of Yun-nan and Kueichow he does not think will supply trade for Burmah until the richer province of Ssu-ch'uan has sent emigrants into these two provinces, which have been desolated by ruinous wars. Mr. Hosie has written an admirable book of travels, which possesses much higher value than could be accounted for by the extreme novelty of the country described. Travelling in Western China is, as might be imagined, a matter of difficulty: the roads are bad, and the accommodation intolerable. But Mr. Hosie has triumphed over his difficulties, and every page contains something interesting and valuable as the result of his observations. The reader gathers an idea of the conglomerate character of the Chinese Empire. The people of the two poorer provinces are largely non-Chinese, who have been conquered and their country devastated by the Chinese. Several industries are described, the most interesting being the nurture of the wax-insects which exude a deposit of white wax; and the manufacture of rice-paper. Coal and salt exist in abundance in various parts of these provinces, which also contain many cities of considerable importance. Chengtu in Ssu-ch'uan Mr. Hosie considers the finest city in China, far surpassing Peking or Canton; while Tali-fu in Yun-nan, the centre of the Mohammedan rebellion, though now ruined is in the midst of magnificent scenery. Altogether this book, which is comparatively short, deserves the highest commendation, and will probably be invaluable for those who have commercial interests in China. It suffers, however, greatly from the absence of pictures to illustrate the text, which would have added greatly to the enjoyment of a most enjoyable work. There was, doubtless, difficulty in procuring them. A few views of the Yang-tse are given; but these, though good, do not really help the reader.

VIEWS AND REVIEWS. By W. E. HENLEY. (*David Nutt.*) Following the suggestion of Mr. Pater's title, Mr. Henley calls these papers, reprinted from various journals, "essays in appreciation;" and the effort to point out what is best, to weigh fairly in one balance

an artist's artistic skill with his treatment of subject, distinguishes these dainty pieces. They make no pretensions to exhaustive treatment, but they touch with charm of style and lightness and penetration, a great variety of literary work. They are simple, and lively, and direct, and the only thing we regret in them is the use of the vile word "plangent." One may not always agree with Mr. Henley's judgments; one may refuse to regard the 'Tale of Two Cities' as one of Dickens' masterpieces; and one may not join with him in his depreciation of George Eliot, and in his only half-disguised dislike of Thackeray, though he is probably right in regarding Thackeray's style as his most permanent merit. He would have to be very widely read in literature who could check Mr. Henley's judgment of all the writers of whom he treats; but he would be a very dull person who did not derive enjoyment and instruction from the sparkle and intelligence of these short essays. Sometimes Mr. Henley is especially happy, as in the essays on Byron, Dickens, and Beaconsfield, and he is full of things which are worth remembering, *e.g.* the saying about George Meredith that "he has genius but wants felicity." About some of these artists, *e.g.* Tennyson, we wish he had written longer. And is he right, with the example before him of Goethe's 'Iphigenia,' and Swinburne's 'Atalanta,' in holding as he does in the graceful paper on Matthew Arnold, that to revive the form of the Greek play, "is a blunder alike in sentiment and in art?" The book is as dainty in its type and form as it is in its contents, and every lover of literature will set a value upon it.

HISTORY OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA. By the Rev. W. P. Greswell. Under the auspices of the Royal Colonial Institute. (*Oxford: Clarendon Press.*) If it is true that knowledge is more consolidating even than commerce, the University of Oxford will be recognized in the future as having rendered no inconsiderable service in the work of welding together the different parts of the Empire. She has established a centre of Indian learning in the Indian Institute, and the 'Sacred Books of the East,' which her Press is publishing, are laying open to us the literature of India among other Eastern countries. The Press has now come forward to supply that information about the Colonies of which we stand so greatly in need. Some time ago appeared Mr. Lucas's 'Historical Geography of the Colonies.' The present work is designed as one of a series intended "to illustrate the progress of our three great self-governing groups of Colonies in North America, South Africa, and Australasia." It is not likely, however, that a history on this scale could be used in schools as the author wishes. And the general reader would have wished to learn still more. But the significant thing is that a book like this, intended for general instruction, should have been written at all. And it has distinct merits. The story is told clearly, from the very beginning of French colonization in Canada up to the granting of the Federal Constitution and the creation

of the provinces of Manitoba and British Columbia. The author obtrudes too much, we think, the evident pride he feels in the English system of colonization as contrasted with that of other nations, a pride in which Englishmen are not likely to be defective. But he shows very usefully the different steps through which our colonial policy has passed, and his contrast of Canada with South Africa is instructive. We should like a fuller account of the Canadian constitution, though indeed the Act is quoted *in extenso* in the Appendix. As supplying a shorter account than Mr. Kingsford's 'History of Canada,' we hope that the book will be widely read. It is provided with several maps, the best being a chart showing the progress of Arctic discovery. But it contains no good and full map of Canada as a whole.

NATION MAKING. A STORY OF NEW ZEALAND. By J. C. FIRTH. (*Longmans.*) If Englishmen in general feel less indifference for one Australian colony than the others, that colony is New Zealand. In the first place the colony has in the past overborrowed, and Mr. Froude has scared the City man with the prospect of repudiation. But apart from this inglorious and probably quite fictitious source of interest, New Zealand has certainly superior intrinsic claims, arising partly from its splendid natural features, and partly from the romance and honour of the long war waged first by England, and then by the colonists alone, against the Maoris, a far nobler type of savage than the degraded tribes of Australia. Mr. Firth's racy chapters ought to delight a much wider circle than that of those who are inspired by the idea of Imperialism, which, we are glad to see, Mr. Firth shares. His book affords material of the most valuable kind to the future historian. It does not pretend to be history itself, but it is a series of sketches drawn from the experience of a man who has witnessed and taken part in the effort to make a civilized nation in the face of a great savage people. Mr. Firth was one of the early settlers on the North Island, and buying an estate there, came into the most various relations of friendship and hostility with the Maoris. The picture he draws of their character is on the whole as creditable to them as his sketches of their customs and beliefs are interesting and valuable to the student of such subjects. We might select as of special interest his account of his friend William Thompson (the English name of a Maori chief), who endeavoured to combine the Maoris into something like a settled state; of the *Aukati* or line beyond which they refused to permit Europeans to pass; of the custom of *Utu* or ransom, which doubtless, as Mr. Firth says, smoothed the way for the missionaries with their Christian idea of redemption. (The Maoris were once nearly all Christians, though they relapsed, and only slowly returned to the new faith.) Mr. Firth's book is full of good stories. At one point a number of persons meet together and tell tales over the fire to pass the time. A story later on, which illustrates how

the Maori policy of waiting was played off against one of their own number, is capital. There is food for reflection in the political chapters, and throughout Mr. Firth writes with the crispness and vigour of a man of action.

PLAIN TALES FROM THE HILLS. By RUDYARD KIPLING. (*Macmillan & Co.*) Mr. Rudyard Kipling's stories, reprinted from an Indian Journal, certainly deserve to be rescued from the fate which usually befalls such ephemeral productions. They show an extraordinary power of reproducing every phase of Indian life, and some of the satirical touches recall the master-hand which drew 'The Kickleburys on the Rhine' and 'A little Dinner at Timmins.' But short and slight as such sketches must necessarily be, Mr. Kipling often strikes a deeper note, and startles us with the suggestion of a pathetic and literary power which might carry him far. It is long since we have met with anything so tragic as the story of the boy's life ruined by nobody's fault, which is told in so few words and in such straightforward, manly fashion in 'Thrown Away.' And we find it impossible not to be carried away by the burning and over-mastering indignation at the folly and red-tapeism of so many critics of Indian administration which breaks forth, for instance, in 'The Three Musketeers.' Perhaps Mr. Kipling is at his best when he is dealing with soldiers. He knows them at their best and at their worst, and his knowledge is born of real sympathy. When we have read 'The Taking of Lungtungpen,' and 'The Madness of Private Ortheris,' we feel that Terence Mulvaney is a friend we could ill spare, and we advise those who have not yet made his acquaintance either in this volume or in the author's 'Soldiers Three' to make haste to repair the omission.

DISHONOURED. By THEO GIFT. (*Hurst & Blackett.*) Theo Gift's book deserves to be read by all who care for a simple and pathetic story, told in a polished and yet natural style. Olive Benison is one of the most charming heroines of our acquaintance, and though it is not quite clear why the discovery of her mother's sin should force her to disappear from society, we are glad to have the opportunity of meeting the minister and his sister, the deacons of the church and the shop-girls amongst whom she takes refuge. Theo Gift has a keen eye for character, and there is not a man or a woman in her pages whose personality does not stand out clearly before us. She seems to know Stonham as Mrs. Gaskell knew Crawford, and her descriptions are at once sympathetic and full of quiet humour. Miss Rice, the strong-minded sister of the romantic Congregationalist minister, is a delightful example of the Stonham folk, "who won't even pretend to be kind or civil when they don't feel so," and who are quite certain that it was Olive's "edication learnt her that there aren't a many places like

Stonham fur a gell to be lucky enough to drop inter." There is real pathos too in the description of the stern old father, whose hidden love for his erring wife is so strong that he will not claim his child lest her mother should fear to return alone, and whose faith in the little one bringing her home at last is shown in the gate always left open.

JOURNAL OF MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF. TRANSLATED BY MATHILDE BLIND. (*Cassell & Co.*) Miss Mathilde Blind has made so perfect a translation of the now famous journal of Marie Bashkirtseff that the sense of its having been originally written in another language is certainly lost in the reading. But its English dress intensifies by contrast the extraordinary morbidness of the diary. How much of the text is veracious is a problem which can now never be unravelled, but the truth of the unconscious portrait of the writer cannot be questioned. She meant to paint herself accurately, so much is certain; but it is more than doubtful if she was aware of the image she really traced upon her canvas. The first point which strikes the reader is Marie Bashkirtseff's extraordinary precocity. Ambition has been called "the *last* infirmity of noble minds." Here is a very young girl, almost a child, so morbidly alive to the verdict of her fellow-creatures that at no moment of the day or night is she free from their haunting presence. What was said of her and of her pictures, the chance of her getting this or that distinction in the Paris art world, swelled up in her imagination to such a pitch, that the fate of nations might have trembled in the scales against her own fame. And her anxieties are not stupidly expressed; eloquence and ardour, the pathos of prayer, and the utmost intensity of doubt and fear, are gathered together in sentence after sentence, and illustrate to the amazed and perforce sympathetic reader the awful importance of the issue to Marie. The same morbid estimate of her own place in the universe is shown when she realizes that her lungs are seriously attacked. "*It is I, O God! it is I!*" And it is to the excessive keenness of her feelings about herself that her incontestable literary power is due. As Eugenie de Guerin loved Maurice, and thought no trifle uninteresting which bore upon her idolised brother, so Marie Bashkirtseff loved herself, and for the sake of this central figure painted in its many backgrounds with a careful hand. Not only the studio in which she worked, and her fellow-students, but her own family, the mother who loved her so devotedly; the aunt whose unwearied goodness to her provokes occasional outbursts of petulant remorse, and dying Bastien Lepage, are all as vividly grouped as if they were the creation of a master brain; but they are only painted in reference to herself. We do not see any of them standing alone, nor understand what manner of people they were. Her really exquisite power of literary expression is wholly consecrated to one end, that of revealing her own inner self, and she seems to have been blind to the reality of the word-picture she

produced. It is surely a pity that Mr. Gladstone should have lent the weight of his literary reputation to bring the journal of this young Russian girl into prominence as a revelation of the inmost life of woman. We are fain to think that women are very different the one from the other, and that Marie Bashkirtseff was so abnormal as to touch the border line of insanity. Granting that the modesty of nature hinders most people from this excessive self-revelation, the process would surely bring out stronger, simpler, and certainly saner elements of being than those of poor Marie Bashkirtseff.

THE JEWS UNDER ROMAN RULE. (*Story of the Nations. Fisher Unwin.*) Mr. Morrison has brought a great deal of learning to the construction of his book, but he has failed to make it interesting or picturesque. This perhaps is due in part to the plan which he has adopted of entirely separating the history of the Jews from the description of their social life. In the first half we feel rather as if we were reading a primer, and this effect might have been modified by a judicious intermixture of some of the valuable information contained in the later chapters. But regarded as a summary of a period of history comparatively seldom treated, extending from B.C 164 to A.D. 135, it leaves little to be desired. It is clear, complete, and entirely free from theological or anti-theological prejudice. The illustrations, which are excellent, are for the most part reproductions of those published by the Palestine Exploration Society, and the book is furnished with that most necessary adjunct, a good Appendix.

MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1890.

INVASION OR STARVATION.

Two years ago, when the death of the aged German Emperor caused uneasiness for the maintenance of that peace which his life to most people appeared to guarantee, and when certain events in Eastern Europe produced one of those depressions in the political barometer which are now becoming periodical, public attention in this country was again attracted to the question of our liability to invasion by a foreign power, and the feasibility of such an operation at the present time. There was a sharp conflict of opinion between the naval and military authorities as to the amount of transport required for a force of 100,000 men, and the difficulty attached to such an undertaking. The naval view was ridiculed, and stated to be discreditable to those who made the calculations; while, according to all military authorities, there were no great obstacles to an invasion by our nearest neighbour.

Two years later, in seeking to impress the nation with the vital necessity of preventing any interruption of our commerce, upon which we were dependent for our daily bread, naval officers have pointed out one of the most serious effects of our losing command of the sea would be the distress caused by stoppage of supplies, and the regular influx of that raw material which gives employment to so many thousands. The military view is that this so-called starvation theory is one vast and complete humbug, and that it would be impossible to prevent us getting into the country whatever we required.

I propose to examine the views on both these subjects, and endeavour to show that though the starvation theory

may not be free from humbug, the invasion hypothesis is one which, on investigation, claims the greatest effort of the imagination.

INVASION.

In dealing with this question, let me say at the outset I do not wish to contest in any way the military opinion that a force of 100,000 men, safely landed, could subdue the country. Lord Wolseley has said in the House of Lords, "If a hostile force of, say, 100,000 men were to land upon our shores, there is no reason why that force, properly led, should not take possession of London." Whether that is accepted or not is immaterial to my purpose, but I may remark in passing that another military authority, Lieut.-General Sir Andrew Clarke, does not agree, as he has said: "Personally, I dissent entirely from this proposition, and consider that the figures must at least be doubled." Neither am I concerned to dispute the feasibility of an invasion in the absence of the fleet, though much would depend on the cause of that absence.

Speaking at Liverpool in December 1887, Lord Wolseley said: "Everybody whose intelligence was above the ordinary intelligence of a school-boy, must know this country was open to an invasion. When the Channel was in the possession of a foreign hostile navy, then not only would it be possible, but most certainly this country would be invaded." Not claiming more than the youthful intelligence above alluded to, I am still doubtful whether invasion would follow the loss of naval supremacy, and should rather anticipate subjugation by attacks on our colonies and commerce, which must disappear as a consequence of our being no longer able to protect and relieve them by sea. If invasion were attempted, it would be after considerable preparation, as it has been in all previous cases, successful or otherwise. It was no surprise when William the Conqueror crossed the Channel, or Henry VII. landed at Milford. There was no concealment in the preparations of Napoleon. His plan had been under our observation for months, as in a similar way the formation of the Spanish Armada and its object were perfectly understood in this country. But when this subject was discussed in 1888, the question of surprise became the leading feature; it being held on one side that a force could be quickly and secretly embarked, the introduction

of steam obviating any such causes of delay in its transmission and choice of spot for disembarkation as formerly exercised so powerful an influence. The other side held that so large an amount of transport as would be required was not always available, and its collection would at once betray the undertaking. Also there were other difficulties which had not been taken into account. It is with this phase of the subject I propose to deal.

The First Lord of the Admiralty had stated that a force of 100,000 men, complete in all respects, would require 480,000 tons of shipping for their transport across the English Channel. The capability of France for this undertaking was under discussion simply because she is our nearest neighbour, and has in the past contemplated the operation, not from any idea of imputing any such intention at the present time. When asked in the House of Commons whether, in the face of certain statements publicly made, the First Lord adhered to this estimate of tonnage, he replied as follows:—"The figures which I gave the other day as to the transport necessary to enable 100,000 men to land and seize London by surprise, took into consideration the only conditions under which such a feat comes within the range of possibility—first, that the disembarkation of the army from the ships was simultaneous; second, that the army so disembarked was capable of rapid movement. The estimate of 480,000 gross tons required for the invading force was on the assumption that the force would be equivalent to three army corps, constituted as laid down in the 'Soldiers' Pocket-Book,' and based on an allowance of a ton and a half per man, and 4 tons per horse. Assuming, however, that instead of three army corps we have to consider the force which Napoleon contemplated despatching in 1805, viz. 155,000 men, 14,600 horses, with 432 guns, the tonnage required, according to the expectation of the Transport Department, would be 445,077 gross tons. My figures are based on the practical data of daily experience and ascertained facts, and upon the knowledge that difference between gross and net tonnage is yearly increasing, owing to the greater space and power of the engines and boilers and coal bunkerage of modern passenger ships, and I adhere to them as correct." It may be here explained that the net tonnage is that available for stowage, and is approximately two-thirds of the gross tonnage. Now it might be considered that the Admiralty Transport Department, with its experience of despatching expeditions to various parts of the world, was fairly capable of giving as accurate an opinion

upon such a subject as anybody in the country; but apparently its calculations were quite erroneous.

Lord Wolseley, speaking at the Royal United Institution, said:—"We have a consensus of opinion from every general officer of any weight in this country in saying that this country can and may be invaded, and all I can say is that when any gentleman makes a statement such as that which has been made public, that it is impossible to invade this country because it would take a fleet of 480,000 tons in dimension to carry over 100,000 men to these shores, I have no doubt the gentleman who made that statement did so in the most perfect good faith, but all I can say is that his informants have misled him in the most discreditable manner." One has to realize that "the gentleman who made that statement" is the head of the Navy and a Cabinet Minister, and his critic a high official in another Department, to appreciate the playful knock thus administered. But such an incident is not considered an anomaly in this country. What would be the result of a general in the German army telling an assemblage of officers that the Staff of the Minister of Marine had misled that gentleman in a discreditable manner, must be left to the imagination. Lord Wolseley went on to say, that in the 'Soldiers' Pocket-Book,' compiled after careful collation of the best military and naval authorities, it was laid down that for short voyages 1½ ton of shipping per man would be amply sufficient. He concluded as follows: "Now I say, and I do so with the full sense of the responsibility I take upon myself in making this statement, that in the ports of France at this moment, and every day in the year, there is enough shipping to carry over 100,000 men to England . . . . and that without any preparation at all."

In these last few words we have the crucial point of the subject. No preparation necessary, and shipping available any and every day. That is to say, we are to assume that an expeditionary force could be sent to certain ports, embarked on the vessels lying there, and despatched to its destination without any warning reaching us. In the first place, there is no doubt that in time of war there would be sufficient tonnage available for a force of 200,000 men, because a large proportion of the French mercantile marine would no longer be following their ordinary avocations. Communication between the two countries being then interrupted, a certain time might elapse before we heard that such an under-

taking was in contemplation. But I gather from the manner in which the two views of the question have been stated, and the fact of surprise being essential to success, that we must consider the operation as effected simultaneously with, or immediately following, a declaration of war. If this event has taken place suddenly, there would not then be in the French ports more than the usual proportion of vessels discharging or taking in cargo; under repairs, or laid up. I take it for granted that all British vessels have left, and they are generally as numerous as those under the French flag in the northern ports. It seems desirable, therefore, only to consider native shipping, and the amount in home waters.

Now the mercantile marine under the French flag amounts to approximately 900,000 tons, comprising vessels of all dimensions. Of this total we may fairly consider that one-third, or 300,000 tons, would be in harbour, under the several conditions I have enumerated. A certain proportion of these, however, would not be available, such as the vessels worn out, under extensive repair, or with full cargo. Looking at the matter as one not requiring "any preparation at all," I cannot believe that the amount of steam tonnage available any day of the year can exceed 200,000 tons. But the port in which at least half this available tonnage is collected is Marseilles, so that we have to contemplate either a transfer of these vessels to the north previous to shipping their live freight, or an embarkation in the south and a voyage of some days' duration before arriving at their destination. Does not this preclude the idea of a *coup de main*, even if no preparation is necessary in the vessels to receive men, horses, and guns? For this reason, sailing ships have not been taken into consideration, though a suggestion was made that they could be towed by the steam transports or numerous tugs. It sounds plausible enough to those without experience of the sea, but in practice it would, I believe, be attended with great difficulty in keeping vessels together, and preventing accidents. The method would be slow and cumbrous, besides being so dependent on the weather, that to my mind, if rapidity of execution is the main point, the idea of using fishing boats and other coasting craft for the expedition must be rejected.

The next point to consider are the facilities for embarkation; and here the principal obstacle in the northern ports nearest our coast is the limited draught of water for large vessels.

Dependent upon the tides, the basins are in most harbours only available for entry and exit at stated times. The embarkation of a large force, and the despatch of steamers when loaded, could not for this reason be carried out with any rapidity. Assuming, however, all preliminary difficulties overcome, and the expedition safely anchored in the spot selected for landing, there is a matter that has been generally overlooked, and that is getting on shore. Unless special troop-boats had been constructed and brought over, and which in the present case cannot be conceded, as no preparation is allowed, 100,000 men with horses and guns, could not be landed in a day. My own opinion is, that unless accompanied by a large fleet to afford every facility, the operation would take nearly a week. In the Crimea, it took us half a day to land 30,000 men with all the boats of the squadron and no interruption. I can hardly believe that even if our own fleet has been decoyed away or destroyed—the favourite hypothesis—our land forces could not be assembled in time to give some trouble to the expedition before or after landing, independent of harassing attacks by small vessels and torpedo-boats, which have escaped annihilation, and are not absent. A gale of wind during the process of disembarkation, or even bad weather, might also lead to disaster. The point I maintain is, that the feasibility of an invasion across the sea is a question upon which naval experience and professional knowledge is more calculated to form an accurate estimate than even "a consensus of opinion from every general officer of any weight in this country." In all points military, that is to say, concentration of the force previous to embarkation, its composition, numbers, and ability to effect its object after landing, we do not profess to judge; but in the purely naval aspect of getting the expedition across, we do feel qualified to express an opinion. This would be admitted even in states with comparatively little maritime experience; but in England, the naval voice is heard with difficulty and may be told its utterances on a purely naval subject are ridiculous.

I can no more accept as infallible the views of Wellington on invasion, than I can those of Napoleon. The letter of the former to Sir John Burgoyne, in which he spoke of our increased liability to invasion from the invention of steam, is often quoted. This point is not, however, germane to the present discussion, and a motive power independent of weather rather adds to the risks of an undertaking which trusts to

an unfavourable wind for non-interruption by an enemy. Whether Napoleon really meant to carry out the project for which he made such great preparations, it is impossible to say, so contradictory are his own utterances on the matter. Bourrienne, in his 'Memoirs of Napoleon,' records a conversation in which the latter said: "Those who look forward to the invasion of England are blockheads. Until our navy acquires superiority, it is useless to think of such a project." This showed a sagacity in naval strategy which Napoleon did not often exhibit, and his interference with the fleet generally led to disaster. Poor Decrès, his Minister of Marine, must have had a trying time, and his candid opinion on the invasion would be valuable. But though on this side of the Channel the nation is frequently told that such an event is a simple matter, I have never heard this view expressed abroad. It is not endorsed by foreign naval officers, however sanguine they may be as to an attack on commerce and coast-towns.

Admiral Porter, of the American Navy, in a letter to the *New York Herald* of June 14th, 1888, said: "Your correspondent asks my opinion on the present state of Great Britain's defences, and on the possibility of invading that country with 100,000 men. I believe that any such project against England would meet the same fate as the Invincible Armada of 1588. To justify this view, I have only to remember the number of vessels which had to be collected for the transport of 23,000 men to Egypt in 1882. From this example, 300 large steamers would be required to carry 100,000 men, with guns, and complete war equipment. Great Britain is the only power which has sufficient transport at its disposal for such an operation, and its fleet would include a number of large and rapid vessels, which would make great havoc with the invading army. England may sleep in peace; no one will go to trouble her at home." On the Continent, the periodical invasion scare raised here is probably looked upon as an excellent card to play in strengthening any appeal to the taxpayers for increased armaments. In demonstrating the obstacles attached to an undertaking, which in other quarters is considered so simple, I should be sorry to check any disposition to add to either sea or land forces. But as a somewhat strong statement was made which directly traversed naval opinion on a matter clearly within its province, it appeared to me undesirable that it should pass unchallenged.

The Starvation Theory.

Speaking at the Civil Service dinner on April 26th this year, and alluding to what had been stated might occur if the Navy met with disaster, Lord Wolseley said: "This starvation theory was one vast and complete humbug. There was always a considerable amount of provisions in the country, enough to last from three to eight months without any assistance, and to conceive the possibility of blockading these islands in such a way as to prevent our friends on the other side of the Atlantic from sending in the supplies we should require, was as absurd a theory as ever was started." Coming from such a high authority we ought to feel a great relief that a danger believed by many to be serious, should be without foundation.

As a matter of fact, however, equally prominent individuals continue to discuss the means to be taken to ensure a prompt delivery of our food supplies, and the disastrous consequences of failure in this respect. The term "starvation" is freely used to depict the distress which would ensue from a rise in the price of bread, and the absence of raw material upon which so many thousands depend for employment. It is hard to believe, therefore, that it is all one vast and complete humbug. As regards the quantity of food at all times in the country, it has been variously estimated as sufficient to last from six weeks to three months, if not supplemented periodically from abroad. The longer or shorter period probably depends upon the season of foreign harvests, and distance of grain depôts from this country. It is quite sufficient to know, that the amount stored at home is exceedingly limited, and that we live more and more from hand to mouth every year. Our imports have risen in value in thirty years from two hundred millions sterling to four hundred. About 40 per cent. of our imports consist of food products, and 35 per cent. of raw material for manufacturing purposes. The cultivation of corn in this country of late years has been steadily decreasing. It is stated that in 1888 London alone imported more than two million tons of grain, or about 200,000 tons a month. There is then this stupendous difference in the condition of affairs at present to what existed at the beginning of the century, when hundreds of merchant vessels were captured

by the enemy's privateers, that cargoes then consisted chiefly of articles not absolutely essential to the nation, and the loss fell mainly on the merchants and shipowners themselves, whereas now, any serious interruption of commerce would be felt at once by the poor in the increased price of bread.

But Lord Wolseley says it would be impossible to prevent our friends on the other side of the Atlantic landing what supplies we want. It is doubtful in the first place whether the United States will be able to spare us in a few years any large portion of her grain if her population increases at the present rate. A time may come when she herself will have to import this commodity.

It has been stated by an eminent authority, that since 1887 the import of grain to England from America, including Canada and Chile, has decreased considerably, while there has been a corresponding increase in the supply from Russia. The sources of food supply are continually changing. Chile wheat is excellent, but the country is small. In a few years the vast dominions of the Argentine Republic will, I believe, send us large quantities of grain, and the supply from the East is much greater than formerly. A continental coalition which had wrested from us the command of the sea, would no doubt hesitate to annoy a nation like the United States, by impeding her commerce with this country; but this would certainly not apply to weaker states with whom we were trading. The difficulty of neutral cargoes under the enemy's flag being free from capture by the Declaration of Paris, could be evaded by declaring grain contraband of war.

Attention has been called to the fact that what is contraband of war has not yet been clearly defined, and Lord Charles Beresford suggests in his article in the June number of the *United Service Magazine,* on national insurance against war risks, that some lawyer in the House of Commons should turn his attention to the subject. It would simply be time and labour thrown away. Principles of international law only derive authority from general acceptance. What is admitted by one generation will be refused by the next. Treaties declarations, and practice are liable to be denounced as antiquated, and no general law can be laid down beforehand which would meet with the concurrence of all nations. The question what is contraband of war will be decided when the time comes by expediency, and the possible consequences. Such was the

action of France when, as an effective measure against China, rice was declared contraband. It did not affect us sufficiently to call forth more than a remonstrance from this country, which was probably anticipated, and of course had no result.

This point of contraband of war has, however, no direct bearing upon the view here maintained, that should, owing to a powerful coalition against us and a series of naval disasters, we lose command of the sea as completely as France after Trafalgar, the interruption to our commerce would have consequences sufficiently serious to obviate any necessity for invasion. Naval supremacy cannot be attained in a month, any more than it can be lost and regained in the same war, though many talk of our fleet temporarily losing command of the sea. It has less justification now than formerly, when war vessels could be built, equipped, and despatched to sea in a few months. But an investment of these islands by an hostile naval force which we were unable to meet at sea, would be for us a loss of naval supremacy, and must lead to submission. It is curious how unwilling many are to accept this view, but if we take the case of Russia in 1854, when our naval supremacy was absolute, and hardly a vessel entered her ports, and imagine Russia as dependent upon food by sea as we are now, would not stoppage of supplies have been a potent influence in the Crimean war? Would the fall of Sebastopol have been necessary to attain the desired result? If Lord Wolseley is right, that no naval supremacy in the hand of an enemy could check the arrival of supplies, those who have been suggesting national insurance against war risks as an auxiliary to a powerful fleet in maintaining confidence at the outbreak of war, labour in vain. Foreign opinion is no less at fault.

An able article in the April number of the *United Service Magazine*, on the English Naval Defence Act, translated from the *Deutsches Herees Zeitung*, supports the naval view. It says: "One of the greatest dangers to which England is exposed, is the fact that it is possible actually to starve her. Moreover, apart from this, from a purely commercial point of view, retention and protection of the merchant fleet engaged in the transport of food is a matter of life and death to the island realm." Further on we find: "Of course, if an enemy masters the naval force of England, and assumes the dominion of the sea, the starving-out of England will be really effected by stoppage of trade, by the maintenance of an effective blockade at as many points of the

coast as possible. The present elastic interpretation of maritime international law will in this case turn to the advantage of the victor, for by declaring food contraband of war, he will be in a position to prevent its import in the vessels of neutral States, even into the harbours not blockaded."

The view of the distinguished Admirals in their valuable Report on the naval manœuvres of 1888, that "the command of the sea once being lost it would not require the landing of a single man upon her shores to bring England to an ignominious capitulation," must, I presume, under the new light, be considered an erroneous conception. The *Times* must be admonished for disseminating similar doctrines. In a leading article of March 5th last year, it was stated :—"The loss of command of the sea thus means the starvation of the people; not so much the direct starvation by lack of food, but the indirect starvation by the total cessation of industry."

Lord Wolseley does not believe in the possibility of so effectually investing the coast of the United Kingdom as to prevent us receiving all the supplies we require. He must be imperfectly acquainted with the effect produced on the Confederate States by the rigid blockade of their coast towards the end of the Civil War. Was not our blockade of the French coast so complete in 1815, that Napoleon had no alternative but to surrender himself to a British man-of-war?

I have no desire here to show what force would be necessary to blockade the United Kingdom, so as to cause that rise in prices and lowering of wages which would be the first step, nor to allude to the distribution of that force for this purpose. The geographical conditions of the country are clear to all, and its doors well defined. Strategically the immediate waters differ entirely from those washing a long and straight coast-line. A greater or less number of harbours has little bearing on the force to be employed when the approaches are limited, and prevent any great dispersion of the traffic. To dwell in detail on these points is inexpedient for obvious reasons, and I can only say that my own investigation of the matter tends to show that a very effective investment could be maintained with a fleet of less dimensions than at first appears possible.

There would almost appear to be some irritation in the minds of military men at the endeavour of the Navy to bring home to the nation how much depends on our maritime power. Whilst doing so, we do not desire to depreciate in

any way the importance of the Army. The combined exertions of the two services have resulted in an Empire of which the smallest portion is the United Kingdom. There will always be work for both in adding to or maintaining those possessions. But when the liability to a certain danger which has been almost universally recognized, and involves considerations chiefly naval, is proclaimed as "one vast and complete humbug," it becomes necessary to formulate the ground upon which the liability was estimated. Whether my investigations have shown the starvation theory to be less absurd than the invasion hypothesis, must be left to the reader. In my own mind there is not the slightest doubt in the matter.

S. EARDLEY-WILMOT, CAPT. R.N.

MARCIA.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "THIRLBY HALL," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MR. MORTIMER.

WHEN Lady Wetherby said her prayers—and this she did with unfailing regularity twice a day—she never forgot to return thanks for the extraordinary number of blessings which had been showered upon her all her life long. She had, it is true, lost her husband, and that had been a terrible grief to her; but time had caused the wound to heal over, and she had not the shadow of a doubt that she would meet him again in a future state of existence, and in the meantime she was very well contented to linger for a while upon the surface of this more or less agreeable planet. She had found her residence here below agreeable, as well she might; for she had good health, a large jointure, and children who had given her all the happiness that it is in the power of children to bestow upon a fond parent. If Wetherby had any vices, she was not aware of them, while Evelyn, though she had sometimes behaved in a way which had made her mother a little uneasy, now seemed quite inclined to do the right thing and marry Mr. Mortimer and take her place amongst the better class of young matrons.

Lady Wetherby, who was as good a woman as ever breathed, would not for the world have urged any daughter of hers to marry for the sake of wealth or position, but, other things being equal, a son-in-law who possesses both of these advantages is a son-in-law to be desired, and there were very few mothers in England who would not have deemed Mr. Mortimer desirable. He had large estates in several counties; he was a gentleman and a sportsman; he raced a little and hunted a good deal and

shot pretty well; probably he would enter Parliament before he was much older. Nobody had a word to say against him, while very many people were loud in praising him; so that there was every reason to rejoice at the thought that he would shortly be coming to Torquay in his yacht and that he would come with a special and scarcely disguised purpose.

Lady Wetherby had no great fear but that he would succeed in that purpose. So far as she was aware, he was without a rival, and assuredly it would never have occurred to her to dread poor Willie Brett in that capacity. Indeed she was but seldom reminded of the young man after his departure, nor did she see very much of her neighbour and the friend of her youth. Evelyn did not get on with Mrs. Archdale, and when Evelyn did not get on with a person it was always the simplest plan to avoid asking that person to the house. So, although Marcia and Lady Wetherby remained upon the best of terms, their intercourse was confined to occasional drives into the country, during which the former discoursed chiefly upon the disenchantments of life, the latter listening in a good-humoured, somnolent fashion and abstaining from contradiction when she found herself unable to agree.

All this time Willie had not only remembered Lady Evelyn, but was thinking about her through every hour of the long summer days. He had never been in love before, and now he had taken the disease in its severest form. He was not sanguine; he was sure that she did not care for him, he doubted whether she ever would, and he thought it extremely likely that she already cared for somebody else. Nevertheless, he would not for any earthly consideration have obliterated the memory of her from his mind or parted with the sweet sorrow which, as he was convinced, was destined to last him his life. It does not and cannot last. Love, like all the other passions and emotions which stir the surface of our shallow mortal nature, passes away; but young people do not know this and will not believe it when they are told, and in truth one would be very sorry if they did believe it. For the rest, it may be admitted that some men and women are far more constant than the general run.

Willie Brett might fairly claim to have established a character for fidelity. He had not been unfaithful as a lover, for the excellent reason that he had not hitherto been a lover at all; but he had been somewhat unusually faithful as a son, and he was now fully prepared to brave his uncle's displeasure for his

mother's sake. If it was not entirely for her sake that he contemplated spending a month or six weeks in the watering-place where she was sojourning, yet he would cheerfully have done as much to please her, nor would he have been deterred from doing so by any fear of Sir George. He respectfully signified his determination to that powerful personage, promising that the latter portion of his leave should be passed at Blaydon and abstaining from any promise as to the future disposal of his private means; after which he had the comfort of feeling that he had done his duty all round and might legitimately employ his leisure in dreaming of the good time that was coming.

A very happy fellow he was when the longed-for day came at last, and he reached that beautiful and sunny town of villas which had the privilege of containing the two people whom he loved best on earth. One of them was ready to receive him with open arms. Perhaps she would have been less demonstrative had she believed in the existence of a rival; but, oddly enough, she had not detected what had been perfectly apparent to her husband, and had laughed the suggestions of that experienced observer to scorn. As one grows old one does not, as a rule, grow more credulous; yet one grows more willing to believe whatever one wishes to believe, and Marcia would not have been Marcia if she had not wished her son's heart to belong to her alone.

"It is such perfect happiness to have you with me again, Willie!" she exclaimed. "But I have never doubted you through all these long years; I always felt sure that you would come back to me some day."

One would have thought, to hear her, that it had been he who had separated himself from her, and it is not in the least impossible that she may have formed some confused impression to that effect. In any case, he did not quarrel with the terms in which she welcomed him, nor did his patience give way when she embarked upon a plaintive recital of her grievances. Torquay, she told him, was ineffably dull. Cecil did not find it so, because he was always playing whist at the club when he was not working by fits and starts at an unfinished picture; but she herself had no friends and no interests in the place. "However, it is comparatively cheap, so I suppose one ought not to grumble," she concluded, with a sigh.

"But you have Lady Wetherby: she is still here, isn't she?" asked Willie, for he was naturally anxious to ascertain that much.

"Oh, yes; Laura is still here; only she isn't much use,

somehow. Laura is one of those people who have got everything that they can possibly want and have sunk into a state of sleepy contentment which makes them rather uninteresting to associate with. Besides, she generally has friends or relations staying with her, so that we don't meet very often. Her daughter is a rude, disagreeable sort of girl, too."

That singularly inappreciative expression of opinion was all that Willie was able to obtain from his mother in the way of information about Lady Evelyn; but he was more successful with Flossie, who presently came in to tea, and who, after greeting him enthusiastically, led him out into the garden to show him the spot where she had interred the remains of a deceased canary. Flossie, it appeared, had made friends with Lady Evelyn and required but little encouragement to expatiate upon the young lady's charms.

"Is she going to marry Mr. Mortimer?" the child inquired. "Everybody says she is. You know Mr. Mortimer, don't you? He has come here in his yacht, and he told me he would take me out sailing some day, but he hasn't done it yet."

"I used to know him when we were boys," answered poor Willie, with a sinking sensation about the region of the heart; "I have never seen him since. I suppose he is as good-looking as ever?"

Flossie made a grimace. "Oh, I don't know. He isn't bad; but he isn't half good enough for Lady Evelyn. I should like *you* to marry her," this impartial looker-on continued, with engaging candour. "Do you flirt with her? Papa says you do, and then Mamma gets quite red and says 'Stuff and nonsense!'"

"Mamma is right," replied Willie gravely; "I have never flirted with Lady Evelyn Foljambe and I have never had the chance. Is she—er—given to flirting?"

But to this insidious question Flossie could make no satisfactory response. Was flirting wrong? If it was, Lady Evelyn certainly didn't do it. She seemed to like Mr. Mortimer, though; and that was a pity, because Mr. Mortimer was "not nearly as nice as you are."

All this was not very reassuring, and the worst of it was that Flossie's statements were fully corroborated by Mr. Archdale, who came in from the club just before dinner, and who professed himself greatly pleased by the arrival of his guest. It was not until the two men were smoking together in the evening that he broached the subject to which Willie had more than once tried

ineffectually to lead up; but when he did so he was as explicit as could have been desired.

"I am sorry to tell you, my dear fellow," said he, "that your nose has been put out of joint. I saw that you were smitten with the fair Lady Evelyn when you were down here last—you needn't blush, there's nothing to be ashamed of in that—so my heart quite bled for you when I found that another was destined to bear away the prize. If I were in your place, I daresay I should try to cut out Mr. Mortimer, for the fun of the thing; but the chances are that you wouldn't succeed, and if you did succeed you would undoubtedly regret it afterwards. People who marry always do regret it afterwards. All the same, she is an uncommonly pretty girl."

"Is Lady Evelyn engaged to Mortimer?" Willie asked, in a voice which he could not contrive to keep steady.

"Well, no; I believe not. But she is going to be. It's a first-rate match, you see. You yourself are not to be sneezed at; but, saving your presence, Mortimer is a cut above you. There's a vast difference between expectation and possession, not to mention his aristocratic connections."

Now, it was evidently out of the question to discuss such a topic any further with a man who regarded it in that vulgar light. Willie disclaimed any intention of pitting himself against Mr. Mortimer and began to talk about something else. Nevertheless, he walked over to Lady Wetherby's villa on the following morning, though he knew that he was doing an unusual and unceremonious thing by calling before luncheon. When it comes to be a question of life or death, or of life-long misery or happiness, use and ceremonial must needs be disregarded.

Not, of course, that he was so insane as to think of hinting to Lady Wetherby at the motives which had prompted this matutinal visit. He found her in the drawing-room, writing letters, and she was so kind as to say that he did not interrupt her at all, and he duly discoursed upon topics which did not possess the slightest interest for either of them during fully five minutes before he made so bold as to inquire after Lady Evelyn.

"Oh, she is quite well, thank you," answered Lady Wetherby. "I believe she is sitting out on the verandah with Mr. Mortimer. Perhaps you may have heard their voices."

Willie thought he had—indeed he was quite sure that he had, and he was not very reluctant to comply with a suggestion which his good-natured hostess presently put forward.

"I don't want to send you away," said she; "but I really must finish these tiresome letters before luncheon. Won't you stay and lunch with us? And I dare say you would be better amused in the meantime if you were to go out and join the young people."

So he stepped out through the open window, and in another moment the meeting which he had pictured to himself a hundred times as taking place after a hundred different fashions was over. It is scarcely necessary to add that he did not behave in the least as he had intended to behave, and that if Lady Evelyn Foljambe had been the most casual of acquaintances he could not have greeted her more formally. She said she was so glad he had made up his mind to give poor Torquay a second trial, and then she introduced him to Mr. Mortimer.

"Only you don't need to be introduced to one another, do you?" she asked.

"Rather not!" responded Mr. Mortimer, as he rose from the chair in which he had been reclining. He was a well-proportioned young man, with light brown hair which would have curled crisply if he had allowed it to grow long enough; he had bright blue eyes and a straight nose, and his slight moustache did not conceal the perfect curve of his lips; so that altogether it would have been quite absurd for any rival to deny him the advantages which belong to a prepossessing exterior.

"This is a rare piece of good luck, Brett," said he; "I've often wondered what had become of you, and I've asked heaps of fellows; but nobody knew anything more than that you had gone into the Army. I say, do you remember our both getting nailed up at Windsor fair? I was swished and you weren't, which I thought hard lines at the time, and I think so still."

"Not a bit," answered Willie. "I could plead 'first fault' and you couldn't; that was how it happened."

Well, it was impossible to resist the friendly overtures of an old schoolfellow who could appeal to such reminiscences: added to which, Willie felt that he had no right in the world to quarrel with any man for being more highly favoured by fortune than he himself was. In manhood, as in boyhood, contests may be amicable, and a gentleman should always be ready to say "*Detur digniori*," however bitter may be the pangs of defeat. Therefore, since Lady Evelyn was so obliging as to second her mother's invitation, and since Mortimer had a vast stock of incidents relating to old Eton days to refer to and chuckle over, Willie

consented to remain where he was, nor had he any reason to repent of his decision. For it really did not seem to him that Lady Evelyn and Mortimer conducted themselves at all like a pair of lovers, though he kept an anxious watch upon them both before luncheon and during that meal. Mortimer, it was true, appeared to admire her (small blame to him) and was in a certain sense attentive to her; but they did not, so far as Willie could discover, exchange any stolen or significant glances, nor did they manifest the slightest desire to rid themselves of the company of third persons. On the contrary, they both entreated him to come on board the yacht on the following day and sail round to Dartmouth. To be sure, Lady Evelyn rather robbed this invitation of its flattering character by adding: "It will be an act of real kindness to Mamma if you will come. Her duty as a mother and a chaperon compels her to brave the perils of the deep with us; but she hates the whole thing, and she will feel ever so much happier if she is provided with a companion in misfortune."

But if that sounded a little like an intimation that he was valued rather for purposes of general utility than for his own sake, the same objection could not be brought against a proposal which Mortimer broached as soon as they had left the dining-room.

"How are you going to get through the afternoon, Brett?" he asked. "You haven't an idea, of course; it's impossible that you should in a place like this. Well, now, I'll tell you what you shall do. You shall come out to Babbacombe Down with me and we'll play golf. Did you ever play golf before?"

Willie shook his head. "I've seen it played once or twice," he answered; "It didn't look to me to be much of a game."

"That's all you know about it! However, for the sake of argument, we'll call it a poor game if you like. Even so, it's exercise, and any game is better than lolling in a garden-chair and staring at the view, isn't it?"

Willie was of opinion that that depended very much upon the question of who might chance to be sitting in the neighbourhood of the garden-chair; but he was gratified to hear so frank a confession of his friend's tastes, and when Lady Evelyn announced that she would drive her pony-cart as far as the downs later in the afternoon for the purpose of seeing how the players got on, he was able to say with perfect honesty that he would like very much to try his hand at golf. Given such conditions as were

offered to him, he would have liked very much to try his hand at marbles. Lady Wetherby, it appeared, did not deem her duty as a mother and a chaperon compelled her to accompany her daughter on this occasion, for she observed that she was going to pay a round of calls.

"And I think," she added, "I will end by looking in upon your mother and telling her that you are in safe custody. Otherwise she may take it into her head that you have fallen over one of the cliffs."

"Well, then, that's all settled," said Mortimer, who seemed to have a good-humoured matter-of-course way of settling things in accordance with his personal wishes. "Come on, Brett, we shall have to look sharp if we want to finish before dark."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LADY EVELYN BACKS THE WINNER.

What makes the average upper-class Englishman so much happier, healthier, wiser, and more serviceable than his compeers of other nations (and nobody, it is to be hoped, will have the perversity to deny that he is all of these things) is, without doubt, his inherited and invincible love for sports and pastimes. It may seem a little hard upon those whose avocations debar them from hunting, rowing, cricketing, and playing football, or whose tastes do not incline them thereto, that they should deteriorate physically and mentally, by reason of their disabilities; but many natural laws seem hard, and the most superficial observers cannot fail to perceive that people who lead a sedentary life do deteriorate. Nevertheless, rowing is a pursuit which usually has to be abandoned before youth is well past, and football is a game for boys rather than for men, and middle-aged cricketers are seldom of much use; so that a man may very well be still full of vigour and yet not know how to provide his body with the exercise which it requires, unless he has learnt to play golf.

Not many years ago, all golfers who dwelt south of the Tweed were compelled, when speaking of their favourite relaxation, to take up an apologetic tone: they had to explain with humility, and with the chilling certainty of being disbelieved, that an immense amount of experience, dexterity, and self-command are

requisite in order to make sure of hitting a little ball across five hundred yards of broken ground and depositing it in a small hole in four or five strokes; but now that golf-links have been established all over England, there is no longer any need to make excuses for one of the finest games that human ingenuity or the accident of circumstances have ever called into existence. The theory of the game is simplicity itself—you have only got to put your ball into a hole in one or more strokes less than your opponent—but the practice is full of difficulty, and what is better still, full of endless variety; so that you may go on playing golf daily, from the age of eight to that of eighty, and yet never grow tired of it. Indeed, the circumstance that grey-haired enthusiasts are to be seen enjoying themselves thoroughly, and losing their temper ludicrously wherever the "royal and ancient" sport has taken root has caused certain ignorant persons to describe golf contemptuously as an old gentleman's game. Such criticisms, however, only come from those who have not attempted to acquire the art; and some of us have good reasons for holding that a game which need not be abandoned with advancing years is quite the right sort of game.

Golf-links, of course, differ even more widely than cricket-grounds; it is not everywhere that one can obtain such a noble stretch of the peculiar description of land required as at St. Andrew's or Westward Ho! and the Torquay Golf Club is but a modest association which has never achieved notoriety.

"You musn't expect anything great," Mr. Mortimer warned his companion, while they were walking out towards Babbacombe together; "the greens are very fair, and there are some pretty little hazards; but it isn't a course for long drivers."

"I'm quite sure that it wouldn't be the course for me if it were," answered Willie, laughing. "I shall miss the ball altogether at first, shan't I?"

"Yes, very likely; but you'll soon get into the knack of it. I'm not much of a performer myself, you know; only I've played a little in Scotland, and as I foresaw that I should be at Torquay for several weeks, off and on, I thought I had better try to keep myself in condition by joining the Golf Club. If I give you a stroke a hole, you ought to be able to make a match of it. A stroke is pretty heavy odds to allow with short distances like these, mind you. However, we'll see how things go, and if it isn't enough I can give you more."

Willie, who, to tell the truth, was a good deal more interested

in his friend's incidental admission that he meant to remain where he was for several weeks, than in the fairness of the proposed handicap, asked whether Torquay was a good place for yachts to lie. But Mortimer had come out to play golf, not to discuss his personal plans and proceedings.

"No; beastly," he answered briefly; "one wouldn't think of stopping here if one hadn't friends in the place. Now, I'll tell you what it is, Brett: there are a hundred things that you ought to bear in mind every time that you get into position for a drive; but the only important thing is to hit the ball clean, and you had better start by doing that the best way that you can. Keep your eye dead upon it, let the club swing back slowly, and don't attempt to swipe. Stick to these rules and you'll probably astonish yourself."

Golfers will perceive that this Mentor was not without glimmerings of science; for of course there can be no sounder advice than to hit the ball clean, just as there can be no sounder advice than to shoot a pheasant in the head instead of in the tail, and novices are less confused by being told what they ought to do than by being instructed as to the best means of doing it. Still, when they had reached the little club-house, and when Willie had been supplied with the necessary equipment of driver, brassy, iron, short spoon, cleek and putter, as well as with a boy to carry these implements for him, he had naturally but a hazy idea as to the method of their employment. Mortimer led him up to the down, indicated the whereabouts of the first hole (which was invisible from the starting-point) and told him to "go straight for it." The result was that he made a short, sharp, cricketing sort of stroke, thumped the ground hard and sent his ball about ten yards in the required direction.

"That's what everybody does at first," remarked Mortimer placidly. "I'll just show you the way to drive."

Now, Mortimer, who had not learnt golf as a boy, and consequently had no chance of ever becoming a player, had acquired a totally unorthodox style which, nevertheless, proved telling about once in three times, and which therefore gave him far too high an opinion of himself. On this occasion he hit the ball fairly, although he had no business to do so, and thus he not only swept it away out of sight, but buried it beneath a stone wall which intervened between the strikers and the hole. As, however, he did not know what a misfortune had overtaken him, he was proportionately complacent.

"That's about the right line," he remarked. "Now you'll have to play again. In the ordinary course of things you would be playing the 'odd,' but as I'm giving you a stroke, you only play 'the like.' The ball isn't lying particularly well, so you had better take your cleek. Hit as hard as you like; you won't go too far."

A cleek is a weapon with a comparatively short shaft and a polished steel head: it is more frequently made use of by beginners than by experts. Willie, obediently following the advice that had been given him, put his whole strength into his next stroke, and, notwithstanding that, as before, he wasted a large proportion of this upon mother earth, he was so far successful as to get well under his ball, which he sent some hundred yards on its way.

"That will do very well," said Mortimer approvingly. "If you can only manage to play your iron, your next stroke ought to land you on the green."

It is not every mature golfer who can make sure of playing his lofting-iron, which is the most difficult of all the clubs to use effectively; but nothing gives such confidence as complete ignorance, and Willie, having been told what he ought to do, performed the unexpected feat of doing it—so that his quick wrist-stroke lifted the ball high into the air and deposited it close to the fluttering white flag which marked the hole.

Mortimer only said, "By Jove!" But he used more forcible language than that when his own ball was discovered, wedged in between two stones of the wall which they now approached. He said that sort of thing was very hard lines and showed the nasty, tricky nature of the course over which they were playing. "As fair a drive as I ever made in my life—and then to get punished in this way! I don't mind legitimate difficulties; but really it's too bad to have hazards that no human being can get out of. Of course that gives you the hole; because the only thing I can do is to lift and lose two strokes."

The hole was not necessarily lost yet; but perhaps his annoyance caused him to lose it, for, after lifting his ball and aiming at it somewhat carelessly, he sent it back to very much the same place from which it had been taken. After that, he observed that it was not worth while to try again, and explained that his antagonist had won the first hole by sheer good luck.

But his ruffled equanimity was restored after he had taken the second hole with perfect ease. This, being placed on the summit

of a hill, beyond another wall and a clump of gorse-bushes, demanded a lofting stroke, which he delivered accurately, whereas Willie came to hopeless grief in the gorse and had played "six more" before he extricated himself.

Indeed, as the game proceeded, our hero began to feel that respect for it which the realisation of genuine difficulty always commands. He did not do by any means badly, for failure did not exasperate him as it exasperates short-tempered men, and his eye and hand were accustomed to work together; but he soon perceived that he was no match for Mortimer, who made plenty of mistakes, but whose blunders were less disastrous than his own, and who had, besides, the advantage of being acquainted with the ground. To be sure, he did not very much care whether he won or lost. What he cared about a great deal more was to ascertain the true position of affairs as regarded this old schoolfellow of his and Lady Evelyn Foljambe; and golf, fortunately, is not a game which precludes intermittent conversation. While they were walking along, side by side, between the strokes, he learnt that Mortimer thought both Lady Wetherby and Lady Evelyn "awfully nice people," that he had become intimate with them during the preceding London season, that he was only at Torquay for the purpose of being near them, and that he was in the habit of seeing them every day. More than this no lover could be expected to reveal, and if the information thus frankly imparted was not wholly acceptable to Willie, neither was it wholly the reverse, since it seemed to leave a loophole for hope. Was it not possible, after all, that this impending engagement might, as Archdale had hinted, be of Lady Wetherby's contriving and that neither of the young people were particularly keen about it. At any rate, it struck him as significant that his companion should be apparently unmoved by a circumstance which was beginning to cause him some personal disquietude.

"Do you think Lady Evelyn can have missed her way?" he asked at length; for they had now finished the first round, which consists of nine holes.

"Oh, she knows the way well enough," answered the other unconcernedly; "she'll turn up before long, I expect. At least, if she doesn't it'll be because she has thought of something more amusing to do. Now, Brett, you must pull yourself together; you're four holes down, and you can't afford to lose many more."

In spite of this warning, Willie lost the next hole by what looked very like downright carelessness. The game upon which

he was engaged might possess all the intrinsic merits under the sun; but it was not possible for him to give his whole mind to it after having been threatened with such a disappointment, nor did he feel that his spirits would be very much lowered by the most ignominious of defeats. But before he could give further cause for just offence to his opponent (because nothing is so provoking as to play any game with a man who does not care to win it), the slim figure of a young lady, clad in a plain costume of brown cloth, was seen approaching over the brow of the hill, and that pleasing spectacle put quite another complexion upon the state of affairs. For although Willie did not mind being beaten, he naturally did not wish to make a ridiculous exhibition of himself under the eyes of the young lady in question.

Unfortunately, that was just what he proceeded to do, notwithstanding—or more probably in consequence of—his determination to play his very best. Lady Evelyn drew near, but did not open her lips, knowing better than to speak to a player on his stroke, while Willie swung his club well back over his shoulder and delivered what would doubtless have been a fine drive if he had not inadvertently taken his eye off the ball at the last moment. The sad consequence of that fatal error was that his club swished harmlessly through the air, without touching anything, and that Mortimer burst into a shout of laughter, in which Lady Evelyn joined.

"Missing the globe" at golf may be likened to "catching a crab" in rowing. Either misfortune may, and sometimes does, happen to veterans and is inevitable in the case of novices; but under no circumstances can the spectator of such calamities refrain from merriment.

Still, a man who is worth anything at all can always stand being laughed at, and Willie submitted with outward composure to the ridicule which he had earned. In his next effort he was a little, but only a little, more successful. This time he hit his ball as hard as could have been wished; only, as he did not hit it quite in the right place, it skimmed along the ground, instead of rising into the air, and ended its career by striking a loose fragment of rock, from which it rebounded. What was additionally vexatious was that Mortimer took this opportunity to make the best stroke that he had made that afternoon, his ball soaring gracefully over stones, gorse-bushes and all other obstacles, and bounding on to the very verge of the hole. Lady Evelyn applauded, as in duty bound; yet it seemed that her sympathies

were where the sympathies of all true women ought to be—with the weaker side.

"Never mind," said she to Willie in a low voice; "he won't do that again for some time, you may be sure. Take it quite easy and you'll beat him yet. How many holes is he up?"

"Six, I'm afraid," answered Willie ruefully. "He was five up just now, and of course he must take this one."

It certainly looked as though he must; but every one who has instructed or watched beginners at golf, is aware that they occasionally perform miracles. To put the ball into the hole with a lofting-iron at a distance of over sixty yards is unquestionably a miraculous feat for a beginner, and how Willie achieved it he, for one, had not the most remote idea. Such as his stroke was, however, it gave him the hole; for, since he was in in three and was receiving a stroke, his antagonist could do no more than halve it, and this Mortimer failed to do by making a short, angry "putt" which missed its aim.

"Well!" exclaimed the latter, as he walked away, "of all the outrageous flukes that ever I saw in my life——"

"It *was* an awful fluke, I must admit," said Willie apologetically.

But Lady Evelyn would not allow that it had been any such thing. "You played for the hole, I suppose, didn't you?" she asked. "You meant to go as near it as you could? Very well then; you did what you intended to do by magnificent play. I always understood that fluking meant doing something which you never intended to do."

Now, whether this definition of fluking was or was not strictly accurate, it showed the bias of the speaker after a fashion which Willie could not but find encouraging, and indeed she presently declared in so many words that she wanted him to win.

"I am sure," said she, "that you are one of those people who are apt to fail through excess of modesty. Mr. Mortimer doesn't suffer from that disadvantage."

Mr. Mortimer just then suffered under the disadvantage of having driven his ball a long way off the line. He consequently had to walk after it, and thus opportunity was afforded to Lady Evelyn to say a few more words about him. He was wonderfully little spoilt by prosperity, she was pleased to remark. He could not fairly be called conceited, although he was upon pretty good terms with himself, and he bore chaff very good-humouredly. At the same time, he was rather too prone to take

it for granted that every wish of his must needs be gratified; so that his soul's welfare was likely to be promoted by such occasional surprises as the loss of a game of golf.

"Did he look to see whether you were wearing that bracelet when he came?" asked Willie, glancing involuntarily at his neighbour's wrist.

She laughed. "Yes; and he was much astonished at not discovering it in its proper place. However, thanks to you, I didn't have to confess that it was at the bottom of the sea. I told him that it was safely locked up somewhere or other and that I sometimes wore it."

"I thought it was the peculiarity of *bracelets de bonheur* that they were to be *always* worn," said Willie.

"So did he, but I undeceived him. The theory is that you part with your happiness when you take off the bracelet; only as I have proved by experience that that isn't the case, I feel myself in a position to snap my fingers at theories."

This was pleasant hearing for Willie, who grew irrationally light-hearted after listening to several more speeches of a like nature, and who played carefully and tolerably well when it was borne in upon him that Lady Evelyn sincerely wished him to succeed. If there were any ground for hope that as large a proportion as one per cent. of those who will do this modest narrative the honour to peruse it would take an intelligent interest in the details of a golf-match, these should be recorded as fully as they deserve to be; but since, unhappily, British public opinion cannot yet be considered to be ripe for the appreciation of such particulars, it is perhaps best to state merely the bald fact that the combatants were all even when only three holes remained to be played. That that was an exciting state of things anybody will understand and believe.

The first of these Mortimer won easily enough. Possibly Willie was unlucky, as Lady Evelyn averred that he was, in hitting a ball clean over the cliff into the sea; but a perfectly unprejudiced person might have said that he had no business to aim in the wrong direction. Anyhow, the consequence was that he was one down, with two to play; and now he had to retrieve his fortunes as best he might.

"This," observed Mortimer, as he placed himself in position for a fresh start, "is a longish carry. I shall go for it; but if you'll take my advice, Brett, you won't attempt it. Your best

plan will be to bear away to the left and try to get over in your second."

What he meant was that about a hundred and twenty yards ahead of them was a wall, close to which grew a tangled mass of brambles, and that any player who failed to clear that wall might count with some certainty upon involving himself in irremediable grief. It was his fate to illustrate and exemplify the value of his counsel; for, notwithstanding the strength that he put into his stroke, he did not give it quite sufficient elevation, and his ball dropped dead into the worst part of the hazard which it had been his design to surmount. After that, it was clearly his opponent's duty to play a cautious game; but Lady Evelyn, who was guided by feminine impetuosity and had no sound golfing instincts, would not permit him to show the white feather.

"Don't be afraid," she said; "be a man or a mouse! I'm sure you can easily send a ball twice as far as that."

Without feeling by any means the same confidence in his capacity, Willie could not refuse to obey instructions conveyed in those terms. He aimed for the distant wall, hoping against hope that fortune might aid him; and then, by pure accident, occurred one of those wonders which do occasionally reward the courage of the inexperienced. He had long arms; he took the full swing which amateurs, as a general rule, are compelled regretfully to abandon; he hit his ball exactly where he ought to have hit it and sent it whistling through space beyond wall and brambles and all other obstacles that intervened between it and its goal.

"Didn't I tell you so?" exclaimed Lady Evelyn, clapping her hands.

Well, there was no playing against that kind of thing. Mortimer got out of his trouble as well as could have been expected, but lost two strokes in the process and was unable to make up for lost ground by subsequent good play. So the last hole became the deciding one, and, under the circumstances, it was not surprising that both players started for it with perceptible nervousness. Both of them were over careful and both encountered difficulties which might have been avoided with a little more audacity. Both, however, reached the putting-green with the expenditure of an equal number of strokes, whereupon Mortimer, drawing in his breath, made a bold stroke and holed out. Willie, therefore, had two for the half and one for the

match. He was fully fifteen yards from the hole; it was unlikely that he would be able to put his ball in, and there was great danger of overrunning it. The by-standers remained silent and motionless; only a slight smile curved Mortimer's lips. Willie took plenty of time to think about it and then delivered his stroke. The ball rolled along the ground, straight enough, but very slowly—surely too slowly! It reached the very brink of the hole, paused for the fraction of a second, then turned over once more and dropped in.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Lady Evelyn delightedly. "I am so glad you have won! You couldn't possibly have played that better."

Mortimer may be excused if he could not conscientiously echo the above assertion; for of course a putt which one stiff blade of grass might have diverted was not really a good putt. But he took his beating in excellent part and said he would have his revenge another day.

"Meanwhile, you are coming to Dartmouth with us to-morrow, aren't you, Brett?" he asked. "Be down at the harbour about eleven o'clock and you'll find the gig waiting for you at the steps. Now, Lady Evelyn, if you were disposed to be very kind, you would offer me a lift home in your pony-trap. It won't hold more than one extra person, I'm afraid; but I ordered a fly for you, Brett."

Somehow or other, Willie half expected Lady Evelyn to put her veto upon this unceremonious arrangement; but she did not appear to resent it. They walked down to the road, where the little two-wheeled vehicle and the fly were waiting, and Mortimer jumped into the former without more ado.

"To-morrow morning, then," she said, smiling and nodding over her shoulder at Willie, as she gathered up the reins and drove off at a brisk pace.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A DISAPPOINTING DAY.

Falling in love is probably a universal experience, and, like most other human experiences, it has its advantages and disadvantages. Amongst the former can hardly be counted any quickening of the patient's perceptions or any improvement in

his or her judgment. To be in love is to believe that the person whom you love is not only more charming but also far better than the rest of our species—this, at all events, is the masculine point of view ; one is not quite so sure about the feminine—and never since Adam wooed Eve has a true lover thought so meanly of the object of his affections as to suspect her of merely amusing herself at his expense. That, no doubt, is an accusation which true lovers are very fond of making ; but they never make it sincerely.

Willie Brett, therefore, cheered himself on his homeward way with dreams in which hope predominated to an extent scarcely justified by the circumstances. He was not, of course, so vain as to imagine that Lady Evelyn had anything more than a moderate sort of friendly regard for him ; but what he did think was that she could not care very much about Mortimer. Could one speak of anybody whom one loved in the kindly, approving, terms which she had employed in speaking of that young man? Evidently not ; and, quite as evidently, Lady Evelyn was not the girl to submit to dictation in the matter of choosing a husband. So that there seemed to be nothing out of the way in the conclusion that Lady Wetherby's maternal solicitude was likely to be disappointed, and that, whatever other obstacles might bar the path of a diffident suitor, Mortimer was not one of them.

But the thoughts and wishes and motives of young women are past finding out, while, as for maternal solicitude, it is a factor which ought to be reckoned with by every mother's son. If Willie did not realize this, it was perhaps because he had for so long been virtually an orphan. When he reached Mrs. Archdale's villa he found that he had still a mother who was disposed to claim all the rights belonging to her position. For Marcia was not in the best of humours that afternoon, and her opinion was that she had been treated with scant courtesy.

"Will you have some tea?" she asked, as he entered the drawing-room. "I didn't expect to see you back before dinner-time, if then. Laura Wetherby has just been here, and she gave me to understand that they had taken possession of you for the day. Not very considerate of them, I think, when they knew that you only arrived last night ; but I suppose it is natural that you should prefer being with them to spending a dull afternoon with me."

Willie could only hang his head penitently and murmur that

he was very sorry. He was too scrupulously truthful to disclaim the preference attributed to him, but he said he had not really meant to be away all day. He had merely gone to call at Malton Lodge and had been persuaded to stay to luncheon, and then he had been asked to play a game of golf with his old school-fellow, Mortimer.

"And with that girl, I suppose?" asked Marcia, sharply.

"Oh no, Lady Evelyn didn't play," answered Willie, "she only looked on for part of the time."

Marcia snorted. "I think that girl has been very badly brought up," she remarked presently. "Laura allows her to do exactly as she pleases, and I don't think I ever met anybody with quite such disagreeable manners. I can't understand people calling her pretty, can you?"

Willie was bound to confess that he could understand it; whereupon Marcia snorted again. And now he had to make the still more awkward confession that he had promised to sail over to Dartmouth on the morrow in Mortimer's yacht, accompanied by the badly-mannered girl and her injudicious mother.

Then there was a fine fuss. Marcia told him that if he intended to be absent all day and every day he had much better go to Blaydon at once. There at least he would be able to shoot partridges, which would be a more wholesome and dignified kind of sport than acting as a decoy duck—for he might rest assured that it was in that capacity that Lady Evelyn proposed to make use of him. As for herself, she ought not, she supposed, to wonder that he no longer cared to be with her; it was natural, no doubt, and she must bear it; only his indifference would be a little less hard to bear if he were out of sight. To the deep consternation of the culprit, who, as has been mentioned, was but imperfectly acquainted with the peculiarities of the opposite sex, she ended by bursting into a flood of tears.

The sight of her distress filled him with remorse. He did not think her unreasonable; on the contrary, he felt that it was he who had been abominably selfish and thoughtless, and he said so. He would, of course, give up the Dartmouth expedition; in fact, his impulse at the moment was to declare that he would give up anything if only she would stop crying.

Fortunately, she did not take advantage of his weakness and alarm, the full measure of which she may not have conjectured. She only saw that he was repentant, that his neglect of her had not been caused by any lack of natural affection and that he

was very anxious to make friends again. That being so, she dried her eyes and smiled and met him half-way, as women, to give them their due, are generally ready to do. It is, after all, no fault of theirs that nine out of ten of them are so constituted as to enjoy a quarrel, whereas nine out of ten of us dislike nothing in the world so much.

"You mustn't take me so literally, Willie," she said, holding his hands in hers. "I was upset and worried—things happen every day which upset and worry me—and I suppose I fell foul of you because you chanced to come in before I had had time to recover myself. I don't really believe that you care more for those people than you do for me. And you are to go to Dartmouth with them to-morrow, please. Yes; I insist upon it! I am not going to have them laughing at you for being tied to my apron-string."

In the end it was agreed that he should adhere to his engagement. He had been honestly willing to abandon it, but he would have been a very extraordinary specimen of humanity if he had not been relieved by the rejection of his offer. He could not make a confidant of his mother, because he saw that there was no hope of obtaining her sympathy. She seemed, unhappily, to have taken a prejudice against Lady Evelyn, and he had sense enough to be aware that reason never wins the day against prejudice. However, he made his peace without any further allusion to the subject of their contention, which indeed she speedily forgot; so that before he went upstairs to dress for dinner he had heard a good deal more about his step-father's shortcomings, and had been embraced and profusely thanked in return for a couple of bank-notes which he produced from his pocket. Bank-notes, luckily, cannot be traced back to their donor; but even if it had been a question of a cheque, Willie could have written one unhesitatingly. Rightly or wrongly, he conceived that his mother was fully entitled to any aid that he could give her; nor did he doubt the truth of her assertion that it was not she who had made ducks and drakes of her own resources. Still, he was not quite so incensed against Archdale as he might have been if his mind had not been preoccupied with other thoughts. Archdale appeared to have behaved badly and would doubtless continue to behave badly; but there was no help for that. What was less certain and considerably more interesting was the question of how Lady Evelyn Foljambe intended to behave.

On the ensuing morning he walked down to the harbour, with some hope of arriving at a solution of that doubtful point before the day should be at an end. And perhaps it was because Lady Evelyn and her mother, who drove up just as he reached the steps, greeted him in such a friendly fashion, or perhaps it was only because the weather was so bright and sunny, with a nice sailing breeze blowing off the land, that he felt unwontedly sanguine and light-hearted.

Lady Evelyn, too, seemed to be in high spirits. "We are going to have a perfectly glorious day," she declared. "After all, one does have some good days even in Torquay, and though I never could understand the fun of yachting, I do enjoy an occasional sail in the *Albatross*—that is, when one is lucky enough to have the right people on board," she added, with a glance at Willie which, if it meant anything, must surely have meant that he was one of the right people—possibly also that Mr. Mortimer was not.

That may very likely have been the impression that she intended to convey; but whether her true sentiments were such as were implied therein was quite another question. For no sooner had she set foot on the deck of the *Albatross*, a smart hundred-and-thirty-ton yawl, flying the white Squadron ensign, than she began to devote her whole attention to the fortunate owner of that vessel, and seemed to have suddenly forgotten that there was anybody else in the vicinity.

"I shall go below until we have got under way," said Lady Wetherby decisively; "I don't want to have my head knocked off."

Lady Evelyn, perhaps, saw no reason to dread that fatality, or was willing to take the risk of it. She remained where she was, chatting with Mortimer about things and people utterly unknown to Willie, while the yacht was released from her moorings and glided past the pier-head under mizzen and jib. She had to duck when the mainsail was hoisted and the heavy boom swung over; but she evidently knew enough about nautical matters to be able to take care of herself, and indeed she presently showed that she, at any rate, had full confidence in her own seamanship.

"Now, Parkins," said she, turning to the skipper, "I'm going to steer."

"If you please, my lady," answered Parkins, resigning the tiller with a smothered sigh.

He looked so depressed as he moved forward and passed Willie that the latter, though he did not feel particularly merry at the moment, could not help laughing. "You don't put much faith in your substitute, do you?" he asked.

"Oh, we can't come to no harm, sir," answered the man; "only I wish her ladyship could have waited a bit longer. You see, there's bound to be a lot of gentlemen staring out of them there club windows, and I don't know but what they might think we was all intoxicated."

It must be confessed that the course pursued by the *Albatross* was somewhat erratic and that she did not appear to be making quite the most of a fair wind. But perhaps her owner was in no desperate hurry to reach his destination, and certainly he was indifferent to the possible censures of the club critics. He sat upon the bulwarks, with his hands in his pockets, swinging one leg, while he kept up an unflagging conversation with Lady Evelyn, fragments of which reached the ears of the despised third person. Their talk, so far as he could gather, related entirely to royalties and dukes and duchesses and other grandees; it was not, perhaps, exactly the kind of talk in which lovers are wont to indulge; yet it was of a nature to make a humble lieutenant of infantry realise how very far he was removed from their coterie. After a time Lady Wetherby reappeared, and he had to get a chair for her and make her comfortable and listen, rather inattentively, to her comments upon the news contained in the *Morning Post*, which she had brought on board with her. Not until they were off Berry Head and luncheon was over was any excuse given him for approaching Lady Evelyn, and by that time he was so thoroughly dispirited that it was she who had to take the initiative. When they left the main cabin, Mortimer went forward to give some order or other, and then it was that our hero's presence was at length recognized by the person who was alone responsible for it.

"How bored you look!" Lady Evelyn said, as she moved astern and beckoned to him to join her, her mother having returned to a wicker chair and the *Morning Post*. "Don't you like yachting?"

"It all depends," answered Willie candidly; "I daresay I should enjoy it well enough if I had a yacht of my own and if—if I could choose my company."

"That is truly flattering to the present company. Well, I

don't think I care very much about yachting in anybody's company. It can't be called sport; all that can be said for it is that it's a shade better than going out for a constitutional. I'd rather be hunting, wouldn't you?"

This, it may be conjectured, was a leading observation; for Lady Evelyn had seen enough of her companion to know what his tastes were, and enough of men in general to be aware that it is useless to try and make them talk upon subjects in which they are not interested. Be that as it may, she very soon brought this young man to a happier frame of mind, and found him quite as good an authority upon the points of a horse as Mortimer perhaps was upon the domestic affairs of duchesses.

And Mortimer was apparently troubled by no ignoble sentiments of envy or jealousy. When he sauntered aft and perceived that he had been replaced, he sat down contentedly beside Lady Wetherby, making no attempt to interrupt a colloquy which to one of those concerned in it was so delightful. Willie knew, or thought he knew, perfectly well that the girl whom he loved did not care a pin for him; but he also knew, or thought he knew, that she did not care a pin for his rival. That was as much as he could expect or hope for. To be permitted to sit by her side, to watch her face and to hear her voice—this was sufficient for him in the early stage of the malady with which he was afflicted. What if she did speak of nothing but protracted runs and the pedigree of hounds and the joys of cub-hunting, which were denied to her? It was, at any rate, to him that she addressed her remarks, not to the other fellow.

But the other fellow's turn came in due time; possibly the other fellow may have been comfortably aware that it would come. The pretty little land-locked port of Dartmouth was made early in the afternoon; the anchor rattled down, the gig was lowered, and Mortimer remarked that there would be heaps of time for a walk before taking the train back to Torquay. The party, on being set ashore, naturally headed, as everybody who lands at Dartmouth does, for the wooded promontory on which the quaint old church of St. Petrox stands; and doubtless it was equally natural—at all events, it so fell out—that Mortimer and Lady Evelyn should lead the way, Willie being thus once more relegated to the charms of Lady Wetherby's society.

Lady Wetherby had a kind heart and an ample stock of common sense and about as much perspicacity as is required for the recognition of the obvious. She therefore thought it

only right to utter a few words of admonition for the benefit of her young friend, the expression of whose features had told its own tale to her during the previous hour. As she ambled beside him along the shady footpath she began, with transparent diplomacy, by deploring the change which had come over girls in the course of the last twenty years.

"I suppose that since the world began there must always have been flirts," she said; "but I don't think that flirtation was quite such a common, matter-of-course thing in my day as it is now. The men, no doubt, are chiefly to blame. They don't wish to be taken seriously; they only want to amuse themselves, and the girls, who very soon find that out, follow suit and amuse themselves too. So perhaps it's as broad as it's long, and no hearts are broken when both sides play the game. But, as I always tell Evelyn, it does occasionally happen that a man is really in earnest, and then it is very wrong to trifle with him."

"Of course I know nothing about it," said Willie gravely; "but I shouldn't have thought that Lady Evelyn was a flirt."

"Oh, I'm quite sure she doesn't mean to be," her mother declared; "but she is accustomed to receiving a good deal of attention, and perhaps she doesn't understand the difference between the men whom she meets in London and the men who may happen to turn up elsewhere. She says and does things which really mean nothing at all, and sometimes I am afraid that they may be taken as—as meaning something, you know."

Nothing could have been more explicit. Willie appreciated the kindly compassion which had prompted this warning, although it came too late in the day to be of any service to him. He was only one of the men who had "happened to turn up elsewhere," and his chances, no doubt, were infinitesimal; still, such as they were, he must needs cling to them so long as the shadow of a shade of hope remained.

"Is Mortimer one of the London men who don't wish to be taken seriously?" he ventured to inquire.

"Upon my word I can't tell you," answered Lady Wetherby, laughing. "I think he is serious, and I don't mind confessing that I hope he is. From my point of view he is unexceptionable; but my point of view may not be Evelyn's, and I wouldn't for the world urge her to act against her inclinations. As far as I can judge, she likes him: at all events, I am tolerably certain that there is nobody else whom she likes better."

Willie remained silent. After all, he had been told no more

than he already knew; yet there is a difference between being aware of a fact and hearing it stated in plain words, so that he did not greatly enjoy the remainder of his walk. Lady Wetherby took charge of him until it was over—an arrangement which seemed to meet the approval of the other couple. What she discoursed about while they paced slowly through the woods and admired the prospect, and then retraced their steps to the landing-stage, whence they crossed by ferry to the Kingswear station, he scarcely knew; but he had a general impression that she meant to be kind and was sorry for him. In the train, both Lady Wetherby and Mortimer fell asleep—fancy falling asleep at such a time!—but Lady Evelyn, who was gazing out of the window at the darkening landscape, responded only by monosyllables to the few remarks which Willie made so bold to address to her, and it was evident that, whatever the subject of her thoughts might be, she was not thinking about him. After a time he desisted from troubling her. It was not until they were nearing Torquay that she took his breath away by leaning forward and saying abruptly:

"It has been a horrid day, hasn't it?"

"I didn't know it had," answered Willie stupidly; "I—I thought it had been a great success."

"So do they," she returned, indicating the two sleepers with a slightly disdainful gesture. "I didn't think so; but then I suppose I am rather hard to please. I daresay it's all right, and it doesn't much signify if it's all wrong," she added, throwing herself back again into her corner.

Torquay was reached and Lady Wetherby and Mortimer were wide awake before he could ask her to explain herself; but while he was wending his solitary way homewards her meaning seemed to become clear to him. She had accepted a man whom she didn't love and she was already beginning to repent of her folly; that much might be surmised. But why she had accepted the man, and whether her repentance would prove lasting, and what prospect there was of her adhering to a hastily formed engagement—these were questions which sufficed to keep a straightforward and bewildered youth awake more than half the night through.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WILLIE GOES TO CHURCH.

Willie was mistaken in supposing that Lady Evelyn had accepted Mortimer's heart and hand. One excellent reason—possibly the only one—why she had not done so was that those priceless possessions had not yet been offered to her. However, she knew that she could have the refusal of them when she pleased, that she would be told as much ere long, and indeed that she had only escaped being told as much that very afternoon by some exercise of preventive skill. Evelyn Foljambe's ideas with regard to matrimony were those which commonly prevail amongst girls of her class and are not so very rare in other classes. At the age of fifteen or sixteen she had followed the dictates of human nature, dreaming of some more or less impossible hero, for whose sake, when the time should come, she would be willing to brave poverty and other afflictions; but a short experience of the realities of fashionable life had cured all that. She had met a great many men and not one of them had been in the least heroic; the girls of her acquaintance had been heartless and sceptical, or at all events had talked as though they were so; even her mother had always seemed to regard marriage as quite an unromantic affair. The girls who were spoken of as having married well were those who had acquired a title or a fortune; the few who had married for love were considered to have made fools of themselves, and indeed she had had opportunities of observing that the latter not unfrequently ended by concurring in the general verdict upon their conduct. For her own part, she naturally judged of men as she had found them; she did not believe that any man would ever break his heart on her acconnt, and she thought that if she met one whose social standing was such as to command the approval of her family, whose character was tolerably good, whose personal appearance was not unpleasing, and who seemed to be as much attached to her as it is within the range of masculine capacity to be attached to anybody, she would be extremely unwise to refuse him. As Mr. Mortimer fulfilled all those conditions, it was difficult to say why she had taken such trouble to keep him at bay during that afternoon walk or why

she had been so petulant and dispirited on the way home. She herself could not answer the question in any way that was agreeable to her, and a lecture which she received the next morning from her mother did not serve to put her in any better conceit with herself.

"Evelyn dear," Lady Wetherby began, assuming that kindly, serious demeanour which mothers always assume when they are a little bit afraid of their daughters, "I want to speak to you about young Brett. Of course I know that you mean no harm; but he may not understand—most likely he doesn't—and I think you ought to be a little more careful. He never took his eyes off you and Mr. Mortimer while he was walking with me yesterday."

"Well," said Lady Evelyn rather flippantly, "I suppose his eyes are his own and he can use them as he pleases."

"Yes; but you cannot wish him to use them in that way. And—and I doubt whether Mr. Mortimer would wish it either."

"Oh, *I* don't mind," Lady Evelyn declared. "As for Mr. Mortimer, I haven't reached the point of consulting his wishes upon such subjects yet, and I daresay I never shall."

"Probably you will not if you go on trifling with him. Patient as he is, you may exhaust his patience; and then, my dear, I think you will be sorry. You know as well as I do—sometimes it seems to me that you know a great deal better—how few men there are who are so nice in every way as Mr. Mortimer; but one thing I know perhaps a little better than you do, because I am so much older, and that is that all men get over a disappointment far more easily than we do."

"I haven't a doubt of it, Mamma; but I don't know of anything that would disappoint me particularly just at present, except being forbidden to speak to poor Mr. Brett again. And I really don't quite understand what I am being scolded about."

"I am not scolding you, dear," Lady Wetherby answered, "I am only warning you. I have never tried, and I never will try, to decide your fate for you; but I confess that I do like Mr. Mortimer, and I hoped from what I had seen that you liked him too."

"Oh, he is very well off and pretty well-behaved and not bad-looking," said the girl. "The same description applies to Mr. Brett, for that matter."

"Not altogether," observed her mother gently. "Mr. Brett

may be a rich man one of these days, but his prospects are not certain, I believe; and then, although I don't mean to say that he hasn't all the feelings of a gentleman, still he isn't—well—exactly in the same position as Mr. Mortimer, you know."

"I see," said Lady Evelyn; and, after a pause, "I'll endeavour to put him back into his proper position if he seems to be in danger of forgetting it, then. Meanwhile, I can't very well prevent him from looking at me, unless you forbid him the house."

Lady Wetherby did not say much more. Her daughter often puzzled her; for she was a very simple sort of woman, to whom the problems of life had always presented themselves in their simplest guise. She thought that Lady Evelyn was fond of Mortimer and would marry him; she was not at all afraid that the girl would become too fond of Willie Brett—only, for the poor young fellow's sake, she wished to nip a possible flirtation in the bud. And she was placidly persuaded that she had done so by means of the above remarks. As for adopting so extreme a measure as forbidding him her house, that of course was merely a joke.

However, whether by accident or design, she did not invite Willie to her house for several days, and since he was not asked, he remained away. He could not have adopted a more effectual method of quickening the interest which Lady Evelyn felt in him. She had an impression that he, as well as her mother, had disapproved of the manner in which she had behaved on board the yacht and that he was absenting himself by way of giving expression to his disapproval. Now this was both impertinent and unjust on his part; because, in the first place, her behaviour was no concern of his, and, in the second, she could conscientiously say that on that occasion it had been in all respects what it ought to have been. She wished, therefore, that he would be good enough to call, so that she might have the chance of giving him the snubbing that he deserved.

But the days passed on and he made no sign, and nobody seemed to wonder what had become of him. Some friends came to stay in the house, which enabled her to avoid *tête-à-tête* interviews with Mortimer, who accepted that temporary deprivation good-humouredly enough. Once she caught a glimpse of Willie in the distance. He was walking between his mother and his little half-sister and looked somewhat dejected, she thought. For some reason or other, that momentary view of him brought

about a change in her feelings, and it occurred to her that perhaps, instead of being so presumptuous as to sit in judgment upon her, he was merely hurt by something that she had said or done. If so, it was surely her duty to take an early occasion of explaining that she was innocent of having intentionally given him any cause for offence.

The next day being Sunday, Lady Evelyn surprised the assembled company at luncheon by announcing casually that she was going to church in the evening.

"But, my dear child," remonstrated Lady Wetherby, who sometimes went to church in the afternoon, but had a vague idea that the evening services were intended for the poorer classes, "how will you manage about dinner? You can't be home by eight o'clock, can you?"

"Oh, no; I don't suppose I shall be back much before a quarter to nine," answered the girl calmly; "but it doesn't matter. If one dish is kept warm for me, that will do perfectly well."

Lady Evelyn was allowed to take her own way in most things. The sun was just setting as she entered a certain church in the town, and as she settled herself in her place she saw in front of her precisely what she had expected to see, namely, the back of Willie Brett's closely-cropped head. For indeed he had told her that he was fond of good music, and was consequently in the habit of attending the evening services at that particular place of worship.

It may be hoped that she said her prayers. At all events, she enjoyed the music, and if she did not derive much profit from the sermon, no doubt that was because it was absolutely necessary for her to go through a careful rehearsal of the interview which she foresaw would follow it. That Mr. Brett was alone and would walk home with her she was convinced, and this shows the disadvantage (it is more than outweighed by the advantage, but that is neither here nor there) of separating the sexes in church. For when the congregation dispersed and Lady Evelyn, who had measured her distance nicely, stepped up to the side of the unsuspecting young officer, it was rather disconcerting to find that Miss Flossie Archdale had already secured possession of his right hand. Flossie, to be sure, was delighted to see her and embraced her affectionately; but there was no great consolation in that. As for Willie, he also was probably delighted, although he did not look so.

He took off his hat and seemed to be a trifle embarrassed, and said—

"I thought you never went to church in the evening."

"I am thinking of turning over a new leaf," answered Lady Evelyn gravely. "If other people can put up with a tepid dinner, why shouldn't I? Your church is very nice indeed. I presume from your frequenting it that you belong to the Ritualistic persuasion and are therefore addicted to mortifying the flesh. Might one ask why you haven't done penance by calling upon us all this long time?"

"Ought I to have called? I didn't know," replied that stupid young man, who, not having had time to collect his wits, said the first thing that came into his head.

Assuredly he did not intend to be ungracious; yet his words sounded so to one who was perhaps on the look-out for ungraciousness, and by ill-luck he was unable to retrieve the false step that he had made, for before he could speak again the group was joined by Mr. Mortimer.

"How are you, Brett?" said that good-natured fellow. "When are you going to give me my revenge at golf? You said you were going to church, Lady Evelyn, so I thought I'd go too. Jolly sort of service—plenty of singing and flowers and candles and all that. First-rate voluntary too; only you wouldn't stop to listen to it."

If it had not been quite dark, Willie would have seen Lady Evelyn frown impatiently and colour. As it was, he only heard her say, in a tone of pleased surprise, "Oh, is that you? How fortunate! Now you can see me home. I was going to victimise Mr. Brett, who, I am sure, will be grateful to be released. Good-night, Mr. Brett. Good-night, Flossie."

She bent down and kissed the child, gave Willie a little nod, and, turning up a side street, was soon out of sight, together with her escort.

"I wish Mr. Mortimer would go away," was Flossie's pertinent remark. "Lady Evelyn hasn't been half so nice since he has been here, and she never takes me out for walks now."

"I don't think he will go away just yet, Flossie," answered the young man gloomily. "Saving your presence, I shouldn't wonder if Lady Evelyn liked walking with him better than walking with you."

Of course there could be no sort of question as to that. The engagement might not yet be formally announced; but that it

existed was evident enough. She had assumed without hesitation that Mortimer would be glad to accompany her to the top of the hill on which she resided, although he did not live there himself and would have to come all the way down again; she had not even called him "Mr. Mortimer," but had addressed him as "you"—a very ominous sign. Well, there was nothing to be astonished at in that, nor anything to grumble about; only if Mortimer was both unable and unwilling to leave Torquay, somebody else was neither the one nor the other. In truth there seemed to be nothing for it but to go away and court oblivion. Willie was quite aware that he had no right to feel sore; but that did not prevent him from feeling sore or from shrinking from the misery of seeing the girl whom he loved claimed by another man. Before the evening was over he found himself alone with his mother, Archdale having, in accordance with what appeared to be an established custom, strolled down to the club to smoke a cigar in the company of sundry choice spirits.

"I think," said he, taking advantage of this opportunity, "I may as well pay my visit to Blaydon at once and get it done. Then perhaps, if you cared to have me, I might come back here for Christmas."

"I know very well what that means," returned Marcia. "Flossie told me that you met Evelyn Foljambe at church this evening, and of course she snubbed you, and you were quite astonished at her want of taste, and now you are going to leave Torquay by way of punishing her. Unfortunately you will not punish her, because she has made all the use of you that she ever expected to make; you will only punish me. Oh, what a pity it is that one sees nothing clearly until it is too late! I love you, whereas that cold-blooded girl, who isn't even attractive, loves nobody except herself. But it is useless to tell you that, for you won't believe it."

"I do believe that you care for me, mother," answered Willie. He was not prepared to affirm that he believed in Lady Evelyn's cold-bloodedness, nor did he wish to speak about her at all.

"Then it is you who do not care for me," Marcia rejoined. "You have seen what my life is; you can't help knowing that all the cares and anxieties of the household fall upon my shoulders; you can't help knowing that I am lonely and wretched and that my only happiness is to have you with me. Yet you propose to desert me, and you don't so much as pretend that

there is any reason for your desertion. It is all in the course of nature, I suppose; when once birds are fledged they won't return to the nest. But it does seem to me that the course of nature is horribly cruel."

Fledged birds, as everybody knows, are cast upon their own resources by their parents, and Willie might have retorted that his mother had treated him after the fashion adopted by that least maternal of birds, the cuckoo; but his inclination at the moment was rather to rejoice in this tardy display of affection than to murmur at the years of neglect which had preceded it, and he answered simply—

"If you really wish me to stay, I'll stay. I shall have to go to Blaydon sooner or later; but it needn't be yet."

"You must do as you please," returned his mother rather ungratefully. "Of course it will make all the difference to me whether you are with me or not; but perhaps it would be better for you to go away than to remain with any hope of winning that girl. It is true that she isn't worth winning if you only knew it!"

Willie resolutely declined to enter upon the question of Lady Evelyn's worth. He contented himself with declaring that he did not cherish any such hopes as were attributed to him—which was true enough—and assuring his mother that she might always count upon his presence when she desired it.

That seemed to satisfy her. As a matter of fact, she did love her son and longed to possess his whole heart, though she was not without a glimmering consciousness of the absurdity of such a longing. She did not love him well enough to wish for his happiness rather than her own, because it was out of her power to love anyone in that way; but she understood that he was making something of a sacrifice for her sake, which caused her to love him the more. That his happiness would be insured in the impossible event of Lady Evelyn's responding to his calf-love she did not for a moment believe. Lady Evelyn, in her opinion, was a detestable young woman, and what mother could wish her son to fall into the clutches of a detestable young woman?

(*To be continued.*)

A TRAGICAL TERTULIA.

In the memoirs and histories of the early part of the eighteenth century frequent references may be found to a tragedy which befell the Upper Ten of Madrid in September 1723. S. Simon had unfortunately recently left Spain, otherwise he would doubtless have elaborated in one of his inimitable word-pictures the details of that terrible "tertulia" in which the most intimate friends and acquaintances of his Spanish visit were so nearly concerned. As it is, he refers to it more than once, most fully perhaps in this following passage. "It was at this time that happened that sudden flood at Madrid, near the Buen Retiro, in which the Duchess of Mirandola was drowned in her oratory, and the Prince Pio and several others perished, while the Duke of Mirandola, the Duke of Liria, the Abbé Grimaldo, and the Venetian Ambassador saved themselves with infinite difficulty. Meanwhile the superb house of the Duke and Duchess of Ossuna with its magnificent furniture was burning in the upper part of the town, without any means of keeping the fire under from lack of water!"

Some compensation for the loss of a more circumstantial account by the forerunner of Society journalists may be found in a description of the tragedy which exists in the Record Office by another visitor to Madrid, less brilliant, but scarcely less observant. The writer was Colonel Stanhope who appeared to S. Simon "parfaitement un Anglois," serious, talking little, and saying nothing when he talked, with his ears always open, given to "pumping," never going into society except with good reason and not from taste. He had therefore some qualifications both for receiving and imparting information. His letter to Lord Carteret was written within a few days of the disaster which he narrowly escaped, thanks to a fever which had caused some interruptions in his despatches. His main object in writing is

to apologise for this delay. His letter may be thought of sufficient interest to print, for assuredly no ordinary evening party before or since has met with so unlikely and so unlucky a *dénouement.*

"I was not able to do myself the honour of writing to your Lordship by the last post, being at that time very much indisposed with an intermitting feaver, but at present I have got the better of it by force of the Jesuits' Bark which I have begun to take, and still continue the doing of. This feaver instead of being a misfortune has probably been the occasion of saving my life, which would certainly otherwise have run the same risk with those of several others in a most terrible disaster that happened in the Duke of Mirandola's house here upon the 15th inst. at ten of the clock at night. The catastrophe was of so very extraordinary a nature that I persuade myself your Lordship will excuse my taking up some of your time in explaining the particulars to you as I can, tho' I don't pretend to do it very exactly since the very persons who found themselves embarked in it and escaped with their lives were under too great a consternation to be able to give any clear account of the matter. To explain it then as well as I can I must acquaint your Lordship that for these two years last past the Duke and Duchess of Mirandola have had an assembly at their house every night of people of the first quality of Madrid, at which all the foreign ministers also assembled, and amongst the rest I never failed finding myself, when my health or affairs would possibly give me leave to be there. Their house was in the body of the place, but wanting some repairs at present, the Duke and Duchess had borrowed for a few weeks another house upon the skirts of the town belonging to the Count d'Oñate to which they had removed some ten days agoe where they continued their assembly. This house stands low, having a large garden behind it upon a rising ground, the wall of which goes almost to that of the town, beyond which there are also other rising grounds, tho' far from being mountainous. The assembly happened to be that evening thinner than usual by reason of the illness of the Marquis de los Balbazes' son which hindered not only the said Marquis and his lady from being there but also the Duke and Duchess of Medina Celi, of Arcos, the Princess Pio, Ambassadrice of Venice, etc., who otherwise never failed. The assembly then consisted of the Duke and Duchess of Mirandola, the Duke of Lyria, the Duke of Atri, the

Pope's Nuncio, the Ambassador of Venice, the Abbot Grimaldo, Don Tiberio Carraffa, Don Lelio Carraffa and some few, who being met as usual, a violent storm of thunder and lightning happened about 9. The Duchess being frightened left the company and went into her chapel to pray, three rooms from that of the assembly, tho' upon the same ground floor, and about 10 of the clock a torrent of water that had come from the rising grounds having broke down the wall of the town did the same to that of the garden, and in an instant flung open the window-shutters of the ground apartments, overturned all tables and lights and filled the rooms with water. The poor Duchess with her maids were immediately drowned, the men run out into the Courtyard before the house where they found the water equally high, and Prince Pio endeavouring to save himself in the street was carried away by the torrent and his body found the day afterwards two leagues from Madrid. Don Tiberio Carraffa got upon the top of a coach which overturning by the force of the stream was thrown against another by which blow he had his head almost opened and was immediately also drowned. The Prince of Chellamare placed himself upon another coach which likewise overturned, but he had the good fortune to get again upon the wheel, whence he remained till help was brought to him, extreamly bruised and having swallowed a great quantity of water and sand. The Duke of Lyria was running the same fate with Prince Pio, but being a good deal taller and seeing by help of the lightning a window over his head, jumped up and caught hold of the iron grates before it, by which he held, untill the people in the upper apartment let down cords to him, by which they drew him up. The Ambassador of Venice not being able to get out of the assembly room where the water was ten feet high supported himself upon two chairs for two hours which swam upon the surface of the water until it abated enough for him to get out of the door. As for the Nuncio and the Duke of Atri they had left the company half an hour before the accident happened. The rest of the gentlemen were saved, but how not one of them is able to give any reasonable account."

This description is interesting not only on account of the noteworthy tragedy, but as indicating the very motley elements of which the Court of Madrid was composed after the Treaty of Utrecht, and the curious preponderance which the *régime*, firstly of Madame des Ursins and then of Elizabeth Farnese,

had given to the Italian refugees. The Duke of Mirandola was descended from the brother of the phœnix Pico, and was lawful lord of the Principality of which the Austrians had robbed him. If the Emperor of Germany had robbed him of his inheritance the King of Spain deprived him a wife, for he had been the intended husband of Elizabeth Farnese until Alberoni's description of the nice Lombard girl, fattened on butter and Parmesan cheese, tempted the not too delicate fancy of the uxorious widower. His pious and ill-fated Duchess was perhaps the Queen's most intimate friend. Prince Pio was half Lombard and half Portuguese. It was a hard fate that swept into a "sort of sewer" the body of the polished, valorous, and vain-glorious noble, with his lofty ambitions and his high opinion of himself. He must have been much missed in the coming winter's balls, for he was of shapely figure and he danced divinely. Cellamare, Duke of Giovenazzo, was of a Genoese family, transplanted to Naples and thence to Spain. He had been Alberoni's most capable ally even against his own uncle, the Cardinal del Giudice. In him, as Spanish Minister at Paris, had centred the celebrated plot against the Regent d'Orleans. In this affair his carelessness had sacrificed his friends, but his scathing satire avenged them at Dubois' expense. He was stepfather to his host, and his escape was curious, for he was now old and had been old before his age. The Duke of Liria had married a Spanish wife and had become a great grandee, but he was a Fitzjames, the son of Marshal Berwick, and was the centre of the frequent Jacobite intrigues in Spain. He was saved to write a most interesting description of the Russian Court which has within the last year been published. He found other Spanish evening parties with their light refreshments and heavy conversation intolerably dull, and not long after the above Court retired from Spain for ever. The Carraffa brothers belonged to a noble Neapolitan house, of which the most distinguished members had been the fiery old Paul IV., who cursed the Spaniards over his full, dark, Neapolitan wine, and his ruffianly Nipoti, who met their end upon the scaffold.

It will have been noticed that the Englishman's sober letter makes no mention of S. Simon's striking contrast between the burning palace on the hill and the drowning lady in the lowlands. But Colonel Stanhope's secretary Holzendorf wrote on September 13th, that on the previous Saturday morning the Monteleone palace was burnt down in less than two hours, most

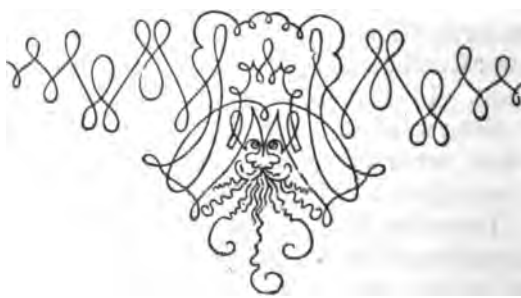
part of the furniture being saved, but some people stifled. It seems tolerably certain that this is the fire to which S. Simon refers, but it happened in the morning and not at ten of the clock at night, and it preceded the flood by several days. If the fires are identical it is a characteristic if extreme example of S. Simon's method. His pictures are vivid because in fact they are largely composed. He concentrates in a sentence or a scene incidents distinct in time and place. It is this which gives the artistic quality to his work, and it is owing to this faculty that he has been credited with his marvellous gift "de voir et de faire voir." In the present case the extent of composition is hardly to be justified, for time is not a trivial detail, but is, to modify a legal phrase, of the essence of the contrast. A more justifiable example may be drawn from a scene described at different periods by himself. His 'Memoirs' in their final form are a highly finished work, and this is peculiarly the case with the section which describes his Spanish embassy. But of recent years has been published the original rough draft written when the events were fresh, and not only this but the short bright letters which he wrote from week to week. In his 'Memoirs' will be found the tale of his invitation to a royal hunt. The King and Queen were placed under cover in one arbour, while S. Simon was with the Prince of Asturias and his suite in another. The game of every shape and size were driven past the sportsmen, and S. Simon in the excitement of the moment fired and killed a fox. His exploit was greeted with a peal of laughter, and the Duke who lived on etiquette was overcome with shame, not indeed, as Englishmen might think, because he had shot a fox, but because he had fired before the King. Writing to the Duke of Orleans he says, "Two miracles have happened, one to kiss the hand of the Cardinal Borgia, and the other to kill a fox at the King's hunt. I had to come to Spain to perform two such prodigies." Not a word here of the breach of etiquette. But the draft memoir is more explicit. "The King at the Queen's request sent me a gun, and I killed a fox, though I had not shot for a year. The other time that they gave me a gun I paid dearly for my triumph by my stupidity in firing first, which I only noticed a long time after, when my apologies provided material for conversation and pleasantry." This is a case where composition is entirely without blame. The tale was really if not actually true. It mattered not a tittle whether S. Simon's shots were two or one. S. Simon was essentially an artist, and

artists will not be tied to the apron-string of truth. Has not one of our greatest landscape painters been watched when painting Oxford with his back to her river and her towers? And has not the imagination of yet another engineered a railway viaduct on trestles across the hay-fields of the Upper Thames? But we also are travelling too far afield from the tragical tale of the Duchess of Mirandola's "at home."

E. ARMSTRONG.

The foregoing narrative makes no attempt to account for the cause of the melancholy catastrophe; but, from certain statements in it, I cannot doubt that it may be explained by the fall of a waterspout, or *sac d'eau*, on the heights behind the Palace where the party had assembled. A heavy thunderstorm, even in this country, is frequently accompanied by a like outburst of water from the clouds. Not many years ago, within my knowledge, a similar torrent of mud and water descended from the hill behind the house of Brasted Park, near Sevenoaks in Kent. The house stands opposite to a gap in the hills behind, and is surrounded by a deep sunk area. In a moment, without warning, this was suddenly filled, as well as the lower storey, with liquid mud, which set the furniture afloat, filled the linen-presses, and would have drowned the butler, who slept on the ground-floor, had he not been awake and on foot at the early hour in the morning when the visitation occurred.

J. M.



WORLDLY WISDOM

(ON THE TERRACE).

SHE. So you're going to Scotland to-morrow,
And our foolish dream-holiday ends.
Life is parting, and parting is sorrow—
But I hope we shall always be friends!

HE. Yes, friends. When you're Duchess of Mayrose
Will you ever look back with regret,
To the day when we parted—to-day, Rose—
Or the wonderful day when we met?

SHE. Oh no, I shall never regret you,
You know we agreed it was best,
You'd forget me and I should forget you,
And time should take care of the rest.

HE. You know I *must* marry for money,
I haven't a *sou* to my name!
SHE. Yes, I know; it's as sad as it's funny
That my situation's the same.

And the Duke comes to-day——
HE. Yes, confound it!
My eye's on the Lodge—when I see
That brute and his carriage come round it,
Then "Hey! bonnie Scotland!" for me.

SHE. That girl you are going to marry,
I'm sure she is red-haired and tall,
And freckled—broad Scotch—my poor Harry,
You're not to be envied at all!

HE. And your Duke? He is sixty and over,
And crooked and cross as can be;
A very desirable lover,
That's one consolation for me!

SHE. Don't talk about him: I would rather
Forget him as long as I can.
Hal—are you quite sure that your father
Is set on this Scotch heiress plan?

HE. Yes—embarrassed estates—empty coffers—
Don't talk about that—but instead,
Let's talk of your Duke's handsome offers,
And all that your mother has said.

SHE. Oh, you need not remind me. Don't fear it!
I know we agreed we must part;
And you'll find it quite easy to bear it—
HE. And it won't break your ladyship's heart.

SHE. We must take the world as we find it;
Love's all very well for a day;
But when love has no fortune behind it,
Love fades very quickly away.

HE. Yes—of course; but these weeks have been pleasant!
You remember the first day we met?
SHE. That's one of the things which at present
I think we had better forget.

HE. There's the carriage! I'm off to my Carry!
Rose—don't look like that! You will fall!
Are you sure that you do mean to marry
That loathsome old man after all?

SHE. Yes—of course. Ah, good-bye! it is better,
Believe me, when duties are done;
You'll find time to send me a letter,
To say how your wooing goes on?

HE. Good-bye! There are wheels on the gravel!
SHE. Good-bye!—since you will have it so!
It's beautiful weather to travel;
And the Duke——
HE. Hang the Duke! I won't go!

E. NESBIT.

EARLY DAYS RECALLED.

AT Cairo an Europeanized young Turk asked us to dine with him in the kiosk of his garden, and promised that "Werd an Nil" (the Rose of the Nile) should sing. I was curious to see her as she had been much talked about. Brought up as a professional singer, her exceeding beauty had captivated a rich old Bey, who married her when she was about sixteen. But she was so bored by the dulness of hareem life that she went before the Cadi, divorced the old Bey, and returned to the life of a gawazi.

We had an excellent dinner "à l'Européenne" with several French and Turkish friends of Osman Bey's, and when coffee had been served he got up and went to his hareem, where "Werd an Nil" had spent the afternoon, and dined with his wife. Osman ushered her and her attendant women and musicians into the kiosk with some ceremony, treating her with the greatest courtesy and attention, as though she had been a princess. She was thickly veiled, and after the usual salaaming came and sat down by me on the divan. When after a little conversation she rose, and threw off her veil and outer robe, we quite understood the old Bey's passion. Her beauty was dazzling. Not darker than many an Italian, her brilliant complexion and large almond-shaped eyes, beautiful features and perfect figure, were enhanced by her dress. Trousers of white satin, thickly embroidered with seed pearls, a very short jacket of pink satin covered with gold embroidery, caught just under her breasts with a large diamond button, and under the jacket a shirt of India muslin with gold stars worked on it, through which her ivory-coloured skin shone; while over all floated a thin sky-blue silk abayeh or cloak. Coquettishly perched on one side of her head was a gauze handkerchief twisted into the shape of a fez by ropes of pearls; on the other, a sprig of pomegranate, with brilliant scarlet flowers

was fastened by a large diamond brooch. No wonder the Turks uttered a long-drawn "Aah!" when she appeared unveiled before us.

The women who crouched on the ground near the five musicians made a sort of chorus after every verse sung by "Werd an Nil," whose voice was beautiful and wonderfully pathetic. The instruments were a tarabouka, or small drum made of a cylinder of earthenware covered with lamb's hide, and struck with the fingers; a "ney," or flute of remarkably soft sweet tone; a "kemanj" or fiddle, played on the lap; and a kind of mandoline, with a handle five feet long, and only three strings. The fifth man appeared to be the leader of the orchestra, and kept time by clapping his hands. "Werd an Nil" soon called for "sherbet," when Osman Bey jumped up, poured what looked like cognac into a tumbler, and handed it to her himself. To my astonishment, he told me it was brandy, and that this beautiful delicate-looking creature never sang really well until she had drunk several glasses of so-called "sherbet." He was right, for such *hinreissend* singing I never heard before and have never heard since. At length one of the Turkish guests, with many compliments, said that he heard that "Werd an Nil" was as wonderful a dancer as she was a singer, and begged her to show the "Sitt Ingleeseh" what *real* dancing was. She looked rather uncomfortable, and glanced at Osman Bey and at the open windows which were darkened by many heads—all Osman's slaves and dependants listening to the wonderful music. He then explained to me that "Werd an Nil" would lose caste, and very likely not be summoned to sing in the Viceregal hareem if she danced before a European woman; but some one suggested shutting the windows and hanging shawls and carpets over them, and then no one would know.

We all set to work; the windows were shut and Turkish rugs were hung up, and then the women began to dance, while "Werd an Nil" smoked a narghile and drank more "sherbet." Their dancing seemed to me mere posturing and rather ugly, and I regretted that the singing had been stopped; when suddenly "Werd au Nil" rose, and leaving her pretty pearl-embroidered slippers near the divan, seized a gauze scarf from one of the women and began to dance. A French gentleman who was there exclaimed, "Mais c'est du Taglioni tout pure!" though anything more unlike European dancing I never saw. The beautiful lithe figure swayed to the wild music, and "Werd an Nil" seemed almost to

float over the thickly carpeted floor, as with tiny steps she advanced or retreated, her bare feet just showing under the folds of the white satin trousers. When the notes of the *ney* rose above the other instruments with a kind of wail, her arms were thrown up as though to follow them, and then fell again with a despairing motion, as if she had been baulked of her dearest wish.

One of the Turks was so carried away by his enthusiasm, that he tore his fez off his head and flung it at her feet.

I saw other dancers during my seven years' stay in Egypt, but they were as elephants compared to a gazelle by the side of "Werd an Nil," who had, I believe, Abyssinian blood in her veins, which accounted for her fair complexion.

While in Cairo, Prince Halim Pacha lent me a very beautiful Arab mare to ride. He had just bought her from a Sheik celebrated for his breed of horses in Arabia Felix, and paid two thousand napoleons for her.

The Prince boasted so much about the fleetness of Arabs as compared to English horses, that my patriotism was roused, and I challenged him to a race in the desert. I had a thoroughbred —"Companion"—once belonging to Lord Howth, the gamest little horse that ever was, and very fast. The only condition I made was, that H. H. should ride himself, and I told him he might bring as many of his mamelukes as he liked to help him to beat "Companion." The Prince came to Alexandria with eleven of his best horses, and he rode the famous mare. Beyond Ramleh we found a good stretch of desert, and Mr. Smart, a great lover of horses, was sent a mile and a half away, and we were to ride round him and back to the starting-post.

I let the Prince and his attendants dash off, and with some difficulty kept my horse at a steady gallop, and followed them. They went round Mr. Smart, who was mounted on an old racer with no more mouth than a stone wall, and when I passed him I saw that he would be forced to join in the race *nolens volens*. As ill-luck would have it, there was a belt, about three hundred yards in width, of a dwarf prickly plant to pass through, with only a narrow pathway, worn by the donkeys which carried stones. Just as I entered this I heard Mr. Smart's voice behind, "Mrs. Ross! go! I can't hold him!" and heard the quick, sharp thud, thud of his powerful black horse close behind. For the only time in my life I gave "Companion" one cut on the shoulder and rode for my life. His horse was fresh, mine had done a mile and

a half. Mr. Smart weighed some fourteen stone, I weighed nine, and if he had caught me, we should probably both have been killed. I just cleared the belt of prickly bush in time, and swerving to the left, saw the black horse shoot past. "Companion's" blood was up, and I soon caught the Arabs and left them one after the other, straggling behind, beating the Prince and his mamelukes by nearly a quarter of a mile. They did not like it, particularly being beaten by a woman.

In the winter of 1861, Sir James Outram, broken in health and a mere wreck, came to try what the climate of Egypt would do for him. We soon became firm friends, and I used to ride beside his carriage when he was well enough to drive out. Very proud I was of forming the escort of the Bayard of India, and still prouder when he gave me his book on the Persian and Indian campaigns, although I was not a "companion in arms" for whom it was printed. Sir James was a most lovable character. Simple, modest, and truthful; very kind, and unwilling to give trouble, but easily roused to anger by any act of oppression or cruelty, when his eagle eyes would flash and his bent figure would straighten, while his voice became sharp and strong.

We spent the summer of 1864 in Egypt, and right glad I was to get an invitation from M. Guichard, the *alter ego* of M. de Lesseps, to go to Tel-el-Kebir. M. Guichard was the *Chef agricole* of the Suez Canal, and was busily employed in improving the large estate of "El Wady" (the ancient land of Goschen), which had been ceded to the Company by the Viceroy. The Turkish palace has since become famous as the scene of Lord Wolseley's attack on Arabi Pacha.

I was asked to see the Bedaween fête of Abou Nichab, an Abyssinian Saint who died near Assouan. Some devout worshippers brought one arm of the Saint to the Suez desert and built a small tomb over the relic. Whereupon, so runs the legend, Abou Nichab instead of recalling his arm, followed it, and has rested peacefully ever since some twelve miles from Tel-el-Kebir in the desert: 1864 was the six-hundredth anniversary of this miracle, and a large gathering of Bedaween was expected.

Leaving Alexandria by an early train I reached Zag-a-zig about two in the afternoon on the 20th of July, and the heat was intense. There I found my telegram announcing my departure from Alexandria reposing peacefully in the Suez Canal telegraph office, the French clerk having gone to see the fête. So I captured his Berber servant, who had seen his master work the

telegraph, and between us we managed to send a message to M. Guichard, which was absolute nonsense but had the desired effect of making him start to meet me.

I then looked about for some means of transport, as Tel-el-Kebir was twenty miles off, and found nothing but a camel which was bringing a load of straw to the station. The face of my English maid when I proposed that we should mount the camel, one on each side in the nets which had served for the cut straw, was a study! Just as I was trying to persuade her that a camel, after all, was not so very uncomfortable, a cabriolet with one spring broken came slowly along the dyke of the Bahr el Moïse, the small canal which fed the fresh-water canal flowing from Ismailiah and Port Said to Suez. The wretched mare had done twenty miles, and the day before sixty, from Ismailiah, so I had her groomed and fed, and to the dismay of the Arab saïs (groom) poured a bottle of beer, which I found in the telegraph office, down her throat. By dint of backsheesh, I persuaded the owner of the camel to let me harness him tandem-fashion in front of the mare, and we started off along the dyke, invoking Abou Nichab to make the telegram intelligible to M. Guichard. After four miles of jolting, the camel refused to do any more work, and lay down grunting in the middle of the road, whence he resolutely refused to move. So we dragged mare and cabriolet over him and slowly proceeded. Darkness came on and strange sounds from night-birds and jackals were beginning, when a shot echoed in the distance, and soon M. Guichard, his white cloak streaming behind him, came galloping towards us, followed by the pony-chaise.

At ten in the evening we reached Tel-el-Kebir, rather weary and extremely glad to get some food. Before daybreak every one was busy loading camels with tents, mattresses, cooking utensils, several live sheep, and many fowls. The little caravan started at sunrise for Abou Nichab in order to pitch the tents and prepare "beaucoup diner," as Mohamed the servant said.

We only left Tel-el-Kebir on horseback at two, with a burning sun, but though the thermometer stood far higher than in Alexandria, near 100°, the extreme dryness and lightness of the desert air made it feel cooler. The greyhounds came with us in case we might start a gazelle or a hare. After skirting the cultivated land for about eight miles, we struck into the desert, looking like a party of Bedaween, with white abbayehs or cloaks, and kuffiehs (large silk handkerchiefs with tassels) wrapped round our heads, and one end covering the lower part of the face

to prevent the skin being taken off by the reflection from the hot sand. We saw a cloud of dust in the distance, and heard shouting and the galloping of horses. Soon seventy or eighty Bedaween charged down upon us, and then circled round at full speed. They fired their guns into the air, and shook long spears decorated with a tuft of ostrich-feathers above their heads as they welcomed M. Guichard, who was extremely popular. Several of them came up and condoled with him upon my misfortune of having but one leg. They had never seen a European woman ride on a side-saddle before; all the Bedaween women riding astride like the men.

We galloped to the camp with our wild escort, where we were met by music—a drum and a flute—and found the large tent pitched on a small hillock for the gentlemen, and a tiny one close to it for me. About five thousand Bedaween had assembled to do honour to the "Eed" (festival) of Abou Nichab. Some had come from Syria, others from far away up the Nile; one of the Sheiks, they said, could call out twenty thousand men to battle. He and seven other principal Sheiks were invited to come and take coffee with us. The *sofragee*, having learnt European ways, handed the first cup to me, whereupon Mohamed Hassan, the great Sheik of the Anadies, rose, and gathering his burnous round him, stalked out of the tent, declaring that it was an insult to serve a woman, a creature without a soul, before him, who could call a whole people to arms. In vain M. Guichard expostulated with him, saying that the Sultan of the Ingleez was a woman, and that in Europe women were much thought of and always served first. It was no use, Mohamed Hassan walked off in high dudgeon.

We dined at dusk under considerable difficulties. Our table tilted in the soft sand, the lights blew out, and a pariah dog stole the roast lamb; but it was such a novel and picturesque scene, that these small mishaps only added to our gaiety. By moonlight we strolled about in the encampment, and seeing a crowd from whose midst came the jingle of a tambourine, we went to hear the music. The *almeh* (singer) recognized M. Guichard and began to sing his praises, to our amusement and his evident discomfort. "*C'est fort gênant!*" he exclaimed, as after every line a whole chorus of Bedaween would join in, "by Allah, it is true!" or "She speaks gold," as she sang, "Oh, Frangi! who loves the Arabs; who rides like a Bedawee; whose shot never misses its mark; who is strong as Antar, and yet gentle as a woman;

who never oppresses the poor; whose house is open to all, and who raises not the courbash against the suppliant," &c., &c.

A wonderful picture it made; the graceful girl, with her arms thrown above her head, striking the tambourine; her face hidden by a dark veil all covered with strings of gold coins, which glittered in the flickering light of the big meshals, or torches; surrounded by a circle of wild-looking Bedaween, who kept time by clapping their hands, and when they particularly admired a verse roared out a long-drawn "A-a-h!" And above all the splendid Eastern full moon throwing shadows black as ink, and making the desert look like an endless silver sea.

More music resounded from beyond the circle of tents, and shouts of "Allah! Allah!" soon rose fast and furious, while a drum was beaten incessantly, and flutes wailed high and shrill. Some dervishes passed us with several large green-and-white flags, and we followed in their wake. A "zikr," or religious exercise, was going on. The men of God stood near the flags, and, accompanied by the flutes, ejaculated the praises of God. "Oh, Allah is great—he is all-powerful! He is merciful! Our Lord Mahomet is his Prophet. Allah! Allah!" and so on. Gradually a large circle of men formed round the dervishes, bowing their heads to the ground shouting, "Allah! Allah!" They rocked to and fro until it made one giddy to look at them, and after a short time becoming intensely excited, tore off their clothes, and several began to foam at the mouth. It was horrible to see their distorted faces and to hear their guttural howls, and when one of the men fell down in a fit I could bear it no longer.

Sleeping under a tent in the desert, with a trusty Bedawee lying outside across the entrance, sounds very delightful and poetical, but the reality is far from pleasant. What with fleas, small crickets which hopped about my face all night, the snoring of the trusty Bedawee, howling of pariah dogs, neighing and screaming of the tethered horses, sleep was impossible. At four we were all up, and to my dismay I discovered that the Sais had left my saddle on the horse I had ridden, "to keep him warm." Of course the beast had indulged in a good roll and broken off my third pummel, without which I had never ridden. This would not have mattered if M. Guichard had not sent to Sheik Mohamed Hassan to say that the English "Sitt" begged the loan of *Shaitan* (the Devil), a horse belonging to the tribe, famous for his vice.

We started for the tomb of Abou Nichab, but could not go in as it was the hour devoted to the women's visits. *Shaitan* was there ready, and I had my own bridle with a running martingale and a Pelham bit put on him. M. Guichard had given thirty napoleons as a prize for a two-mile race, and the favourite was pointed out to me by a Bedawee, a white Anazieh horse. He was ugly, but had wonderful hind-quarters, a short back and sloping shoulders. I determined to ride the race, and *Shaitan* went off with three or four buck-jumps; but when he felt a light hand humouring him, soon settled down into a swinging gallop. I confess that I carefully rode through the deepest sand-drifts I could see, so as to take as much out of the horse as possible.

The white Anazieh came in first by 200 yards, and his own sister was second. But the other thirty-two competitors complained that the start had been unfair, so the race was run over again, and the white horse won by at least 500 yards. He was ridden without a saddle and with a bit of rope for a bridle by a boy of fourteen, who deliberately stripped before jumping on his racer. When told that *some* clothing was necessary, he tied an old rag round his middle. The Anazieh were delighted at the triumph of their favourite horse, for which they had refused £800. We were looking at him after the race, when his owner came up and begged us not to notice him for fear of the evil eye, and a moment afterwards he vanished. He was sent into the desert, and only returned to camp after dark.

On our way back to the tents the greyhounds started a hare, and we had a good gallop, with the result that *Shaitan* and I became excellent friends, and that Sheik Mohamed Hassan rode up alongside and salaamed to me. We talked most amicably, and at length he said, to the great amusement of my French companions, "Oh Lady! By Allah! thou ridest like ten Bedaween, and thy conversation is such that thy husband need never go to a coffee-shop for entertainment or knowledge. When thou art tired of thy white master and needest change, come to the tent of Mohamed Hassan. By the head of my father, oh lady! I will stand before thee like thy mameluke and serve thee like thy slave." When we returned to the tents the Sheik "executed himself" to some purpose, for he insisted on serving his "Sitt" (lady) himself "alla frangee" with coffee!

The heat in the middle of the day was intense, and not a sound was to be heard in the encampment save snoring; even the pariah dogs ceased to bark. About four, we were told that

a *fantasia* was to be performed in our honour, so we sat in state in front of the big tent while the Bedaween performed a mock battle. They charged down on the supposed enemy, shouting their war-cries, firing off guns and pistols, and shaking their long spears high in the air. Then with a sudden swoop they turned and fled away, bending low down on one side of their horses' necks, and firing backwards. We got quite excited over the wild, warlike scene. Then several rode up, made their docile little horses kneel before us, shake hands, kick and rear, while others planted their spears in the ground and galloped round it, till we wondered how horse and man did not fall from sheer giddiness.

At sundown twelve of the chief Sheiks came to dine, and we all squatted down on the sand round a huge brass tray placed on a stool-like table. A whole roasted sheep, stuffed with pistachio-nuts and garnished with vegetables, was placed before us, and Mohamed Hassan insisted on tearing off pieces of the flesh and feeding me. A great civility and one not to be refused, but rather trying. After the mutton came "baklawa," a Turkish sweet dish; layers of paste as thin as a wafer, with honey between; most excellent, and evidently in high favour with our guests.

We all agreed that it would be more comfortable to return to Tel-el-Kebir and sleep under a roof and in real beds. So at nine we mounted our horses, and three of M. Guichard's favourite Bedaween accompanied us. One was Saoud, the youngest brother of Sheik Mohamed Hassan, who had come with some followers to settle in the Wady, where he was under French protection. He said to me, "With the Father of Water (M. de Lesseps), if I work, I eat. My horse is my own and not the Mudir's; I can say to our Howager (gentleman, M. Guichard), such a thing is wrong, and he examines into the thing and sets it right. He never laughs in one's face and raises the stick, save, thanks be to the Prophet on whose name be peace, sometimes on a kawass (policeman), who comes from some Turkish Mudir, with lies to ruin a poor Fellah."

When M. Guichard first took the Wady in hand, there were a few poverty-stricken Fellaheen. In three years there were several hundred well-to-do families, and, greatest triumph of all, about fifty Bedaween had settled on the brink of the fresh-water canal, and were tilling the land. As soon as the Wady reverted to the Viceroy all that good and honest management had done,

vanished like smoke. Turkish misrule and corruption undid in a month the work of eleven years.

As we rode across the desert, our black shadows accompanied us like weird spectres, and the Bedaween chanted a monotonous song, now and then interrupted by cursing the sires or dams of our horses when they stumbled at a jerboa's hole. I had to pinch myself to be sure that "I was I," like the little old woman in the tale; it was all so queer and unreal. Several times we saw animals slink away, disturbed while feeding off a dead camel or horse, and the different cries of the wolves, jackals, foxes, and gazelles, sounded quite unearthly in the stillness of the night.

When we reached Tel-el-Kebir towards midnight the momentous question arose, How were we to get in? The "Kefir," or watchman, was fast asleep, and we could not find the key of the door. Any of my readers who have been in Egypt know what an Arab's sleep is. We lifted up the Kefir, and then let him drop; we banged his head against the ground; we fired a pistol close to his ear—a guttural snore was the only answer. At last I suggested going to the back of the old palace, and bombarding with stones the kitchen window, which was near the room where "Périne" slept. Périne, M. Guichard's cook and factotum, was a character. She held the Arabs in profound contempt: "Que voulez-vous, Madame, des gens qui appelle le bon Dieu Allah, et qui garde leur chapeaux sur la tête dans la maison; un tas d'ignorants!" and she ruled the "tas d'ignorants" with a rod of iron. Luckily Périne heard the smash of glass, and got up in a very bad temper to see what had happened. I should not have liked to be the Kefir next morning!

Saoud woke us at daybreak, and said it was a pity not to exercise the hawks and dogs. So the energetic ones mounted, and after an hour's ride we sighted a gazelle, but she was too far off, and after a long gallop she got away. We took the dogs to a little oasis where there was a sakieh (well), to drink and rest under the palm trees, and soon Saoud came to tell us a large hare was asleep under a bush. M. Guichard unslung his gun, and we rode in the direction pointed out by Saoud. The hare woke, and went off breasting a slight hill, leading us a long chase. At length it turned towards Saoud and myself; he stood up in his stirrups, pointed his long gun, and sent a bullet through its head. It was a splendid shot, and we complimented

him, whereupon he turned round to me, and with a salaam said, "If the lady had not been there, I should have done nothing. She it is who inspired me; the shot is hers, not mine." My French friends were fain to acknowledge that a Bedawee understood the art of paying compliments better than the most polite nation in the world.

From his high seat on a dromedary Abdoo, the groom, sighted a troop of gazelles, and we held a council of war. Against the wind we rode in a wide half-circle, about two hundred yards one from the other. At a signal from Saoud, two hawks were thrown up, and away we went at a gallop, closing in upon the game. The hawks swooped down, repeatedly striking at the heads of the gazelles, thus preventing them from running straight. Syrian greyhounds show their sense by running "cunning," which in England is not allowed. After several miles of hard riding, we got one gazelle out of four, and soon Abdoo from his exalted perch made out three others. We again spread out in a half-moon, but they saw us, and went away as straight as an arrow. As a last chance, the two fresh hawks were thrown up, and M. Guichard made Elfah, the swiftest but most delicate of the dogs, jump up in front of him. When we got nearer, Elfah sprang down, and, to our astonishment, overran one of the gazelles, knocking it over. M. Guichard, who was first up, flung himself from his horse, and caught it—a baby gazelle. It rode the ten miles home on my knees, and a goat became its foster-mother. A most impertinent and amusing but destructive pet it became; trotting and springing about the rooms, and scratching the cotton stuffing out of the divans to form a soft bed. For tobacco it would do the wildest freaks, and push the fire off a narghilé or chibouk with its velvety soft nose, chewing the hot tobacco with evident delight.

I fear that the old Turkish palace, where the joyous hours sped away like race-horses, is now in ruins, and the walled orange-grove, with its sakiehs moaning and groaning all day and all night, is probably a waste. Yellow oxalis grew under the tall orange-trees and the poinsettias glowed blood-red among the yellow fruit. Many a lovely spot have I seen, but few which so lives in my memory as that palm-shaded orange-garden of Tel-el-Kebir, whose delicious fragrance was wafted for many miles into the sterile desert.

JANET ROSS.

TOWN AND RIVER.

It was quite clear to every one that Basil Maynard must some day be Lord Chancellor, or Lord Chief Justice at least, for a man who had left the University with such high honours had only to bide his time, and to the top of the tree he must ascend. Meanwhile, however, the subject of these delightful prognostications took the world very easily, and having ample means, was quite prepared to wait for the briefs that were some day or other to shower down upon him. He had his chambers in Stone Buildings, and when the flood of fortune came, doubtless he would be as consistent and steady a worker as you could find at the Bar ; but as his time was his own, and solicitors had not yet begun their great rush on him, he amused himself in his own way. At intervals he did a little at magazine writing and other light literature, always finding a spare margin for the manifold amusements the town has to offer to an idle man. And this being the height of the season, and the Row a delightful place for a saunter, having one day nothing better to do, to the Row he resorted, sure to meet some other kindred spirit in those classic shades.

The Park was crowded, and all was gaiety, brightness, and sparkle, as carriage after carriage swept by, the ever-moving throng making a constant change in the massing of the various hues and tints. Here was to be found the happiest mixture of Nature at its loveliest, and what wealth and the most refined art could effect ; and this fair aspect touched the æsthetic feelings of a man who delighted in all that appealed to the senses. And the Park was at its best. The trees had not yet lost their freshness, and the tender greys and purples of the distance gave a charm to the far-away landscape, where the brilliant greens of the stately old elms and sycamores died off into a maze of dreamy woodland. In the Row the pleasant shadows flung themselves

over the broad pathway, and from his coign of vantage—for Maynard was now peacefully smoking in a conveniently situated chair—there was the clear prospect through the long vista, up and down which passed the riders; for the most part taking their pleasure quietly, for the sun was hot and exertion a trouble. While dreamily musing, his attention was presently aroused by the quick utterance of some men near him who suddenly started to their feet:

"Her horse must have bolted, by Jove! Look! here she comes!"

In a second Maynard was at the railings. Not fifty yards off came a girl by herself, the horse with his head down, plunging forward, and it was clear his rider had nearly lost all control. And now the pair thundered by, and come what evil might, not Maynard or any one standing there could in the very slightest lend aid or assistance. With a sudden rush of thought Basil had brought back to his mind accidents that had occurred to ladies riding on runaway horses; and in such a crowded throng, what with the trees on the roadway, and the greater danger of collision with carriages outside, if the brute should head towards the gates, there seemed very small chance of this fair equestrienne's escaping with impunity. But the lady, it could easily be seen, had by no means lost her presence of mind. She sat her horse with consummate skill, and the reins in her firm grasp were only held so as to feel the mouth, her main object clearly being to guide her steed, and not to waste her strength in heedless pulling. Her face, and a very sweet face it was, showed no signs of fear or inward distress; but there was some tightening of the lines of the mouth, and a steady look in her glorious eyes, which showed she was aware that at any moment a disaster might occur, and yet she had all her wits about her.

The incident was one that would have attracted any one's attention, and when a young girl in her youth and beauty is thus swept onward, as it were, to destruction, the sympathies of the bystanders were naturally more than usually excited. As for Maynard, he seemed to feel a direct personal interest in this lady's fate, and watched her with a gaze that had in it a harrowing suspense. Most fortunately, however, before any catastrophe could happen, though the bystanders saw nothing of what occurred, the runaway was brought under control, and a quarter of an hour after, the horse and its rider, with her friends in close attendance, again rode slowly by, evidently on the way home.

Basil would have given much to ascertain who the fair

equestrienne was; but no one he knew was on the spot, and puzzle his brains as he might, he was certain he had never seen her at any of the houses he frequented. But he marked her well, for, in repassing, she had leant over close to where he was standing, and patted the neck of the refractory steed that had nearly been her death; the only sign of the late struggle being that her hair had broken loose from its fastenings and hung down to the saddle. And she, unconscious of the added charm this gave to face and figure, lightly tossed the golden sheen from her shoulders, as she righted herself in her seat, and stopping for a little with her friends under a sheltering tree, handed over to one of them her hat, and twisted the wavy masses back into something like order.

And so the party passed out of his sight. Maynard stayed for a little, looking at their retreating figures, and wondered whether he would ever meet this girl again; and then reflecting that she was pretty sure to turn up in the Row, or in some house where they had mutual acquaintances, he threw away his burnt-out cigar, and having had enough of the Park, strolled off to his Club.

Maynard's particular chums and cronies at Trinity had been Mark Davenant and Guy Paulett. The three men had of late only met occasionally, for Basil was a lover of the town and cared little for country life; while Guy, having come into his property after a long minority, was settled in Somerset on his paternal acres; and Davenant, the heir to a lovely old place on the Thames, infinitely preferred the charms of his own home to the whirl of London life. It thus happened that the three inseparables, as they used to be called, had drifted somewhat apart as the years went on, but the Fates had determined they were this year to be again together, for Davenant had extracted a solemn undertaking from both his friends that they would come to stay with him at Woodthorp for a big water picnic.

In some way the recollection of this promise occurred to Maynard, and he thought it would not be a bad idea to get Guy Paulett to come to see him in town, when they could both together go down to the Davenants. After lunch, then, he sat down to write to Guy, and drifting on and full of what he had seen, expatiated on the beauty of the girl, and ended by hoping that some day he might make her acquaintance. "She looks," he concluded, "town bred to her fingers' tips, so she won't suit you, old man. And if I know anything of good birth and gentle womanhood, I dare to swear she is *pur sang*."

However, Paulett had engagements which prevented his accepting his friend's invitation, and it was clear that the two could not well meet till they found themselves together at Woodthorp.

Meanwhile Maynard searched in vain for the lady who had so captivated his fancy. If she went to the Row, she went there when he was not present, and in the crush of a London drawing-room, there was less chance than ever of picking out any particular person. As likely as not, he thought to himself, he might have been close to her on many a crowded staircase; but there was just the mischief of the thing, for it is by no means always easy to recognize a woman in ball costume whom you have only seen once in a close riding-habit. For all that, he believed if ever he could see his fair unknown he should identify her at once, and meanwhile, becoming more and more determined in his efforts to discover who she might be, he haunted every place where women-folk assembled, in the hope of meeting her again.

Everything comes to him that waits, and at last one hot afternoon at a concert held in a great house for the benefit of some Charity, to his surprise and delight, the lady for whom he had so long searched was presently handed to the piano, where she sang to some one's accompaniment; and then being immensely applauded, with perfect ease and sang-froid, acceded to the desire for an encore, and, accompanying herself, sang a brilliant, sparkling, little song. Eagerly scanning the list of names on the programme, Basil found that it was a Miss Carteret who had so won such hearty acclamation, and hugely satisfied at having learnt thus much, he looked up to see where Miss Carteret might be sitting. But to his disappointment she had vanished.

Leaving the house he met a lady friend who offered to set him down at the Park gates, and as she knew every one in town, the invitation just suited him. Seated in her brougham, he mentioned casually, as if the matter was one of small importance, that Miss Carteret seemed to be something very much above the usual amateur.

"Miss Carteret! why, whom do you mean?"

"The young lady who was so applauded, and who sang twice. See! here is her name on the programme."

"Yes,"—looking over it, "but Miss Carteret could not appear. She sent an excuse just at the last."

"Then who was the lady that took her place?" he enquired.

"Haven't an idea. Have you not met her before?"

"I have, and I have not;" and here Maynard detailed the incident in the Row.

"Quite a little romance, I declare. Well, if I can find who the lovely fair is, Mr. Maynard, I shall be sure and let you know. But here we are at Apsley House, so if you won't come on and have tea with me, we must part."

Basil pleaded an engagement and escaped. And thus for the second time he had lost all clue as to the name and personality of the girl in whom he was so interested.

But luck at last came to him. One night leaving the opera, he found himself near Lady Fordyce and her daughter, who were in the throng on the way out. It happened for a wonder that just on this particular occasion he was not as usual worrying himself about the lost *incognita*, and in fact had almost given up the affair as hopeless. Chatting with his friends, he stood with them while they waited, when a fresh crowd came surging down, and to his joy who should he see but the very person who had, as it seemed, so persistently evaded all his efforts to approach her. She was alone, and from the glances she cast round, it was clear she had got separated from her party. But, of course, it was impossible for Maynard to offer assistance; when Lady Fordyce, with a cry of recognition, sprang to the girl's side and took her under her wing.

"Yes, it's rather provoking," Basil heard in a sweet even voice, "the Woolcombes must have——" The rest he lost, but he was now by her side.

"Pray introduce me, Lady Fordyce," he urged, with ready presence of mind, in a low tone. "Perhaps I may be of use."

"Certainly. Allow me, my dear, to introduce my old friend Mr. Maynard, the staunchest of cavaliers. Dear me! what a tremendous crush!"

Lady Fordyce had not mentioned the lady's name, but that was a mere detail that could be remedied hereafter. Here he had the chance he had been so long looking for, and it had fallen in the most unexpected manner.

"I have had the pleasure," he began, "of seeing you before now."

"Indeed! Where?" she asked, regarding him with a friendly glance.

"Yes. But what a dreadful crowd! We shall be torn asunder. May I not imagine we are in a ball-room? Pray take my arm; you will be safer thus."

She, with no bashful affectation, placed her little hand upon his coat-sleeve, and with a great joy in his heart he went on:

"Yes, I saw you in the Row that day your horse ran away. How splendidly you rode him! And then, to my intense relief, you returned uninjured."

"Yes," she assented, and then with a pretty little confidence, "but, do you know, I was desperately frightened."

"You did not look frightened."

"I'm glad of that," she laughed.

"I also heard you sing," he eagerly went on, "at the Fortescues' concert. You passed under the name of Miss Carteret."

"Oh," she replied, "that was quite a sudden thing. I hope"—with a bewitching smile, "that you were not very much disappointed at Miss Carteret's absence?"

"On the contrary, I was——"

What he was going to say was suddenly stopped by the arrival of the young lady's missing friends, and turning to speak to them as she did, Maynard saw that his chances for the night were over; and cursing his stupidity for not ascertaining what her name was, he tried to console himself with the thought that at any rate he could go to Lady Fordyce to-morrow, and find out all the necessary particulars.

But Fortune had done all for him that she intended, and next day calling at Queen's Gate, he learnt the Fordyces had suddenly been called out of town; and so again was he just as much at sea as ever, and not one whit nearer to knowing who it was that had so completely absorbed his attention.

He lingered about town for a few days, but she whom he sought was never to be seen, and the time had come for his promised visit to Woodthorp; and so there was no help for it, and he must just make up his mind to let the whole matter drop, at any rate, for the present.

And now, turning to the doings of Maynard's old crony Guy Paulett, it may not be unprofitable to ascertain how he had been spending the last few weeks. He had come up in June to Cookham with one and two other men, and the whole livelong day was spent on the river. One morning, his friends having deserted him, he punted down the stream and then lay up against a bank, where the shade of the umbrageous trees completely sheltered him from the sun. There was no need to tie the punt up, the pole being quite enough to keep it in its place, and so, drawing out his book and lighting his pipe, he peacefully

reposed. But the warmth of the day and his exertions had made him drowsy, and gradually the novel slipped from his hand, his pipe tumbled out of his mouth, and he was as sound asleep as mortal could be. In such deep repose was he that he did not hear a demon steam-launch as it tore by him, throwing up a great wave of water and rocking him as he lay; and *par consequence*, neither did he perceive that the punt, jerked away from its hold by the pole, was calmly gliding down stream.

Now it so happened that this very morning a charming young lady was balancing herself against the wooden railing of the steps that led to the river, her boat on the further side. It is quite true that this *demoiselle* had been warned to be careful of the railing, but she had laughingly said it would at any rate bear her light weight. And probably enough it might have done so, with fair chances of wear and tear. But it is quite another thing when a heavy punt, borne by the swirl of the stream, suddenly strikes the woodwork. And this is just what happened. While the lady is looking down the stream, and admiring in an absent manner the wonderful beauties of the river, her tender imaginings were suddenly broken in upon by the whole of her foundations instantaneously disappearing; the rotten handrail on which she leaned giving way, and precipitating her—most fortunately not into the water, but right into the punt, whose cushions and plaids, carelessly thrown about, quite broke her fall.

In a second Guy was on his feet and at once perceived what a mess he had got into. His punt had somehow broken away from its moorings, and to make matters worse, he had suddenly crushed into these confounded steps and caused this accident. He rushed to the assistance of the lady, who was not in the least hurt, and after the first surprise, rather amused than otherwise, by the situation. Guy poured out his apologies, which were accepted with the greatest good-nature. She began to think that on the whole he might be in a much worse position. But meanwhile the punt had drifted away and was now clear of the bank.

"I think I must ask you," said the lady demurely, "to be kind enough to put me on shore."

"A thousand apologies for my clumsiness. The worst of it is I've lost my pole,"—looking helplessly around.

"Truly a situation," laughed the girl merrily. "But can you devise no remedy?"

"Well, you see," he hazarded doubtfully, "it won't do, I suppose, to land on this island to which we are drifting?"

"Hardly. That won't improve matters. But see; here's an oar floating by. Can you not get it?"

With a great effort he managed to secure the passing wreckage.

"How lucky!" she exclaimed. "When you introduced yourself to me in that sudden manner—but, by-the-way—you have not introduced yourself yet."

"My name is Guy Paulett. I am staying with some fellows at Cookham."

"Thanks! I am sure," she smiled, "I ought to be obliged to you, Mr. Paulett, for saving me from a watery grave. How convenient to have a boat to receive one when tumbling into the water!"

"You put it very nicely and take it very good-naturedly," he replied. "I can't forgive myself. But here is the oar."

"Why, I declare it belongs to my boat. I suppose it was knocked out in the jar. Well, if you can manage with that, we might venture on our way back.

"We shall not get on very fast, but I think I can secure you a safe passage." And setting to work, he soon brought his fair passenger again to the crazy steps, which still allowed of a foothold to the bank.

"Well, good-bye, Mr. Paulett, and thank you," said the lady. "I'm afraid I've rather spoilt your day. No! keep the oar, you will want it for your return journey."

"I venture to hope," he stammered, "that—that we may meet again. Would you let me know whom I have the honour of addressing? To whom am I to send back the oar?"

"Who knows!" was the answer. "Perhaps we may see each other somewhere or other. Will you send the oar to Miss Dormer?"

"Certainly; it shall be returned this afternoon. Good-bye, Miss Dormer," and raising his hat he bade her adieu.

The girl responded with a gracious bow, and a curious little smile came over her pretty face as she stood for a minute looking up the river at the late partner of her unforeseen outing.

"A bright good fellow, I am sure, and," she emphatically added, "a gentleman. Well, what does it matter? If we meet, it can be explained; if we do not, it can be of no consequence." But none the less did this young girl walk rather thoughtfully towards the house.

Guy would have liked to take back the oar himself, but he had a nervous shyness about appearing to intrude, so returned it with a brief note addressed to Miss Dormer, thanking her for the loan. He much desired to renew his acquaintance with this charming young lady, but even if he met her on the river—and where else could he meet her?—the most he could do would be to take his cap off, and there was not much satisfaction in that. Besides, she evidently lived in the house she had gone into, so he could easily, later on, find out all about her. And another thing was that next day he was bound to be at the Knightleys, some twelve miles off, where a large party was to meet, so the matter was, as it were, taken out of his hands. Then came his visit to Woodthorp for the water picnic, and after that he would see.

Arrived at the Knightleys, he found the letter that Maynard had sent to him. It was curious that his friend should have seen what he had. All the same, he said to himself, "I'm certain that this wonderful paragon he talks of does not hold a candle to Miss Dormer. However, there's as much chance of my ever coming across her again as there is of Basil's meeting his fair rider." And certainly in his present surroundings, with something for every day's amusement, and plenty of delightful people to consort with, for it was a house, as Oliver Wendell Holmes would quaintly put it, where the women were all brave and the men virtuous, there was quite enough going on to put out of Guy's head all recollections of his morning on the river with Miss Dormer, or whatever her name might be. All the same, she was by no means absent from his thoughts, and comparing her with the women around him, he declared she ranked above them all; and in writing back to Maynard he told him of his own adventure in the punt, and dared to back Miss Dormer against his friend's unknown fair one.

And now there was to be a great picnic. The scene of the function was of course to be a Ruin, sufficiently well preserved to be picturesque, and sufficiently remote to be safe from the noisy revelling of the lower-class holiday-maker. The gathering was a large one, and the day was all it should be; and when the banquet had been discussed, and some had strolled off to smoke, the ladies gradually broke up and joined the men. Guy found, to his surprise, for he had not before noticed her in the large and scattered crowd of people at the lunch, that the lady not far in front of him was the Miss Dormer of the river side. She was sauntering along with some people he did not know,

and he wondered to himself how he could have missed seeing her before. However, here she was, and he was determined to have speech with her ere the party broke up. And now, catching his hostess by herself, he went to her and enquired who was Miss Dormer?

"Miss Dormer! I know no such person. Stay! There is, I now recollect, a dear old lady, a Miss Dormer, who lives in a cottage near Cookham. But she is not here."

"It's not a dear old lady I was referring to," laughed Guy. "Are you sure there is no young Miss Dormer here, Mrs. Knightley?"

"Not to my knowledge; but she may have come with friends, and I can't pretend to know all my guests' names. If you see her, point her out, and I'll introduce you."

"Thanks; I will."

"You understand, we all go back to the Towers, at least all that care to do so; and the proposal is, that after a late sort of supper-dinner, the good people drive home in the moonlight."

"A splendid idea! But what's going on now?"

"Come, let us join them; they have got up a dance under the trees. I wonder who that pretty child is over there?"

"The one garbed in dove colour? Why, she's the very one I mean!"

"I suppose I saw her before, but did not catch her name. I must find out who she is," said his good-natured hostess, "and then introduce you in due form. What is it, Jack?" turning to her husband, who just then came up, and led her away to consult her on some point in connection with the festivities.

Now Guy hardly liked to go up and address Miss Dormer, surrounded as she seemed to be by people who know her. There might be some chaff about the river accident. How could he tell what a girl might not say on the spur of the moment? So he bided his time and contented himself with looking at her as she passed to and fro in the mazes of the country dance. Presently she caught his glance, and with a faint tinge of colour in her cheek, graciously acknowledged his presence. That was enough for Paulett. She recognized him, at any rate, and it now rested with himself to improve the opportunity. He waited till the dance was over, and then claimed her attention. She received him with easy grace, but there was no allusion to the boat scene, and he at once eagerly went on:

"I hope, Miss Dormer, you are going to the Towers later on?"

She gave him a quick glance—"Miss Dormer!"—

"Yes, you know you gave me your name."

She laughed, "I did not think I had done so. But yes, of course, we shall go on to the Towers. And you?"

"I am staying there. I trust you were none the worse for all the trouble I put you to."

"Oh! in the punt. It was quite a pleasant little adventure. I have gone through worse than that."

"But it was a shock," he persisted, "and you might have been injured."

"However, I was not. But here comes the lady who drove me to the picnic, and I must go with her. We shall see each other again perhaps this evening. Au revoir!" And so, with a pleasant little nod, she fled away.

The day had died out in measured calm, and the faint winds, heavy with the fragrant odours of the night, had scarce strength enough to turn the leaves of the giant trees that girt the stately mansion. And so the twilight gently stole upon the scene, and the bright full moon rose in a clear and cloudless sky, while a restful peace lay over all the land. And from the house, its many windows on the terrace side all lit up, there streamed as fancy pleased by twos and threes those who had made revel in the day, and now would woo the splendours of the summer night

Guy had succeeded in the desire of his heart, and not awaiting any further introduction had secured his seat at the supper-dinner close to the one sweet face that was now becoming all the world to him. And when the rest of the assembled company trooped out into the gardens, he urged the lady by his side that they also should venture forth, and see some of the glories of the place by the now fast waning light. The two had descended the terrace steps and were pacing the flowered walk below, when Paulett, stopping at an opening in the covering myrtle-hedge, said to his companion:

"Let me take you down this walk, Miss Dormer, it leads round to the lawn where you can get a charming view of the house."

"Provided it is not too far," she agreed, "for" with pretty confidence, "to tell you the truth, Mr. Paulett, I am just a little tired."

"It really is no distance," he urged, "and you will be glad to have seen what I can show you."

"I am in your hands, only be merciful," she laughed.

He was as good as his word, and they soon found themselves at the point indicated. They were quite alone, for the others had

turned elsewhere, and here two delightful lounge-chairs absolutely invited to repose.

"Now, Mr. Paulett, I know you are dying to smoke, so you have my high permission to commence. What is your speciality, cigars or cigarettes?"

"With your Grace's leave," he returned in the same easy tone of banter, "I shall adhere to the humble cigar;" and at once proceeded to light up.

"What a delightful day I have had!" he began.

"Yes," she rejoined with a pretty *moue*. "I thought at lunch you seemed to be enjoying yourself."

"You mean when I was talking to Miss Ponsonby?"

"Yes, if that is her name;" looking down and poking at the sward with her parasol.

"Well," shortly, "I regret to say, Miss Dormer, your observation was at fault."

"Then when *did* your enjoyment begin?" still without looking up.

"It began, for I happened to glance at my watch, just exactly at twenty-five minutes past three."

"Really! and what was its cause?"

"You wish to know?"

"If you wish to tell me."

"Well, just then, for the first time—please recollect for the first time," with great emphasis,—"I saw a lady I had met before and whom I did not know was at the picnic."

"How interesting! Was she pretty?" with well-put-on indifference.

"Pretty!" with infinite contempt, "she was much better than merely pretty."

"Oh! I know what that means."

"I don't know that you do, but at any rate I don't think you know what *I* mean."

"How mysterious! But proceed."

"I had only seen this lady once before—" he began.

Here something seemed to have caught in the skirt of the dove-coloured dress, for his listener momentarily turned aside to cast it off.

"But I fear," seeing her attention was abstracted, "this hardly interests you."

"Oh, but it does. Really," she pleaded, half turning to him, her face even yet a little averted. "Will you not tell me the rest?"

"No! I can't beat about the bush. The fact is, Miss Dormer, I recognized you then for the first time, and," he breathlessly went on, "I tried to get a proper introduction, and failed. And then,—and then—"

"And then," laughing merrily, "you took your courage in both hands and came to me. Well, I'm very glad if I have in any way added to your enjoyment."

"When I said good-bye to you that day on the river, I scarcely dared to hope I should meet you again so soon."

"It was a mere chance my coming to day," she replied. "I was staying with the Troubridges, and they insisted on my accompanying them."

"And I trust you have not been disappointed?"

"Oh no," was the frank rejoinder, "I have had a very happy day."

"And you are going to stay on in this part of the country?"

"No, I have to return to my own nest in a few days. You see, I have been away from home and am getting quite out of touch with my own people, and hardly know what their plans are. And you? Do you make a long stay here?"

"No. I'm engaged to go to an old college friend at the end of the week. Perhaps you have met his people, the Davenants?"

"Why, I," with a rapid turn towards him, and then checking herself and changing her voice—"Do you mean the Davenants of Woodthorp?"

"Yes," was his delighted reply. "How glad I am they are friends of yours! I only know Mark—that is the son. A right good fellow!"

"Well, I think," she said slowly and with some hesitation, "I may say I know them very well."

"And perhaps you too may be of the party?"

"That's a problem of the future, Mr. Paulett. Who can say?"

"It would be too charming if you were there also, Miss Dormer."

"You will have Miss Davenant. I believe there is a Miss Davenant. But, by the way, why do you call me Miss Dormer?"

"And are you not Miss Dormer?"

"What made you think that was my name?"

"Why, you told me to send back the oar to Miss Dormer."

"Yes; I was staying with her."

"And that is not your name?"

"I did not say so," was the enigmatical reply.

"But why all this mystery? What is your name?"

"My name is—is Audrey."

"I never knew any one of that name. But this, I suppose, is your Christian name?"

"Yes, that is my Christian name. I will not deceive you, sir," she demurely answered.

"And the surname?" he insisted.

"Could you not guess it? You know it's no great compliment to me, to have been with me so much to-day, and not even to know my name."

"Good heaven!" he cried, "I've done all I could to find it out, and, do what I would, I have failed."

"What have you done, tell me?" as if profoundly interested.

"First I understood you were Miss Dormer, and when I asked to be introduced to Miss Dormer, Mrs. Knightley tells me she only knows of a dear old lady called Miss Dormer."

"She is a dear old lady, and my god-mother!"

"Of course," inconsequently, "she must be a dear old thing! However, to go on; then when I pointed you out to her she said she did not know your name but would ascertain. And she walked away, and I've never spoken to her since. And how on earth," he urged, "could I find out your name when there was no one to tell it to me?"

"Very hard on you," she laughed. "But I am going to be harder still, Mr. Paulett. For a certain reason I have, I would rather not tell you my name. Say it's a woman's whim. When do you go to these—oh yes, of course—the Davenants?"

"I shall be there by Monday next, I think."

"Well, I'm going to ask you a favour."

"Granted at once."

"Thanks. It is that you won't in any way try to find out what my name is."

"But why?" he objected, with a puzzled air.

"That's my affair. I have your word?"

"You have," he reluctantly made reply.

"And in return I promise to tell you what you wish before next week is over."

"You will?"

"I will, on my word. And now we must be moving. See! All the carriages are coming round."

They rose, and strolled back to the terrace, and then, seeing his companion safely into her carriage, Guy turned into the house.

Maynard and Paulett had arrived at Woodthorp, and been very heartily welcomed. The other guests who were expected not having yet put in an appearance, and no one but Mark and the old people being *en evidence*, the three friends determined to punt up the river to a spot Davenant knew of—to take their lunch with them, and in fact to have a good time of it. And it was one of those glorious summer days when the river looks its best. The heat, tempered by the merest *soupçon* of a breeze, was just enough to be enjoyable, and yet not too much for exertion, and seeing the punt prepared and the comestibles stowed away, Mark and Guy proposed to show the Londoner how two men accustomed to the work could take a punt up stream. Maynard was quite content to be the passenger, for boating of any sort was not in his line.

"It's a pity," said Mark, "that we have not got any one to amuse you, old man; but we shall be overrun with petticoats to-morrow."

"Thanks," returned Maynard, "I shall do very well. Are there a number of ladies coming?"

"Pretty well. Let me see. There are the two Harrington girls, Lady Bell Gordon, Mrs. Beaufort and her pretty daughter. Those are the pick of the lot, I think."

"And then there is your sister. You have a sister, I think I heard you say?" asked Basil.

"Did I. Yes, of course I have—a sister."

"I hope," said Guy, "there is a strong family likeness, for with all these people——"

"Ah, well," returned Mark, interrupting him, "unfortunately there is none. But we must not stand talking here. Let go the painter, Basil. Are you ready? Then off!"

They went up stream at a great pace, and after over an hour's punting, found themselves in a charming retreat in a back-water, and running the punt up on the sloping bank, staked it securely, and then sat down to a well-earned lunch and a comfortable smoke.

"You two fellows seem awfully silent," said Mark, when they were all fairly ensconced. "What's the matter with you? Anything wrong?"

"It's the calm beauty of the scene that sobers me, Mark," replied Maynard.

"What, Basil, the tired London swell, actually affected by the Thames! Is Saul also among the prophets!"

"You and Guy being the prophets."

"If you will have it so. But Guy seems just as much in the dumps as are you!"

The two guests were lying side by side with their backs to the bank, their host facing them at the opposite side of the punt, and now, having seated themselves, Mark again took up his parable.

"Now, you two fellows! If you have commited a murder, brought out a new novel, or fallen in love, out with it, for here's the man who can give you the best and soundest of advice. What! not a word! Ah, I see what it is! You both have gone and thrown away your young affections."

Maynard made no answer, but attended to the lighting of his pipe; while Paulett laughed a trifle uneasily, and did not seem to care to catch Mark's eye.

"Now, look here, my noble patrons! This sort of thing won't do," remarked Davenant severely. "Here have I got the governor to fill the old house with the prettiest women I could collect, just on purpose for the benefit of you two. And what is the reward I get? That you wish all the lovely fair at Jericho."

"Come, come! Not so bad as that," pleaded Maynard.

"And what do you say, Guy?" asked Mark.

"Perhaps it's only fair to be honest," he replied. "Yes, you are right," starting up with some energy into a sitting posture. "I don't mind confessing I have met one of the sweetest and prettiest girls. And I'm over head and ears in love with her. So there! the murder's out."

"And she?" asked Mark.

"Don't care a brass farthing for me, for all I know. But whatever her feeling for me is, I swear she is lovelier than the loveliest."

"I can't allow that," hotly put in Maynard. "I too have met one whose stately beauty marks her as a Queen wherever she appears. Her charms will yield to none."

"By Jove, you two are far gone! Come, now, suppose you both, without mentioning names, attempt to describe—say Celia and Lucinda—these names will do as well as any others."

"I agree," said Maynard. "I choose Celia, and for all I know

reposed. But the warmth of the day and his exertions had made him drowsy, and gradually the novel slipped from his hand, his pipe tumbled out of his mouth, and he was as sound asleep as mortal could be. In such deep repose was he that he did not hear a demon steam-launch as it tore by him, throwing up a great wave of water and rocking him as he lay; and *par consequence,* neither did he perceive that the punt, jerked away from its hold by the pole, was calmly gliding down stream.

Now it so happened that this very morning a charming young lady was balancing herself against the wooden railing of the steps that led to the river, her boat on the further side. It is quite true that this *demoiselle* had been warned to be careful of the railing, but she had laughingly said it would at any rate bear her light weight. And probably enough it might have done so, with fair chances of wear and tear. But it is quite another thing when a heavy punt, borne by the swirl of the stream, suddenly strikes the woodwork. And this is just what happened. While the lady is looking down the stream, and admiring in an absent manner the wonderful beauties of the river, her tender imaginings were suddenly broken in upon by the whole of her foundations instantaneously disappearing; the rotten handrail on which she leaned giving way, and precipitating her—most fortunately not into the water, but right into the punt, whose cushions and plaids, carelessly thrown about, quite broke her fall.

In a second Guy was on his feet and at once perceived what a mess he had got into. His punt had somehow broken away from its moorings, and to make matters worse, he had suddenly crushed into these confounded steps and caused this accident. He rushed to the assistance of the lady, who was not in the least hurt, and after the first surprise, rather amused than otherwise, by the situation. Guy poured out his apologies, which were accepted with the greatest good-nature. She began to think that on the whole he might be in a much worse position. But meanwhile the punt had drifted away and was now clear of the bank.

"I think I must ask you," said the lady demurely, "to be kind enough to put me on shore."

"A thousand apologies for my clumsiness. The worst of it is I've lost my pole,"—looking helplessly around.

"Truly a situation," laughed the girl merrily. "But can you devise no remedy?"

"Well, you see," he hazarded doubtfully, "it won't do, I suppose, to land on this island to which we are drifting?"

"Hardly. That won't improve matters. But see; here's an oar floating by. Can you not get it?"

With a great effort he managed to secure the passing wreckage.

"How lucky!" she exclaimed. "When you introduced yourself to me in that sudden manner—but, by-the-way—you have not introduced yourself yet."

"My name is Guy Paulett. I am staying with some fellows at Cookham."

"Thanks! I am sure," she smiled, "I ought to be obliged to you, Mr. Paulett, for saving me from a watery grave. How convenient to have a boat to receive one when tumbling into the water!"

"You put it very nicely and take it very good-naturedly," he replied. "I can't forgive myself. But here is the oar."

"Why, I declare it belongs to my boat. I suppose it was knocked out in the jar. Well, if you can manage with that, we might venture on our way back.

"We shall not get on very fast, but I think I can secure you a safe passage." And setting to work, he soon brought his fair passenger again to the crazy steps, which still allowed of a foothold to the bank.

"Well, good-bye, Mr. Paulett, and thank you," said the lady. "I'm afraid I've rather spoilt your day. No! keep the oar, you will want it for your return journey."

"I venture to hope," he stammered, "that—that we may meet again. Would you let me know whom I have the honour of addressing? To whom am I to send back the oar?"

"Who knows!" was the answer. "Perhaps we may see each other somewhere or other. Will you send the oar to Miss Dormer?"

"Certainly; it shall be returned this afternoon. Good-bye, Miss Dormer," and raising his hat he bade her adieu.

The girl responded with a gracious bow, and a curious little smile came over her pretty face as she stood for a minute looking up the river at the late partner of her unforeseen outing.

"A bright good fellow, I am sure, and," she emphatically added, "a gentleman. Well, what does it matter? If we meet, it can be explained; if we do not, it can be of no consequence." But none the less did this young girl walk rather thoughtfully towards the house.

she may be Celia, for the absurdity of it is I have never found out what her name is."

"Very good! You leave me Lucinda. That name will do as well as another. Now describe your fair and I'll follow, and Mark shall decide."

"Hang me if I do! But fire away. You begin, Basil."

"Very good! Celia is not one of your country bread-and-butter misses; she reigns supreme in the Row, of which she is the glory, and in every ball room, where she is the Empress."

"Lucinda," broke in Guy, "I am proud to say, *is* country bred. See her on the river bank, and no one is her compeer. At a picnic she is the life and soul of the party, for she is sweetness and light in one. While as to her voice—but ah! there description fails."

"Celia," said Basil, taking up his tale with a little touch of contempt, "is as eminent as an instrumentalist as she is as a vocalist. Ah, for one more look at that peerless face, and but just one touch of that little hand which rests on your arm for but too brief a second!"

"Away with your crowded ball room and your stifling concerts! Show me Lucinda in the peaceful, summer twilight. To be near her and but to look into those dreamy eyes is guerdon the proudest might sigh for."

"Well!" ejaculated Mark. "You have both piled it on pretty hot, I must say. I suppose they are equally good-looking?"

"I know," said Maynard warmly, "Celia has the most splendid gold-brown hair that ever adorned a woman's head; her look is like that of the great Venus of Milo, all sweetness and yet all command; her eyes of deep, soft brown; her complexion beyond what even Leighton can depict."

"I do not pretend," urged Guy, as he gazed into the distance, "that Lucinda poses as a goddess. She is," and here there was a tremor in his voice, "a sweet, simple-minded, charming English maid; unaffected, self-contained—all a happy good girl should be. As to her personal appearance, she so far resembles all you describe your Celia to be, that with the addition of a smile that is a glory in itself, and a figure which is perfection, I can add no more." And he dropped his hand into the cooling tide and looked upon the rippling water.

And so for a second or two there was silence. While they were thus discoursing, two young ladies, clad in white flannel, with straw hats on, and so exactly alike it were hard to tell one

from the other, presently appeared on the bank. Observed at once by Mark, he motioned to them to stop, and silently they stood till the last speaker's voice had died away.

"Of course," presently said Mark aloud, "you would at once recognize the ladies if you saw them?"

An eager affirmation from them both was the response.

"By Jove!" cried Mark, starting up, "there are the girls on the bank. Guy and Basil, my sisters."

Paulett and Maynard started to their feet, but the latter was the first to spring ashore, one of the Miss Davenants now advancing being a little in front of the other. Basil immediately recognized his fair incognita.

"At last, Miss Davenant," he joyously cried, "we meet again!"

"I think you must be mistaken," said the lady, looking puzzled.

"Surely not," he urged. You recollect my being with you as you left the Opera, and my telling you I had seen your horse run away with you in the Row, and to hearing you sing at a concert?"

"I am afraid you take me for some one else. I have not ridden in the Row this season, and I never sung at any concert."

Meanwhile Paulett, not catching the first Miss Davenant's face, which was turned aside, seeing her sister, strode towards her with outstretched hands.

"And this is why you would not tell me your name! I need hardly claim the performance of your promise now."

"But I never saw you before," was the wondering reply "What promise do you refer to?"

"Why you can't forget my nearly drowning you with my punt, my meeting you at the picnic, and my sitting with you in the garden afterwards?" he asked in a tone of blank dismay.

"But I really have never been nearly drowned in a boat, have I, Mark? And I have certainly never met you at any picnic."

The look of surprise on the faces of his friends, who were too intent on the ladies they were speaking with to care or have a thought for anything else, so tickled Mark, who was now beside the quartette, that he sat down and fairly shouted with laughter. Then Guy and Basil, looking up, saw at once how the wonderful resemblance between the sisters had misled them. The two girls could not resist the absurdity of the situation, and at once

the whole party joined in the burst of merriment, and before this had died away, the pairs who had met before were again side by side.

"Mark, you villain!" whispered Maynard, as the Miss Davenants presently found their way to the further end of the punt, "you have worked up for this. Now confess."

"Of course I did," was the unblushing reply. "A man doesn't have sisters for nothing. They only turned up when you two had gone down to the river, and I heard they had met you, and told them to come here. I risked the chance of either of you failing to recognize the one you had before met."

"And you will allow," insisted Maynard, "that I was right in all I said—that I won the day?"

"Don't imagine I'm going to commit myself. Not such a flat! Doubtless you and Guy are both perfectly right, and if you can get Dulcie and Audrey to your way of thinking, I for one won't forbid the banns. *Vienne que pourra.*"

And at this stage it perhaps may be as well to leave these young people to settle their own future concerns; and if, before the to-morrow's water picnic is over, they agree . . .

ALFRED HARCOURT.

LADY ARTISTS IN PARIS.

TILL comparatively lately, a woman who wished to become an artist in Paris found her way beset with almost insurmountable difficulties, unless indeed she happened to be connected with some painter who was willing to smooth the way by giving her private lessons. Every master had a following of male pupils and desired to found a school. No woman would or could have been admitted into their studio.

Strangely enough, art was more open as a profession to women under the *ancien régime*. The princesses of the house of France were noted for their artistic proclivities. From Marie de Medicis, who presented her portrait done by her own hand to Philippe de Champagne, to the daughters of Louis XV., whose quaint studies of still-life can still be found in old French provincial châteaux, nearly every *grande dame* seems to have learnt painting from the noted artists of their epoch.

The Académie Royale de Peinture, founded in 1648, counted, first and last, fifteen women among its members. Catherine Duchemin, wife of the sculptor Girardon; Geneviève and Madeleine Boulogne, who painted together many of the panels above the doors in the Louis XIV. apartments at Versailles; Elizabeth Sophie Cheron, portrait painter, engraver, musician, and poetess (she translated the Psalms into French verse, and became a member of the University of Bologna); Anne Stresor, whose 'Guide to Miniature Painting' remains one of the literary curiosities of the 18th century, an idea of its style may be derived from the following recipe: "Pour faire un Christ mort. Il faut prendre de l'outremer, du carmin, et un peu d'ocre jaune; duquel mélange, mis dans beaucoup d'eau, vous glacerez tout le corps . . ." *Et nunc pictores, erudimini!*

Catherine Perrot; Dorothée Massé; Rosa Alba Carriera, the fair Italian whose charming pastels created such a furore under

the Regency; Marguerite Haverman, elected under false pretences, owing to her having presented a picture done by Van Huysum, her master, as being her own work; Marie-Thérèse Reboul; Madame Roslin, sometimes called the feminine Latour; Anne Vallayer; Madame Terbusch, a German artist; Madame Guyard, who was practically Court painter during the latter half of the 18th century, and her great rival, Madame Vigée Lebrun, one of the cleverest portrait-painters France has ever produced.

But the venerable Académie Royale de Peinture disappeared together with many other worthy institutions which went under in the turmoil of the great Revolution. In '93 the Institute was created under the protection of the State, and several of the members of the former Society joined, but one of the first new rules made, was that no woman should henceforth be eligible for election to that august assembly. Whatever may be said to the contrary, certain it is that in almost every circumstance of life and work, French women have always been treated with more courtesy and fairness under a masculine form of government embodied in Le Roy than under the petticoat rule of Madame la République.

Under the Directoire, Hortense Beauharnais set the fashion among her mother's ladies of taking lessons from Prudhom and Isabey, a lithograph of the First Consul signed, "*Hortense de l'Augsbourg*, 1822," remains as a specimen of her skill. Under the Restoration, the Duchesse de Berri seems to have been taught flower-painting by a certain Madame Hautebourg; but of all the royal ladies who had ever cultivated art, Marie d'Orléans is the greatest and worthiest example. She was the favourite pupil of Ary Scheffer, who always rigidly refused to teach where talent seemed to him to be lacking. Working quietly at her little studio at Neuilly, she created the "Jeanne d'Arc" which at once became, and has remained, the popular incarnation of France's peasant heroine. There was a grand simplicity and purity in all her work, albeit intensely human. Small reproductions in plaster, wood and stone, of her "Jeanne" are to be found in countless French homes. After her marriage to the Duke of Würtemburg, she was persuaded to put aside her art for a time, but when dying, the old longing seized her, and she asked for a pencil. After a few fruitless efforts, she let it fall, saying, "The time has gone by, see, my hands are stiffening, and I must give it up." She was more appreciated and understood

after death than she had been in life, and it was to her that Alfred de Musset wrote the lines beginning:

"Alors ces nobles mains
Qui du travail lassées
Ne prenaient de repos
Que le temps de prier."

With the exception of Madame de Mirbelle, who was unrivalled as a miniature-painter, there was a singular dearth of women artists in the first part of this century. Although something remains to show the exquisite delicacy and finish of her work, Madame de Mirbelle used some medium which caused her carmines to fade, and her whites to become discoloured, and the numerous specimens of her art which can be seen in the Louvre have lost much that constituted their former charm—rich, pure colouring, and depth of tone. Her mantle fell on the pretty shoulders of Madame Herbelin, who painted most of the beauties of the Imperial Court, including the Empress Eugénie when she was still Mademoiselle de Montijo. Miniature-painting was supposed to be a peculiarly feminine form of art, but every obstacle was thrown in the way of any woman who wished to become a painter. There was literally no studio in Paris where lady students could study under the eye of a master, excepting by taking private lessons at a prohibitive expense. Rosa Bonheur overcame this difficulty by going straight to Nature; but every woman gifted with a sense of form and colour has not the energy of Rosa Bonheur.

Charles Chaplin was the first artist who opened his studio to women, and although there was naturally on the part of his pupils a tendency to imitate from afar his peculiar frothy style, he certainly helped to make some remarkable lady artists. The list of the women who achieved fame as his pupils is a long one: Nelly Jacquemart, whose admirable political portraits formed, for the time being, a style of art, "Genre Nelly Jacquemart;" Henriette Brown, of whose "Grandmère," exhibited in 1861, Saint Victor wrote, "*Un joyau de finesse et de sentiment, quelque chose comme une larme change en perle*": and Madeleine Coll (Madame Lemaire), who, entering his studio at the age of fourteen, exhibited two years later, in 1864, a portrait of her grandmother, the Baroness Habert, for which she would have obtained a *première classe* medal, had it not been that no provision had been made for giving such a reward for the work of

so young an artist. M. Chaplin's pupils have always been enthusiastic in their praises of his style and method of teaching. He discouraged their attempting to do anything but strictly original work, and preferred a bold and vigorous study of the nude to a perfect rendering of the small boudoir etceteras which went to make up the spurious art of the Third Empire. He has often been heard to say that long after Charles Chaplin's name is forgotten, that of one or two of his lady students will survive, "My only claim to fame will be that of having been their master!"

Seeing the success which attended Chaplin's ladies' studio, his brother artists began timidly to follow suit. Carolius Duran, Bonnat, Dubufe, and Cabamel, were among the first to admit women among their pupils, but owing to many circumstances, not the least of which was the large fees demanded by the masters, the number of women art-students in Paris was necessarily limited. Then, in the year '56 arose M. Julian.

It may, or it may not be true that M. Julian has hitherto been the Warwick of the Salon Jury, and with the aid of his two thousand old pupils, decided whose pictures were to be admitted to the galleries of the Palais d'Industrie. There may have been a very strong clique who believed in and voted for Julian, his students, and his masters. There has certainly been a very strong coalition against him. In any case, women artists owe him a great debt of gratitude. Of the seventeen Julian studios distributed over Paris, seven are given over to ladies. There had long been a demand; he created the supply. When founding the studios, Julian evidently dreamed of a free school, where each could study when he liked, where he liked, and what he liked, still-life or model, with or without the aid given by a master's counsel; but as time went on, his original plan altered, and he made up his mind to organize a regular *service d'artistes*. Among those whose attendance he has managed to secure twice a week, were Bouguereau, Jules Lefebvre, Benjamin Constant, Robert Fleury, and Chapu for sculpture, names which it is sufficient to quote to explain the success he has achieved.

The jovial Auvergnac would be the first to acknowledge that he does not endorse the cynical saying of some great art critic, "Il faut encourager les arts, et décourager les artistes."

In the Ateliers Julian there is complete liberty; the student chooses her own masters, comes when she likes and goes when she pleases. A fresh model is provided every day. If you wish

to learn to paint, bring your easel, put it in a convenient place, and try and copy the model placed before you. Twice a week one of the great artists of the day spends a couple of hours in the studio looking at the work, pointing out defects, and giving advice. Admirable as this system has been for men—the list of distinguished artists who have studied at Julian's would fill pages—it has been far more admirable where women students were concerned, and enabled many, who could not afford to pay the prices asked by M. Chaplin and his brother artists, to work their way to a fair competence, if not to fame.

The studios presided over by Julian are opened every day excepting Sundays. On Monday morning the models are chosen for the coming week. Those students who arrive first take the best positions, and retain them till the next Saturday evening. The *massière*, a kind of artistic pupil teacher, who wields what little authority M. Julian deputes over the studio, has the right of "posing" the model every day, and of settling any small disputes that may arise as to precedence of positions.

On Thursdays and Saturdays come the much expected and sometimes dreaded visit of the Professor whose month it happens to be for that particular studio. Of course every artist has his own *genre* and method of teaching, but the same course is followed by all. It is very simple. The artist walks from picture to picture, followed by the students, criticising each in turn, but rarely touching the canvas criticised.

Tony Robert Fleury is the favourite master, extremely courteous and good-natured; he seldom, if ever, utters a harsh criticism. Where praise is due, he praises lavishly, and contents himself with pointing out where the sketch is out of drawing, or the colour crude and false, yet his students make more progress than those of any other artist connected with Julian's studios. It has often been said that if the ladies' vote settled the question, *le beau Fleury* would be elected unanimously to the post of President in both the Salons.

Jules Levebre criticises little, but never praises, and is feared by his students.

Bouguereau admires in others the very opposite qualities which distinguish his own work. "Faire large et simple" is his advice, and anything like imitation of his own style finds but little sympathy from him. This is so well understood, that during the month in which his visits occur the whole character of the work done in the studio is altered to suit the master's

taste, for if the study be not to his liking, he will exclaim sharply, "Mademoiselle, il faut faire du plâtre," a sentence calculated to fill with terror the budding painter.

Boulanger is very popular, and often comes in during the week to see how his young ladies are getting on. He also occasionally works on the pupils' own canvas, a method often pursued with excellent results by Carolus Duran, and in other private studios, yet, for some reason, not considered the right thing to do by any of the Julian professors.

But the lady students at Julian's *ateliers* would be nowhere without Julian; albeit, a poor artist, he is an excellent master, and spends his time literally rushing about from one studio to another. This undoubtedly contributes greatly to the success of his establishments. No one ever knows when *ce bon Père Julian* may appear on the threshold; he is always welcome, and his advice considered more valuable than that of any of the professors. A great believer in thorough work, he is fond of making the students do single studies of the hand, the eye, or the nose, saying, with some reason, that *l'ensemble* is always comparatively easy, and that too often important details are overlooked in the artist's desire to produce a good general impression. Benjamin Constant must be a great thorn in Julian's side, for he preaches the exact opposite, *i.e.* that details always right themselves with a little ordinary care, *l'ensemble* being everything in a work of art.

The student going to Paris will be disappointed during her first visit to one of Julian's now celebrated *ateliers*. Everything is coldly business-like. With the exception of a few drawings and studies hung on the whitewashed walls, there is nothing to indicate that we are not in an ordinary workroom; even the plaster casts are absent, or, rather, hidden behind a curtain. No. 27, Passage de Panorame, is the show studio; but that of the Rue de Berri, being in many ways more characteristic, on that account merits description.

First comes the antechamber full of the hats, cloaks, shawls, and luncheon-baskets of nearly a hundred pupils, belonging to every nationality and rank, though, among the foreigners, perhaps the Americans predominate. The huge studio is divided into three portions by thick, dark curtains, which are never drawn back but on rare occasions for a fête or concert. In the section devoted to the *académie* (drawing from life) class, the model is placed on a table, and the students are grouped round in a circle,

so that each may obtain a good view; those nearest do a study of the head, those further off, *l'ensemble*. In the interval between 12 and 1, allowed for luncheon, the French pupils are called for by their maids or mothers, and go home for the hour, but the majority picnic in the studio itself, some working right through the time. No man, with the exception of M. Julian and the Professor, is admitted, under any pretence whatsoever, into the studio. This concession to French notions of propriety obliges the father and brother of a girl-student to wait outside in the street, whilst a message is being delivered in the studio itself.

Hard work is the rule, not the exception, at the Rue de Berri. M. Julian, whose whole heart is bound up in this, his life work, is very ambitious where his students are concerned. A prize of one hundred francs is given every month for the best sketch taken from life, and he always encourages even a premature attempt to get into the Salon. With the exception of the proprietor's flying visits, which, it must be remembered, are distributed over seventeen studios situated in every quarter of Paris, the students are left very much to themselves. At the Rue de Berri they have the advantage of a remarkably clever *massière*, Madame Robin, who helps the students in every way in her power, translating the lessons given by the Professor to the English and Americans who do not understand the technicalities of the French language. Students may come for the half-day or the whole day. The half-day terminates at 12 o'clock; the whole day at 6.

In the above, the Ateliers Julian have been described in the best light. There is, of course, the reverse side of the shield. For one thing, M. Julian demands a double fee from women, and only gives them in exchange half the teaching received by the men working in his studios. The reason for this is not far to seek. L'Ecole des Beaux Arts offers gratuitous instruction to any who care to avail themselves of it, so that the fees must be low to tempt them away from the Government schools. Women, on the other hand, have no choice, and must pay for tuition in any case. It is also said, probably with some truth, that the only way to succeed with Julian is to become a loyal devotee of the Julian monarchy. A kind master, but a bitter enemy, he exceedingly dislikes any student working under another master than those certified by himself when frequenting one of his studios. As to the charge, frequently made against him, of "running" the Salon, and placing his own pupils' inferior work

on the line, the same thing has been said about every powerful master from Chaplain to Meissonier. Three or four years of the Atelier Julian leaves on an artist a mark which is too easily observed in his or her work. According to some of the best and most impartial English and French art-critics, a little Julian goes a long way, and a year spent in his studio will probably teach all that can be learnt with profit there. It is only fair to add that, among his former pupils, Julian can boast of such artists as Louise Abema, one of the most successful French painters of the day, whose remarkable and brilliant study of Japanese life and colour, entitled "Le Japon," was one of the pictures which redeemed the utter mediocrity of this year's Salon; Mlle. Belinska, the portrait-painter and pastellist, whose work has been so often admired at the Mirlitons Exhibition; Mlle. Beaury Saurel, *massière* at the Passage des Panoramas, whose vigorous portraits of political celebrities, M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire and M. Constans, caused her to be sometimes styled the successor of Nelly Jacquemart; Mlle. Breslau, an excellent artist, who, with Madame Lemaire, shares the honour of being the only lady *sociétaires* of the new Société des Beaux Arts; not to mention amongst clever amateurs Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who studied a long while at the *atelier* with the sculptor Chapu; Princess Ghica, the sister of Queen Nathalie of Servia; Mlle. Brandes, of the Comédie Française; and last, not least, the brilliant young Russian girl, whose new famous journal has familiarised "Julian's" to the whole French and English reading world, and made the studio fashionable with a certain class of would-be artists.

Among the minor ladies' studios suggested, if not started, in imitation of the Ateliers Julian, those owned by Collo Rossi have the most vogue. Having started life as a model, but with a keen business faculty, he saw all that Julian was going to achieve, and deliberately set himself to imitate, and, if possible, to improve upon his system. He secured some excellent artists to go round his studio three times a week, and as the fees are much lower, those to whom strict economy is an object, attend his *atelier*, and profess themselves quite satisfied with the way the teaching, &c., is conducted. Everything is done on strictly commercial principles. Collo Rossi himself has no pretence to be an artist, but has more influence with the Salon clique than he is willing to admit, and will probably end by becoming as famous as Julian himself.

Lazare's studio, situated in the Rue de Baugirard, though smaller and less pretentious than those of his great rival, is extremely well adapted for serious work. All the teaching is done by the proprietor himself, and with excellent results, judging by his student work. So great is his genius for artistic tuition, that three months spent in his studio are said to advance a student more than a year spent under any other master.

M. Aublet, one of the pillars of the Salon Meissonier, receives in his charming studio at Passy a certain number of lady students. He differs from most of the artists who have opened classes for ladies in connection with their work, inasmuch that he recommends open-air studies, and enables the students to practise what he preaches. In his beautiful wooded garden one might fancy oneself a hundred miles from Paris, and the *atelier* is built out into his garden. The model remains all day, the pupil who arrives first having the privilege of choosing the pose. Owing to the comparatively small size of his studio, everything passes *en famille*, and the master works with his pupils. M. Aublet's *Fête Dieu*, a brilliant finished piece of painting, full of light and colour, representing a life-sized group of girls gathering roses in a garden, will be remembered by every one who visited the Champs de Mars this spring. His work is sometimes thought to be theatrical, but acknowledged to be extremely true to nature. "Clignez les yeux" is his advice to those pupils who have studied in England. According to the Aublet theory, a picture ought to be made up almost entirely with masses of colour. He strongly disapproves of any attempt at gradation of colour, and thinks that there is in light and shade quite enough differences perceptible to give a true imitation of nature. Whenever it is possible, the whole class emigrates into the garden. The model stands on the lawn; the students disperse themselves, and all try to render the atmosphere according to the master's approved method. In case of a shower, the rose-bushes are covered with a number of old umbrellas kept for the purpose. The model is sent in-doors for a few minutes, whilst M. Aublet discourses upon the beautiful effect of light and shade provided by the rain. His fees are the same as at Julian's; but he prefers, when it is possible, to be the student's first master, and frankly acknowledges that he prefers to teach unhampered by the thought that some other artist is sharing the instruction of his pupil.

Dagnan Bouvret, whose wonderful painting of a Breton Pardon won him last year's gold medal, receives a few ladies

into his studio. It is said, however—I do not know with what truth—that he dislikes teaching, and seldom favours his pupils with his advice or criticism ; still there is no doubt that to work under such a master must be in itself an artistic education. He has joined the New Society, but is only represented at the second Salon by a couple of sketches done last autumn in Algiers.

C. Thomas has a small but choice studio where flower-painting is made a speciality. His fees are thought by many to be prohibitive to any but wealthy amateurs, yet much admirable work is done by his pupils every year.

Till quite lately water-colours were held in no esteem abroad. There was a general feeling that *l'aquarelle* was an amusing form of art, only fit for holiday sketches, a pretty, lady-like accomplishment. As runs the old studio saw :

" La peinture à l'huile
C'est bien difficile,
Mais c'est beaucoup plus beau
Que la peinture à l'eau ! "

But a great change has come over public feeling of late years, and led to the founding of the important Société des Aquarellistes ; this has been greatly due to Madame Madeleine Lemaire, the niece of Madame Herbien, the miniaturist. Originally one of M. Chaplin's most distinguished pupils, she was supposed to excel as a portrait-painter, but it was only in the year of the war, whilst staying at Dieppe with her family, that some English friends gave her a box of English water-colours, and that she discovered her true vocation. Alexandre Dumas fils saw some of her first *aquarelles* in an artist's shop where they were being framed, and was so struck by the power and beauty of the work that he commissioned the shopman to try and persuade the lady who had painted them to sell him one of them. Since that time Madame Lemaire's fame has grown year by year, and fantastic prices are paid for her slightest sketches and flower studies. Lately she has taken again to figure-painting, and was asked by Goupil, the great French art-publishers, to provide the coloured illustrations to the *édition de luxe* of Halévy's *Abbé Constantin.* A most prolific artist, a good deal of her work can be seen at the Pastelist Exhibition held yearly in the Galerie Georges Petit. She has just finished illustrating Paul Hervey's novel *"Flirt!"* in which the illustrations bid fair to be very superior to the letter-press. Rarely exhibiting at the Salon, she

was one of the first to give her attention to Meissonier, and is represented at the Champs de Mars by the study of a reclining figure entitled "Sleep." Her daughter, Mlle. Suzanne Lemaire, bids fair to follow in her mother's footsteps, and exhibits in the same gallery two fine water-colours.

Mlle. Aline Billet is thought to be Rosa Bonheur's successor. Taught by her own father, himself a distinguished animal painter, her work is characterised by great vigour and power. She has worked almost entirely in the open air. She will probably have a great future. With the exception of Roll, she has no rival among modern French artists.

Alfred Stevens counts among his students Mlle. d'Aletham, also a member of the New Society, and a most distinguished artist. Though Flemish by nationality, she has studied in Paris, and exhibits at the Champs de Mars.

Mlle. Leerobbins, though an American, must take her place amongst French lady artists. Formerly *massière* in Carolus Duran's studio, her work can hardly be distinguished from that of her master.

But of all lady artists now in France, Madame Demont Breton, the daughter and pupil of the veteran Jules Breton, has turned out the most remarkable and virile work. Two years ago, her study of Breton life entitled "L'homme est en mer" was received with loud exclamations of surprise and approval by the jury and ran M. Dagnan Bouvret's other Breton picture very close. The power of Madame Demont Breton's work lies in her quick intuitive sympathy with the *déshérités de la terre*, coupled, of course, with great technical knowledge. The fisher-wife, sitting in the firelight with her baby asleep on her lap whilst her husband is at sea, has probably often been treated, but in this lady's rendering of the scene there was something quite apart. *Loti en peinture*, some one called it, and one could imagine no fitter frontispiece to "Pêcheurs d'Islande," or "Mon frère Yves."

It is impossible to give anything like a comprehensive list of the best French lady artists. There may, however, be mentioned Mlle. de Hem, the flower-painter; Madame Pauline Dabron, whose studies of still-life are a feature to the old Salon; Madame Cazim, pupil of her husband; Madame Thérèse Swartz, an excellent portrait-painter, with a great gift for painting children; Madame Beslard, whose style resembles in no way that of her husband; Madame Roth; Madame Muraton, the miniaturist; Mlle. Romain, a pupil of Henlaer; Madame Weneretta Singer,

whose portrait of Barrias attracted much attention at the Champs de Mars; Madame Ribot; Madame Fanny Lescure, whose flowers are a feature at the Aquarellistes; Mlle. Hildebrand, who works in chalks; Mlle. Rozaman; and among the younger ladies, Mlle. Godin, who won last year's Marie Bashkirtseff's prize, &c.

Whether the lady students of the present will develop later into being such excellent artists as their precursors have proved to be in the past is a moot question. The Julian and Collo Rossi system has caused most of the best-known artists to close their *ateliers* again to women. They find it more lucrative and agreeable to devote a morning twice a week to go round one of the larger collective studios than to have the responsibility of an *atelier de dames*, and so the lady art student is obliged, willy-nilly, to go through the mill, and cannot give herself up for study under any one master. No girl ought to think of going to Paris to study art who has not acquired the rudiments of the French language. She will learn far more by staying at home and attending ordinary art classes. Though the *massière* is supposed to translate the lesson, she often knows even less of English than the pupil does of French, and not one French artist in ten knows a word of another language than his own. It is pitiable to see a clever English or American student losing instead of gaining ground from her lack of understanding the Professor's remarks and counsels.

Another mistake that foreign art-students fall into is that of overworking whilst in Paris. The time seems so precious, and is really money to many of them. The result is that, what with the strange food and perpetual application, a large percentage fall ill, and have to go home ignominiously, carrying away only uncertain memories of their winter in Paris. There are a certain number of *pensions*, which purport to be specially organized with a view to art students, but the list of advantages offered must be taken *cum grano*. Especially beware of a house to which is attached a studio.

Miss Leigh, among the many other useful institutions she has started for the benefit of her young countrywomen, opened a short time ago a boarding-house for English students, managed on the most economical and business-like principles. Students meaning to make some stay in Paris often try and make an arrangement with some French family. This is a mistake. No respectable French family ever dreams of taking in a boarder.

The average Frenchwoman, whatever her rank in life, would much rather be without a servant than admit a stranger into her home. This cannot be too clearly stated. There are exceptions to every rule; but the English girl who has made arrangements by correspondence with a *soi-disant* French family will probably find herself in a half-German, English, or American house, full of people who are willing to talk anything but French, and moving in a world where every nationality but France is represented.

The advantages of spending a year in a foreign studio are sufficiently obvious. Women of all nationalities gather to Paris, and their study is organized so that very thorough teaching of a technical kind can be obtained at a comparatively moderate cost, and drawing is severely insisted on. It is quite a mistake to think that foreign study and foreign work are superficial; whatever the French girl learns is usually more thoroughly acquired than the corresponding accomplishment in England. Domestic proficiency in music is carried far higher in Paris than in London, and for artists the Conservatoire is a school of unrivalled excellence. The French girl not only dresses and dances better than her English sister, but her handwriting is severely modelled on the prevalent notion of what is legible and becoming. To do thoroughly well whatever you undertake is the unwritten law of the land, and the consequence is that the Salon each year displays a good average of work by female artists.

But perhaps the high level of good technical achievement does not tend to favour originality. When forty years ago two well-known English "art students in Munich" gained unexpected admittance to the studio of the immortal Kaulbach, they enjoyed a splendid opportunity which is denied to the modern worker. The great painters no longer receive women-pupils; they are highly paid to go twice a week round the art schools, and their own studios are filled by male students. The universal middleman has taken possession of the artist world, and has organized it so as to obtain a big commission.

To go to a foreign country in search of teaching has one incontestable advantage. The student is set free from the trammels of daily life, can start early in the morning, and unwisely consume the midnight oil. New associates, new ideas, new methods, must do something to stimulate the imagination. But in Paris, even more than in London, the art school has become a mill, grinding out its quota of yearly talent. Those

who cannot cross the water may console themselves with the reflection that Reynolds and Gainsborough, and Morland and Turner, were home-bred boys, and that England is warranted in waiting hopefully for the woman who may be to Art what those who bore the names of Austen, Eliot, and Browning, were to the sisterhood of the pen.

MARIE ADELAIDE BELLOC.

THE PRACTICAL VALUE OF CYCLING.

THE visitors to the Royal Military Exhibition, who have been fortunate enough to see the Cycling corps of the Royal Marines drilled in the arena, must have been interested in no common measure. We are living in an age of incessant changes and improvements: the scientific toy of to-day is an instrument of incalculable value to all mankind to-morrow; and the developments going on in every art are such, that a mere hint is heard one year that something may take place some day, and the next thing is that the invention is made and in general use. How the Peninsular veterans would have stared could they have seen a body of military cyclists! I saw Crimean men rubbing their eyes with amazement at the evolutions of that handful of Royal Marine Cyclists, and I fear some were disposed to laugh. Now I will not say that all soldiers will one day, and that not a distant one, use cycles, but all will undoubtedly be taught to use them, and infantry battalions will have a large complement of machines. This is absolutely certain.

Tricycles or, at any rate, cycles of some sort have been in use for very many years—how many, I do not pretend to say. It is only of late that they have been made so light, easy, and comfortable, as to be available on all roads. When living in Dublin I, for the first time, saw bicycles, which were exciting the astonishment and merriment of the light-hearted inhabitants of that city, and I can remember watching with intense interest riders going at the rate, it was estimated, of fourteen miles an hour in Stephen's Green; but at that time it was confidently asserted that only a very active man here and there would ever ride them, and then only for amusement. The following year, when I first came into residence at Oxford, in the summer of 1870, I made the acquaintance of a clergyman still living, Mr. Charsley, one of the tutors of St. Mary's Hall; he had been a civil engineer in early life, though, after taking Orders,

he retained much affection for his former calling. He had invented a *velociman*, as he called it, using for the purpose many ingenious contrivances, but it was a rather cumbrous and very heavy machine, worked by the hands. It required severe labour to propel it, and rapid movement was almost impossible unless with very severe exertion. I often tried it between Keble and the Natural Science Museum, but the labour always taxed me. The velociman is still manufactured in small numbers, though it has not come into general use, nor will it, I fear, ever do so.

My friend, the Rev. R. A. Chudleigh, a steady-going tricyclist, who finds the comfort of a good machine to get to and from his lovely rectory, has very kindly put together some admirable hints for beginners.

"Most of what is written on cycling seems addressed to one or other of two extremes—the mighty athlete, or the health-seeking convalescent. The following hints are intended for beginners, whose skill and strength are neither more nor less than ordinary. Most of the rules, such as to go slowly round a corner, may be left to common sense; but there are a few catches in which the danger does not strike one beforehand, but is usually learnt by disagreeable experience, though easily avoided if indicated previously. The time of chief peril is when going fast down hill; if the brake power be insufficient, or the steering gear get disorganized, and yet one *must* pull up because of some danger in the way, it should be remembered that one can almost always pull up dead by dropping everything, and laying one's hands and arms on the tyres of the two wheels. This plan need only be adopted when matters are serious, and the choice seems to lie between a skinned hand and a cracked skull.

"When going down hill lean forward, if the steering-wheel be in front, but lean backward if behind, so as to throw the weight on the steering-wheel, for, unless that wheel has a firm hold of the ground, a cycle at full speed does not follow its guidance, especially when loose stones or inequalities of the road toss up the steering-wheel, so that it makes long bounds in the air. When going fast down hill, a sudden jolt will often throw the feet off the treadles, which, if revolving rapidly, are not easily caught again. Do not attempt to catch them, lest the attention, becoming concentrated on the treadles, be diverted from the steering, the consequence being that the cycle, as quick as thought, deviates into the ditch. On losing the treadles, put

the feet on the rest and apply the brake, but keep the attention fixed on the steering. A very fertile source of spills is looking back over the shoulder, for the hand unconsciously turns with the head, and the cycle charges at the fence on the same side as the shoulder over which one is looking. I have observed all these to be causes of accidents; there may be others, but, except the self-evident ones, I have not observed them.

"The length of run which is safe for a lady should be measured by her own sensations rather than by miles. On a smooth road with a fair wind, the exertion required is almost nothing. But with a rough road and a head wind, the resistance is great, and progress is like ploughing. Now, a lady's chief aim in cycling should be to avoid over-exertion or painful strain. Directly she feels distress, especially near the base of the spine, she has done too much. Ladies must remember that their peculiar peril in cycling is overstrain, and any attempt at performing feats or breaking records is likely to end in breaking something far more valuable than a record. With beginners the fatigue-point is soon reached, especially in the knees; but as use and practice advance, the fatigue-point indefinitely recedes.

"In choosing a lady's tricycle, I would make some sacrifice of speed to secure an equivalent gain in power. What is called a good climber is to be preferred; not that a lady should aim at working up steep hills; it is good economy both for herself and her machine that she should dismount and push, if the ascent be at all stiff; but a good climber implies great lever-power, and it is a law of mechanics that a gain in power means a loss in speed; and it is far more important for a lady that her tricycle should run easily than rapidly.

"I should hesitate to recommend any maker by name, but I can suggest the far better plan of hiring various tricycles for an occasional day or hour, and thus finding by actual trial which pattern combines most advantages. As to the saddle, I cannot believe that for man or woman perinæal pressure can be other than injurious. From the anatomical standpoint, the narrow saddle seems to me wholly indefensible. The ischial bones, and not the perinæal structures, are designed by nature to support our weight; wherefore I advise that, at any rate for ladies, the popular saddle be discarded in favour of a broad seat.

"With regard to clothing, as in all active exercise, flannel should be worn next the skin. The dress must not be full, and need not be inordinately long if tapes be used. I recently saw a

lady on a tricycle, and another lady on a horse, careering in the neighbourhood of Onslow Square, and I must confess that the cyclist was, from every point of view, the neater, the more graceful, and the more elegant. I would also say drink, if you are thirsty. There is no virtue whatever in a parched throat, not the least need to endure the miseries of thirst, which sanitarians, afflicted with water-horror, prefer to drinking; at the same time, one can easily train oneself either to drink water excessively, or to do a great deal of hot work on wonderfully little fluid replenishment."

The improvement in the lightness of machines has been remarkable while the wheels have been made much smaller. Bicycles weighing only 30 lbs. are now commonly made, and I have seen circulars lately setting forth that good racers can be got weighing only 17 lbs. Dr. Richardson told me last October that he was using a tricycle weighing only 50 lbs., and yesterday I bought one of the same weight. There is no difficulty in making such machines; though some riders fancy that they are too light and weak for the wear and tear of ordinary roads, and are not to be recommended. This, I think, is a mistake when really tough material is used. From 60 to 70 lbs. is a fair average weight, and no great effort is needed to propel such tricycles along all but the roughest and hilliest roads.

A great modern step was the introduction of ball-bearings, that is, of tiny steel balls, working in double grooves, and reducing friction to a notable extent. Wherever parts of a machine move upon one another ball-bearings can be used, and even the pedals can be fitted with them; indeed, the application of balls to the pedals is now becoming general. Among the many lessons which our enterprising Transatlantic cousins have taught us is the importance of making machines with every part convertible, that is of precisely the same size—in other words, every part must be turned out by the same machinery—the result being that the several parts can be fitted together with trifling trouble and expense, and when any portion is worn out or injured, it can be replaced by another or corresponding portion in a few minutes, much as in the manufacture of guns and rifles. This great improvement is carried out in perfection at all first-class factories, and simplifies the making and repair of cycles. Another important matter, in these days of racing and of dangerously high speed, is the marvellous toughness and strength of the materials used by the best firms for their most expensive

machines; I have recently been shown spokes of cold-drawn hardened steel, which could scarcely be bent by the hands of a powerful man, their resistance was so great; while inferior spokes, although actually thicker and heavier, bent like stout copper wire between the fingers.

As for its relation to health little need be said. Any one who can walk upstairs or climb the most gentle elevation, can tricycle, even if he cannot bicycle; effort, there is practically none, and Dr. Richardson's estimate that a mile on foot or three on horseback is more fatiguing than six on a cycle, is hardly an exaggeration. Indeed with the recent unparalleled advances in cycle manufacture one might say that on good roads a mile on foot or three on an easy horse, would fatigue one more than nine or ten on a first-rate cycle.

As an instance of what can be done I venture to reproduce a paper I saw some time ago, and which Mr. Alfred Nixon read before the Society of Cyclists; it is of great interest as showing what can be accomplished by a man of average condition in good health and without special training. I cannot, however, advise my readers to follow in the author's steps. He says, "The idea of riding from Land's End to John O'Groats first occurred to me in the summer of 1882. I started upon the journey on August 31st. I was the first tricyclist who had ever undertaken this ride. I had to make out all the roads as I went along, and to take them for better or worse as they came. I rode a 'Premier' tricycle, the weight of which, with my luggage, was 110 lbs., a very great weight considering how light we have got machines now, and this made a great difference to my progress in subsequent journeys, as will appear presently in very decisive fashion. The whole distance I covered in this first ride was 1007 miles. I rode at the rate of five miles an hour, including stoppages, and the time taken up was fourteen days. Out of these fourteen days I rode 224 hours, and rested 112. Dividing 112 by 14 would give an average rest of eight hours a day, which may be considered a fair quantity, and a good deal of this, no doubt, was spent in sleep, but not all. Perhaps about six hours' actual sleep would be a fair average. I should add that nine days out of the fourteen were wet, making the roads very heavy and the work severe.

"In 1883, again in the month of August, I took my second long ride, but not so long as the previous one. This time I rode from London to John O'Groats. The distance was 750 miles.

I had a 'Sparkbrook' tricycle, and carried 17 lbs. less weight than on the previous journey. I rode at the rate of five and a quarter miles an hour, including stops, and made an average of eighty-four miles a day. I did the journey in nine days, riding 144 hours and resting seventy-two. Seventy-two divided by nine will show that I again took eight hours' rest per day of twenty-four hours, which would again mean about six hours' sleep per day.

"My third ride was in 1884, once more in August, and extended from Land's End to John O'Groats. This time I rode an 'Imperial Club,' the weight of which, with luggage, was 90 lbs. The distance was 865 miles, and the time occupied was eight days and a half, at a pace of about six miles an hour, including stoppages. I covered the ground at the rate of 101 miles a day. I rode 140 hours, and rested about sixty-four; this divided by these figures would again give eight hours' rest and six hours' sleep per day. I stop here to say that the carriage of less weight made a considerable difference in the work, and gave me pretty well a mile an hour over and above what I got out of the machine which I used in my first ride.

"In the same year and in the same month I took my fourth journey—a shorter ride—from London to Edinburgh. This time I went on an 'Imperial Club,' and the weight carried was reduced to 80 lbs. The distance covered was 400 miles, at a pace of about seven and three-quarter miles an hour, or 132 miles a day. I was in the saddle about fifty-three hours, and rested between seventeen and eighteen hours. Eighteen hours divided by three days (for it was three days within an hour), gives six hours per day for rest, of which from four to five would be spent in sleep—a considerable reduction on the previous journeys. The pace greatly improved in this ride, as it increased from five to seven and three-quarters, or, calculating by the day, from seventy-two to 132 miles per day. I attribute this almost exclusively to the saving of weight in the machine. There was a saving of 25 lbs. over the first machine, and it seems to me that, by lightening the machine still more, we could get a reduction in a similar proportion. In addition to this, the muscles are saved a great deal of fatigue, and less sleep is in consequence required.

"My last ride was, on the whole, the most laborious, although not the longest. It was in April 1887, and was from Edinburgh to London on the 'S S S' tricycle; the weight of the machine, with luggage, was only 68 lbs. I left Edinburgh on Good Friday,

and, after covering seventy-two miles of road, reached Belford at one o'clock in the morning of the next day—Saturday. The houses in the town were all closed, and I could get entrance nowhere. The rain was also coming down very fast indeed, and, under the combined influence of rain, cold, and fatigue, I was thoroughly exhausted, and could go no further without rest; so I came to the door of a house, and there sat down on the step, and, in the midst of the rain, fell asleep. I slept an hour and a half, and then awoke from the cold. I was at first very stiff and chilly, and also wanted food; but I felt it absolutely necessary to get on, and so remounted my machine, and pushed along as well as I could. In a little time my pace improved; and, eventually, I reached Newcastle at six o'clock in the evening. On this occasion I had been out thirty hours, doing the hardest work I ever attempted in my life, on a sleep of one hour and a half. My average pace was four and a half miles an hour only, the wind, the rain, and the roads being very bad. During part of the way I was, in fact, nearly frozen. My experience is not in favour of the idea that much injury comes immediately to the rider from little sleep under so great an amount of exercise. I was able the next day after my severest effort to take a long ride with my son, and was none the worse for it; on the contrary, I think I felt better for the exercise: it seemed to take off whatever remained of stiffness and weariness I might have felt. Neither can I fairly say that my worst ride has, or that any of my rides have, done me the slightest injury. I should not repeat them for the mere pleasure of the thing, because I am getting older, perhaps too old to warrant the repetition; but, if necessity arose, I should not hesitate to go through it all again."

I have the profoundest veneration for science, especially when it condescends to be practical, because it is then so often accurate, and in perfect accord with the experiences of every-day life. It would be positively entertaining to recall some of the dismal calculations and forebodings of scientific men, and to compare them with the present development of cycling. A brilliant mathematician computed, according to Dr. Richardson, that no possible arrangement or modification of a cycle would ever enable the rider to gain any mechanical advantage, for he would have to carry himself as well as his machine; others, mostly medical men, prophesied a frightful catalogue of diseases, the penalty of cycling—terrible heart-complaints, varicose veins, and I know not what besides; but the guesses of medical

practitioners are not entitled to much attention. We have now found out that about the safest place in the whole world is a cycle seat; while, as for speed, a trained man can with little labour go four times as fast as a rapid walker.

Not so very long ago forty or fifty miles a day was an almost impossible distance, and was regarded as the utmost limits of human endurance: then Mr. Marriott managed 100 miles in twenty-four hours, and before long he cleared 183, and still later he reached 214. Even ladies have gone immense distances, and the late Mrs. Allen contrived to cover 153 miles in twenty-four hours. I do not wish to say one word which would seem to approve of reckless strain and profitless and dangerous over-exertion, but on September 7, last year, Mr. M. A. Holbein, the famous cyclist, cleared 324 miles in twenty-four hours: he reached the end of the first 100 miles in six hours and thirty-three minutes, and did 175 miles in twelve hours. Among other marvels of cycling, Mr. Sutton, in September, 1884, rode from London to Edinburgh,—399 miles in two days; and Mr. George Smith went 100 miles, in the same month, on a Safety bicycle, in 7 hours 11 minutes 10 seconds.

Dr. Richardson has known twenty-five miles done on ordinary roads on a tricycle, at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, and this apparently without constitutional disturbance or subsequent fatigue: but such a pace could not be kept up without severe strain and an attack indistinguishable from rheumatism in consequence of the body getting overcharged with waste products, which would be beyond the capacity of the system to eliminate.

As for the practical value of cycling—at Bridgetown, Barbadoes, in 1883, tricycles were supplied to some of the police; they have not only paid their expenses, but the public gained, in seven months, in diminished horse keep alone, £53 16*s.* 6*d.* One cannot help speaking in modified praise of racing, objectionable though it is in many ways, for it has been the competition among makers to build easy-going machines, which has led to the marvellous improvements of recent years: the constant striving after longer distances in shorter and still shorter times has led to those wonderful machines on which a practised bicyclist will go twenty miles an hour on a good smooth road, and a tricyclist sixteen: but these are higher speeds than should be recommended, and for pleasure and profit one may be satisfied with ten miles on a bicycle and eight on a tricycle.

Though not a very young man, I am a very young cyclist

How often I had looked with envy at the crowds of cyclists darting along our roads towards Ringwood and Bournemouth every day during the long, bright Dorset summer, which, though very far from perfect, has a faint, far away resemblance to the brilliant summer of southern latitudes! but I might as well have longed for a carriage and pair as for a cycle. One day, last summer, a relative of mine heard me mention what pleasure the possession of a good tricycle would afford me; and a few days later he promised to give me one. I went at once to our cycling emporium and picked out a capital second-hand machine for £7 10*s.*; it promises to last many a long year, though I give it little rest, and I find that the roughest roads and the coldest weather do not interpose any great difficulty in my way, and even heavy rain does not, in time of need, deter me. Assuming that a stout second-hand machine will last five years, and that during that time, with repairs, it will cost £10, cycling would cost £2 a year, no great sum for most purses.

Let me, however, as a medical man of some experience, urge elderly, stout, and inactive people not to over-exert themselves on any pretext. Tricycling is pleasant and health-giving on good, hard, level roads, in warm but not hot weather, and when not carried to excess. Any person, fairly used to the exercise, whatever his age or figure, can go five miles an hour for two hours at a stretch, and then, after a brief rest, can return, and be very little tired. But on bad, loose, hilly roads, and at high speed, for long distances, matters are totally different, and, instead of its being an easy and safe amusement, it becomes dangerous: great waste of the muscular fibres is set up, and this is equally true of excess in any other out-door exercise. These remarks do not apply to the young, active, and strong, to experts, and to persons accustomed to regular exercise of any sort. I sometimes hear of people stopping in Dorsetshire for tea, who have run from the other side of London in the same day, say 120 or 140 miles; that is excessive in any one, and not to be recommended, although to show what can be done on bicycles and tricycles by practised hands will interest the reader. On the track, twenty miles an hour have been done without fatigue on the bicycle, and over sixteen on the tricycle; while on a level, hard road, eighteen have been covered on the former, and fifteen on the latter; and on bad, hilly roads, twenty-five miles have been done at a stretch at the rate of 4 minutes 15 seconds per mile; seventy miles have been easily covered on a tricycle for thirteen

days in succession, and 100 on a bicycle. But this is nothing to what some athletes have covered, Mr. Holbein's triumph, mentioned above, being the most startling. With reasonable practice, six miles an hour for six hours requires little effort; but, as in all other athletic exercises, the strain increases out of all proportion to the addition to the pace. Double the speed may actually mean six times the strain and waste, and the man who can cover six miles an hour for six hours is soon exhausted by nine miles, and when he reaches ten or eleven, finds that his system is being dangerously overtaxed.

Now, another important word; no alcoholic beverages should, under any pretence, be drunk while cycling. I never heard more deafening cheers than greeted Dr. Richardson last October, in the Birmingham Town Hall, when he assured a vast audience that Holbein, the famous cyclist, would never have covered the 324 miles in twenty-four hours, which placed him at the head of all the cyclists in the world, had he taken alcohol. In the audience there were many first-rate cyclists, and their cheers showed what they thought of the matter.

Tricyclists are confessedly far better without alcoholic beverages. Some years ago, Mr. Marriott and a friend of his cycled 180 miles a day without alcohol, and were of opinion that, had they taken any, they would have broken down completely. One of the most curious facts in natural history is, however, that the camel can work seven days without drinking, while man can drink seven days without working. A common question is, "How much ought we to drink?" and estimates ranging from a quart to a couple of gallons a day are sometimes framed. But a more pertinent inquiry would surely be: "Ought we to drink at all?" A note of warning is now often heard, that healthy people insist on drinking too much, and so throw an immense amount of unnecessary work on certain important organs; but the very people who protest against four or five large meals a day, and denounce alcoholic stimulants as rank poison, are, not infrequently, rather proud of the prodigious quantity of fluid which they get through, and the advice is often heard to supply abundantly, cold tea, milk and water, and such like. And yet it is no new discovery that in hot weather and in severe work the less fluid the better, a superabundance of fluid actually encouraging, not checking, perspiration, softening the muscles, and increasing thirst. In the treatment of inebriety, about the worst possible thing, next to allowing stimulants, is to supply

fluids in excess, and the surest way to keep the craving for alcohol in full force, is to try to quench the thirst with unstinted quantities of beverages. We are getting wiser, and no longer regard, as George Eliot so wittily put it, the male portion of the human race as the victims of an unquenchable thirst. Some years ago I heard an ardent vegetarian lecturer—and was repelled by what I then regarded as an audacious falsehood—that he had not taken fluids for a month. "Yes," I thought, "eaten an apple with a quart of syrup, and then said he had lived without fluids," and I uttered many hard things about the poor fellow. But my views have changed, and I see nothing improbable in his assertion; and only to-day I have met with a gentleman, evidently well informed and trustworthy, who tells me that two ladies, intimate friends of his, never drink fluids at all, but live chiefly on porridge, nuts, and uncooked fruit, and they enjoy vigorous health, are never ill, and never feel the pangs of thirst.

Will the matchless and tireless powers of electricity ever be utilised for cycle propulsion? Why not? True, it will then cease to be the healthy and pleasant exercise which we find it to be; but I cannot see the slightest difficulty in contrivances that will admit of machines being driven rapidly and without effort on the rider's part. At present such electro-motor power can only be managed by means of secondary batteries, and the machine then weighs little short of half a ton, and is about as large as a gig; but science is as untiring as it is accurate, and the near future may have great surprises in store. Possibly the success attending the new tram-cars in Birmingham, which are worked by means of reservoirs, if one may use so unscientific an expression, carried under the seats, and which contain electro-motive power enough to propel them seventy miles, may lead to tiny reservoirs being attached to cycles, by means of which they will be propelled a hundred miles or more without exertion to the rider. Country doctors, tradesmen, and postmen would find such help invaluable, and it cannot possibly be anything but a matter of time before we find that the last remaining difficulties, which now confound cycle manufacturers, will be completely overcome, and machines will be in use that, without any effort on the rider's part beyond that of steering, will climb the steepest hills and traverse the roughest and muddiest roads at a steady pace of eight or ten miles an hour.

ALFRED J. H. CRESPI.

BLIND JUSTICE: A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

BY ALBERT E. DRINKWATER.

PART I.

THE custom of the English Courts of Law forbids the unhappy wretch, whose life or death is in debate, to speak one word of explanation in his own defence.

The liberal ruling of wise judges has on rare occasions ignored the custom, but the occasions have been very rare indeed. If the indulgence had been extended to me, it is more than probable that I should not have been what I am now—a man, in years, in the very prime of life—in appearance, bent, old and worn; one of whom you would say that almost any day Death might fairly come to claim its due and yet rob Nature of nothing of its customary course—and yet, what seems to me most strange, in experience and knowledge of the world a child, without the freshness and receptivity of mind which properly belong to childhood.

That is what I am now—and that is what twelve of my fellow-countrymen, in effect, condemned me to be—over and above the weary, weary years of misery that cannot be told, when at their instigation the trembling voice of the solemn judge passed upon me the terrible sentence that I should be hanged by the neck till I was dead.

I was just eighteen years old. A month before I had been vigorous with all the vigour of dawning manhood—untouched by care as a boy is whose future is full of promise and bright with hope—and now—as the ghastly prospect shaped itself before my bewildered brain an ever-growing numbness paralysed every sense. I was innocent—entirely innocent. I knew it, though no one else did. And yet, before a week had passed, my unspeakable indignation, my great wonder had been succeeded

by an apathy so intense, that when the news came that, instead of death, life-long imprisonment lay before me, I smiled at the bearer of the tidings and the next day had forgotten that he had ever come.

Fifteen years have passed since then. An accident has set me free. When after this lapse of time, that cannot be measured by years, I was startled by the intelligence that the truth at last had forced its way to light and that I might go forth when and where I chose, two feelings struggled for the mastery—joy, so great that it left me prostrate, at the thought of freedom—and a great sadness at the sure conviction that the terrible misery I had endured had sapped the source of energy and had made life—real, active, self-dependent, happy life—impossible for me.

Of the truth of this conviction—in the main—there can be no doubt; and yet every day shows me, to my wonder, how much of reality, of activity, and of happiness is possible even for me—happiness that has grown the greater since I have begun to hope that there may be those to whom a clear statement of the facts that are my vindication will be not only of interest but of vital consequence.

That vindication lies in the story of my life from the time that I was three years old till I reached eighteen; and so I tell it.

My earliest remembrance is of a peaceful, prosperous, unpretending home in what was then a country suburb of London. The house, as bought by my grandfather, contained the usual complement of well-proportioned rooms and was surrounded by an unusually large garden. My grandfather, who had won for himself a substantial position in the financial world, had inherited and, throughout life, had retained a great love of books; and like all true lovers of books he was of opinion that silence and solitude were essential to their full enjoyment.

He had therefore built on the side of the garden farthest from the road a large room fitted as a library, and beyond this a smaller one designed for a study. These were connected with the house by means of a corridor, and yet so far completely separated from it that absolute quiet could be obtained without inflicting irritating restrictions on the other members of the household.

It was to this home that I was brought a few months after my mother's death, which occurred when I was barely three years old. Business compelled my father to take frequent journeys

abroad, and my grandfather's urgent request that we should give up our own house and share his, was the more readily acceded to because it secured for me the constant and affectionate care which were essential, as well as because it removed my father from associations which brought back painfully to mind scenes in which the central figure had always been the wife to whom he had been passionately devoted, and of whom till the day of his death he always loved to talk.

And of this, the first home that I remember, I remember most distinctly the two rooms, library and study as they then were. It was in them that some of the happiest hours of my happy childhood were passed; and when a few years later I went away to school, the long shelves of countless books in the larger room, with the half-dozen portraits that hung above them; the glowing fire in the room adjoining, with the great, comfortable, red-leather chair; the hexagonal oak table, with its orderly litter of books and papers, the big bronze inkstand and the reading-lamp; the heavy crimson curtains that hung above the window that opened to the ground and led out on to the garden; these always combined to make up the picture of home that came most frequently and most vividly to my mind.

And these same two rooms have formed the background to another picture that with maddening persistency has haunted me now for fifteen years. The same two rooms indeed, but from them there has vanished the repose, the content, the all-pervading sense of watchful care and of protecting love. All the beauty has gone out from the picture of my boyhood, and in its place there is terror unspeakable.

There still are the long shelves of countless books, dimly visible in the library that is in darkness save for the faint light that comes through the open door from the fire burning in the room beyond. To the six portraits that cannot be distinguished in the shade a seventh has been added to keep them company; and somehow, through the all-pervading dusk, it seems to stand out clear and well-defined, as if it were itself a source of light. It is a portrait of my father. The window in the study, seen also through the open door, is swiftly, silently unfastened, and through it, as swiftly and as silently, a figure steals out into the dark garden beyond. Transfixed and frozen with dismay, I stand and look. There is a dagger in my hand, and both are wet with blood. The fire in the study throws the shadow of the frame of the open window on the heavy crimson curtain,

and it looks like a hideous gallows-tree. And now the silence, the terrible silence of the place is broken by a moan of anguish, the death-moan of the wretched man who is lying at my feet.

Yes, for fifteen years it has haunted me, sometimes for hours together; it has shaped itself upon the dreary walls, it has grown from out the immaterial air, and, phantom-like, appeared before me whichever way I turned. It has shut out the light of heaven by day; it has through many a weary watch made sleep impossible by night.

But now, thank God! sometimes at least I can think of these two rooms as they were when I was a little child. I can remember the joy with which they are associated, and forget the gloom.

There was, as I have said, a window opened to the ground which led from the further room, the study, into the garden; this was opposite to the large door between the study and the library. As you entered the latter room through this door the wall on the left was covered to the height of seven feet with books—the pictures hung above. On the right hand there were more books, a fireplace in the centre, and windows on either side. These windows looked on to the well-kept lawn where always I was permitted with certain slight restrictions to play in dry weather. The restrictions were, however, strictly enforced, and when I transgressed them I was sure to get into sad disgrace, for my grandfather was in his kindly way a strict disciplinarian, and he shared with old Wilkins a genuine pride in the neatness of his garden.

In 1855, two years before the time of which I am writing, my grandfather had practically seceded from the business which under his guidance had become notoriously successful, and left it to the care of his sons. He still paid occasional visits to the office, but he had otherwise nothing to interrupt the leisure, of which he spent a large proportion among his books.

He was then a well-preserved man of seventy, courtly and precise, but at all times genial and kind-hearted. Whilst I was playing in the garden, it often happened that he was reading in his study. From time to time I saw him as he went into the library to fetch another volume from the shelf, and as he passed the window, he would often stop and watch me, and I remember the expectant pleasure with which I used to watch him in return. I was waiting for a signal which, although in no way prearranged, was unerring in its effect. If, after a few moments,

he went on with his book under his arm, I knew that for the present he was busy, and I resumed my discussions with Wilkins, who was always willing to answer my endless and irrelevant questions, and who made me believe that I was a great help to him in his gardening operations, whenever it suited my whim to run about with him, and busy myself with the flower-pots or the trowel.

But if my grandfather came to the window with no forbidding book in his hand, then I watched him with the keenest interest. I waited to see him take off his spectacles, produce from his capacious pocket the vast red handkerchief with which to polish them, examine the glasses by the light of the window, and finally consign them with scrupulous care to their substantial leather case.

Then I knew that for the present he had done with his books, and I ran round to the study window, where I was sure to find him ready to open it and let me in. The half-hours and the hours that we spent together in those days seem almost too sacred to be submitted to the process of description; yet there is little enough to describe. We seemed to be admirably suited to each other. He had an inexhaustible store of anecdote and story, which he told with what, making all the allowance for the glamour of time, I still believe to have been an extraordinary felicity and appreciation, and I believe he loved to tell them; I am sure I loved to hear them. He would grow interested to the point of excitement over the fortunes of the chestnut—he always had the chestnut—as we played together with the card-board race-course and the box of dice; and he laughed as heartily as I did at the comic evolutions of the latest mechanical toy, which he loved to produce with mischievous mystery after his periodical visits to the office.

If I appear to be speaking much of my grandfather and little of my father, you must not suppose that any want of mutual affection is the cause. On the contrary, he was at all times most kind to me, and my greatest joy of all was the anticipation and the pleasure of his visits. I say visits because, as I have before explained, although my grandfather's house was now his only home, yet he was so much occupied with business abroad that I unfortunately saw but little of him. A far more frequent visitor was my father's only brother, my Uncle Henry, who controlled the London office, and who came from time to time to make reports and ask my grandfather for advice; for the old man was

still keenly interested in business, and fully retained his great administrative capacity.

As my Uncle Henry plays a very prominent part in my life-history, let me describe him. He was six feet two inches in height, and he looked even taller. His hair was of the darkest shade of red, his whiskers somewhat lighter. His brow was remarkably smooth, and at the temples singularly square; his eyes deep-set and very keen; a thin nose, slightly aquiline; a prominent upper lip; a straight, receding chin. His figure was spare, his shoulders slightly rounded. His dress never varied, or varied very little. The black coat, high white collar and black tie; figured waistcoat, with the long, thin, gold chain; the brown trousers that fitted faultlessly to his long, thin legs; all combined to make even more striking his unusual face and figure. All that he did was done slowly and deliberately; yet he seemed to have entered a room almost before the door through which he came had begun to move. He never looked at man or woman for more than the shortest moment of time; yet women's eyes fell before him as they fall before a rude, indecorous stare, and men who had met his glance and turned away, turned back instinctively to look again.

Whenever he came, young as I was, I could not help noticing an uneasiness in my grandfather's manner. He always gave his eldest son a cordial welcome, yet something of his habitual brightness seemed to disappear whenever they were together, and after my uncle had gone away, his father was invariably, for a time, silent and thoughtful beyond his custom.

For myself, I do not know that I had any good reason to complain of the treatment I received at his hands. At times he appeared to be at some pains to make himself agreeable to me; he always noticed me, talked to me a little; sometimes even with his long, cold hand he fetched from the deep pocket of his precise coat a bag of sweetmeats or a toy. But I could not like my Uncle Henry, and if I had been a timid child I should have been afraid of him. One habit of his especially displeased me. At one moment he was laughing, talking brightly, apparently in all respects in his lightest, merriest mood, and suddenly and without cause you looked and saw his face with no trace of a smile, clouded with a look of a puzzled pre-occupation; so changed from the face you saw a moment ago, so different from the face that ought to belong to the man you heard a moment ago, that the transition almost startled you.

Of the other people who made up my grandfather's list of friends and acquaintances there is no need for me to speak; with one exception, they are in no way concerned with the events of my life which it is my present purpose to narrate. The one exception was another uncle, an elder brother of my mother. He was the manager of an important shipping company, and lived at Liverpool. It was only, therefore, when business called him to London that we had an opportunity of seeing him. He took a sincere interest in my welfare for the sake of my mother, for whom he had always had a great affection—an affection that was more than reciprocated, for in her eyes Edward Marston was the embodiment of kindly good sense and of manly perseverance. I was fond of my Uncle Marston, as, I think, most people were. In appearance he was in no way remarkable; of average height, well-proportioned figure, with thick brown hair and full beard tinged with grey, clear features, and eyes that met you with a free, frank gaze, he was a man to inspire confidence, and incapable of betraying it. I liked him as a child, and was always sorry when his short visits came to an end.

With such surroundings my life passed pleasantly and uneventfully for three years, when an incident, trifling in itself, occurred which left upon me an impression which after events have only served to intensify.

My grandfather and my Uncle Henry had been dining together one Saturday in February, and I had gone in, as I always did, to share the fruit which my good friend Wilkins the gardener took such pride in providing. My Uncle Henry had been making some effort to amuse me, but he had failed to do so, and all three of us were ill at ease.

Presently the housekeeper came into the room to say that some one wished to speak with my grandfather.

"This is the name, sir," she added, as she gave him a directed envelope which the caller had sent in in place of a card. "He says you'll know who it is."

My grandfather put on his spectacles and read the name.

"Stetham? Stetham? Who's Stetham?"

Some drops of wine fell on my face from the glass in Uncle Henry's hand.

"Stetham? I don't know the name? Do you?" and he turned towards his son.

"Yes. He's the new messenger at the office. He has called to see me, perhaps."

"H'm! Urgent business, I presume."

The housekeeper was instructed to show Mr. Stetham into the breakfast-room; and as it was, I suppose, my usual time for going to bed, she took me with her. In the hall I saw a man dressed, as I remember thinking in the limitations of my child's vocabulary, "like a poor man." His clothes were black, and he was drenched with rain. As I went slowly upstairs to wait for the housekeeper, he watched me so keenly that I was frightened. He walked slowly towards the door that was held open for him, and, as he approached it, he stumbled slightly over the thick mat, and disappeared into the room.

In a few minutes I was in bed, and under ordinary circumstances should have been asleep; but I was waiting for my grandfather, whose invariable practice it was to come up to my room a little while after I had gone upstairs to say good-night to me. I waited long beyond the usual time, and he did not come. As I lay awake I thought of Mr. Stetham, and his face and figure became so impressed upon me that, if I had never seen him again—and I never did but once to recognise him—I do not think I should ever have forgotten him.

Presently I heard voices in the hall, and then Mr. Stetham went out at the front door. Again a few minutes, and a cab drove up and stopped. My Uncle Henry went out of the house, and the cab drove rapidly away. Yet another interval, and then my grandfather came into my room and sat, as his custom was, upon my bed.

"What! not asleep?" he said kindly.

"No, grandpapa; why have you been so long?"

He did not answer the question.

"It's too late to talk now," he said; "you ought to have been asleep an hour ago. Good night, my boy. God bless you!"

In a few minutes I was fast asleep, and not even in my dreams was I disturbed by the memory of Mr. Stetham and his wet, black clothes.

The next morning, however, I was again reminded of his visit.

Wilkins and I were busy in the garden looking over some old rejected plants to see if we could not get a few cuttings to replace some others that had the night before been destroyed by the overheating of a small pit; that is to say, he was cutting and potting the plants, and I was fetching the pots.

While we were so engaged the housekeeper came down the

garden, ostensibly to obtain some information as to what vegetables were available for dinner; really to have a chat with Wilkins.

With that curious reluctance to enter at once on the topic about which alone we wish to speak, that is so often to be found, she spent some time in asking Wilkins the most commonplace questions and in imparting the most trivial information.

"Did you see that man," she asked presently, "who came here last night to see Mr. Henry?"

"A lame man, do you mean?"

"Yes, he is a little lame; seems to drag his left foot as he walks, somehow."

"Yes, I was just coming down here to look to the fire when he came in at the gate. Do you know who he is?"

"He calls himself Stetham," said the housekeeper, with a significant emphasis on the second word.

"Uncle Henry says he's the new messenger at the office," I volunteered, glad to contribute my item of information.

"What do you mean by 'calls himself Stetham'?" asked Wilkins.

"Do you remember Mathews?"

Wilkins finished the potting of the plant in his hand with concentrated deliberation, and then, with the same fixity of purpose, he sat down on a stool and filled his pipe.

"You don't mean to say he's come back?"

"He has though."

"Well I'm blessed! Does master know?"

"Yes, I think he knew 'twas Mathews."

Then, with a mutual look to which I was not unaccustomed, and which, being translated, signified that they were on a topic which it would be indiscreet to discuss before me, the housekeeper went back to the house, and Wilkins and I were left to give our undivided attention to the potting of plants.

The time was now fast approaching for me to go to school. It had been my grandfather's original intention that I should commence my education at home under the care of a governess; but a serious illness which for some weeks confined him to the house, and as I now believe other reasons of which I knew nothing, induced him to change his plans.

Accordingly just before my seventh birthday it was decided that I was to be sent to a country village within easy access of home, and placed under the care of the rector of the parish.

And the decision was in all respects a wise one, for it secured for me the teaching and guidance of one of the best of men.

I made frequent visits from Saturday till Monday to see my grandfather and sometimes my father. Of my Uncle Henry I saw less and less, and I was not sorry for it; for ever since Mr. Stetham's appearance at the house I had somehow come to remember the man, whom I had seen dressed "like a poor man" and drenched with rain, as an enemy to my grandfather, and intuitively I had connected my Uncle Henry with him as an associate in evil.

My grandfather's illness had been a very severe one, and he never really recovered from its effects. Each time I saw him he seemed to be growing older and less active, and I should therefore have been prepared for the first event of importance that occurred to me after I had left home. It was when I had been at school—if school it can be called—about a year and a half that they told me one day that my father had come to see me; and from him I learnt that my grandfather was ill beyond all hope, and that he would like me to go home and see him once again. I started on the journey with an almost breaking heart. And well I might, for it does not often come to the lot of any to lose so good a man, so true a friend.

The sad, sad days that followed there is no need to dwell upon. The house was hushed, the doctor came and went, but never a gleam of hope. Whenever he was well enough, my grandfather liked me to sit by his side and talk or sometimes read. From time to time he spoke to me of my future, of the fierce battles that come in the life of all, and he gave me the best of counsel to prepare me for them.

"Good-bye," he said one day; "be strong—be a man." He held out his hand, and I climbed upon the bed and kissed him. Then they led me from the room; they told me he was dead. My father and my Uncle Henry had both been constantly about the house, and for some days both remained. When my father was for any reason obliged to be away, I went into the garden to talk with Wilkins, or wandered about the rooms where I had spent so many happy hours—the library and study. My grandfather was not fond of change, and they were in almost every detail the same as I had always remembered. One addition there was—a portrait of my father, hanging in the library—painted by my grandfather's desire during his last stay in England, as I learned, and hung in its present position by

my grandfather's own hand. It was exactly opposite to the recessed window. And in the recess there stood, as there always had, a small inlaid table from Japan, with various small ornaments upon it; and a chair in which I sat and looked at the picture for the first time. I liked it much, and I remember now the pleasant thoughts it brought into my mind—the reassurance that I still had a true friend left—a friend whom I could trust, and on whom I could depend.

A few days later and my father called me from the garden, and told me to get ready to go for a walk with him. On our way he spoke of the changes in his immediate plans for me that my grandfather's death would involve.

I was to remain with my present tutor for a few months longer, and then go to the preparatory department of a public school, to which in due course I should be moved.

This, my father told me, had been decided upon, after talking over the subject with my Uncle Marston, and somewhat in opposition to his own original intention, which was to have placed me in a school in Germany, near which business was likely for some time to compel him to be; but although we should have been able in that case to have seen more of one another, he had been convinced that a thorough course in an English school should come first. Except that I naturally wanted to be as near my father as possible, I was pleased with the arrangement; for my two fellow-pupils had told me so much of their elder brothers that I was very ambitious to become a public-schoolboy.

One thought, however, weighed heavily upon me.

"Where shall I go for my holidays?" I asked.

"If I am not in England, you will, when possible, come to me."

"And if you are not in England, and I can't come to you?"

"Then you can go to your grandfather's house as you have always done. The house is left jointly to your Uncle Henry and myself till you are of age, when it becomes your property, with the proviso that if either of us wish to remain there we can do so, and pay to you a fixed rent. Your grandfather has also left you some other property, enough to provide for your actual wants, and to give you every prospect of a fair start in whatever business or profession you may decide, when you are older, to follow. So you must work hard, and try your best to deserve his kindness."

"And shall you live there when you are in England?"

"Yes; but I am sorry to say that for the next three years, possibly longer, I see no prospect of being in England for more than a few weeks at a time."

"Who will be there when I go home for the holidays?"

"Your Uncle Henry will live there always."

"And must I go there if you are not at home?"

My father making no reply, I continued:

"I don't like Uncle Henry."

"You mustn't say that. Why don't you like him? He is never unkind to you, is he?"

"I don't know why, but I don't like him."

"There is nowhere else you can go, except occasionally to your Uncle Marston. I'm sure he'll be very glad to have you for a few days now and then; but you know he's a bachelor, and lives in chambers. You could not go there to stay always in your holidays."

"Very well, papa, then I must go to Uncle Henry's."

I think the tears rose to my eyes. The subject was changed, and the rest of the walk passed happily enough. Indeed I went home in great glee, for my father had promised that the whole of the next holidays at least should be spent with him.

And now there comes a long interval of which there is nothing of moment to relate. With moderate success, but with no particular brilliancy, with a fair share of schoolboy's scrapes, but with no flagrant breach of discipline, I passed through the earlier stages of my school career. My holidays were spent as much as possible with my father, occasionally with my Uncle Marston, and as little as possible with my Uncle Henry..

I had just returned after the Christmas vacation; it was the first week of term. As I lay in my cubicle I took but little heed of the talk and laughter that was going on around, for we had had our first half-holiday, and had played the usual in-school match between the Classics and the Moderns. In the evening the Captain of the Football team had put up on the notice-board the list of those who were to play the next day in the first important game of the term, the school against the officers of the neighbouring barracks. And my name was in the list—my first appearance in the fifteen. With dim visions of fierce scrimmages and brilliant runs, in which I was always a conspicuous figure, floating before my eyes, and the ring of the lusty cheers of my comrades echoing in my ears, I fell asleep, and slept as only a tired schoolboy can.

The next morning, armed with an order signed by the Captain of the team and counter-signed by the second master of the College, as our rules directed, I went to the housekeeper's room and got my fifteen colours, which, as I made my way back along the corridor, were enviously examined by half a hundred ambitious young athletes.

In my pride and pleasure I had quite forgotten the disappointment which had made the last half of my holidays unspeakably tedious and dull. My father, who had come home to spend Christmas, had been summoned by telegram three days afterwards to negotiate business of importance at Constantinople, whence he said he should in all probability be obliged to go on to Russia. For a few days I had been left alone with my uncle, when to my great relief a note arrived for the housekeeper from the office, instructing her to pack his portmanteau, and send it to meet him that evening at Charing Cross, he being also compelled to leave London for some days on business. All this had vanished from my mind, and when I took my place in the well-appointed drag in front of the school porch, my present happiness left little room for any other thought.

It was a splendid game. Half-time was called, and a touch-down to our opponents the only advantage scored. When we changed sides, the wind, which had been against us, dropped, and the slight help we had anticipated from it disappeared. Still we fought on bravely, not quite so vigorously as if it had been later in the term, when we should have been in better condition, but yet with little evidence of fatigue. At last the Captain, with a fine run, gets through nearly all his men; but Hughes, an old Etonian who has got into trouble at home and has enlisted, and to-day is playing with the officers to make up their number, is a terrible man to pass; the two meet, there is a fierce conflict for a moment, and then the ball winds over our heads to mid-field. Five minutes more, and we have not scored at all! There is a hot scrimmage close to goal, and I, who am playing forward, being a little lighter than the rest, get wedged out to the left. Simultaneously the ball comes too, and is in my hands. Ten yards, and I shall be over the line. Thanking the gods for my good fortune, my blood tingling with the glorious prospect, I run as I have never run before; but Hughes is quicker than I am. For a moment his terrible grip stops me like a wall, and then, by some lucky accident of the ground, he

slips and falls, hurling me headlong as he goes. But the ball is still in my hands, and Hughes by his fall has thrown me right across the line. There is a cheer from every quarter of the field, followed by eager silence as the ball is carefully placed according to the Captain's minute directions. Then another cheer louder than before as the ball sails easily above the goal, and the umpire calls "Time."

There was no lighter heart in God's universe than mine as we drove back to school, none prouder as the Captain told the fellows after supper of the run that won the game.

But "extremes meet." Proverbs are based upon experience, and so for the most part they are true.

Five minutes from the time when I was the centre of an admiring group, I was in the Head-master's study. Kind and gentle as he always was, despite his unswerving firmness and love of discipline, there was in his manner to-night even more than his accustomed gentleness and kindness. He held out his hand to me, and his voice trembled.

"I have bad news for you," he said.

"For me, sir? What is it?"

"The fever that is raging in Russia has attacked your father."

"My father!"

"Here is a telegram from your uncle;" and he handed me the paper.

I read it and re-read it. It was short, but terribly concise. My father was dead.

"Was my uncle with my father when he died?" I asked, after some minutes of mutual silence.

"Yes; so I gather from his message."

For some time longer I remained in the Head-master's study, and all that a good man's heart could devise was done and said to make my grief less poignant. By his direction I slept that night in his house, or rather I did not sleep at all, for the overwhelming sense of my loneliness increased with every hour. My eyes were swollen with tears, my head was burning with a dull, fierce pain.

Upon what followed immediately there is no need to dwell. The body was brought to London, and I went to see it laid beside my grandfather. My Uncle Marston was there too, and he contrived to give himself a fortnight's respite from work that he might take me with him for a short cruise along the Mediterranean shore. One incident only I will recall. On my

arrival at the house, my Uncle Henry met me at the door. When I held out my hand to greet him and he stretched forth his in answer, the long, thin fingers trembled, and had no strength to grasp; their touch, accustomed as I was to his cold hand, made my whole frame tingle as with an icy tremor. His lips moved, but he spoke no words, and then he stumbled into the dining-room and fell unconscious on the chair. I have seen strange sights, and looked on men's faces tortured with agony such as you of the outer world have little chance to realize; but never have I seen such a torrent of silent, swift, convulsive agony as swept across his face that night.

(*To be continued.*)

CORRESPONDENCE.

The name and address of Correspondents must always be sent (not necessarily for publication), and the Editor cannot undertake to communicate with the writers or return their letters under any circumstances.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.'

SIR,

I hasten to reply to Mr. Swinton's answer to my letter, as I find from the whole tone of his letter that he is under a great misconception as to my views on the subject under discussion. Without, I am afraid, duly weighing my criticism and arguments, he has rushed to the conclusion that I am interested in the gas industry, and am therefore opposed to electric lighting in any shape or form, and that the mention of the "light of the future" has much the same effect on me as a red rag has on a bull. Now I venture to say that any one carefully reading my letter from an impartial standpoint will see that I confine myself almost entirely to criticism of Mr. Swinton's figures and statements, and it is these I quarrel with, and not with the electric-lighting industry.

Mr. Swinton opens with the statement that my arguments are of too technical a character (I notice he ignores my figures as to cost, &c., but doubtless these form part of my "technical" reply), and are outside the matters touched upon in his article. Now, I have to say this—that, if technical papers are contributed to non-technical magazines, it is only fair that they should be open to criticism on the same lines, and since I took Mr. Swinton's article piecemeal, and stated my views, substituting my own figures and arguments for his, I must say I think the statement he makes both unfounded and ungenerous.

With reference to the Deptford Station, I was fully aware when I was writing that the station was supplying current in a small way, my remark, which Mr. Swinton professes not to have understood, applied only to the 10,000 volt scheme of the Electric Supply Corporation. There would be no point in the argument otherwise, as many other companies are supplying in the same way as the Deptford Station is at present.

Mr. Swinton, in his next sentence, could not have possibly stated

my case better, than when he says that two years is the limit to an unproceeded-with Order. Would not this time allow the company to look about it a little, gain experience from the successes and failures of others, and start just as their time was expiring?

I will now return to one of Mr. Swinton's remarks, and say that he is happy in his transformers. I have always understood, and I think experience will back me up, that these instruments are troublesome to keep in order. I did not expect to have given to me the definition of the word "machine," as an answer to my statement about transformers and the attention they require; my obvious meaning was that in electrical supply, unlike gas, there were other parts to get out of order than the service from the main to the lamp. I would next inquire why the terms of the Paris competition were more onerous for English manufacturers than French? Surely these "best makers" would not have lost so splendid an advertisement if they could possibly have avoided it?

I can assure Mr. Swinton that there are many forms of flat-flame gas-burner giving the light and consumption I state; because the public cling to obsolete burners is no reason why they cannot obtain better. I am sorry to have to contradict Mr. Swinton as to deterioration if the burners are renewed, say, every six months, a period that compares slightly favourably with incandescent electric lamps; and I may finish this paragraph by assuring Mr. Swinton that the harm inflicted by gas on books and ornaments is greatly exaggerated, in London, at least, if the room is properly ventilated; with water-gas, this objection would entirely vanish.

I may say that my tone in speaking as I did of the phenomenal gardener was perhaps unduly frivolous; but I was annoyed by the off-hand manner in which Mr. Swinton dismisses the subject of "merely managing a dynamo," and I maintain that the current used in some private installations is very far from harmless.

Passing on to the consideration of my statistics as to New York lighting, can Mr. Swinton really mean that the rival electric light companies to all intents and purposes cut down each other's poles? If he will take the slight amount of trouble necessary, he will find that the Mayor of New York ordered the poles to be cut down, through the series of ghastly accidents that had occurred in the city, and how this was due to municipal corruption I fail altogether to grasp; and I would venture to warn Mr. Swinton that the smart sentence with which he concludes the paragraph, betrays that he is hard hit, and is, moreover, slightly applicable to Mr. Swinton himself. He next says that street lighting is outside the subject of his paper, which is headed, "The Present Position of Electric Lighting" (there is no qualification); now since a great part of electric lighting at present is for street purposes, my slip was pardonable.

Mr. Swinton's little tale about the evening newspaper is simply trifling with the subject. I can scarcely think he means it seriously; in

my comparison of the danger of gas and electric light I was naturally taking human beings of average common-sense, and meant that if the two systems were attended to by such, that electricity, with especial regard to the fire risk, was the more dangerous. If the Phœnix office people are correct in saying "if properly carried out," I must again regret the bad material and workmanship that are current at the present day, for the "safest illuminant" to be the cause of so many fires.

I will now conclude my remarks, though I wish I could reply at greater length, as I fear to trespass further on your valuable space, and say that no one could be a more staunch supporter of gas companies supplying the new light than myself, if they can do it at a profit, and not *make gas pay for electricity*. I fully admit that the electric light has got a large field of its own in the lighting of large shops, hotels, ships, and trains, but I do not admit it is altogether out of the experimental stage; and I would finally remark that my criticism of Mr. Swinton's article was called forth, not by an interested opposition to the new light, but by an objection—in which, I am sure, all unbiassed readers will join me—to seeing the matter discussed in a very one-sided manner, in the shape of a magazine article, which the public, knowing not what can be said on the other side of the question, naturally take as a correct view of the case.

Yours truly,
ARTHUR R. BURCH.

*** The Editor begs to announce that he can publish no more letters on this subject.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

CARDINAL NEWMAN—ITALIAN OPERA—NOTES FROM PARIS—MERCHANT CLASS IN RUSSIA—RICHARD JEFFERIES.

ENGLAND has within the last month lost one of its greatest men by the death of Cardinal Newman. All the old bitterness which had been aroused by the Tractarian movement has long since disappeared, and the author of Tract 90 has for some years been regarded with admiration, and even affection, by those who have not sympathised with his religious faith. Only those who were his contemporaries have any right to criticise his character. A younger generation can but regret his loss while they recognize the singular purity of his character, and the sweetness and charm of his literary style. Probably "Lead, kindly Light" is known in many households which have but the most moderate acquaintance with the ferment of intellectual and religious discussion which agitated Oxford and England half a century ago.

The most brilliant season of Italian Opera on record drew to its close with an "exceptional and special" performance of "Carmen," on the 27th of July, provided with an unique caste, had not Madame Melva disappointed the public by not appearing in the *rôle* of "Michaela," for which part she had been announced. The Italian Opera Season for 1890 is remarkable for several departures from tradition at Covent Garden, notably among them being the constant repetition of Operas in the French language: this resulted, in the case of "Carmen," in a sort of Babel of tongues, as far as the chorus was concerned, both English and Italian struggling for mastery over the Gallic, in which language the principals sung the work! The season of 1890 also seems to point to the fact, that the attraction of the *prima donna*, always considered in the past a paramount operatic necessity, no longer holds the important position it did of yore. This is proved by the demand for seats, and, by the popularity over any other operas, of those in which the gifted brothers de Reszké sang; they were undoubtedly the *draw* of this season at Covent Garden, not the *prime donne* as formerly. M. Jean de Reszké, as "Romeo" and "José" in Carmen, has created an ideal of those parts which stand unrivalled, and difficult indeed will be the task

of any one attempting to follow him; the "Mephistopheles" and "Friar Laurence" of M. Edouard de Reszké being well worthy to rank with the creations of his illustrious brother. The financial position of the management is excellent, the whole of the necessary funds having been subscribed before the commencement of the season. It seems advisable to suggest that the term *Italian Opera* should no longer be adopted, as the number of times that language has been employed results in a minority of works as compared with the French operas. If only one or two more languages could be introduced on to the operatic stage, we might hope to see the ideal performance of the Connoisseur, each work given in the language in which it was originally written. English and Italian opera are now united in one company under Mr. Harris's able direction; might they not also be classed together under the title of Grand Opera, and so avoid the absurdity that the one opera, given during the recent season by an English composer, Goring Thomas's "Esmeralda," should require to be specially translated into French for an English audience? Still opera in England is gravitating in the right direction, and, though the old order of our youth changeth somewhat, what has been done in the way of alterations, has been well done, and, as far as we are aware, has occasioned no regret.

Notes from Paris.

What can be said of Paris at the present season?

After weeks of rain and chilly weather, the heat has come at last, bringing the burning days and suffocating nights, which so disagreeably characterise the Parisian summer. The houses are given over to painters and cleaners, and the streets are torn up for the purpose of repavement; which, however, seems to be always going on in Paris, to the great peril of those who trust their lives to the *cochers de fiacre*, and also to the constant annoyance of pedestrians, placed between the imperious orders of the men on guard, to move away from the houses under repair, and the pitfalls in the street, on leaving the side pavement.

The deleterious emanations, especially at night, mingled with the hospital odour of carbolic acid, plentifully sprinkled; the distressing closeness of the air, and the bad Seine water "turned on" so frequently in summer, when the heat causes deficiencies in the usual supply, constitute a combination of evils which makes Paris decidedly undesirable in July and August; so everybody who is "anybody" has left long ago, and those who are "nobodies" try to cheat themselves into the belief that they are "*à la campagne*" by taking refuge in the white cardboard houses of the environs. Here they are choked with dust, and blinded by the glare of white chalky roads; they pay a higher price for all provisions, and have very limited resources within their reach, but they are "*à la campagne;*" and then Monsieur, who goes to Paris every morning

to his avocations, can bring home anything not to be had in the locality. When he is away, Madame enjoys the delight of walking about a tiny garden, in a state of cool, comfortable untidiness; which becomes the privilege of Monsieur, when he returns in the evening and puts himself at ease. Notwithstanding her love for "*la campagne*," Madame is forced by supposed dire necessity to go into Paris two or three times a week in the freshest of summer toilettes; and thus she gains sufficient strength of mind to get through her time of exile without repining, and even with eloquent dissertations on the delight of "country life" to her friends when they come to dinner on Sundays, and take back with them large bouquets of strongly scented flowers; to the great annoyance of their fellow-travellers in the railway carriages.

When no visitors are expected, after mid-day mass, where Madame usually makes her appearance and from which Monsieur too often absents himself, they take the train to Versailles, or Saint Cloud, or Saint Germain; anywhere, in short, where military bands may be heard and fountains admired.

The higher class of *bourgeoisie* have pretty villas or even *châteaux* in the environs of Paris, for the division of property between the children of a perhaps wealthy father too often enforces the sale of old family residences, which are greedily bought up by the *nouveaux riches*. The prettiest places round Paris now belong to bankers, or manufacturers, or large tradesmen, whose household arrangements are luxuriously comfortable, trying hard to imitate English ways. They certainly come nearest to the traditions of country life in England; but, in general, hospitality is not a virtue congenial to the French soul. There is a good deal of display, but also a considerable amount of thrift; and the open-handed liberality of a great English household would here be considered mere waste.

There is usually plenty of gaiety going on in the country places round Paris. Not so in the provincial châteaux, where the great families of the old aristocracy now spend a considerable portion of the year. The shooting season brings visitors, and consequent animation for a short time; but the simplicity of the usual home-life would astonish English pre-conceived ideas.

The first meal is habitually served in the bedrooms; tea, coffee, or chocolate, on a tray, with a roll and butter. Many, however, have kept more primitive ways, and we could name ladies of princely rank beginning the day with a bowl of pumpkin soup. We may quote an instance of a young English lady, who, by a very rare privilege, was permitted, on a visit, to share the private life of a great French family in their *château*. The Marquise ——, a dignified old lady, who looked as if she had stepped down from the frame of one of the old family portraits, inquired what her visitor wished to take for breakfast. The young stranger, considerably frightened and bewildered by her new surroundings, answered shyly:

"Tea—or coffee—or anything Madame la Marquise pleased."

"My dear," was the reply, "you are my guest, and of course you shall have anything you like; but my daughters take soup, and if you are wise you will do as they do. Young people should avoid contracting habits."

Of course, the hint was sufficient, and the English girl breakfasted on onion soup; but it seemed very strange, and was decidedly uncongenial. When the church is near, the ladies of the family usually go to early mass; but this is rather exceptional, as the châteaux are not usually near the villages. No one is expected to be seen before the *déjeuner à la fourchette*, or luncheon, the hour for which varies between eleven and twelve; the family then meet in the simplest dresses imaginable, which are frequently retained for the dinner, without any change. Everything is fresh and neat, but of the humblest material, such as printed cotton; the meals are, however, served ceremoniously on massive old plate, and the fare is excellent. Nothing is supposed to be necessary between the luncheon and dinner, except for children, who are given preserves and bread, or fruit. The young children and their governesses are present at all the meals, even the late dinner; a very undesirable practice, for many reasons. Afternoon tea is unknown out of Paris, except as a rare compliment to an occasional visitor, nor is tea served in the evening; but excellent coffee is taken immediately after dinner. A tray with sugar, or syrup, and water, placed within reach, is considered sufficient for all needs till the next morning.

The long walks and rides which play such an important part in English country life are unusual here, and the ladies of the family do not habitually walk beyond the grounds. Croquet and lawn-tennis have made their way into some country-houses; but they are more tolerated than approved by the matrons of the old French aristocracy, whose principles of education are greatly shocked by the familiarity of modern habits. A great advance in this direction has been made within the last few years under the patronage of some wealthy and rather "fast" leaders of fashion, who have introduced hunting and shooting parties, where young ladies take an active share, and dinner-parties, with small separate tables, where they are seated with young men, and without chaperones; but these innovations belong to a peculiar set, and are viewed with consternation by the others.

There is not so much visiting of the poor and teaching of children as in English villages; the Sisters of Charity, where they are allowed to remain, undertake the distribution of alms, and keep poor schools, coming to the château for assistance when required. But in many places they have been dismissed: the château family then keep aloof, and there is tacit war with the authorities, leading to much annoyance and unpleasantness on both sides.

The ladies, however, give help to those who come to seek it, and

work for the poor, besides embroidering vestments for the village church. Some do more than this, and having learned to dress wounds, they attend to the poor with often heroic charity. We know instances where regular days in the week are devoted to all who come, and hours spent in a room kept for the purpose, where all the poor creatures bring their repulsive ills, and are kindly nursed and attended.

The real French gentlewoman deserves to be better understood, for she is totally unlike the heroines of modern novels, whose writers know about as much of aristocratic life as the author of the "Lady Flabella" in "Nicholas Nickleby." The pictures presented by Octave Feuillet's writings are perhaps the most true to nature, *as* it is seen in some melancholy cases; but he would certainly be ready to admit that the women whom he meets in daily life have nothing in common with his morbid heroines.

The old *mariage de convenance*, when a girl was taken out of a convent to be shown the man whom she was to marry, no longer exists. It is true that marriages are made up and brought about often too hastily and superficially; but still attraction and repulsion are taken into consideration, and a girl is no longer forced to marry a man whom she positively dislikes. It happens, however, too often that she does not know him sufficiently, and that she is persuaded to believe that she likes him more than is really the case. Sometimes this sort of undefined attraction ripens into a deep and devoted love; when this occurs, there are no more affectionate wives than Frenchwomen, nor more faithful widows.

More frequently a sort of cool friendliness springs up, where they see but little of each other, and liberty is enjoyed by both. The authority of the husband is less felt than in an English household; there is a sort of understanding that in her home the wife is queen, and settles matters as she pleases.

But their best and warmest feelings are awakened by all that concerns their children. French parents are, perhaps, the most loving in the world; the interests and welfare of their children are their first consideration, and we see wonderful sacrifices of their own pleasure and enjoyment made in favour of their sons and daughters by the most worldly men and women. They are taken as a matter of course; no one thinks of doing otherwise, or of seeing any merit in such acts.

The mothers especially are unequalled; nothing will stand in the way of a Frenchwoman where the interests of her children are concerned, but this love is so engrossing, that it swallows up every other: they are more mothers than wives, and if called upon to choose between leaving a husband to go alone on a foreign mission, or leaving their children, they would not hesitate: "Mes enfants avant tout."

The love of a Frenchwoman is always absorbing, leaving little room in her heart for anything outside. If she has no children, and loves her husband, he is her one thought, and she cares for nothing else; so that

the union of an affectionate pair becomes a sort of "partnership in selfishness," as it has been called.

The Frenchwoman is not the frivolous being that she is usually supposed to be. She is very intelligent, and exceedingly practical in her views; not much given to literature, and heartily glad to have "finished her education;" but retaining enough of the past cramming to join brightly in any conversation, and say a sparkling word on any subject. She is a good housewife and a good manager; even inclined to too much thrift in everything but her "toilette," where her reasoning powers seem to disappear. "Toilette" she must have, at any cost and any risk. But here, again, appearances are not always to be trusted; many Frenchwomen are excellent needle-women, and will unrepiningly work for whole days, without change or relaxation, to get up a pretty dress for some occasion, if their purse should be insufficient for dress-making bills. The bonnet especially is the great achievement, the established principle being that a dress, if well made, may be of any material, provided the *chapeau* be irreproachable. Therefore many fashionable ladies make their own bonnets, so as to have an endless variety. We have known princesses, whose deft fingers could "chiffonner" any amount of tulle and lace into fascinating head-gear, so as to rival the productions of a fashionable milliner.

In short, the Frenchwoman is a butterfly,—gathering honey like a bee! "A monster!" some may exclaim. Well—perhaps—if by "monster" is meant something heterogeneous—but what a charming monster!

The Merchant Class in Russia.

Compiled from Russian sources.

Until the present day the wives and daughters of Russian merchants, with very rare exceptions indeed, are as entirely the humble, submissive slaves of their lords and masters as they were a hundred years ago, and almost as ignorant and unlettered as the wives and daughters of field labourers, with the disadvantage, over and above, of leading a perfectly useless, futile, and unoccupied life.

The only real liberty the women of that class enjoy is that of eating, drinking unlimited cups of tea at all hours of the day and night, if they so choose, and sleeping until noon. Outside this, they have to consult the head of the house about the most trifling and insignificant household matters. They dare not choose a bonnet or dress, receive a friend or visitor, or go out for a drive without his leave. This intolerable and ridiculous despotism is especially hard in the case of young married women, as it is the custom for a young wife to live in the same house with her father-in-law, and be in subjection to her husband's parents.

Even those few young girls who attend the private schools are but ill-informed, and have but a very slight and superficial knowledge of anything, whilst the greatest number pick up a smattering of learning at home. The life they lead is devoid of all enjoyment or interest. They spend their days in gossiping round the ever-steaming *Samovar*, or decking themselves out in gaudy attire, and finally accept without murmur or word of dissent the husband, however distasteful and repugnant he may be, chosen by the father.

In those rare cases when a girl attempts to assert her rights, or openly rebels against parental rule, or when a married woman dares to evade the surveillance of the spies which her husband sets round her, or in any way strives to break through the bonds of her servitude, the result is always the total defeat of the poor weak creatures. The girl is either shut up for life in a convent, or forced to marry the man she abhors. These family dramas generally terminate by a burlesque, in which the women play but a sorry part, and become the subjects of scorn and ridicule to the whole tribe of relations and connections. As their moral and intellectual standard is very low, they are guided by mere caprice, and choose their lovers amongst their inferiors, or dependants of their lord. These despicable men, at the least sign or danger of discovery, beat a hasty retreat, and leave the poor deluded women to their own devices; whilst they are allowed to escape scot-free, the whole blame and dishonour falls on the women.

The habits and customs of this secluded class were quite unknown until very recently; it is owing to the great and truly talented works of M. Ostrovsky, the most celebrated of Russian living dramatists, that this hitherto neglected and unknown class has been brought to light. M. Ostrovsky's parents were of humble birth and standing; his father was an advocate, and as his practice chiefly lay in that quarter of Moscow exclusively inhabited by merchants, he had constant intercourse with them. Young Ostrovsky, the future brilliant dramatist, entered, at an early age, the government service at the *Cour de Commerce*, and thus had ample opportunity of studying the original and characteristic types of this class, which were constantly brought before his notice, and greatly contributed to the varied and curious collection of an entirely new series of portraits and characters in his popular dramas.

The most popular and successful of his types is that of the *Samodoor*, a term of which no word in our language can convey the meaning. *Samodoor* is a man who gives full and unrestrained vent to his most fantastic, unbridled whims, fancies and passions, who disdains all control, and acts on the impulse of the moment, whether for good or bad, just as the spirit or humour moves him.

This term of *Samodoor* applied by Ostrovsky to the merchant millionaire has become as popular as that of Nihilist. Though Ostrovsky has found in his literary career of thirty years' standing

numerous imitators, he has never been surpassed or even equalled by any one. He was an indefatigable and prolific writer.

In spite of his extremely minute, just, and incisive insight into the characteristics of this interesting caste, one important feature has been overlooked by him, namely their religious doctrine.

The schism which arose in the Orthodox Church in the seventeenth century found its strongest and most tenacious adherents to the *Old Faith* in the merchant class; they have ever kept steady to the doctrines of the old church, and their fanatic adhesion to the old books and ancient form of worship has only grown and increased, the more they have had to endure from the persecutions of the Established Church. Within the last twenty years or so a few of the merchant families have gone over to the *new Faith*, as they call it, and have become by slow degrees amalgamated with the more enlightened and civilized portion of the Moscow society; indeed, you will now meet in Moscow two or three merchant families who, in point of learning, manners, and style of living are in no wise inferior to those of the highest nobility; their women, too, would not disgrace the most select drawing-room in London or most brilliant salon in Paris.

The *Starovyeri*, or old believers, on the contrary stubbornly resist all innovations and persuasions, and refuse to budge an inch from their ground. They look with horror on every other doctrine outside their own Church, and consider them all as the work of Satan. The old married women still wear the traditional "salop," a long loose cloak; and hide their hair, which is cut off on the eve of the wedding-day, in a silk *kosinka*, or handkerchief. The young women wear fashionable bonnets. The sleekest, plumpest horses, and fattest, most pompous-looking coachmen, belong to the merchants.

Richard Jefferies.

There is a movement on foot to place a bust of Richard Jefferies, the prose-poet of the Wiltshire Downs, in Salisbury Cathedral. The movement is supported by Mr. Walter Besant, Mr. H. Kinglake, and other distinguished authors, and it has the sanction of the Dean of Salisbury. The present, therefore, seems a fitting opportunity of laying before the public a few details with regard to the life of this gifted observer.

Until the publication of Mr. Walter Besant's 'Eulogy' in 1888, but little was generally known of Jefferies' history; and it is from that appreciative record of his life that most of our information is derived. As an instance of the obscurity which formerly surrounded Jefferies and his work, may be mentioned the fact that it has often been a matter of dispute among admirers of his writings as to the particular locality which inspired his marvellous descriptions. We now know that that locality

was the district of the Wiltshire Downs. "The land which lies in a circle of ten miles radius, the centre of which is Coate Farmhouse, belongs," says Mr. Besant, "to the writings of Jefferies. He lived elsewhere, but mostly he wrote of Coate. 'The Gamekeeper at Home,' 'The Amateur Poacher,' 'Wild Life in a Southern Country,' 'Round about a Great Estate,' 'Hodge and his Masters,' are all written of this small bit of Wiltshire. Nay, in 'Wood Magic,' in 'Amaryllis at the Fair,' in 'Green Ferne Farm,' and in 'Bevis,' we are still either at Coate Farm, or on the hills around."

Coate Farmhouse stands on the Marlborough road, about two miles and a half out of Swindon. It was there, on November 6th, 1848, that Richard Jefferies was born. The farm, which was not a large one, had been in possession of the family for many generations. His father, though in sadly reduced circumstances, belonged to an old English yeoman stock, and seems to have inherited a love of solitude. The household has been partly described by Jefferies in 'Amaryllis at the Fair.' Farmer Iden is, without doubt, a portrait of his father, although the figure may not be true in all its details. Many of the pictures in that curious story are almost certainly drawn from life, as, for instance, the graphic one of the farmer planting potatoes: "Had he been planting his own children he could not have been more careful;" and the one of the dinner at the farm, off a wether-leg of mutton, "a joint to be looked on reverently."

It was amid the beautiful surroundings of this ancient farmhouse, with its orchards and gardens, its fields and hedgerows, and with the breezy Downs not far distant, that the early years of Richard Jefferies were spent. For a while he resided with an aunt at Sydenham, returning home every summer for the holidays. But at the age of nine he came home for good, and was sent to a school—apparently a day-school—at Swindon. As a boy he does not seem to have shown any special signs of unusual ability. He had, however, a splendid memory, and was even then a great observer of nature. Possessed of a highly sensitive and nervous disposition, and being withal very reserved and fond of solitude, he cared but little for the ordinary games of schoolboys. He was an immense reader, and yet he did not live in "the world of books." He had a keen relish for the country. He knew, we are told, every tree, every field, every hill, every patch of wild thyme in the district. And though he was shortly to leave his native haunts, yet in almost everything that he afterwards wrote, the country around Coate was in his mind.

When he was about sixteen Richard Jefferies had an adventure. He had, it appears, a great desire to see the world, and so he proposed to another lad the magnificent project of walking through Europe as far as Moscow and back again. The boys actually started, crossed the Channel and began their journey. But an insuperable obstacle presented itself. They were utterly unable to speak a word of French

or to understand a single syllable that was said to them. And so, after about a week's sojourn abroad, the splendid undertaking was given up, and the boys returned to England.

After this adventure Jefferies settled down at Coate Farm, with the intention of becoming a journalist. One of the attics of the old house was converted into a study for his use; and here he read an immense deal, including the works of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dryden, Scott, Byron, and translations from the classics. At this period of his life he is said to have been very careless of his personal appearance. He let his hair grow until it reached the collar of his coat. "This," says one who knew him, "with his bent form and long rapid stride, made him an object of wonder in the town of Swindon." He was over six feet in height, and so thin that it was feared he would go into a decline. He never, we are told, "carried an umbrella, or wore a great-coat, nor, except in very cold weather, did he wear gloves." At this time, and for the next few years, his life was a very hard one. Though in regular employment on the *North Wilts Herald*, and occasionally obtaining work in connection with other local papers, his existence seems to have been one constant struggle with the wolf of poverty. Into such terrible straits was he thrown, that at one time we find him threatened with the county court for some paltry debt; at another time his very apparel is falling to pieces; at another, he has only one single copper left. His health, too, was far from strong, and now and then he was laid up with severe attacks of sickness. At this period he seems to have given no indication of his genius as an interpreter of nature. He was himself apparently unconscious of it. All his leisure time was devoted to writing fiction which ought never to have been published. Of his first serious work, 'The Scarlet Shawl,' Mr. Besant truly says, that the book affords not the slightest indication of genius, insight, descriptive or dramatic power, or indeed of any power, especially of that kind with which he was destined to make his name.

His first success came in the year 1872, when Jefferies was twenty-four years old. It consisted in a letter to the *Times* on "The Wiltshire Labourer," which, together with other letters that followed, attracted a good deal of attention, and raised Jefferies at once into the position of an authority on matters connected with farming. But the success was not followed up. The splendid chance was thrown away, and much precious time was yet to be wasted on worthless publications which should never have been allowed to see the light. But though this great opportunity was lost, yet the publication of the *Times'* letters considerably improved his position. It brought his name before the public; it made his work more sought after; and consequently it rendered his income more secure.

In July 1874, when Jefferies was twenty-six, he married. And it is, as Mr. Besant says, "a happy thing to think that it was in the first year of his wedded life that he brushed away the cobwebs from his brain,

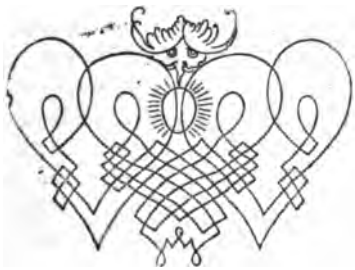
left the old things behind him for ever, and stepped out upon the green-sward, the hillside, the forest, and the meadows, where he was to walk henceforth until the end." With the publication of 'The Gamekeeper at Home' a few years later his name in literature was secured. From this time until his death, a period of about ten years, he wrote for nearly all the leading magazines and journals. But though his position in the world of letters was now recognized as the greatest living interpreter of nature, yet his income was never very large. Such as it was, it was mostly secured by contributions to the monthly magazines and the daily papers. But fortunately his wants were few, and easily satisfied. At Swindon, where he removed on the occasion of his marriage, and where his first child was born, and afterwards at Surbiton, and other places, his habits were extremely simple and methodical. "He breakfasted," says his biographer, "always at eight o'clock, often on nothing but dry toast and tea. After breakfast he went to his study, where he remained writing until half-past eleven. At that hour he always went out, whatever the weather and in all seasons, and walked until one o'clock. This morning walk was an absolute necessity for him. At one o'clock he returned, and took an early dinner, which was his only substantial meal. His tastes were simple. He liked to have a plain roast or boiled joint, with abundance of vegetables, of which he was very fond, especially asparagus, sea-kale, and mushrooms. . . . Dinner over, he read his daily paper, and slept for an hour by the fireside. . . . At three o'clock he awoke, and went for another walk, coming home at half-past four. He thus walked for three hours every day. . . . He took tea at five, and then worked again in his study till half-past eight, when he commonly finished work for the day. . . . He took a little supper at nine of cold meat and bread with a glass of claret, and then read or conversed until eleven, when he went to bed."

The last five years of Jefferies' life were intensely sad ones. He fell ill in December 1881, and from that time until the day of his death his existence was almost one incessant struggle with poverty and pain. He was not yet thirty-four; he had succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations; his articles were eagerly accepted by all the leading magazines, and as eagerly read by the intelligent public; his income was sufficient for his simple wants,—when he was struck down by some internal disease, which baffled the skill of the medical profession. The agony he suffered was terrible. "I can compare it to nothing," he writes to a friend, "but the flame of a small spirit lamp continually burning within me. Sometimes it seems like a rat, always gnaw, gnaw, night and day." He tried, he says, some forty prescriptions, and took something like sixty drugs. But it was all of no use. The pain went on, burn, burn, burn. If he wrote a volume, he goes on to say, he could not describe the terrible, scorching pain night and day. Eventually the disease was discovered to be an ulceration of the small intestine. But the doctors could do nothing to relieve him. It may easily be

imagined that his small savings were soon expended, and that the spectre of poverty stared him in the face. His friends came generously to his aid, and a fund was raised which enabled the sick man to take a small house at Goring, on the Sussex coast. But during this terrible time, in spite of almost unceasing suffering, Jefferies continued, when it was possible, to write. And strange as it may seem, some of his very best work belongs to this period of his life. 'The Pageant of Summer' was written in the midst of agonizing torture. During this painful time he also wrote 'Life in the Fields,' the 'Open Air,' 'The Red Deer,' 'Amaryllis at the Fair,' and a number of miscellaneous papers, some of which have been collected by his widow, and published under the title of 'Field and Hedgerow.'

It was during this tedious and hopeless illness that the faith of earlier days came back to him. Those who have read his autobiography, entitled 'The Story of My Heart,' over which he tells us he had pondered for seventeen years, will know that he had abandoned all belief in the Christian Revelation. But as he lay awake at night, thankful to be free from pain, if only for a few minutes, the words of the old Book spoke to him again of comfort and of hope. As the end drew near, the faith of his childhood came back to him, and he who had had the vision of the "Fuller Soul," died at last a humble believer in Him, who cared for the birds of the air, and for the flowers of the field, who created all things, and without whom was not anything made that was made.

On Sunday morning, August 14th, 1887, at the early age of thirty-nine, after five years of constant and intense suffering, Richard Jefferies died. Ten years had barely elapsed since the publication of his first successful work, and half of that short period had been passed in chronic pain; yet, short and full of suffering as the time was, it was long enough for Jefferies to produce work which has placed him in a foremost position among the prose-poets of Nature, and which will live in the literature of his country as long as the English language endures.



OUR LIBRARY LIST.

ESSAYS, SPECULATIVE AND SUGGESTIVE. By J. A. SYMONDS. In Two Volumes. (*Chapman & Hall.*) Ranging over a great variety of subject, these Essays are all strung together on one thread. They arise in one way or another out of the higher questions of art. Some of them deal more specially with certain literary periods; but the greater number move in that region where the more abstract questions of art are raised, and where they merge into cognate questions of morality, religion, or metaphysics. The vein of speculation, or at least of that generalising insight which is first cousin to speculation, runs through them all. Mr. Symonds is nowhere so happy as when he is analysing out the characteristic features of large literary movements, as in the concluding essay, which at once compares and contrasts the Victorian poetry with the Elizabethan, or in the equally striking papers which discuss the differences of national style. But learning and sanity of judgment are the possession of many critics; the distinguishing features of these essays appear to us to be the writer's outspoken acceptance of the most fruitful and important movements of present thought, his frank welcome of science and its methods, his deep sympathy with the spirit of democracy. Here is literature offering friendship, or rather homage, to the doctrine of evolution, and the feeling which in politics and elsewhere finds value in common humanity and common things. The spirit in which Mr. Symonds works seems to be of greater significance than any mere special results at which he arrives. For it must be confessed that when he deals with the more speculative problems of his subject his thought bears traces of the vagueness which often plays the part of Nemesis to that idealistic philosophy which has so strongly affected him. It has generally been noticed how felicitous is the title of his work. Breadth of view and suggestiveness characterise these essays rather than profundity. Thus, in discussing the relation of art to morality—one of the most important questions of to-day—though he rightly urges that neither can art ignore morality, nor should art aim consciously at morality, he leaves the question in this vague condition. He is happier when, in the same essay, he reviews the art of the Italian Renaissance, and indicates that its beauty persisted in

virtue of the original force which gave it birth, and in spite of the atmosphere of immorality in which it afterwards lived. The same touch of vagueness appears to us to exist in his philosophical interpretation of Evolution, and his conclusion to the existence of mind everywhere. Great as is the debt which is due to him for his attitude towards science, he perhaps overlooks in his enthusiasm for the idea of development the further issues which are raised by that principle of natural selection on which Evolution proceeds. But it seems ungracious to dwell on the shortcomings of a wise and delightful book, rather than on its merits. Those who may have been repelled by the exuberance of Mr. Symonds' earlier style in his "Studies on the Greek Poets," will be only too glad to acknowledge the greater simplicity and charm of his maturer writing. And if they still have to regret a few phrases which smell too much of the scholar's lamp, they will forget their regrets in the general grace and felicity of his workmanship.

CLIVE. By COLONEL SIR CHARLES WILSON. ENGLISH MEN OF ACTION. (*Macmillan.*) AKBAR. By COLONEL G. B. MALLESON. RULERS OF INDIA. (*Clarendon Press.*) These two volumes on India, in two different series, deal with events widely remote in time and different in their interest, but the coincidence of their appearing together is not unhappy. Clive laid the foundations of our Indian Empire, and the policy which he initiated was in the main that by which the Empire was built up. Akbar, with his religious tolerance and his wise regard for the opinions and customs of the people whom he ruled, foreshadowed the principle in virtue of which we have been able, like him, to consolidate our Empire. No passage in Professor Seeley's 'Expansion of England' was more remarkable than that in which he pointed out that we won India not so much by our own powers as by dividing the natives against themselves, and securing ourselves a party among them; and Clive's career illustrates abundantly the truth of this remark. In an interesting paragraph Sir Charles Wilson points out how Clive had been trained in the Carnatic, and might almost have learnt from Dupleix the policy by which he formed later on in Bengal an English party at the Court of Surajah Dowlah and secured the assistance of Meer Jaffier. It is also noteworthy how Clive maintained his influence by kindly treatment of the natives; it was only once, in his treachery to the treacherous Omichund, that he stained his character. Sir Charles Wilson's work is an excellent narrative. It will not supersede the famous essay of Macaulay, but we pay no slight tribute to its merits in saying that it does not even after that essay appear superfluous. It is both clear and vigorous. Colonel Malleson works in less exhausted soil, and he has produced a useful book, which in literary merit, however, falls far short of the high standard which Sir W. W. Hunter set in the opening volume of the new Oxford series. Akbar's character and policy are of

extreme interest, and the last chapter of the book which describes the internal administration of his Empire is of much the greatest value. Akbar was a Broad Churchman, born out of time, at least out of European Greenwich time. Though a conqueror, he recognized the religion of the people he ruled. Nothing is more curious than the story of how, with the help of his wise counsellor Abulfazl, he obtained from the Mohammedan doctors the recognition that he was head of the Church, and on the strength of this authority substituted for the old formula the new one, "there is but one God, and Akbar is his vicegerent on earth," altering the religious code and the liturgy to suit the needs of his people. With the same generosity he abolished the prolific tax on pilgrims; but his generosity was tempered by wisdom, for he discouraged the practice of Suttee and child-marriages. Colonel Malleson is doubtless right when he says that Akbar may well bear comparison with his contemporaries in Europe, Elizabeth of England and Henry IV. of France. The account of the civil government as distinct from the religious policy seems to us insufficient. A great part of the volume is of course occupied by Akbar's wars, and the interesting earlier portion describes the career of his remarkable grandfather Baber. Colonel Malleson writes in general with care, but it is extraordinary that his first chapter should be disfigured by three pieces of careless writing which ought not to have escaped the editor's notice.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND, FROM 1815. By SPENCER WALPOLE. In Six Volumes: Vols. I. and II. Messrs. Longman are conferring a favour upon the public by publishing Mr. Spencer Walpole's History in a cheap and handy form, similar to that of the new edition of Mr. Gardiner's great work. The only objection to the form is that the headlines of the pages merely repeat the title of the book, and consequently reference becomes difficult. The two volumes now published bring the history down to the Catholic Emancipation Act. The book, though it nowhere rises to distinction, is a most useful and valuable work. Mr. Walpole has all the necessary qualities of industry, laborious care, moderation of judgment, and a style which is always clear and pleasant to read. The interest of the subject is immense. If we suffer somewhat from being too near the events, on the other hand we have a more personal interest in them, and the history of such a time has all the fascination of a newspaper, with the advantage of the perspective and artistic condensation and selection, which are the privilege of history. The first volume is a careful review of the state of England at the end of the war in 1816, to which Mr. Walpole was plainly inspired by the example of Macaulay's famous Chapter II., a chapter which, with all its worship of material progress, he is probably right in calling the noblest Macaulay ever wrote. An excellent feature of the history is the care with which financial matters are treated. Though this may perhaps repel some readers, they will, however,

find plenty to attract them in the story of Queen Caroline, and the events leading to the Emancipation Act.

SCOTLAND. By JOHN MACKINTOSH. (*Story of the Nations. Fisher Unwin*). The new volume of this series is a business-like piece of work. It is scarcely possible to give any further praise to the book; but it is difficult to see how in 300 pages any writer should give a history of a whole nation, extending over at least six centuries, without dropping into a brief, dry chronicle. The consequence is that the romantic passages of Scottish history have to be dismissed in a few pages; a boy who read the account of Mary Stuart would hardly have an idea of the interest of her story, or again of the story of Wallace. A great part of Scottish history up to the time of James II. is indeed dreary reading, with the murderous lawlessness of the most turbulent nobles in Europe. The feature of most permanent importance is the religious movement, and Dr. Mackintosh has been successful in giving a clear and succinct account both of the Scotch Reformation itself, and of the later struggle against Episcopacy, and of the causes which led to the Disruption. This is the most useful portion of the book. The literature is treated in the most inadequate manner, and might, with advantage, have been omitted altogether. It is not treated so as to be interesting to boys; while for other persons could anything be more disproportionate than to give two and a half pages to Hogg, while Carlyle and Scott are dismissed in about half a page each? Of Carlyle it is said that "he presents a realistic and seething panorama of the Revolution!" The author's Scottish enthusiasm is pleasant; but ought he to have said, without qualification, that the massacre of Glencoe was ordered by William? And should he have used the word "intermissive" for "intermittent," and "appeal" in the passive voice, "the case was appealed to the Lords"?

A DEAD MAN'S DIARY. (*Ward, Lock & Co.*) That human curiosity will for ever seek to pass the bourn whence no traveller returns, is as certain as that no answer from the land beyond will be accepted by more than a very few seekers. For ourselves we question whether the vague speculations into which we all at times wander can be embodied in a concrete form without a certain sense of loss. To give our thought a setting is to limit it, and probably the logical and philosophical view of immortality will never have much in common with the heaven of traditional theology. But amongst such attempts "to explain the inexplicable" the view put forward by the writer of these papers is perhaps one of the most successful. Even if his treatment does not always rise to the dignity of his conception, he never, like a recent writer on a similar subject, mistakes grotesqueness for power; and when he forgets to write like Mr. Swinburne he often writes well. In the pre-

liminary chapters about the beauty of earth, "the wasteful snow writhes and wreathes around in arch and cave and column," and "the silent heaven spreads swimming and soaring away into the azure," but a more chastened and a truer eloquence breathes through his later descriptions of Heaven and Hell. Into the theology of the book this is not the place to enter. Suffice it to say that, in the words of Omar Khayyam, the writer declares his conviction that "I myself am Heaven and Hell;" that what a man sows, that and that only does he reap; and that it is through self-revelation that Heaven at last becomes possible. Of the truth of this view let the theologian and moralist judge. At least the writer is firmly persuaded of it, and shows no little skill in working his conception out in detail.

SNAP. By C. PHILIPS-WOLLEY. (*Longmans, Green & Co.*) This is essentially a schoolboy's story of the good old sort, full of fun and adventure, and abounding in hairbreadth escapes. Perhaps the author's love of manliness and muscular Christianity is a little obtruded upon our notice; but still his boys are boys, and not precocious æsthetes or agnostics. The hero Snap Hales is a really orthodox hero: a master of boxing, riding, shooting, and the art of making himself generally useful. We hold our breath during his deadly battles with grizzlies and Indians, and we applaud heartily when the curtain falls upon his safe return home endowed with wealth enough to reinstate his friends in the homes of their fathers. The book is remarkable for a certain open-air freshness and vigour, and an honesty of purpose rather than for any great literary skill. But, such as it is, it may safely be recommended to boys of all ages and sizes, and even their elders might do worse than spend an idle hour over its pages.

A SOUTH SEA LOVER. By ALFRED ST. JOHNSTON. (*Macmillan & Co.*) Whatever may be the merits of 'A South Sea Lover' as a story, it abounds in picturesque descriptions, which are clearly the work of one well acquainted with the tropical regions of which he writes. We confess that we think it rather a pity that Mr. Johnston should so often forsake vivid word-painting for the more questionable amusement of commonplace philosophising. His reflections are many, and they are generally trite; but when he can forget himself in the excitement of his story, he carries his critical readers along with him. Christian North is drawn into a romantic affection for a young Polynesian, with whom he swears blood-brotherhood, and for whom he forsakes home and kindred and consents to become a savage. The history of his love for the beautiful Utamé, who reminds us rather of Mr. Rider Haggard's heroines, and the troubles which thence arise, furnish the author with material for a succession of lively scenes. These we can recommend to the intelligent reader; but if he be really intelligent he will return to

the habit of his childhood, and stop short at the moral. There is a certain air of improbability about the beginning of the story, but perhaps it is no greater than must be expected from a romance-writer in this prosaic nineteenth century.

WHEAT AND TARES. By Sir Henry Stewart Cunningham, K.C.I.E. (*Macmillan & Co.*) Here in a new edition is an entirely fresh and charming little story from the same hand which gave us 'The Heriots,' and 'The Cæruleans.' Sir Henry Cunningham is a scholar, and a man of the world, and his book is strewn with sparkling sentences and brilliant epigrams. Indeed, if we were offered an introduction to his world, our only hesitation would be due to a well-grounded suspicion that our conversation at breakfast-time rarely rose to the level of Rachel's after a night spent at sea. But it would be ungracious to insist too much upon what, after all, only springs from an *embarras de richesses*, and it is a treat to turn from the vapid dialogue and colourless descriptions of too many contemporary novelists, to the brilliant pages of the author of 'Wheat and Tares.' We feel indeed that the Mephistophelian Dean, who "got rid of a difficulty by an antithesis, and explained the inexplicable in sentences of such incomparable neatness that ninety-nine out of a hundred of his hearers were sure to be taken in," and the friendly Archdeacon "who was never at a loss for a charitable suggestion," are real additions to our "friends in fiction." To reveal the plot would be to rob our readers of a treat; but we will confess to a feeling of personal injury when just as we waited for the sound of marriage bells we met with so cruel a disappointment. But the nature of this disappointment we leave it to our readers to discover.

THE TRAGIC MUSE. By Henry James. (*Macmillan & Co.*) It is not at all easy to judge a novel of Mr. Henry James's, because it always seems to need a special standard of criticism. When we hear that a lady "supremely syllabled" a very ordinary remark, we feel inclined to speak slightingly of the writer's intellect; but then, lo and behold! we come across some suggestive epithet, some delicately-turned phrase which we feel to be worthy of the author of 'Daisy Miller' and 'The Portrait of a Lady.' But perhaps to mention this difficulty is only to say that Mr. James occupies a unique place in contemporary literature. His books must be judged as a whole, and any criticism which selects special phrases and episodes will shoot very wide of the mark. 'The Tragic Muse' is concerned with the fortunes of several people, who all in their various ways are occupied in trying to define the right place of Art in their lives. We have a great actress uncertain how far she must also be a woman; a secretary of legation unable to reconcile diplomacy with a passion for acting and for this particular actress; a member of Parliament forsaking politics for portrait painting,

a fantastic friend aiding and abetting him, and a number of relations breaking their hearts over his defection. It is the doubts and delays of these half-hearted lovers of art that we are called upon to follow through three very long volumes, and only the consummate skill with which the characters are made to grow before our eyes could bring us to the end without more than a half-suppressed yawn. For, indeed, the story is very long drawn out, and perhaps Miriam Rooth, interesting as she is, would have been rather more interesting if her interviews with Peter, her wavering lover, had been somewhat curtailed. It is she who most engages our affection; but Nick Dormer, the M.P. turned painter, is a very clever piece of portraiture. In Gabriel Nash's extravagant æstheticism there is an element of caricature which detracts from its life-likeness, and Mrs. Dallow is rather shadowy and eludes our grasp as she eluded Nick's. For the comfort of those who fail to appreciate a story without an end, we may mention that in this book at least Mr. James so far condescends to the popular level as to give us a very clear hint of the way in which his *dramatis personæ* finally solve the problem set before them.

TOXAR: A ROMANCE. (*Longmans, Green & Co.*) The author of 'Thoth' has made an attempt in his latest work to reproduce the life of a Greek colony; but his picture is a mere outline, and an outline faintly traced. The "man of means," the ideal slave who gives his name to the story, is a stage personage in whom we find it rather difficult to believe, and his constant repetition of certain phrases, such as "I speak only truth to my master," is as wearisome to us as it was to the master in question. The incident of the man with the "precious jewel in his head," who could by that third eye, as it were, reveal the secrets of all hearts, is intended to be striking; but it is so little worked up that it ends by being slightly absurd. Indeed, the whole story strikes us as too slight to be worthy of being given to the public in its present condition. And yet the voluptuary, Antinous, a sort of later Alcibiades, the idol of the people, the superb orator ready to dare everything, and yet forsaking all for philosophy, would have made a hero for a far stronger story. And if the author had cared to work out the details of his conception, he might have made a really fine picture of the fall of Antinous under the trials of prosperity. But as it is now, we fear that this romance will not interest many readers.

MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1890.

CIPHER CORRESPONDENCE.

"B—K xzmmlg fmwvihgzmw gszg zwevigrhvnvmg rm gsv Hgzmwziw lu bvhgviwzb zugvi ivxvrermt blfi ovggvi gsv hznv nlimrmt kovzhv vckozrm gsv nvzmrmt Gsfihwzb.—E."

ADVERTISEMENTS of this description are occasionally seen in the second column of certain newspapers, and to the large number of persons who have wasted their time over them some information as to cipher writing will probably be of interest, though the general reader may find little attraction in a subject which forms a special branch of study.

In the opinion of Mr. Charles Babbage, the inventor of the calculating machine, deciphering is one of the most fascinating of arts, and he considered that while it is mainly an affair of time, ingenuity and patience, very few ciphers are worth the trouble of investigating them. With this view most of those who have made a study of cryptography will be disposed to agree, but the self-satisfaction which is produced by reading a document intended to be concealed from every one, except the correspondent furnished with the key, is so great, that any one who fancies himself capable of unravelling it will freely spend time and trouble over it, even though he knows that no secret of any interest is likely to be disclosed.

In ciphers of a simple nature, such as are often found in newspapers, it is by no means impossible to discover the meaning without any knowledge of the principles of cipher writing, but this knowledge will generally make the solution easier, and in the case of the more complicated ciphers it is indispensable. Cipher writing, as we know, has existed as an art nearly as long as ordinary writing, and we all in our schoolboy days became acquainted with the Spartan scytale or staff, round which the

strip of parchment was rolled slantwise before the message was inscribed upon it. It may be well imagined that writing in the Greek character, split through the middle as this was (by reason of the message being written along the line where the two edges of the parchment joined), would not be very legible at first sight; but once the principle of the system was known, to arrive at the proper size of the scytale ought not to have been a difficult task for the investigator of that period.

At the present day no such device would find much favour, for it is practically a condition of modern cryptography that the cipher message shall be in such a form as to be capable of transmission by telegraph—that is, it must be either a series of letters, or a series of figures. If only required for an advertisement, a combination of letters and figures can be used, or stops and other symbols may be introduced, but all the most intricate and trustworthy systems will be found to produce the simply formed series just mentioned.

It is frequently asserted that there is no system of cipher writing absolutely secure, but this is not the case. Many systems exist by which a word or number arbitrarily selected is made to indicate a name or a sentence, and so long as the code or book in which these words with their meanings are entered is not accessible, it is quite impossible to guess the signification of the message transmitted. Such systems are in constant use for diplomatic correspondence, and if secrets entrusted to them have leaked out, it has not been by reason of the failure of the cipher.

But such systems involve the preparation of somewhat bulky codes, a tedious and difficult matter, and ordinary ciphers, such as are used by newspaper advertisers and correspondents of that class, have generally a simple key, such as a word or a number easily remembered, or else are made to depend on a brief memorandum or appliance which can be carried in the pocket. Under favourable conditions ciphers of this description can generally be unravelled; but it does not follow that every individual cipher message can be made to yield up its meaning, even though others formed on the same system have been discovered.

All attempts to obtain the meaning of a cipher message, without being in possession of the key, are based on the fact that in every language certain letters occur more frequently than others, and that in any simple cryptogram of sufficient length this peculiarity is likely to make itself apparent. This

preference for certain letters and comparative neglect of others is well known, and can be readily proved by counting the recurrences of each letter in a given passage. In English, as is generally known, *e* is the letter most in use, and *z* that which we find most rarely; but for the investigation of cryptograms an accurate analysis of the probable recurrences of each letter is required. This analysis has been made for various languages, by counting how often each letter occurs in a number of characteristic messages, and a normal scale is thus established for the language, which can be employed for the solution of any cryptograms which we have reason to believe conceal a message in that language. To know what language has been used is therefore of the first importance, but the cases where this is doubtful will probably be of rare occurrence.

The following is a normal scale of recurrences for the letters in English:

e—12·39	s—6·33	m—2·65	b—1·65
t—10·46	r—6·19	u—2·58	w—1·61
o— 8·40	h—5·29	f—2·46	v—1·20
i— 7·60	l—3·55	p—2·36	k—0·29
a— 7·52	d—3·23	g—1·81	q—0·17
n— 7·10	c—3·17	y—1·72	j—0·14
x—0·10		z—0·03	

the figures annexed to each letter being the number of times each is likely to be used in a sentence of one hundred letters, or, in other words, the percentage of recurrences.

But certain letters have the peculiarity of being doubled, while others are only used singly, and some are usually found in combination with other letters, so that additional scales are required, and for English these would be as follows, the order in which the groups stand indicating the relative probability of their occurrence.

Double letters—ss, tt, ee, ll, nn, rr, cc, dd, oo, mm, ff, pp, bb, gg.

Combinations of 2 letters.

th, he, in, an, on, re, ti, er, it, nt, es, to, st, at, en, of, is, ed, nd, ou, ea, or, te, ha, et, al, ta, ro, ng, co, io, ar, ec, as, ss, ri, no, se, de, ho, pr, ra, na, em, le, hi, ot, om, so.

Combinations of 3 letters.

the, ion, tio, and, tha, ing, ent, eth, fth, hat, iti, nth, ati, her, int, pro, ese, est, oft, sth, tth, ith, oth, ons.

Combinations of 4 letters.

tion, that, fthe, nthe, ther, thec, ions, ethe, tthe, thep, dthe, thes, them, rthe, with.

In English there are a few peculiarities which assist an investigator, such as the fact that *q* must always be followed by *u* and another vowel, and that at the beginning of a word *h*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *v*, or *y*, will always have a vowel after them; but in this, as in so many other matters, experience is the best guide.

Cipher messages, as a rule, are not divided into words; but unwary correspondents sometimes omit the precaution of running the words together, and it may therefore be mentioned that words of one letter must be "I" or "a," and those of two letters will be among the following, viz.—

am	be	go	is	no	so	we
an	by	he	it	of	to	ye
as	co	if	me	on	up	
at	do	in	my	or	us	

Being in possession of such information as the above, the investigator can attack a cipher message.

Taking for example the message standing at the head of this article, and presuming it to be in English, the procedure would be as follows:—On counting the letters it appears that, omitting the first and last, there are 128, and that the number of times each letter occurs is as follows:

v, 19; g, 15; z, 13; m, 12; i, 11; h, r, and w, 7; s and n, 5; b and l, 4; k, f, t, and o, 3; e, u, and x, 2; and c, 1.

Only twenty of the twenty-six letters of the alphabet are used, and this is natural enough, as in a message of 128 letters, the five letters lowest on the scale given above ought, theoretically, to be absent, and minor variations from the normal scale must of course be expected. But here v and z are among the letters which occur most often, while e and t stand near the bottom of the list, and we may thus conclude that the letters in the cipher have not got their true values, but that each letter is substituted for some other letter.

It now remains for us to ascertain how this substitution has been made, and we begin by assigning to v the value *e*, as v is the letter of most frequent recurrence, though in fact it is found rather more often than e should be theoretically (14·8 per cent. instead of 12·4). To the next letter, g, we naturally give the value

t, and as the combination gsv occurs three times in the message, we may fairly conclude that it stands for "*the*," and that s represents *h*, especially as the combination gs is found in two other places. We now have the three letters v, g, and s standing (as we believe) for *e*, *t*, and *h* respectively, and, being versed in the ways of cipher writers, we at once seek for any special relation existing between these letters, and find that while e is the 5th letter of the alphabet, v is the 22nd, or 5th from the end, t is the 20th, or 7th from the end, and g is the 7th, while h is the 8th letter, its substitute being s, the 19th, or 8th from the end.

The key of this cryptogram is therefore merely the alphabet inverted, an artifice which is at least as old as the days of Jeremiah, who indicated Babel by the anagram "Sheshach." *

One of the most remarkable facts connected with the subject of cipher writing is the boundless confidence in their own systems which is shown both by the inventors and the employers of cryptography. This confidence is in a great many instances in an inverse ratio to the real value of the system, and there have been numerous cases where a large pecuniary reward has been claimed from the Government for the invention of some system which, on investigation, has been found either so complicated as to be worthless for practical purposes, or else so simple as to be within the powers of a child to unravel. Inventors are naturally well disposed towards the products of their own brains; but those who make use of ciphers, especially if they know little or nothing of the art of cryptography, are often quite as strongly prejudiced in favour of the particular system they employ. In fact, in the latter case, to suggest a doubt as to the security of the system is sometimes nearly as bad as telling a friend that his faithful old coachman drinks, and an experiment with a test message is as necessary in the one case as ocular demonstration in the other, to convince the employer that his confidence is misplaced.

This is not always successful, however, for an instance recently occurred where the meaning of a number of cipher telegrams relating to important political matters was made public through the originals having been placed in the hands of an expert capable of unravelling them. The sender had used an apparatus like a slide rule, by which on different days of the month

* Jer. xxv. 26. Schin, the penultimate letter of the Hebrew alphabet, is used for Beth, the 2nd, and Caph, the 12th from the end, for Lamed the 12th.

different key alphabets were brought into play, but for each message, and in fact for all messages sent in the course of the same day, the key was constant, and the cipher was not much more intricate than that used in the message given above.

It was therefore a matter of no great difficulty to discover the meaning of any of these cipher messages; but even after this had been proved by an independent experiment, the sender of the telegrams was not satisfied that the betrayal of his secrets had not been due to the cipher apparatus having been stolen from his correspondent, and is probably still confident in the security of his system.

All who attempt to judge of the value of a cipher system without being acquainted with the principles on which ciphers are constructed, are liable to make similar errors, and under certain circumstances, such as in military or naval operations, the use of an untrustworthy cipher might be attended with very serious results. It is therefore interesting to examine the following portion of a letter which appears to have been sent by Sir F. Roberts to Colonel MacGregor during the Afghan war.*

Kuram, 17*th April*, 1879.

A messenger of mine XUY CTIE DPMHC YZ EUT TCTSTZEU said that Cavagnari's BPZ XPV TWATLETK there that KPO and that the general opinion was ODXK accept the BFVVFYZ and PGQTT to YHQ ETQBV.

The cipher portion of this document contains sixty-six letters, and we find that T occurs 11 times; E and P, 5; V, Y and Z, 4; B, C, K, Q, V and X, 3; D, F, H, and O, twice, and A, G, I, L, M, S and W, once. The language used is of course English, and as twenty-three different letters are used, we may conclude that some of the unusual letters, such as *K* or *Q*, occur in it.

T, which occurs most frequently, will doubtless stand for *e*, and *t* is probably represented by either E or P. If we now look for any repeated combinations or other indications, we find that EU and YZ occur twice, and that V and T appear as double letters. EUT being a word of three letters, ending in *e* and probably beginning with *t*, may be set down as standing for *the*, and as YZ must represent a combination of two letters, both high on the scale, capable of being used either as a single word or as the termination of a longer word, we have no hesitation in selecting *on* as their proper value.

* 'Life and Opinions of Sir Charles MacGregor, K.C.B.,' vol. ii. p. 83.

We have already seen how easily the inverted alphabet was recognized; but though this is clearly not constructed on the same principle, it is remarkable that while E represents *t*, T represents *e*, and it is therefore worth examining how far this reciprocity extends. According to it, H should stand for *u*, O for *y*, and N for *z*, a result which agrees fairly well with the positions H and O occupy, and is quite satisfactory by reason of the non-occurrence of N. This would make the combination YHQ stand for *ou*. whence Q must mean *r*, and PGQTT, ··*ree*, which as it precedes the word "to" can hardly be anything except *agree*.

If we now insert the values which we believe the cipher letters have, the message will read as follows:

"A messenger of mine . *ho* . *e* . *t* . *a* . *u* . *on the e* . *e* . *enth* said that Cavagnari's . *an* . *a* . *e* . . *e* . *te* . there that . *ay* and that the general opinion was *y* . . . accept the . . . . . *on* and *agree* to *our ter* . ."

The words "*who*," "*eleventh*," "*man*," "*was*," "*day*," and "*terms*," will be easily recognized, and the remainder of the message filled up so as to read "A messenger of mine who left Kabul on the eleventh, said that Cavagnari's man was expected there that day, and that the general opinion was Y.K. [Yakub Khan] wd [would] accept the mission and agree to our terms," the complete key being:

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
p m l k t i g u f . d c b z y a r q v e h s x w o n

It is not difficult to perceive that this key-alphabet has been formed by means of a square with 25 sub-divisions as described in Lord Wolseley's 'Soldier's Pocket-Book,' the key-word being "Nowshera," and the letters being represented by those which in the table stand in the spaces similarly numbered.

N 1	O 2	W 3	S 4	H 5
E 8	R 9	A 10	B 11	C 6
D 7	F 12	G	I 12	K 7
L 6	M 11	P 10	Q 9	T 8
U 5	V 4	X 3	Y 2	Z 1

In both the ciphers which we have examined the secret has been in a great measure betrayed by the recurrence of the letter which represents *e*, and various systems have been designed to overcome this objection. One method is to use numerals instead of letters for the cryptogram, and as a larger choice of symbols is thus obtained, it is possible to have several different values for *e* and the other letters which are frequently used, and by employing these judiciously the recurrence of any one symbol may be avoided.

This is the system adopted in the cipher used for the despatch of which a facsimile is given opposite, and which was addressed by Charles I. to Sir Edward Nicholas, his Secretary of State, by whom the interlinear interpretation may have been added.

In this cipher the letters of the alphabet are represented by the numbers from 1 to about 90, and the higher numbers stand for the words in a vocabulary arranged generally in alphabetical

KEY TO CIPHER DESPATCH FROM NEWARK.

LITERAL PORTION.								VOCABULARY.							
1	r	26	g	51	s	76	*m*	103	affect			300	—
2	*r*	27	n	52	s	77	*m*	109	but			303	with
3	*r*	28	*n*	53	s	78	i	118	day			321	Ambassador
4	l	29	n	54	o	79	*i*	124	dis			328	Agent
5	l	30	—	55	o	80	—	127	ed			375	for
6	l	31	a	56	*o*	81	*i*	128	end				
7	f	32	a	57	o	82	*i*	143	fit				
8	*f*	33	a	58	c	83	d	144	find / *fix*				
9	f	34	a	59	*c*	84	*d*						
10	—	35	e	60	—	85	*d*	155	glad	200	—		
11	*	36	e	61	c	86	*	166	have	213	me		
12		37	e	62	*	87		174	I	224	my		
13		38	e	63		88		175	if	231	of	436	Sir
14		39	h	64		89		176	in	232	or	451	Prince
15	*	40	—	65		90	*—	177	ing	276	that	468	Portugal
16		41	h	66	*	91		180	ion	277	the		or Portuguese
17	t	42	h	67		92		181	is	279	this	522	treat
18	t	43		68	w	93		185	know	290	to	588	Nicholas
19	t	44	*u*	69	w	94	all			292	very		
20	—	45		70	—	95	an			293	un		
21	*	46		71	w	96	and						
22		47	y	72	p	97							
23		48	y	73	*p*	98							
24	g	49	y	74	*p*	99	as						
25	*g*	50	—	75	m	100	—						

* The letters to be entered in these places are *b*, *j*, *k*, *q*, *v*, *x*, and *z*; but as the arrangement of the letters is arbitrary, this despatch gives no grounds for assigning to ny of these letters any particular place in the table.

(6)

Newarke 18: Oct: 1645.

Nicholas / your 18th I receaued yesterday with a Coppie of on to 600: 436: 588: 300: from Sr. Richard [illegible] 3: 58
26: 36: 30: to bothe w my Answer is 276: 174: 35: 51: 17: 36: 38: 75: 37: 10: 99: 181: 143: 277: 408: 94: 47: 95: 58: 35: 20: 96:
am very glad of ye dgirls powr to treat but be till I know how that wth the Powr
31: 75: 30: 292: 155: 231: 277: 328: 52: 40: 72: 54: 68: 36: 1: 50: 290: 522: 109: 293: 18: 78: 4: 6: 60: 174: 185: 39: 55: 69: 70: 276: and 303: 277: 451:
of Orany. stands having this day dispatchd to that end but if I shall
231: [illegible] 232: 95: 24: 37: 80: 52: 19: 32: 29: 83: 53: (166: 177: 90: 279: 118: 124: 72: 33: 61: 41: 127: with 290: 276: 128:) 109: 175: 174: 51: 42: 34
find myself tht thin
4: 5: 10: 144: 224: 52: 35: 6: 7: 36: 20: 375: 277: 27: 30: they shall not fynde themselfes deceaued in ye affection they
beliue 213: 290: 166: 17: 57: 50: 276: all 48: 95: 61: 38: 60: this Answer lykewais serues for 224: 408: 321: 300: & is
my Portugall darkw
anufe for this tyme so I rest

Your most assewred frend

Charles R

This vncloſed is for 200: 224: 71: 47: 9: 37: 70:

sequence. It is of course impossible to draw up a complete key from a single document of this length, but the table here given will make the system intelligible. The general principle appears to be that 10, 20, 30, &c., are dummies, and that four consecutive numerals are assigned to each vowel and three to each consonant; but as it must be more or less a matter of conjecture in the case of numerals which do not occur in the despatch, these are given in italics in the table.

The Vocabulary probably begins at No. 93 (as the alphabet on the scale mentioned would require 83 places, to which 9 dummies must be added), and appears to extend in regular alphabetical order to about No. 310, above which the numbers which occur are principally titles and proper names.

The interpretation of the cipher portions of the despatch are as follows:—

600 436 588 300
* Sir Nicholas *

75 3 10 24 34 26 36 30
m r * g a g e *

276 174 35 51 17 36 38 75 37 10 99 181 143
that I e s t e e m e * as is fit

277 468 94 47 95 58 35 20 96 31 75
the Portuguese all y an c e * and a m

30 292 155 231 277 328 52 40 72 54 68 36 1
* very glad of the Agent s * p o w e r

50 290 522 109 293 18 78 4 6 60 174 185
* to treat but un t i l l * I know

39 55 69 70 276 and
h o w * that

303 277 451 231 232 95 24 37 80 52 19 32 29 83 53
with the Prince of Or an g e * s t a n d s

(166 177 90 279 118 124 72 33 61 41 127 with
(have ing * this day dis p a c h ed

290 276 128) 109 175 174 51 42 34 4 5 10
to that end) but if I s h a l l *

144 224 52 35 6 7 36 20 375 277 27 30
fix my s e l f e * for the n *

176 277 103 180 277 49 40
in the affect ion the y *

213 290 166 17 57 50 276 all 48 95 61 38 60
me to have t o * that y an c e *

224 468 321 300
my Portuguese Ambassador *

200 224 71 47 9 37 70
* my w y f e *

The despatch would thus read :—

Newarke, 18*th Oct.*, 1645.

NICHOLAS,—Your 18th I receaued yesterday with a Coppie of on [one] to Sir Nicless from Mr. Gage to bothe w^ch^ my Answer is that I esteeme as is fit ye Portuguese allyance and am very glad of ye Agent's power to treat, but untill I know how that [and*] with the Prince of Orange stands (having this day dispached [with*] to that end) but if I shall fix myselfe for then [them] they shall not fynde themselfes deceaued in ye affection they beliue me to have to that allyance. This Answer lykewais serues for my Portuguese Ambassador and is anufe [enough] for this tyme so I rest

Your most asseured frend

CHARLES R.

This inclosed is for my wyfe.

This despatch, which is now published for the first time, is similar to a number of communications addressed by Charles to Sir Edward Nicholas, and which are contained in the fourth volume of 'Evelyn's Diary.' This document no doubt relates to a scheme for a marriage between the Prince of Wales (afterwards Charles II.) and Catherine of Braganza—he being then fifteen years old and she seven—and to the rival proposal of a match with the daughter of Frederick Henry, Prince of Orange. The "Sir Nicless," can hardly be any one but Sir Edward Nicholas himself, and "Mr. Gage," is most likely Colonel Gage, the Governor of Oxford, who was knighted in November 1645, and as Sir Henry Gage was killed two months later.

This cipher despatch was evidently prepared by Charles himself, the whole of it being in his own handwriting, as will be seen by comparing the letters *s* and *h* in the body of the document with the same letters in the signature. It will be noticed that there are two corrections of the figures originally written, and these may be detected through the hatching with which they are covered. In the first, the King evidently began to write the word Orange by using 56, the equivalent for the letter *o*, and afterwards changed his mind and wrote 232, which means *or*. In the second case he apparently wrote "37 : 18" or *et* as the termination of the word "dispatched," and afterwards discovered his error and corrected it by inserting the equivalent for *ed*, viz. 127.

The proposed reading of "fix" instead of "find" for 144

* Dummy words.

agrees with the alphabetical arrangement of the vocabulary, and if we conclude that the King, meaning to convert the word "the" into "them," accidentally wrote 27, the equivalent for *n*, instead of 75 or one of the other equivalents for *m*, we obtain a despatch the meaning of which is fairly clear.

It is somewhat surprising that Charles should have had sufficient spare time to write this cipher document with his own hand. Although there is a correction in the last figure of the date, the year was no doubt 1645, and on the 18th of October of that year he was at Newark, to which place he had returned on the evening of the 14th, on hearing of the battle of Philiphaugh. The investigation into the conduct of Prince Rupert was in progress, and it might well be supposed that the King's attention would be occupied with matters of more immediate importance than preparing this cipher despatch about a marriage in the remote future.

Another matter of interest in connection with this document is the authorship of the interlineations. It is most probable that they were inserted by Sir Edward Nicholas, though in such unsettled times it would have been rather injudicious to attach to the document an interpretation which would betray the secret of the King's cipher to any one into whose hands it might fall. Whoever made the interlineations must have had access to the key, and it is possible that both document and key were found among Sir Edward Nicholas' papers after his death, and that the interlineations were made by the person into whose hands they fell; but judging by the fact that the name "Mr. Gage" has been erased, it would seem more likely, in spite of the indiscretion involved, that Sir E. Nicholas was the author, as there would have been no object in erasing the name after the death of the individual, and Sir Henry Gage's death occurred within three months of the date of the despatch, while Sir Edward Nicholas lived till after the Restoration.

Several other ciphers of similar construction were used by Charles, and specimens of them are still to be seen in various collections. A cryptogram which was purchased by the Trustees of the British Museum many years ago for a large sum of money, consisted of seven folio pages closely filled with numerals, each page being signed at the top by Charles I., and countersigned at the bottom by Lord Digbye; but as no key existed, the meaning of the document remained hidden for a long time, all attempts to unravel it having failed. In the year 1858 a copy of this

cryptogram was sent to Sir Charles Wheatstone, who after considerable labour succeeded in discovering the system employed, and produced a complete translation of the document, which proved to be written in French.

The key to this cipher, which is given in the scientific papers of Sir Charles Wheatstone, D.C.L.,* was as follows :

KEY TO BRITISH MUSEUM CIPHER DISCOVERED BY SIR C. WHEATSTONE.

LITERAL PORTION.												VOCABULARY.					
a	37	g	62	o	87	r	113	ances	320	les	462	tenir
a	38	g	63	o	88	s	121	avoir	324	ligue	467	vous
a	39	h	64	o	89	s	126	alliance	333	même	469	volonté † / vouloir †
a	40	h	65	p	90	s	130	affaire	336	mauvais		
a	41	h	66	p	91	s	160	avantage	347	nécessaire		
a	42	ij	67	p	92	s	194	bien	348	nous	474	Angleterre
b	43	ij	68	—	93	t	203	connaître	361	opinion †	478	France
b	44	ij	69	—	94	t	213	comme	372	pouvoir	479	Espagne
c	45	ij	70	—	95	t	220	donner	376	pour	483	Hollande
c	46	ij	71	—	96	t	232	dans	380	post	484	
c	47	ij	72	—	97	t	241	être	384	proposé	495	le roi d'Angleterre
d	48	l	73	—	98	uv	246	effet	385	preparé	496	la reine d'Angleterre
d	49	l	74	—	99	uv	247	elle	391	quand	497	le prince de Galles.
d	50	l	75	—	100	uv	253	franchise †	392	qu'il	509	le prince d'Orange
e	51	l	76	—	101	uv	255	faire	393	qu'elle	512	la princesse Henriette d'Orange
e	52	m	77	—	102	uv	265	faite	394	que		
e	53	m	78	—	103	x	266	fait	395	qui	522	
e	54	m	79	—	104	x	273	guerre	396	quelque	562	un Envoi
e	55	m	80	q	105	x	292	intérêt	409	raison		
e	56	n	81	q	106	—	300	insister †	420	support †		
e	57	n	82	q	107	—	305	jour	421	satisfaction †		
f	58	n	83	r	108	y	315	joindre †	426	toutefois †		
f	59	n	84	r	109	y	316	lui	439	tems		
f	60	o	85	r	110	y	318	lequel	442	troubles		
g	61	o	86	r	111	—	319	laquelle	448	trouver		

† The words thus marked are doubtful, as the numbers standing opposite them only occur once in the original cryptogram.

On comparing the literal portion of this key with that which was used for the Newark cipher, it will be seen that the relative value of the different letters is here better understood, as the largest number of equivalents is given to *e ;* but this key has the serious defect of having the letters in their natural order. As regards the vocabulary, this is similarly constructed in each cipher, but the alphabetical arrangement is much more closely followed in the Newark one than in the other.

In the ciphers which have so far been here referred to, either a

* Published by the Physical Society of London, 1879.

numeral or a letter has been substituted for the true letter which it is intended shall be conveyed. But it is quite possible to construct a cipher which shall consist exclusively of the true letters, by so transposing them that they are no longer intelligible. Thus if the correspondents agree to use lines with nine letters in each, and to employ the Hebrew method, that is to read these lines from right to left, the message, "I shall be at the railway station at six," might be written:

I s h a l l b e a
t t h e r a i l w
a y s t a t i o n
a t s i x m e s s

the letters of the words "message ends" being agreed on to fill up any spaces in an incomplete line. Then taking the lines from right to left the cryptogram will be:

AEBLL AHSIW LIARE HTTNO
ITATS YASSE MXIST A.

Instead of taking the letters from right to left they may be taken vertically, as in the Chinese system of writing, in which case the cryptogram would be:

ITAAS TYTHH SSAET ILRAX
LATMB IIEEL OSAWN S.

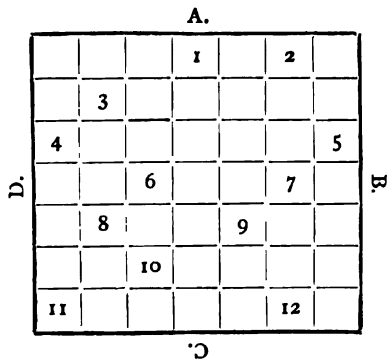
or they may be taken as they stand when following the diagonal lines. Beginning at the left-hand top corner, for instance, the cryptogram formed in this way would be:

ITSAT HAYHA TSELS TRLIA
ABXTI EMILA EOWSN S

In any case where the concealment of the sense has been effected by transposing the letters of the message in a manner similar to that which is here explained, the investigator into whose hands the cryptogram falls will easily become aware of the principle adopted, as on counting the letters, *e* will in most cases be found to occur the oftenest, followed by the other letters approximately in the order in which they stand in the scale. The total number of letters in the cryptogram will generally be found to be a number like forty-eight, which is the product of two other

numbers, and in such a case if the letters were arranged in six lines with eight letters in each, or in eight lines with six, it would probably result in the discovery of the method adopted, whether Hebrew, Chinese, or Diagonal. As all possible methods must be tried till the solution is arrived at, a considerable amount of work will probably be necessary; but a cipher formed on one of these simple methods is almost certain to be discovered by any investigator who has the patience to go through all the possible arrangements of the letters in lines, and to examine each arrangement according to the different methods which may have been employed.

This, however, will not avail if the cryptogram has been formed by means of the appliance known as *la Grille.* This is a square card from which certain portions have been cut out, and through these holes the sender writes the message on paper below, and the receiver reads the message by means of a card similarly perforated. Supposing the *grille* to be a square with seven divisions in each side, and thus to contain forty-nine subdivisions, twelve of them might be cut out, as shown by the numbers on the figure below.



Now if the message to be enciphered were "I shall be at the railway station at six o'clock to-morrow," the sender would lay his card on a sheet of paper, and write the first twelve letters of the message through the holes in regular order from the top to the bottom and from left to right, as shown by the figures above. The paper would have the following appearance after the *grille* was removed.

A.

			I		S	
		H				
A						L
			L		B	
		E		A		
			T			
T					H	

The *grille* is then laid on the paper with the side marked B uppermost, when the twelve next letters are written through the holes, and the same process is repeated with sides C and D uppermost; the appearance of the paper after each of these operations being as shown below.

B.

		E	I		S	
R	H		A			I
A				L		L
W		L			B	
	E		A	A	Y	
	S	T		T		
T		A			H	T

C.

	I	E	I		S	O
R	H		A	N		I
A		A		L	T	L
W	S	L		I	B	
X	E		A	A	Y	O
	S	T		T	C	
T	L	A	O		H	T

D.

C	I	E	I	K	S	O
R	H	T	A	N	O	I
A	M	A	O	L	T	L
W	S	L		I	B	R
X	E	R	A	A	Y	O
O	S	T	W	T	C	M
T	L	A	O	E	H	T

The original paper or post-card may then be transmitted, or the message may be copied out in groups of five, if it has to be sent by telegraph.

The receiver of such a message, if it reaches him in its original form, merely lays his *grille* on it, and reads the words which then become visible in turn; but if it has been copied out or sent by telegraph, he must inscribe it in the spaces of a square exactly the same size as the *grille* before this can be applied.

It will be noticed that the centre space of the square given above is blank, and this will always be the case where the number of divisions in the side of the square is odd.

A dummy letter may be inscribed in this space, or if several *grilles* are in use, the letter found here may indicate to the receiver of the message the particular one which has been employed.

It will rarely happen that the message to be sent will exactly fill the spaces of the *grille*, and if any remain vacant after the message is completed, they must be filled with such words as "message ends here," &c., or simply with the letters of the alphabet in their natural order, as may be agreed on between the correspondents. Where the message exceeds the number of letters which can be written through the holes of the *grille* (in this case forty-eight), the operation must be repeated and a second or third square formed, till the message is ended; any vacant spaces being filled up as mentioned above.

It will thus happen that in any cryptogram formed by means of a *grille*, the number of letters will be either a square, such as forty-nine, sixty-four, eighty-one, &c., or twice or more times such a number. This will generally enable the investigator to form a trial square, and with its help he may be able to discover the arrangement of the subdivisions which have been cut out; but if the square is a large one, he will need a correspondingly large amount of patience before he arrives at the complete solution.

All methods of cipher correspondence where the conversion to or from cipher is effected letter by letter, are, however, very tedious and laborious when the messages are long, and systems have therefore been devised for sending whole words, which may either stand for other words or sentences, or else may retain their proper meaning. Where words are meant to convey a meaning different from their own, each correspondent must be in possession of a code, showing the proper signification for each code word; and these codes are in constant use in the commercial world: a very large saving in the cost of telegraphic messages being effected by using words to represent whole

sentences or parts of sentences. But where the words sent retain their proper meaning it is necessary to change their sequence, and introduce dummy words in order to conceal the true meaning of the message, and it is moreover generally desirable to have a small code of words to substitute for proper names and other tell-tale expressions which would give a clue to the sense of the message.

This system was adopted by the Federals in the American Civil War, and it is asserted that any messages thus enciphered which were intercepted, were proof against the efforts of all the experts in the South to whom they were submitted.

The following is a very simple example of the way in which a message might be sent by this system. Suppose it were wished to send the message, "It is quite settled that the general strike of the workmen employed in the Woolwich Arsenal is to begin on Wednesday next. Delegates to meet on Sunday evening at nine;" it would first be prepared for transmission by replacing the tell-tale words by their equivalents in the code, or if no code existed, by rewriting them in such a way that they cannot be easily recognized. Thus, instead of "strike," the word "blow" might be used; "Woolwich" might be represented by "wool which;" "arsenal" by "horse an all," and "Wednesday" by "wens day." Then if it was agreed that the message should be written in five columns, and that the "route" or sequence of the words should be down the 3rd column, up the 4th; down the 2nd, up the 5th, and down the 1st, the message, with a 6th column of dummies, would stand thus:

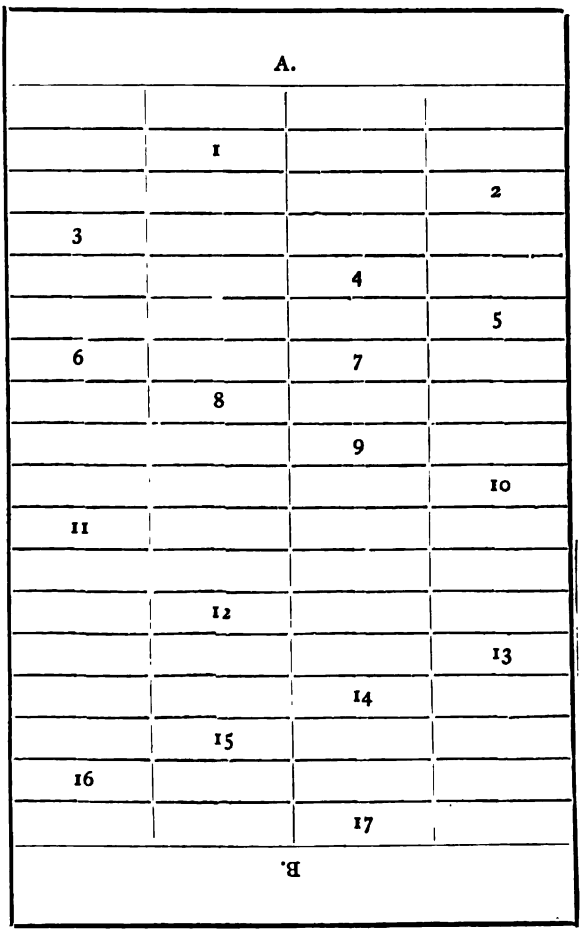
1	2	3	4	5	6
Sun	which	it	wool	on	our
day	horse	is	the	meet	no
evening	an	quite	in	to	the
at	all	settled	employed	gates	is
nine	is	that	men	dele	and
stop	to	the	work	next	morning
here	begin	general	the	day	shut
please	on	blow	of	Wens	out

and written for transmission would be as follows:—"Sun which it wool on our day horse is the meet no evening an quite in to the at all settled employed gates is nine is that men dele and stop to the work next morning here begin general the day shut please on blow of wens out."

The correspondent who receives this message begins by

striking out every sixth word, as he knows them to be dummies, and on writing the remainder in five columns, reads them by means of the route agreed on, and thus obtains the true meaning.

Another mode by which the transposition of the words may be accomplished is by each correspondent having as a key a perforated card like the *grille*, but with the perforations oblong instead of square, and of sufficient size to write a word in each instead of a letter. Such a key, if made to suit an ordinary post-card, might have the following appearance, the numbered divisions being cut out.



The sender would lay the key on the post-card and write the first seventeen words of the message through the perforations

in the order shown, and then turn the key so that the edge marked B is uppermost; afterwards reversing the key, and using it in the positions indicated by C and D, which are on the back of the key behind A and B respectively.

It is a good plan to leave untouched some of the spaces which might be cut out, so that dummy words may be written in the blanks which are thus produced, and it will be seen that in the key given above, none of the spaces at the corners have been removed, and the words in these places will consequently be dummies. The presence of these words will not be liable to confuse the receiver of the post-card, who merely lays his key on it and reads the words which become visible.

Thus if a post-card was received like the following—

all	to	you	not
are	it	the	town
station	likely	to-morrow	is
of	by	to	or
the	if	the	be
this	found	train	utmost
importance	is	that	not
stop	I	possible	reaching
Victoria	will	should	here
you	at	nine	see
you	ten	eleven	send
forty	twenty	thirty	five
can	at	me	six
a	you	before	once
going	line	I	meet
me	am	to	come
going	next	at	say
back	where	up	day

and the key employed was that given above, the receiver would have no difficulty in reading the following message:—"It is of the utmost importance that I should see you at once. I am going up to town to-morrow by the train reaching Victoria at eleven twenty-five. Can you meet me at the station, or if this is not possible will you send me a line to say where you are likely to be found? Stop here."

With such simple methods as have been here examined, there is perhaps no such thing as absolute security; but those who wish to make their secrets safe from detection may feel sufficiently confident if they first encipher the message with such a key as the alphabet inverted, or an arbitrary alphabet, and then transpose the result obtained by means of a *grille*. The combination of these two methods will render detection practically impossible.

J. S. ROTHWELL.

A BIRTHDAY SONG.

WHEN berries redden on the thorn,
O that's the time my love was born!
When leaves are scarlet in the vale,
And all the feathered grasses pale,
When humming wheels thrash out the corn,
'Twas then my pretty love was born.

When hunters wind the merry horn,
By woodland ways and acres shorn;
In darkening days when nests are chill,
In silent days when birds are still—
Except the lark, who sings in scorn
Of wintry care—my love was born!

O wailing month with tresses torn!
O happy month no more forlorn!
For thee, tho' Earth lie mute below,
In Heaven the trumpet winds shall blow,
The rose of eve, the star of morn,
Shall crown the month my love was born.

MARGARET L. WOODS.

MARCIA.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "THIRLBY HALL," &c.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

SIR GEORGE IS VERY FIRM.

IT is a pity that our defective memory prevents us from realizing how much we understood in our childhood. Most of us are disposed to assume that children know no more than we are pleased to tell them, and thus we debar ourselves from the sympathy of the most sympathetic class in the community. Flossie Archdale, however, was what is somewhat inappropriately termed an "old-fashioned" child—that is to say, she had associated almost exclusively with her seniors—so that Willie was not very much astonished to find that she fully appreciated the nature of his position.

"I'm so glad you're not going away," she said to him in the most matter-of-course tone in the world. "Lady Evelyn doesn't really like Mr. Mortimer half as well as she likes you—I know she doesn't, because I asked her. But, if you left Torquay now, she would think you didn't like her at all."

This acute student of men and things further opined that in the abstract there could be no sort of comparison between Mr. Mortimer and her half-brother, the advantages possessed by the former being solely due to the facts that he had been first in the field and that he was supported by Lady Wetherby. She recommended Willie to call without delay at Malton Lodge, and although he laughed at her, telling her that she was talking about matters beyond the comprehension of little girls, he neither spurned her partisanship nor despised her counsel. After all, he did owe Lady Wetherby a visit. So, one afternoon, he performed the duty required of him by social usages, and was

rewarded by hearing that their ladyships had gone out sailing with Mr. Mortimer.

He handed his card to the butler and walked away, feeling a good deal more despondent than the circumstances warranted. That the ladies should be yachting on a fine afternoon was not very surprising or very significant; but it sounded to him like an intimation that he might have spared himself the trouble of calling upon them. Everything, no doubt, was settled, everything had probably been settled long ago; and what could be more ridiculous than to imagine that an infant like Flossie was in the secret of Lady Evelyn's preferences? Well, he had never been sanguine, nor had he ever had any excuse for being so. Through no fault of his own a heavy affliction had fallen upon him; but he said to himself, as he walked away, that he would bear it like a man. As a general rule, irremediable afflictions are bravely borne for the simple reason that they must be borne; people who have gone blind or who have lost a limb do not sit in the corner and sob, because it is obvious that such behaviour cannot better their position, while it is a source of annoyance to those about them. Willie reminded himself that success in love is not the only kind of success which lends brightness to existence; he had his profession and the prospect of many glorious and exciting moments when hounds were running; he had health and a sufficient income and a few good friends. A man who refuses to be satisfied with so many blessings must be unreasonably exacting; but the truth is, that a man who is in love is always unreasonably exacting, and our poor hero could get no farther than to resolve that at least he would not whimper over his sorrows. And, if these were likely to be rendered rather more acute by this enforced lingering upon the scene of his discomfiture, there was no help for that. It was something to feel that his presence alleviated the hardships of his mother's lot, and apparently there was no great danger of his being often called upon to walk in the triumphal procession of his rival.

He had therefore quite made up his mind to suffer in silence, when he received a letter from his uncle, which not only offered him a loophole for escape but seemed to make it imperative that he should avail himself thereof.

"Your aunt," wrote Sir George, "wishes me to say that she would be grateful to you if you could come to us at once. She has been, and still is, seriously—though I trust not dangerously—

ill, and I hope you will agree with me that the wishes of an invalid of her age are not to be lightly disregarded. I do not ask that you should stay long with us; I only beg, in her name as well as my own, that you should pay your visit to us now, instead of later in the year, and I may tell you that the doctors are unanimous in assuring me that your aunt's recovery depends to a great extent upon your consenting to oblige us. She is in a very low, nervous condition, I am sorry to say; otherwise I should not have requested you to alter your plans on our account."

There was no resisting that. Lady Brett's illness might not be of a very alarming character, but then again it might be, and in any case it would be rather unfeeling on her nephew's part to disappoint her. This was what Willie felt, and he was sorry to find that his mother did not at all share his view.

"That is all rubbish," Marcia declared when she had been made acquainted with the contents of Sir George's letter; "they only want, as they always have wanted, to separate you from me. Of course, if you choose to play into their hands, you can do so; only I hope you will give them to understand that at least you are not their dupe. Caroline has been more or less upon her deathbed ever since I first knew her, and I haven't a doubt that she will be still dying after I have been laid in my grave."

"She really is ill," said Willie apologetically; "I don't believe she would be alive now if she hadn't been taken great care of, and I think I ought to go when she asks me." He added after a momentary hesitation: "Aunt Caroline has her faults, but she has always been very kind to me."

"Oh, well—go, then!" returned Marcia, with an impatient laugh. "I know quite well what you mean—I haven't treated you as a mother ought to have done and she has been so good as to replace me. I always knew that your simplicity would lead you to that conclusion, which isn't altogether false, when all is said and done. Nevertheless, if you had thought a little more about it, you might have understood that I haven't been quite free to consult my own inclinations through these long, weary years."

Willie made the reply that he was expected to make, but adhered to his resolution. Certainly he was anxious to leave Torquay for a time; yet it was not for that reason that he had decided to obey the summons conveyed to him, nor did he propose to be absent for more than a fortnight. It seemed probable that before his return Lady Evelyn's engagement would

be formally announced; after which his position would, he thought, be less painful. But, however that might be, he could not have found it in his heart to distress his aunt, who, as he truly said, had always been very kind to him.

Lady Brett, in reality, had defects from which some of us happen to be exempt, while she possessed good qualities which are perhaps a little less common than they are generally supposed to be. Narrow-minded, bigoted, and unamiable, she was nevertheless strictly conscientious. She habitually did what she conceived to be her duty; she never wittingly told a falsehood; she was a good hater, she was a staunch friend, and she loved her nephew better than anybody else in the world, not excepting her husband. If she was eager to withdraw her nephew from what she imagined to be malignant influences, it would be as unreasonable to blame her for that as to blame a colour-blind man for confusing red and green. It is not everybody whose eyes are clear enough to discern things as they are, nor are any of us over ready to accept the evidence of other people's senses. So, when Willie reached Blaydon, and was shown into the library, where his aunt was lying upon a sofa near the fire, with an eider-down quilt over her knees, the first thing that she said to him, after returning some reassuring replies to his inquiries after her health, naturally was:—

"I hope your mother has not bewitched you, Willie; she used to be rather clever at bewitching men in days gone by, I remember. To be sure, she was comparatively young then."

"She is my mother, you know," said Willie.

"Oh, yes—and she has a grievance. I have thought it all over, and I have tried to make every allowance for her; we must forgive others if we hope to be forgiven. Still I cannot acquit her of heartlessness, and I cannot believe that she cares for you as we do. However, your own good sense must be your guide. How many days do you intend to bestow upon us?"

Willie answered that he had formed no plans; his time was his own, and he wished to dispose of it, if he could, in such a manner as to content everybody. He would, no doubt, be expected to go back to Torquay, but personally he was not desirous of returning very soon. And when his aunt questioned him as to how he had employed himself there he did not mind telling her that he had fallen in with an old schoolfellow who had taken him out yachting, together with some other friends of his childhood, whom he mentioned by name.

Lady Brett was not much interested in Mr. Mortimer; but she pricked up her ears on being informed that Lady Evelyn Foljambe, whom she recollected to have seen as a child, had developed into a beautiful, clever, and charming woman, and a very mild process of cross-examination sufficed to let her into a secret which the guileless Willie had every intention of keeping to himself.

"You must not be too much afraid of this Mr. Mortimer," she said calmly at length. "As far as money goes—and of course it does go a long way—you are his equal, and I am sure you are superior to him in other respects."

"Oh, there's no question of that," answered Willie, somewhat red and confused, yet not altogether sorry to have been found out. "I think Lady Evelyn is going to marry Mortimer; but I really don't know. As for me, I don't suppose she would care a straw if she never saw me again."

Lady Brett laughed. "You are much too modest, my dear boy," said she; "you will have to go back to Torquay and try your luck. I wanted you to come here because—well, it was perfectly true that I was ill and that I might have died; but perhaps I had other reasons as well. However, I don't so much mind your going back now that I know what the attraction is; only there is one thing that I want to impress upon you, Willie—you must not lend more money to Mr. Archdale. Your uncle feels very strongly upon the subject; he has said to me more than once that he would never permit such a thing."

Willie made no reply. He had not lent money to Mr. Archdale, but to his mother, and he intended, if his mother should request him to do so, to lend her money again. Still there was no need to proclaim his intentions or to assert an independence which his uncle, after all, had no power to curtail. In his simplicity he did not perceive what Lady Brett had understood at once, namely, that the hope of forming an aristocratic alliance would cause Sir George to overlook many acts of quasi-insubordination.

He was therefore both pleased and surprised by the extreme amiability of his uncle's manner during dinner. The old gentleman, who had not ceased with advancing years to take an active share in the management of the bank, had arrived from London by a late train and had had a talk with his wife which had given him satisfaction.

"Well, my boy," said he, "I'm glad to have you at home once

more, even if it isn't to be a long visit this time. It's dreary work sitting down to dinner all alone every evening, and I'm afraid I shall hardly get your aunt into the dining-room again this year. And how are things going on in the regiment? Do the Plymouth people do their duty in providing you with plenty of amusement?"

This question was in itself evidence of unwonted good humour, for Sir George had always professed the deepest disdain for everything connected with a soldier's life in time of peace, and had affected to consider the regiment to which his nephew belonged quite beneath notice. Now, however, he listened with a condescending show of interest to what Willie had to tell him about military matters and about such hunting as seemed likely to be obtainable in the far west. It was not until the servants had left the room that he drew his chair up to the fireside and started a subject of greater importance.

"So, young man," he began, "you've been losing your heart, I hear. Well, it's better to do that than to lose your head, as upon my word, I think you were in some danger of doing a short time ago. A fool and his money are soon parted; but I don't call a man a fool for falling in love, because that is what no human being can help."

Sir George thought it necessary to qualify this generous admission by pointing out that a man who falls in love may be guilty of great folly, but that he is not so when the object of his affections happens to be an earl's daughter. And, as for Willie's modest protestations, he would have none of them.

"Oh, rubbish!" he exclaimed. "Who is this man Mortimer that you should bow down before him? Nothing but a country gentleman; which is what you yourself will be. With a larger income than his too, I dare say—unless you misbehave yourself. You will be a poorer-spirited fellow than I take you for, Willie, if you give in to him without making a fight for it."

Willie's self-confidence was not greatly strengthened by this and other speeches couched in a similar strain of encouragement, but it was a relief to be spared any allusion to his mother and a still greater relief to know that no opposition would be raised against his ultimate return to Devonshire. For it need scarcely be said that his absurd anxiety to quit Torquay had been followed by an equally absurd longing to revisit the scene of his disappointment.

"I have asked some of the neighbours to come over and shoot

on Thursday," Sir George announced presently. "Perhaps I may give myself a holiday and look on. I shall not take out a gun, because, as you know, I am worse than useless; but I shall look to you to maintain the credit of the family."

Sir George had an idea that a host ought, if possible, to bring down more birds than his guests. All hosts are not of that opinion; but some perhaps are not sorry if, at the end of the day, they can show that, in spite of having taken the worst places, they can claim to have made the heaviest bag. So, on the following Thursday, he was secretly delighted by the success of his nephew, who, without being a first-rate shot, was nevertheless a good deal better than any of his rivals. There are, as everybody knows, days on which it seems impossible to miss and other days on which it seems just as impossible to touch a feather, Probably what made Willie shoot so well was that he had not the slightest desire to distinguish himself. He aimed and fired mechanically; he was not thinking, except for a moment at a time, about pheasants or hares; and so, as not unfrequently happens, he achieved renown without any conscious striving after it. In the luncheon-hut (Sir George always provided his neighbours with a hot luncheon, accompanied by champagne), he was made a little uncomfortable by his uncle's ill-concealed triumph, which, as the afternoon progressed, reached an uncontrollable pitch.

"That fellow," Sir George confided to a squire of the vicinity, "can do anything in the world that he chooses to give his mind to; the only thing that stands in his way is his diffidence. I confess that I should have liked to put him into the bank, but perhaps, after all, it's as well as it is. He'll soon get tired of soldiering and settle down to a country life—for which I think he is adapted. He's a pretty fair hand at field-sports, as you see, and he won't lack the means to indulge his tastes—he won't lack the means."

The elderly gentleman to whom this crow was addressed, and who was out of temper by reason of having just brought down a runner, answered: "I suppose you know your own business best; but, if I had a nephew who was likely to succeed me, I shouldn't be in any hurry to make him drop his profession. Sport is all very well; but young fellows ought to have work as well."

"Oh, I'm quite aware of that," rejoined Sir George, not a whit disconcerted; "I shan't ask Willie to resign his commission

until he marries. After that, the management of the estate will give him sufficient occupation. You can't expect a lady to follow the drum."

Indeed he was so pleased by the notion of pressing a lady of title to his avuncular bosom that he refused to believe in the obstacles which Willie instanced while they walked homewards together in the twilight.

"My good fellow," said he, "you can win if you are determined to win; all depends upon that. Look at me! I never had the half of your advantages; yet all my life through I have gained everything that I have resolved to gain. Don't tell me that it is an easier thing to hit a rocketing pheasant than to conquer a girl's heart; I've lived long enough to know better than that. I grant you that Lady Wetherby will want to know what your prospects are. Well, you may tell her from me that they aren't very much worse than Mr. Mortimer's. I've looked him up in the Landed Gentry, and I can form a pretty shrewd guess at the relation which his rent-roll bears to his income."

"I don't think Lady Wetherby will ever have occasion to inquire about my prospects," answered Willie, smiling and shaking his head; "but, if she did, I should have to tell her that they were very doubtful, shouldn't I? At least, that is what you have always given me to understand."

Sir George walked on for some little distance in silence. When he once more opened his lips it was to deliver what had all the appearance of being a carefully weighed statement.

"A boy," said he, "may turn out well or badly. When that boy is not one's own son, one does not, unless one is an idiot, undertake to leave him a fortune which has been amassed by many years of hard work. But you are no longer a boy; your character is formed, and, if you have not always acted precisely as I should have wished you to act, you have given me no fair cause to complain of you. I think you ought now to know that you will inherit all I possess, subject, of course, to such provision as I have made for your aunt's maintenance in the event of her surviving me. There is, I believe, one thing, and only one, which will induce me to alter my will. What that is, you are already aware."

"That one thing," observed Willie, "is just what may occur at any time."

"It *must* not occur," returned Sir George, stopping short and stamping his foot emphatically on the moist ground. "I think

you will allow, Willie, that I have never played the tyrant with you. When you were under age and subject to my control, I thought it right to separate you from your mother, and to that arrangement she saw fit to consent. When you became your own master I did not, because I could not, forbid you to meet her; only I foresaw and I warned you what the result would be. My apprehensions have been fully verified. I understand that it is not easy to refuse a loan of a hundred pounds to your mother when she states that she is in want; yet you will have to refuse; for, if you don't, you may depend upon it that it will not be an hundred nor a thousand pounds that will satisfy her. Give way at the outset and these leeches will fasten upon you and fatten upon you until you or they die. You are a young man, so you don't believe me, I dare say; but perhaps I, who am old, know the human race a little better than you do."

"I think you are unjust to my mother," said Willie, who could not deny that the remainder of Sir George's speech was reasonable enough.

"It may be so. I cannot forget your mother's history, and it is possible that I am prejudiced against a woman who has grossly insulted me, who was a bad wife to my brother, and whom I regard as having been the cause of his death. But, whether I am just or unjust to her, I am not likely to be mistaken as to the manner in which she and her spendthrift of a husband will act. They shall not have the squandering of my fortune, that is certain. In a word, my boy, you must make your choice between them and me. And let me remind you that, if you haven't the moral courage to say No when the next demand is made upon your purse, you will lose something more than a fortune. Lady Wetherby's jointure will die with her; she will not marry her daughter to a man who has only a small income of his own and a mother dependent upon him. Don't answer me; but put that all in your pipe and smoke it. Now, if you please, we'll drop the subject; I hope and trust that there will never be any need for us to reopen it."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A FRIENDLY WARNING.

Sir George Brett must be allowed such merit as may be implied in the possession of sound common sense. He

cherished, no doubt, an invincible grudge against Marcia; but he had not misread Archdale's character, and, if the danger of his very large fortune being dissipated by that thriftless gentleman was somewhat remote, nothing was more probable than that extensive inroads would eventually be made upon it if Willie's disposition to play into his stepfather's hands were not nipped in the bud. And with that end in view Sir George had acted sensibly, saying neither too much nor too little and impressing his nephew with a certain feeling of respect for him. Having fired his shot, he left well alone, nor did the name of Archdale pass his lips again during the remainder of Willie's visit. It was by his suggestion that that visit was brought to an end at the expiration of something under a fortnight.

"Now, my boy," he said good-humouredly one morning (for indeed he had continued to be in the best of humours all this time), "I know your heart is in Torquay, and you had better let your body follow it. Your aunt is gaining strength again now, and she is satisfied with the glimpse that she has had of you, and so am I. Old folks mustn't attempt to compete with beautiful young ladies. So be off as soon as you please, and good luck go with you! You may tell Lady Wetherby that she needn't feel any delicacy about writing to me and asking questions. I shall be glad to give her the fullest information, and I don't think she will find my replies unsatisfactory."

It was useless to reason with this confident old gentleman, and, in spite of himself, Willie could not help being to some extent infected by his sanguine spirit. Naturally, he did not look at the matter from his uncle's standpoint. He did not believe that the fact of his prospects being as good as Mortimer's would weigh for one moment with Lady Evelyn; yet that fact might very possibly have weight with her mother, and he had suspected all along that Lady Evelyn, being in love with nobody, was willing, out of sheer indifference, to marry the man of her mother's choice. But, after all, it was not a fact that his prospects were as assured as Mortimer's. On the contrary, it was quite plain that they would be worth very little unless he was prepared to throw his mother overboard; and this led him to ask himself what he really intended to do with regard to his mother. It was a difficult question, which gave him ample food for reflection during his long journey westwards. Sir George, it might be assumed, was not far out in his

prognostications. There would soon be a further request for money, followed by other requests—not, perhaps, for hundreds or thousands, but for such small sums as ladies who have to pay the tradespeople and whose husbands are of an extravagant disposition are apt to stand in need of. Could he turn a deaf ear to requests of that kind? He hardly thought that he could, although he realized the futility of acceding to them and the long price that he might be called upon to pay for his weakness. He could not bring himself to say to his mother, "It is out of the question for me to help you; because, if I do, I shall imperil my chance of becoming a rich man some day." So the only result at which he arrived was a forlorn hope that he might not be placed between the horns of the inevitable dilemma and a pardonable indignation against Archdale, who might have been earning a sufficient income, but was too lazy to do it.

His stepfather, as it chanced, was the first person to greet him on his arrival at Torquay. As his fly turned in at the gates of the villa the indistinct forms of two gentlemen who had walked up the hill behind him emerged from the semi-darkness, and it was Archdale's mellow voice that said—

"So here you are again, Brett! Delighted to see you, though I suppose I mustn't flatter myself that I am the magnet which has drawn you back to this dreary hole."

"How do you do?" answered Willie. He did not like the man, and he fancied that his tone had an ironical inflection which was, to say the least of it, uncalled for.

Mr. Archdale's companion now advanced, holding out a plump hand. By the light of the gas-lamp in the porch he was seen to be fat, elderly, grey-haired, and a little out of breath by reason of the ascent which he had just made.

"You don't remember me," he remarked. "Well, it would be strange if you did, though I remember you well enough, and we used to be pretty good friends once upon a time. Have you forgotten that evening when we thought you had drowned your mother in the Lago Maggiore, and Archdale wanted to eat you up, body and bones? He wanted to eat me up the next morning, though goodness knows I had no hand in spiriting the pair of you away. Well, times are changed; I dare say he wouldn't quarrel with an old friend about such a trifle as that nowadays."

"I don't think you have changed much, Mr. Drake,"

answered Willie, laughing; "I should have recognized you in another minute."

But Mr. Drake, besides being a dozen years older, was in other respects an altered man. By great good luck he had come into an unexpected inheritance which sufficed to make his bachelor existence comfortable; and this, as was only natural, had exercised a sobering influence upon him. He no longer borrowed money of good-natured friends; his waist had become enlarged by several inches; he was on the committee of his club; he had ceased to play whist, except for sixpenny points; he went to church twice on Sundays and led a blameless, useless, contented sort of life. It must, however, be added, to his credit, that he did not ignore favours received in past years and that he had accepted Mr. Archdale's invitation to run down to Torquay for a day or two in spite of certain reasons that he had for wishing to decline that civility.

Willie thought him a pleasant old gentleman enough, and was by no means sorry to have his company at dinner and through the evening. For his mother was in one of her most jealous and suspicious moods, and kept putting questions to him which he could not conveniently answer. What had the George Bretts said about her? Why had they consented to let him leave them? Was Caroline really ill or only shamming? It was difficult for a young man who desired to tell nothing but the truth, yet not the whole truth, to reply to such queries, and the presence of Mr. Drake was some safeguard against their being pushed too far. He himself would fain have made a few inquiries, but he did not venture to do so, nor was any information volunteered about Lady Wetherby and her belongings. He had to comfort himself with the thought that no news is good news, and that, if Lady Evelyn had been engaged to Mortimer, the circumstance would surely have been considered worthy of mention.

After breakfast, the next morning, he was wandering round the garden, trying to keep a cigarette alight in the teeth of a gusty wind, when he was joined by Mr. Drake, and it soon became evident that that gentleman had something more to say than that the weather was abominable, and that London, after all, was far and away the best place to be in while leaves were falling and south-westerly gales roaring in from the Atlantic every other day.

"Has our friend Archdale spoken to you at all about his

affairs?" he inquired, after the above topics had been pretty well exhausted.

"No," answered Willie, "he hasn't yet. Are his affairs in a bad way?"

Mr. Drake shook his head. "Between you and me," said he, "I'm afraid they *are* in a bad way—in a deuced bad way. You aren't his son, so I hope you won't take offence at my speaking plainly about him, and the plain truth is that Archdale isn't fit to be trusted with a shilling. If he goes on like this, he'll be in the Bankruptcy Court before he's much older. I don't mean to say that he's dishonest or that he can help being what he is; perhaps he can't. But I ask you, what's the use of lending money to a man who simply chucks it out of window and goes on living beyond his income as gaily as ever? One would be a fool to do such a thing even if one were a rich man—which I am not."

"Has he asked you to lend him money?" inquired Willie.

"Well, yes, he has. And I've done it too—more than once. I don't mind telling you that in old days it was the other way about. I was a poor devil then, and he helped me out of difficulties; and the least that I could do, after I got possession of a little money of my own, was to repay him and to oblige him with a loan when he asked me. Still there are limits, you know. The moment that I read his letter, begging me to come down here, I guessed how it would be, and last night I had to meet him with a flat refusal. Not very pleasant; but what can one do? Dash it all! I ain't a gold-mine."

"I should have thought my mother's income and his own would have been sufficient to pay all the expenses of their present style of living," observed Willie, somewhat perturbed.

"My dear fellow, as far as I can make out, your mother has next to no income at all; her capital seems to have melted, and as for their present style of living, which Archdale calls 'pigging it,' it's quite another thing from the style in which they used to live abroad, I can tell you. The fact is that Archdale has behaved like a perfect idiot. I believe his pictures don't sell as well as they once did; but if they fetched £5000 a piece it would be the same story. As soon as his purse is full he must needs empty it. I suppose it's his nature to be like that, just as it's his nature to be perpetually making a fool of himself about women."

"Does he do that?" asked Willie quickly.

"Oh, not to any criminal extent; but there's always a flirtation going on. There always was, and I should think there always will be, if he lives to be a hundred. It used to vex your mother; I don't know whether it vexes her still. However, what I wanted to say to you was this: I understand that you're well off and likely to be better off, and Archdale is bound to apply to you sooner or later. Well, if I were in your place, I wouldn't oblige him—I wouldn't really. It sounds an unfriendly sort of thing to say, but I'm persuaded that there's no good in trying to help a man of his stamp. As for me, I shall hook it. I've had letters this morning which compel me to return to London at once," added Mr. Drake, with a smile and a wink.

It was impossible to be angry with the man, for there could be no doubt that he meant kindly; but the humour of his admonition (which saves so many admonitions from being hopelessly stupid and impertinent) was lost upon Willie, who did not know that Mr. Drake had in former times been one of the most barefaced beggars in England, and who parted from his counsellor with a heavy heart.

It was partly because he did not wish to hear any more revelations about his mother's husband and partly because he had an irresistible craving to hear something about other persons who were then sojourning in Torquay that he said he must run down to the post-office and buy some stamps. Being a man of his word, he duly went to the post-office and bought his stamps; but he did not encounter Lady Evelyn on the way, nor did he escape from the disquieting thoughts which Mr. Drake's remarks had brought into his mind. It was all very well for Mr. Drake to rap out a good sturdy "no" and be recalled to London, but his own perplexities were not to be dealt with after that summary fashion. He could harden his heart against Archdale easily enough, but he could not harden it against his mother, and everything seemed to indicate the probability that he would ere long be guilty of an offence which Sir George Brett would never pardon. The worst of it was, too, that Sir George was in the right; for it was obviously absurd to pour water into a sieve, and what Mr. Drake had said only lent confirmation to what Willie himself had surmised.

After leaving the post-office he strolled down towards the harbour; possibly he had an unacknowledged curiosity to see whether the *Albatross* was still lying there. Torquay Harbour is not quite the most comfortable place in the world to lie in

when the stormy winds do blow, and by the late autumn most yachtsmen who have not had the sense to abandon what at best is but a doubtful pleasure at that season of the year have sought some quieter anchorage. Consequently there was no difficulty in identifying the solitary yawl which was pitching and rolling at her moorings under the inefficient shelter of the breakwater. Willie had been standing for some little time upon the quay, with his hands behind his back, watching her and wondering whether, if he stayed there long enough, he would be rewarded by obtaining speech of her owner, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and, wheeling round, he was brought face to face with that fortunate personage.

Mortimer did not look as if he considered himself particularly fortunate at that moment. He had the appearance of being a thoroughly dejected man, and he presently explained that such was indeed his plight.

"If ever you want to get into the proper frame of mind for cutting your throat, Brett," said he, "let me recommend you to try yachting late in the year and bring up at Torquay. That'll make you wish you had never been born, or nothing will! Just look at that beastly tumbling sea—and this sort of thing has been going on for the last week without a check! The glass is rising now; but I dare say that only means that we're in for a north-westerly gale. Well, I'm glad you're back, anyhow; it's something to be able to exchange a few words with a fellow-creature."

"But you have our friends at Malton Lodge," said Willie, somewhat surprised by this despondency.

"No, I haven't. At least, Lady Wetherby is there; but Lady Evelyn has been away for ten days, staying with somebody or other. She is expected back to-night, and to-morrow we are to have a last sail, I believe, if the weather permits—which it won't. Then I shall send the yacht round to Gosport to lay up, and precious glad I shall be to get rid of her, I can tell you."

It would not have been in human nature that Willie should feel any deep sympathy with this forsaken and disconsolate wooer; but he said, "I suppose you must have found it rather slow here of late."

"Slow!—my dear fellow, slow is no word for it! There literally hasn't been a thing to do, except sit in the club, and rap the barometer, and curse the weather, and try to sleep as much as possible. Besides, I've been bothered about—about things."

He looked as if he contemplated adding something more, but did not get farther than opening his lips once or twice, as he stood rolling about a pebble under his foot upon the coping of the quay.

"I'll tell you what I wish you would do," he resumed at length, looking up suddenly, "I wish you would come on board and lunch with me. You don't mind a bit of a roll, do you?"

"I don't think I very much like it," answered Willie doubtfully.

"Oh, you'll be all right; you won't notice it after the first few minutes; it's nothing to what we have been having. You might come, like a good chap. The fact is I rather want to have a chat with you, and it's impossible to talk out here, with the wind whistling through one's bones."

Now it required no great perspicuity to guess that the subject about which Mr. Mortimer was anxious to talk confidentially must be in some way connected with Lady Evelyn, and even at the risk of being sea-sick, Willie could not resist an invitation of that kind. So he said, "All right, then, I'll come. If the worst comes to the worst, I suppose you'll have the humanity to put me on shore before I disgrace myself."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MORTIMER IS CONFIDENTIAL.

Mortimer blew shrilly upon a whistle which he drew from his waistcoat pocket and received an answering signal from the yacht, whence a boat was at once lowered. A few minutes later he and his guest were standing upon the heaving deck of the *Albatross*, and Willie remarked, with calm resignation, "A quarter of an hour of this will about finish me, I expect."

"Oh, nonsense!" returned the other, "there isn't really any motion to speak of. Come below and have something to eat, and you'll soon forget that you aren't on dry land. We'll have some champagne, though, to make assurance doubly sure."

It may be doubted whether eating off a swinging table is a very good remedy for dizziness, but the virtues of champagne as a corrective have long been recognized by persons liable to sea-sickness, and Mr. Mortimer's champagne was of the best

quality. As much could not be said for the solid food set before his guest, which was cooked after a fashion to which all yachtsmen must learn to submit, whether they pay their cooks highly or not, because no other is obtainable. Such as it was, however, Willie found himself able to partake of it and realized, to his great relief, that he was in no imminent danger of humiliating catastrophes. He was all the more glad of that because he was extremely curious to hear what was the nature of the confidence which Mortimer apparently meant to repose in him; so that it was a little disappointing to be catechized with regard to the sport that he had had in Kent and to listen to the vain regrets of a keen shot.

"To think that one should get so far on in the season as this without using a single cartridge!" sighed Mortimer mournfully. "Such a thing hasn't happened to me since I was a child. But this has been an exceptional sort of year all round. I don't want ever to spend another like it, I know that much."

He became more explicit—the champagne possibly helping to loosen his tongue—when luncheon had been disposed of. He then conducted his friend to a recess at the foot of the companion which had been fitted up as a smoking-room, with a divan upon which recumbent smokers could wedge themselves into a position of comparative stability, and, having given him a cigar and lighted one himself, began—

"I suppose you know why I'm here now, Brett."

"Yes," answered Willie slowly, "I suppose I do."

"Well, it's evident of course. Nobody would come yachting to Torquay in the beginning of winter unless he had a pretty good reason for it. All the same, I'm beginning to doubt whether I haven't come here on a fool's errand after all. What do you think? You're an unprejudiced, disinterested outsider, and I should like to hear your opinion. Candidly now, what do you think?"

Willie could not disclaim the unprejudiced and disinterested character ascribed to him, but he professed himself quite incapable of forming a trustworthy judgment upon the question as to which he was consulted. "I don't exactly understand what you mean," he said. "I imagine that you are here on Lady Evelyn Foljambe's account; but I can't possibly tell whether she intends to accept you or not, if that is what you want to know. How could I? I'm not half as well acquainted with her as you are; and besides, I've been away."

"Oh yes, and so has she, for the matter of that. I can't help fancying that she went away on purpose."

"But she is coming back this evening, you say."

"Yes, she is coming back this evening; she was bound to come back some time or other, you know. But I thought you might have heard or noticed something before you left. Did she ever speak to you about me?"

"She did once or twice," answered Willie, who remembered quite well what she had said and felt that it would not bear repetition, "but I didn't gather very much from that, one way or the other. I am really as much in the dark as you are."

"You must be hopelessly in the dark, then. Honestly speaking, I did believe that she cared for me last season in London. You may call me conceited if you like, but I think I had some excuse for believing that. She knew I was coming to Torquay in the autumn; she must have known why I was coming, and she certainly seemed to encourage me. So did her mother."

Willie made a murmur of assent.

"Ah, I see! You think her mother had more to say to that than she had, and I'm afraid you're right, Brett. Still, Lady Wetherby isn't a match-making old woman, and, when all's said, I'm no such extraordinary catch. I'm sure you're thinking a lot more than you choose to say. Speak out, like a good fellow: you won't offend me, I promise you."

This was really a most embarrassing request, and to comply with it, while at the same time steering clear of offensiveness, would have required more wit or duplicity than Willie could boast of. He got out of the difficulty by answering, "My thoughts don't matter; the only important question for you is what Lady Evelyn thinks, and you can't find that out without asking her. Why don't you?"

"Because, my dear fellow, she won't give me the chance. I suppose, if I've been upon the brink of proposing to her once, I've been upon the brink ten times, and each time she has contrived to put me off. You have no idea what a hand she is at that kind of thing. I believe I can stand chaff about as well as most people, but there are times, don't you know, when one doesn't want to be chaffed." Mortimer scratched the back of his head, tilting his yachting cap over his eyes, and added ruefully, "Hang me if I can make out what she's driving at!"

"The only plan is to ask her," said Willie again.

"Well, I suppose so; although I must confess that I don't feel very confident. It looks to me as if she didn't wish to be driven into a corner—as if she hadn't quite made up her mind whether to say yes or no. And I suspect that that is what made her go away."

Willie opined that Lady Evelyn had now had time enough to ascertain her own wishes and that she might reasonably be requested to state them. "If it's a fair question, Mortimer," he ventured to ask in conclusion, "are you—are you very fond of her?"

Mortimer looked a little foolish, "Oh, of course," he answered. "One wouldn't want to spend the rest of one's life with a girl unless one was fond of her."

He jumped off his seat, ran up the companion and studied the weather for a moment. Then he returned, and, throwing himself down upon the divan again, resumed: "While I'm at it, I may as well tell the whole truth. I don't think I cared so very much about her in London; only I liked her, and I was under the impression that she liked me, and my people are always bothering me to marry. But since I have felt less sure of her it has been rather different. Oh, I'm in love with her right enough, if that's what you mean."

"Then," said Willie rather curtly—for, somehow or other, this information was something of a disappointment to him —"all you have to do is to find out whether she is in love with you."

"Exactly so; and I'm very much afraid that she isn't. I don't know how or why it is; but she has certainly changed of late. I should understand it if she had been seeing other fellows; but she hasn't, you know. There isn't a soul in Torquay whom she could possibly have taken a fancy to, except yourself, and I daresay you won't think me insulting if I say that I see no reason to be afraid of you."

Willie managed to force out a laugh, though he felt his cheeks reddening. "I'm not very formidable," he answered; "ladies aren't much in the habit of becoming enamoured of me."

"Oh, I don't know why they should'nt be," Mortimer declared generously; "I've no doubt they'd think you no end of a fellow if you took the trouble to be attentive to them; but you're hardly a ladies' man, are you? All I meant to say was that in this particular instance you are not to be dreaded. To be perfectly candid, I did for a moment imagine that there might

be something between you and her ; so I took an opportunity of asking her what she thought of you."

"And she set your mind at ease, I suppose ? "

"Oh, yes ; she set my mind at ease. Not that she said a word against you, you understand ; on the contrary, she praised you up to the skies. Only one knows the sort of feeling that women have about a man whom they praise in that way. He's everything that you please as a friend ; but he wouldn't exactly suit them as a husband."

Having thus incidentally crushed the life out of any insane hopes that may have been rising in the breast of his confidant, Mr. Mortimer proceeded : "The long and the short of it is, then, that you advise me not to shilly-shally any longer ? You don't think I should improve my chances by waiting a bit."

Willie was able to reply honestly that he should recommend prompt action. If Lady Evelyn had not yet made up her mind, it did not seem likely that further delay could bring her nearer to a decision.

Mortimer nodded. "All right," said he ; "the deed shall be done to-morrow, if only this vile wind will moderate. You might be good-natured and come with us—will you ? Then you could entertain the old lady, as you did before, you know, and I could find an occasion to say my little say and have done with it."

Good-natured as he was, Willie demurred to this unpalatable proposition.

"You will get on all right without me," he answered ; "Lady Wetherby is on your side, and she isn't likely to thrust her company upon you."

"Oh, she will be quite willing to make herself scarce," agreed Mortimer ; "I know that. It's Lady Evelyn whom I'm doubtful about. I'm as certain as I sit here that she doesn't want to be brought to bay, and there's no getting rid of third persons unless the whole three are of one mind. If you were with us, you could easily lend me a helping hand, don't you see."

To such an appeal only one response was possible, and indeed it did not greatly signify. If one is to be condemned to inevitable suffering, one may as well be present when sentence is passed as not. Willie, therefore, accepted the humble task of usefulness assigned to him, and having done so, rose, saying that it was time for him to be off. Mortimer, however, was very unwilling to let him go. He had to admit that he had nothing

particular to do, and, as a result of that admission, he had to listen for another hour to confidences which he would fain have dispensed with. With unintentional cruelty, Mortimer expatiated upon Lady Evelyn's many charms and good qualities, protesting his complete faith in her, notwithstanding all that he had heard about her heartlessness.

"She isn't a flirt in reality," he was good enough to explain; "but I suppose that, like all women, she has a hankering after admiration, and very likely she sees no harm in giving a certain amount of encouragement to fellows who haven't serious intentions and whom she wouldn't dream of marrying if they had. Only I have always fancied that she treated me rather differently from the others. Of course I may be quite wrong, though; what do you think yourself?"

This question was repeated in one form or another again and again, to the discomfiture of poor Willie, who kept on answering that he really knew nothing about it. It was rather hard upon him that he should be asked to cheer the spirits and allay the misgivings of a rival who seemed to have every chance of success. His patience almost broke down when he was begged to say quite honestly whether he believed Lady Evelyn capable of consenting to arrangements made on her behalf by her family, without regard to her personal predilections.

"Because I don't want to be accepted on those terms, you know," Mortimer declared. "I'd a good deal rather be told straight out that she liked me well enough, but didn't care for me in the way that I care for her."

"How can I possibly judge of her feelings!" exclaimed Willie. "From the little that I have seen of her, I should think that if you asked her she would answer you truly; but you yourself say that I am not a ladies' man. If you are in the dark, it stands to reason that I must be much more so."

At length he was permitted to depart; and dismal enough were his reflections after he had been put ashore and had started on the uphill road which led towards his mother's house. Setting one consideration against another, the evidence of facts doubtless told in Mortimer's favour. Lady Evelyn might have gone away out of coquetry, or simply because she had thought that a little change of scene would be agreeable; but it was perfectly plain that if she had intended to refuse her suitor, she would have allowed him to propose to her and have got rid of him. Hesitation may mean fifty things, but it cannot mean a

negative decision. As for himself, he was convinced now, if he had not been so before, that he was nothing more to her than a casual and rather pleasant acquaintance. Mortimer's report of the manner in which she had spoken about him was conclusive upon that point.

He might or might not have been in some measure comforted if he could have overheard a conversation which was at that moment taking place between Lady Evelyn and her mother. The girl, who had just arrived from her journey, was seated beside the tea-table, with her hat and jacket on, and had been informed that, should the weather prove propitious on the morrow, she would be expected to pay a farewell visit to the *Albatross*. The announcement apparently did not please her; for she made an impatient gesture and exclaimed—

"What a miserable want of originality! I should have thought that in all this time Mr. Mortimer might have hit upon some new idea. I don't think I was ever so tired of anything in my life as I am of sailing round Torbay in that yacht."

"I am sure you can't dread the prospect half so much as I do, my dear," answered her mother rather dolefully. "You at least are a good sailor, whereas I am a disgracefully bad one. Even if the wind drops, as it seems to be doing, one can't expect that horrible sea to have quieted down by to-morrow."

"But if you don't want to go, and I don't want to go, why on earth are we going?" Lady Evelyn inquired.

"Oh, I think we ought. Mr. Mortimer only came to Torquay on our account, you must remember, and I am afraid he has found it very dull while you have been away; and—and it is the last time that he will ask us to go out sailing with him, you see."

"Yes; there is a grain of consolation in that thought. Moreover, if we didn't go out sailing with him, he would come to luncheon here and stay the whole afternoon, I suppose. All the same, I wish we could get hold of some amiable fourth person to square the party. Mr. Brett would have been invaluable; but he is still away, isn't he?"

"I believe he has returned," answered Lady Wetherby, a momentary cloud overspreading her good-humoured face; "his mother was here this afternoon, and she told me that he had come back. But I don't think I will ask him to join us in another yachting excursion: he didn't enjoy himself very much the last time."

"Didn't he?" asked Lady Evelyn innocently. "I'm sure it was no fault of yours or mine if he didn't; for we both tried our little best to entertain him. What makes you think that he found us tedious?"

Lady Wetherby laughed. "I didn't say he had found us tedious; I said he didn't enjoy himself, and I doubt whether he would enjoy a repetition of the dose, poor boy! Anyhow, I can't invite him; the *Albatross* doesn't belong to me."

"I shouldn't feel the slightest scruple about inviting him if I wanted him," observed Lady Evelyn pensively; "but after all, I don't know that I do particularly want him. Anybody else would do quite as well. Perhaps Mr. Archdale might be induced to honour us with his company."

Lady Wetherby thought not. "From what I hear," said she, "Mr. Archdale prefers playing whist at the club to doing anything else. Besides, we couldn't very well ask him without Marcia."

"In that case," said Lady Evelyn, "perhaps we had better not ask him. I can't understand how such a nasty woman as Mrs. Archdale ever contrived to have such a nice son as Mr. Brett."

"She isn't so very nasty and he isn't so very nice," returned her mother. "You jump to conclusions about people much too hastily, my dear."

"Do I? Well, you can't accuse me of having jumped hastily to any conclusion about Mr. Mortimer, who is neither nasty nor nice, handsome nor ugly, clever nor stupid. The only positive thing that I can discover about him is his income; but I suppose that is the most important thing that can be discovered about anybody, isn't it?"

CHAPTER XL.

ROUGH-WEATHER SAILING.

When the autumnal equinox is over and the south-westerly gales have blown themselves out, the wind commonly veers towards the north or west, and in favourable years there follows a period of still sunny days and starry nights, with a touch of frost in the air. In unfavourable years (these are perhaps the more numerous) sharp squalls of wind and rain sweep in from

the same quarter, alternating with bright intervals, a condition of things tolerable enough to people on dry land who carry umbrellas, but full of discomfort for those whom the pursuit of business or pleasure tempts to sail upon the sea. Now, the day which Mr. Mortimer had fixed upon as the last of his nautical career for that season was of the latter uncertain type. There was no denying that it was a fine morning; but over the distant hills of Dartmoor there hung a black cloud, with sun-rays streaming up above it and an ominous grey appearance below it; so that Lady Wetherby, as she stood upon the terrace in front of her villa and anxiously surveyed the horizon, shading her eyes with her hand, heaved a deep sigh.

"I suppose it will do," she observed to her daughter; "one can't very well say that it won't do. Only I am certain that as soon as we are well out to sea something horrible will happen."

"Then we'll stay at home," answered Lady Evelyn decisively. "We would do a great deal to please Mr. Mortimer—that's understood—but I don't see why we should run the risk of being drowned to please him."

"Oh, I daresay there isn't much danger of that," rejoined her mother; "the *Albatross* is seaworthy, I believe, and there is no appearance of a storm approaching. But unfortunately something very far short of a storm will suffice to make me quite indifferent to the prospect of death. There's no help for it, my dear; go we must. All I beg of you is that you will not ask me to remain on deck. It is just wildly possible that, by lying on the flat of my back in the cabin and shutting my eyes, I may manage to pull through."

So the messenger whom Mr. Mortimer had despatched from the yacht, and who was waiting for a reply, was sent away with a verbal intimation to the effect that the ladies would be at the landing-steps in about twenty minutes, and the elder of them prepared herself to undergo one of those forms of martyrdom to which all good mothers must occasionally submit for their daughters' sake. If in this instance the daughter of the martyr was far from grateful, there was nothing surprising or unusual about her ingratitude: few people understand what their true interests are, and fewer still return thanks to those who endeavour to promote them.

During the drive down to the quay Lady Evelyn was taciturn and depressed; she seated herself in the gig with the half-resigned, half-impatient air of one who foresees annoyance, and,

as the men gave way, she remarked gloomily: "Well, we are in for it now! I only hope that, whatever comes of this, nobody will be so unfair as to blame me. *I* didn't want to go to sea to-day."

However, she brightened up wonderfully when she stepped on board and recognised the figure of Willie Brett, stationed a few paces behind the owner of the vessel. "This is really kind of you!" she exclaimed, shaking hands cordially with the young man. "I know you can't be here for pleasure—no mortal could. So I shall take the liberty of assuming that you came out of sheer charity and because you realized that Mr. Mortimer would be much too busy sailing the ship to waste time in entertaining me."

And it pleased her to maintain this preposterous assumption, notwithstanding all the assurances to the contrary that she received from those who were in a position to speak authoritatively. In vain Mortimer protested that he had nothing whatsoever to say to the navigation of the *Albatross;* in vain Willie, true to the distasteful task which he had undertaken, endeavoured to efface himself: there is no permissible method of shaking off a lady who is determined to cling to you, and Lady Evelyn did not conceal her determination.

"Go away and steer," she said to Mortimer, as soon as they were out of the harbour. "You want to steer—you know you do! Added to which, I want to talk to Mr. Brett in private, so that there isn't the slightest excuse for your remaining with us against your will."

Mortimer laughed rather ruefully, shrugged his shoulders and walked aft. The day, to be sure, was still young, and he presumed that his opportunity would come later. But Willie, who was thus left in what seemed to be an enviable situation, (for Lady Wetherby had lost no time in going below), was not much elated by it. For all his innocence, he could not but perceive that this openly avowed desire for his company was not really flattering.

"What do you want to talk to me about in private, Lady Evelyn?" he inquired, with a somewhat melancholy smile.

"That is just what I don't know," she replied candidly. "However, I daresay I shall be able to think of something presently, and in the meantime we have got rid of our genial host, whom I don't wish to have upon my hands for the entire day. Why are you back in Torquay, if one may ask? Have

you made your peace with your uncle, or have you quarrelled with him?"

"I haven't quarrelled with him," answered Willie, a little surprised; "I should be very sorry to do that."

"Oh, you would? I didn't know. Of course you are quite right, and it is a dreadful mistake to quarrel with one's bread and butter; only I fancied somehow that you were the sort of person to throw away a fortune for an idea."

"How do you mean?" inquired Willie.

"I only mean that, from what I have heard, you are doing rather a risky thing in irritating that old uncle of yours. I suppose your returning here, instead of staying with him, irritates him, doesn't it?"

"Oh, I hope not. He isn't on speaking terms with my mother, and perhaps he would be better pleased if she were not upon speaking terms with me; but he has been quite reasonable about it. He made conditions, as he had every right to do; but I think he understands that some allowance must be made for human nature."

"Well, if you have persuaded him that it is a part of human nature to revolt against arbitrary interference, that is very clever of you, and I trust he will leave you his money, notwithstanding your obstinacy. The one essential thing for all of us appears to be that we should get hold of money: so long as we do that, we may make idiots of ourselves in other ways to our hearts' content."

Willie said that was not at all his view of the whole duty of man—or woman.

"It's mine, then. At least, I think it is. Ignoble, if you like, but necessary; and a good deal more necessary in the case of women than in the case of men. Men, after all, can earn their own living; but women, or at any rate women of my class, can't, and we are always taught that it is our chief duty to marry rich men. Mamma is as unworldly as anybody whom I have ever met; yet I know that that is her opinion, and that she will be grievously disappointed if I don't act upon it."

"Do you mean to act upon it?" Willie could not help asking.

"Am I bound to answer that question, Mr. Brett?"

"Of course not. Only I think you rather invited it?"

"Oh, dear, no; I was only inviting you to answer it for me. But you aren't polite enough, or else you are too honest. Well,

I know what you think, and I daresay you are right. I shall probably end by doing my duty. As far as that goes, I shall probably begin by doing it."

Nobody could speak more plainly, and it seemed to Willie that such candour fully entitled him to state in general terms what his views were with regard to loveless marriages. This he proceeded to do at some length and with no little earnestness, forgetting in the ardour of the controversy which ensued that he had not been invited to join the *Albatross* that day in order that he might engross the whole attention of the lady on whose account alone the yacht had left her moorings.

Lady Evelyn, for her part, seemed to be equally oblivious of the ill-used and impatient man at the wheel. She argued with a good deal of dexterity, and although she admitted the desirability of love-matches in the abstract, she gave it to be understood that she regarded them rather as lucky accidents than as objects to be aimed at.

"Don't look so shocked and distressed," said she; "we are what we have been brought up to be, and I wasn't trained in a romantic school."

Willie sighed. "You don't speak as if you very much liked the school in which you were brought up," he ventured to remark.

"Oh, I like it or I dislike it—what does it matter? I am what I am, and things are what they are, and we can't change them. Perhaps we have discussed the question long enough now."

They had certainly been discussing it for a good long time. The *Albatross*, running before a fresh breeze, was well out to sea, and Mortimer, who had been vainly endeavouring to catch his friend's eye, contrived to do so now. He made an expressive grimace, which was rightly interpreted in the quarter to which it was addressed as meaning that this sort of thing was rather more than had been bargained for. Willie responded by a slight movement of his shoulders and eyebrows. It was no fault of his that he had been detained in a conversation which he had not sought; still he felt a little guilty about it, and it seemed to him that his obvious duty was to efface himself. He therefore rose somewhat abruptly from the wicker chair in which he had been seated, murmuring something about its being time for him to take his share of the work. As a matter of fact, he did not gain possession of the tiller, because the skipper, who

advanced at the same moment, would not allow him to do so; but the effect of his manœuvre was to release Mortimer, and how could he help it if Lady Evelyn chose immediately to disappear down the companion?

"You see how it is," said Mortimer disconsolately, when the two young men were left on deck together; "she is evidently determined not to give me a chance if she can help it. Between you and me, Brett, I've half a mind to chuck the whole thing up; goodness knows I don't want to force myself upon anybody."

And, as his friend remained silent, he continued with a touch of irritability, "What do you think yourself? What has she been talking about to you all this time? Did she mention me?"

"Not by name," answered Willie hesitatingly.

"Oh, she did mention me by implication then? I thought as much! Well, you know, if it comes to her discussing me with outsiders, it's pretty plain that she can't care about me personally, and I'm sure I don't want to be accepted for any other reason. She told you that she was being urged to marry me by her mother, I suppose?"

"No, she didn't say that," answered Willie, endeavouring to combine truth with discretion. "Somehow or other, I don't quite remember how, we got on the subject of marriage, and she talked as though income were the only important consideration. But I really don't know whether she meant what she said, and perhaps she wasn't thinking about you at all. Hadn't you better go below and ask her? I'm sure she will be honest with you if you do."

Mortimer was not quite so confident about that. Rightly or wrongly, he conceived that Lady Evelyn had given him a great deal of encouragement and that her present conduct was not only capricious but unfair. He was disinclined either to give her the cheap triumph of having brought him to her feet and refused him or to accept a success due solely to his rent-roll and his highly respectable position in society. However, it need scarcely be said that he eventually acted upon the advice offered to him and descended into the main cabin, leaving Willie to study the appearance of the sky and the sea, which was becoming more and more threatening.

Little enough did Willie care about the black, ragged cloud which was sweeping over Paignton and the white-crested waves by which the bay astern was beginning to be covered, though he stared at these portents as if they interested him profoundly.

He knew, or thought he knew, very well what was going on beneath his feet at that moment. Lady Wetherby had made herself scarce—of course she would make herself scarce—Mortimer was pleading his cause; Lady Evelyn was laughing and pretending to be sceptical—was perhaps really feeling sceptical. But presently her scepticism would be vanquished; she would realize that her lover was a good, kind-hearted fellow, that his love was not to be lightly rejected by one who, at all events, loved no one else better; she would yield more or less reluctantly, and in a minute or two Mortimer would come up on deck, with a radiant countenance, to announce that it was "all right."

Nothing, in truth, was more probable than the verification of this forecast; yet, when Mortimer reappeared, his countenance was anything but radiant, and all he had to announce was that they must put back to Torquay at once.

"The old lady's sick," said he briefly and rather sulkily. "I don't see that there's much excuse for it; but sick she is, and though she swears she doesn't mind, Lady Evelyn insists upon her being put ashore. Well, I suppose it would be inhuman to refuse. Besides, Lady Evelyn won't leave her."

He gave the requisite instructions and sharply countermanded his skipper's orders to shorten sail. "The sooner we get back into smooth water the better," he said; "there's a nasty squall coming up which sea-sick people wouldn't like. We may just escape it if we look sharp."

"I doubt we shan't escape it, sir," answered the skipper; "and we're bound to carry away something if it catches us."

"I don't care if we carry away the mainmast," returned Mortimer impatiently; "you won't be held responsible, anyhow. Mind your head, Brett; we're going about."

Like many other good-humoured men, Mortimer was not disposed to tolerate opposition on those rare occasions when his good-humour deserted him. His subordinates were doubtless aware of that; otherwise he would hardly have been permitted under such a spread of canvas to steer as straight as the wind would allow for the black cloud which was now rushing towards them across the water and which there was not the smallest probability of their avoiding. Indeed, ten minutes had not elapsed before the squall was upon them and the skipper's prophecy had been fulfilled.

What with the roaring of the wind, the driving rain and the

showers of blinding spray, the few moments which followed were moments of confusion and bewilderment both for Mortimer and for the two ladies, who, startled by the sudden heeling over of the vessel and the crash of the falling topmast, had rushed up on deck to see what was the matter. Mortimer had to assure them that they were not in any danger and that nothing worse had happened than the loss of a little gear, which was of no consequence at all. Something worse had happened; but neither he nor they were aware of it until the deck had been cleared of the broken spar and the tangle of rigging which had come down with it. Then they saw that four of the hands were stooping over something or somebody, and Mortimer said, "Hullo! where's Brett? I hope he hasn't been hurt."

He hurried forward, followed by the ladies; though he waved them back, wishing to spare them a sickening spectacle. Willie lay under the bulwarks, where he had fallen, drenched with salt water. His face was covered with blood, his head, which the men had raised a little, had fallen back, his eyes were vacant and glazed.

"Good God!" ejaculated Mortimer involuntarily, "he's dead!"

"I think he's still breathin', sir," one of the men said, "and the blood don't seem to have stopped flowin'."

But if this was not actual death, it was so near an approach to it as to be to all intents and purposes the same thing. A man whose skull has been split open is a dead man, whether he continues to breathe for a while or not, and so Lady Evelyn must have thought; for in the presence of such a calamity she became oblivious of everything and everybody else.

"Oh, my love!" she exclaimed, as, with clasped hands and dilated eyes, she gazed down upon the motionless figure at her feet.

Her mother heard her; so did Mortimer, and so did the crew. But she would not at that moment have cared if all the world had heard her; nor indeed were her neighbours in a mood to be shocked by any breach of conventionality. So strong is our instinctive clinging to the existence which we must all resign sooner or later, and so terrible does the premature death of a fellow-mortal appear to us, that when so great a catastrophe seems to be imminent, all other considerations sink into comparative insignificance in our eyes. In Mortimer's head, at all events, there was for the time being only room for one idea, and probably Lady Wetherby felt very much as he did, although

calmer reflection might have persuaded both of them that, if Willie Brett was dead, the misfortune was not quite the worst that could have fallen upon them.

Willie, however, was not yet dead. He was perhaps going to die; but as to that they could form no opinion. They got him down into the cabin and washed the deep, jagged wound upon his head and forced some brandy between his white lips; more than that their scant knowledge of surgery did not enable them to do. He remained rigid and unconscious, and they could but trust that they had not, through ignorance, neglected any means of restoring animation which ought to have been resorted to.

Lady Evelyn neither gave assistance nor was asked for any. She had sunk down upon a chair, where she sat, unnoticed, staring straight before her in a dazed way, with her hands still tightly clasped. She only spoke once, when she inquired how long they would be in getting back to Torquay.

"I don't know," answered Mortimer, glancing at her and knitting his brows wonderingly for an instant; "not very long, I hope. But I'll run up on deck and have a look at the weather."

The weather by this time had temporarily improved. The squall had passed out to sea, the sun was shining, and there was a brisk wind, although, unfortunately, it was a contrary one. The *Albatross* had suffered no damage beyond the loss of her topmast, and was making good headway; so that Mortimer, when he went below again, could give an encouraging report to the anxious ladies.

Nevertheless, an interval which seemed to them interminable elapsed before Torquay harbour was made; after which they had to endure another weary half-hour of waiting. But at length a doctor, who by good luck had been recognised and stopped near the quay, was brought on board, and his verdict, when he had made a hasty examination of the patient, was not such as to exclude all hope.

"To the best of my belief," said he, "the injuries are not in themselves fatal; of course I can't tell yet what the effect of the shock to the system may be. We must have him carried home and put to bed as soon as possible. Perhaps somebody will go on and prepare his friends. I think you said that his mother is living here?"

"I suppose I had better go," observed Mortimer, with a rueful countenance.

But Lady Wetherby, who during all this time had forgotten the existence of such a malady as sea-sickness, and had behaved like the excellent and courageous creature that she was, unhesitatingly took upon herself a task which anybody might have been pardoned for shirking. "It will be easier for me to break the news to poor Marcia than it would be for you," she said; "if you give me five minutes' start, that will be quite enough, because you will have to drive slowly." She added, in a lower voice, "I shall put Evelyn into a fly, and send her straight home; she is too much upset to be of any use to you."

Lady Evelyn acquiesced without a word when she was told what was to be done with her, and as soon as the two ladies had left the yacht, the doctor remarked, "Now, that is what I call a good, sensible woman. I only hope the poor young fellow's mother may be like her."

"As far as I can judge, Mrs. Archdale isn't at all like Lady Wetherby," Mortimer answered. "However, I suppose it won't very much matter if she does make a scene. He won't recover consciousness for another hour or so, will he?"

"Oh dear no; there isn't the slightest chance of that. Indeed, now that we are alone, I may tell you that it is doubtful whether he will ever recover consciousness at all."

(*To be continued.*)

AN OLD LETTER FROM THE BALTIC.

YOUNG ladies nowadays are allowed, or perhaps compelled, to do many things which would have made their grandmothers' hair stand on end. In the ever-increasing work and business of our time, chaperons and escorts cannot be found for every step in life, and the young lady would be left hopelessly behind in the race if not supposed to be able to take very good care of herself. It is true there is a tradition of a gentle traveller whose "maiden smile," despite the gems she wore, "lighted her safely round the Green Isle." It might be safer now to try the experiment without either the gems or the smile; still, we should be sorry to despair of its success. Meanwhile our young American cousins are reported to touch the extremest verge of social freedom, and to touch it—to the credit, be it said, of all parties—with perfect impunity. In my young days, however, a prohibitive tariff of "protection" prevailed, and still more in the case I am about to relate, which occurred in a foreign country not far from the North Pole. For I was sojourning in the little German capital of R—— on the shores of the Baltic, and was engaged for peremptory reasons to proceed to St. Petersburg, and that in the depth of a severe winter, with the days about three hours long and the thermometer twenty degrees below zero. Of course this could not be undertaken without an escort, and that of an unimpeachable kind. The standard of unmarried female decorum was stringent in little R——, indeed to be an unmarried young lady at all was in that part of the world considered a position of doubtful propriety. By the laws of the German language such an anomaly is not supposed to exist; no feminine word being found in any German dictionary which expresses such an awkward fact. The woman alone who has, or has had, or is

even engaged to have a husband, is entitled to bear the noun-substantive feminine, while for those unfortunate derelicts whose lot is cast outside that privileged class, there exist, as all German scholars can testify, but two neuter words, and those of doubtful courtesy.

Certain ideas of emancipation, however, are attached to the "English in Russia," whether feminine or neuter, but being aware that my plans at best were only a matter of sufferance to my foreign relatives and friends, I was the more anxious to leave all the arrangements for my journey to a married committee of safety of both sexes. Nor was this passiveness quite without merit on my part, for what with their scruples, their indecisions and their disagreements, it became rather difficult for me to sit with my hands before me.

The plan chalked out for me was that I and my female attendant, Maschinka, a worthy elderly Russian maid, like myself of the neuter gender, should take a *kibitka*, or covered sledge, for ourselves, and join company with any other *kibitka* going the same route. But who that *kibitka* should contain was still the knotty point, and finding the arrangements more difficult than had been expected, one after another of my "many friends" fell off, and I was left to the special offices of my noble host who, to do him justice, exerted himself unremittingly to secure the desired end. But though many escorts were heard of, none were chosen. One was going a month too late; another had started a day too soon; a third traveller was a bachelor, and therefore out of the question; a fourth was a widower, and therefore just as improper; and a fifth, who promised well *in* every respect, was found to be starting from instead of going to the desired bourne. Nevertheless, my host was noways discouraged; on the contrary the slightest expression of doubt as to his ultimate success was received as a personal slur, and every discussion wound up with assurances of his securing all that was wanted, provided the whole affair was left to his guidance. Meanwhile I was warned that three difficulties were to be expected on the way. There was a road, but at this time fathoms deep under snow; there were post-houses, but these unfit for a lady to enter; and there were post-horses, but those difficult to get.

We were now within a week of the latest day fixed for the journey. New Year's Day, my utmost term, in spite of the twelve days' respite of Old Style, graciously retained by the

Czar for the convenience of his subjects, was inexorably approaching. Every night and morning did Maschinka, who looked eagerly forward to visiting St. Petersburg, enquire when the *Sudārina* thought that we should start. Alas! her *Sudārina* was as ignorant as herself, though not perhaps more impatient. At length public report announced the approaching departure of the *Admiralinn* P. with family and suite for Petersburg, and all my late committee were now so eager to have the credit of imparting this intelligence that, within an hour and half, I received it from ten different quarters. It was now settled, *nem. con.*, that my *kibitka* should join her party, and thus profit by the help of her many men-servants in procuring horses. And then the *Admiralinn's* ears must have burnt, for no end of praise was poured upon her. She was the best woman in the world, so obliging! so unselfish! *eine ächte deutsche Frau!* &c. &c.; and off went my noble friend to enter into arrangements for me. He was gone rather long, and returned rather embarrassed. It was evident that the lady had not that regard for the national character that had been reported. Through a delicate network of pretty speeches she had at length made my friend understand, and through the same he at length made me understand, that her servants would be too much occupied to attend to any one beyond her own party; that of course she should take the first chance of post-horses herself, and that if, as probably by this arrangement, I should be left upon the road, it would be impossible for her to wait for me. This concluded the treaty; a dignified message declining her escort was sent, and in no time the *Admiralinn* P. was stripped of every good quality.

Three days now passed slowly away, and I began to think my chances desperate, when my host, entering with a beaming smile, announced an escort so delightful in every respect as to more than compensate for all previous disappointments. This proved to be Count D. the highest and richest noble in the province, who had so successfully studied the art of comfort that once seated in his luxurious *kibitka* no one ever wished to get out of it again. The man too was perfection, his age mature, his character unimpeachable, his wife alive, and he starting for St. Petersburg the next morning alone. I was now congratulated in good earnest—the Count was so superior a person—all in fact that the *Admiralinn* should have been, and was not. A little eccentric perhaps, but this would entertain me on the road. It

was a pity perhaps that I had not already known him, or he me, but this was no matter, and nothing was necessary but that I should apprise him of the honour that awaited him. So off went my noble intermediator again, bidding me have everything in readiness. For some occult reason I did not share his expectations, and I was not deceived. On his return my friend drily gave me to understand that the negotiation had failed; and by a certain mystery of manner conveyed the impression that I was answerable for my own disappointment. How could that be? I ransacked my conscience in vain for some sense of misconduct. My English manners, I admitted, were sometimes too audacious for German punctilio. I had been known to sit on a sofa, and to wear a little morning cap—both of which were crimes in an unmarried woman; but then the Count had never witnessed either offence. What could it be? Still my friend kept the same reproachful air, but acknowledged that it was perhaps more a female than an individual peccadillo. In short, the Count dared not undertake the responsibility of the immense quantity of luggage which English ladies always carried about with them. All argument was in vain, the good man was inexorable—he had read it in a book.

My companion's ardour was now abating. He threw out hints of the impropriety of young ladies wanting to travel at all, and the absurdity of their expecting to find escorts; and I was left to muse on the inconsistency of man, in no very placable mood. Just at this crisis tidings were brought of another *Gelegenheit*, or opportunity. My informant was the impatient Maschinka, who had not been idle in enquiry, and the escort she recommended was no other than the widow of a respectable tallow-chandler who carried on the business in the next street. Nothing could be more convenient! In the vulgarity of my English heart I did not see why the tallow-chandler's widow was not as good a protector as Count D., and incautiously expressed myself to that effect. This sealed my doom! I was now informed in a few courteous words that I was at liberty to travel with whom I pleased. Accordingly to the tallow-shop I went—found a cheerful, elderly woman with a red, good-humoured face, to whom my errand was quickly explained, and received with unmistakable goodwill. It was soon settled that we should hire a *kibitka* between us, large enough to accommodate our three selves, while her son, a sturdy lad of fifteen, should share the postillion's seat; and she answered for his

getting post-horses more surely than any of the smart servants of the *hohe Herrschaften.* The secret of this appeared to consist equally in her acquaintance with many of the post-masters, and in their acquaintance with her candles—which she assured me possessed peculiar properties for dispelling Russian darkness.

On returning home, I found good-humour quite restored to my noble friend, who now only gave me signs of our late passage of arms by sundry allusions to grocery and tallow-chandlery, whether in or out of season. Of course I took them with equal good-humour, and had the comfort of lying down with less anxiety than I had felt for many a night. All went well now. Maschinka was as busy as a bee, and officiated between my worthy escort and myself on various questions relating to luggage and stowage, and to the provision-basket. A *padaroshna,* or ticket of the road, was secured for the party, and if ever I felt certain of starting next day on a journey, and that with a tallow-chandler's widow, it was now. But *l'homme propose,* and proposes in vain. During the night the good woman, whose bright and shining countenance seemed to me a type of her wares, was seized with an apoplectic fit, and when morning came, lay in a state which pointed to that journey which all must take alone. I was greatly shocked—all the household sympathized—pride broke down before humanity; even my worthy host lamented for my sake that the good lady's fit had not befallen her after, instead of before, the journey. Upon which, to show the real feelings of the man, he himself repaired to her dwelling, and brought me word with a smile of kindness that under proper treatment the poor woman was regaining consciousness and was expected to recover.

I now felt indifferent to the very subject of my journey, but my friends would not give it up, and the conversation naturally falling on cases of sudden seizure, some one mentioned the distress that General H. and his family were suffering at the tidings of their eldest boy's sudden illness at St. Petersburg, which they had received only that morning. My good emissary now rose, flung his bearskin around him, and left the house, and this being the usual hour for joining his club, no observation was excited. In half an hour he returned, bringing with him an elderly military man, whose strong likeness to the Duke of Wellington was enough to prepossess any Englishwoman in his favour. "I have redeemed my promise at last," said my friend,

presenting General H. to me, who informed me that in consequence of their anxiety, his wife, being a better nurse, he added, than himself, was immediately starting for Petersburg, and would be thankful for my companionship. He had already engaged a *kibitka* for the *Generalinn*, whose sole companion was to be a trusty German man-servant, and proposed that my maid and their man should follow in another *kibitka*, to be taken on my account. Accordingly, accompanied by the two gentlemen I proceeded to her house, and was introduced to a woman of singularly pleasing exterior, with more beauty than is usually retained in this part of the world by the mother of eight children, and with manners to which her anxiety gave a gentle charm. She confirmed all her husband's courteous expressions, and was as thoughtful for my comfort, and more need not be said, as my poor tallow-chandleress had been.

I returned home in good-humour with all mankind—with the *Admiralinn* P., with Count D., with my noble friend—with all; and found Maschinka, to acquaint her with the good news. On arriving, however, at that part of the arrangement which concerned herself, her countenance fell; the Tartar lips, which revealed her ethnological descent, protruded more than usual, and symptoms of temper became unmistakable. "*Chto teper?* What now?" I said. "Does not this suit you?" At first no answer, and a further protrusion of the lips; then, by the rising tones I gathered that the plan of the second *kibitka* was the hitch. She had no objection whatever to go in the same vehicle with myself, but for an unmarried woman to travel day and night with a man, and that a *gruboi Nyemki*, a coarse German, was *ne chesti*, not honest—or rather not respectable—and she always had been respectable, and always meant to keep so; and by this time she had attained an exaltation of voice which was pretty audible all over the house. This was too bad, and after all my vicissitudes too! I must here explain that Maschinka was no chicken. She had entered the service of the family with whom I was staying at the ostensible age of thirty-five, and that fifteen years ago, and by some curious mental arithmetic, had remained at the same age ever since. Maschinka, it is true, remembered many a victory over her young mistress, but this time she was mistaken. For, inspired by the sense of returning fortune, I set before her in plain language the comparative advantage of travelling to St. Petersburg as I wished, or not travelling there at all. "Nonsense about

your respectability," I said. "Why, you are old enough to be his *Maminka*." And having fired this shot in my best Russian, I retreated, and left her to her reflections.

The hour of starting had been fixed for eight that evening. Meanwhile the weather had altered for the worse, and a heavy fall of snow was exchanged for east wind and drift. Our respective authorities, therefore, interposed, and the horses were put off till nine the next morning. Having thus the prospect of a few hours of rest, I began to survey the wardrobe, which, by the laws of polar travelling, I was doomed to convey to Petersburg upon my own person. To judge from the goodly array, spread out before me, it was sufficient to clothe a large family—the more so as the number consisted not so much in a variety, as in a repetition of the same article. I counted not less than twenty-nine incumbrances of one sort or another. Involuntarily I heaved a sigh, which Maschinka, wrongly interpreted and produced two veils, and three pairs of gloves, which she was preparing for service. By this time the cloud had passed away, whether owing to my firmness, or to a glimpse of a good-looking young man who had brought a note from the General, I will not presume to decide, and all was peace and harmony. Next morning I was visited betimes by two kind female friends, bent on assisting me in the mysteries of my polar costume. My readers may wonder why that task was not left to my maid, but they forget that she was dressing *herself!* When my toilet was about half completed they allowed me to sit down and take an excellent breakfast, and then continued their work as unconcernedly as if I had been the mummy I felt like. Sometimes in their zeal one made an omission which the other discovered, and both began to unbuild a few layers. Then one gave a violent pull, and I was nearly upset; and then both pulled different ways, and I recovered my equilibrium. My head, which was meanwhile being ensconced in a kind of trench, so deep that it might reasonably have hoped to escape observation, was for obvious reasons attacked last. First a tight woollen cap was drawn on, pulled down over the ears, and fastened under the chin. Then a warm handkerchief was passed with a curious twist flat across the forehead as low as the eyebrows, down along the cheeks, crossed upon the chin, and secured at the back of the neck. At this stage my "dressers" both halted for a minute, and took leave of me, which consisted in kissing such parts of my face as were still get-at-able. This, I thought, was the conclusion of the ceremony, but, before I could

speak, the tallest of my female Thugs had passed a folded handkerchief directly over the bridge of my nose, leaving a narrow chink for eyes above and mouth below, and tied it tight behind. Then came another woollen cap with full border, and over that again the regular wadded sledge-hat, with two thick veils green and black. In short I was fairly buried alive, and considered myself fortunate in being able to keep my lungs playing, and in stealing a glance now and then over the walls of my prison. In this condition I was led downstairs—a spectacle to gods and men—while a short tottering mass waddled after me. The *kibitkas* stood at the door—the foremost with three horses, the other with two. In a corner of the first sat a misshapen pile, which I was given to understand was the *Generalinn*, but which for aught I could discern might just as well have been her gallant husband. As I approached, however, the mass assumed an undulatory movement—a curtain of veils was lifted, and a three-cornered slip of countenance revealed which, even in this disguise looked kindly on me. I was soon seated by her side, and we jingled together out of the town gates.

And now being fairly off, it is as well to describe the machine in which we were thus ensconced. A *kibitka* is a vehicle something like a barouche, coarsely made of unpainted wood. It contains one deep and low seat, with a hood covered outside with bass-matting, and apron and curtains of the same. On this seat you sink in an almost recumbent position, while under, over, and round you are stuffed down-cushions and fur-bags till you lie as snug as a jewel in cotton wool. Besides your two selves a good *kibitka* has space within for all your luggage. Outside a bag or *schamardan* (portmanteau) would have as little chance from the snatch of a Russian, as the poor drifted-up dead horse from the jaws of the wolf. The horses are of a piece with the equipage—rugged, strong, and serviceable, and the same may be said of your driver, who wraps his ragged sheep-skin round him, jumps on the board over your feet and makes his team go fast enough. Beyond the framework of our vehicle the scene was dreary—the country a flat white waste—the cold intense, and a ceaseless drift curling like smoke about two feet above the surface of the snow. Both position and clothing were unfavourable to conversation. It was with difficulty that either of us could speak; and quite a chance if either of us could hear. After a few attempts, therefore, we jingled on in silence. At first I was very warm, but before we had proceeded many wersts a chilling sensation

rept down one side, and soon my left arm felt as if it were xposed bare to the cutting blast. I raised my veils and peeped hrough my visor, over my fur collars, and down the goodly leclivity of my shoulder—no aperture was visible—my cloaks vere doing their duty. Somehow, however, the wind was eddying in and stealing my caloric. I nestled deeper down, and endeavoured to stifle the enemy, but in vain, and by the time we reached the first post-house—a distance of twenty-five wersts—I was so chilled as to suffer inconvenience. On entering the warm room we immediately threw off our heavier garments, loosed our head-gear, drew off half-a-dozen pairs of gloves between us, and then cordially shook hands; and Maschinka bringing in the indispensable provision-basket, we sat down to a refreshing meal. This time with the assistance and experience of the *Generalinn* the previous flaws in my costume were rectified. It was not, however, till several posts had elapsed that I attained the requisite art of defence, and could say with truth:

> "Blow, blow, thou wintry wind,
> Thou art not so unkind
> As man's ingratitude."

Nor is it! not even a Russian one.

By this time evening was creeping on—the lulling sound of our bells, the ease and quiescence of our position, all conduced to sleep, while our warm breath formed a self-defence by the thin glaze of frost it spread upon our veils. At intervals I roused up, put aside one corner to survey the white desert in which we seemed the only vital spark, and wonder when these wilds would be redeemed for the use of man. The horses were jingling along at a steady pace, the Polar Star shone bright above our driver's *fouraschka* (cap), and I turned again to sleep, and to dreams of a warmer clime. We now no longer disturbed ourselves to alight at the post-houses, and were periodically aroused, less by the halting of the vehicle than by the cessation of the bells. Sometimes one of us spoke, but found the other too torpid to reply, and sometimes we exchanged a few enquiries respecting warmth, comfort, and progress.

As morning began to dawn, the road, if a mere track, which the passing drift effaced, could be so called, became more clogged with snow. A succession of drifts presented a very unequal surface, and the *kibitka* laboured up and down, now declining on one side, now on the other, with a motion by no

means pleasant. For some time these joltings accommodated themselves to my dreams, and intruded no further on my consciousness, when, suddenly! I felt myself falling, woke with a start, and found the *kibitka* lying fathoms deep on my side, while my companion slumbered composedly upon me. The voices of Daniel the servant and of the driver now sounded close to my ear, and then, all at once, we were lifted up with such a vigorous effort as sent the vehicle over to the other side, and well-nigh turned the tables on my companion. To his mistress's enquiries Daniel replied that we had been "in a very bad hole." As the rawness of the morning was now added to the excessive cold, we gladly availed ourselves, at the sacrifice of all light, of our curtains of bass-matting. The track continued still so heavy that a foot's pace was all that could be gained, and meanwhile we dozed on in vacuity.

It was ten o'clock before we reached the next post-house, where we gladly turned out for breakfast. Here we remained to rest and refresh ourselves as far as the dirt, and wretched accommodation of the house permitted. Maschinka was in good spirits, and to my interrogations replied that she had no fault to find with her fellow-traveller, except that he took up much room, and *otchen krepko chrepell*—in good English snored very loudly! So ludicrous was this idea, that no sense of decorum availed, and by the fits of laughter which ensued Maschinka was flattered into believing that she had said something unusually happy. Even my companion's depression gave way, and when Daniel entered for orders it was difficult to preserve proper composure.

We now resumed our life in the *kibitka*, stuffed in, tucked up, and fastened down by the useful Daniel, and having in consideration of the deeper snow taken four horses, we started at a brisker pace. The white waste still lay before us, far as the eye could reach—destitute alike of habitation for man, or cover for beast. The air was milder, our sleepiness had been fairly slept out, and we felt mutually disposed to talk. Ours was an interesting position—country, education, habits, with their innumerable concomitants—wide apart. Nothing in our outward lives in which the one might not discover something new—nothing in our deeper experience in which the other might not find something familiar. The customs new, the humanities familiar. But each had to take the other as she found her; equally unprejudiced and unprepossessed by any sign from

without. Even dress and physiognomy, those two first sign-posts on the road, were wanting here, for who could judge her neighbour beneath the masquerade each had assumed? All examination therefore was restricted to the inner man, and each entered upon it with the zest of an explorer entering a new country. As yet my companion had alluded but little to that anxiety to which her whole bearing bore witness, and I, a stranger and a junior, was too shy to obtrude the sympathy to which it was for her to lead the way. But she turned the conversation in my direction, asking me many questions about England, and, I hope, believed my assurances that not one half of the extraordinary ideas current about that mysterious land in the Baltic Provinces, which, as with Count D., were defended on the score of having been "read in a book," were entitled to credit.

We had now entered a more varied country, caught occasional glimpses of the frozen Gulf—cut off seven wersts from one post by crossing a lake whose flat white surface bordered with hilly banks, and fringed with the frosted pines, offered a beautiful winter picture—and passed a few wooden houses arranged with taste, and evidently tenanted by families of opulence. It was midnight when we reached a station rather more tidy within than its predecessors—they are all fair enough without. Here as no horses were ready we determined to rest a few hours. The sleeping-apartment was distinguished by a bedstead of unusual length, provided, we were assured, expressly for the accommodation of the Emperor Nicholas, and for the Governor of the Province, two of the tallest men in the Empire. In right of my superior stature the *Generalinn* assigned to me the couch of honour, while she threw herself on one of humbler dimensions. But the Emperor's bed, wide and comfortless like his Empire, gave but little rest to the uncrowned head which lay upon it.

At six o'clock, Daniel, who had tied the two *kibitkas* together before the door of the post-house, and slept in his own in order to protect both from robbery, entered for orders, and after taking a cup of hot coffee, which even in the lowest tavern is excellent, we started afresh. And now began a torment which will be recognized with painful accuracy by all familiar with Russian winter-travelling. Our road was the great thoroughfare from those Provinces whence most of the brandy which is the Crown's monopoly is supplied. This brandy is all sent to the capital by land carriage; a barrel to a sledge. These transports,

generally a file of a hundred sledges in succession, are the greatest nuisances to travellers; not only from the difficulty of turning out of the track for them, or they for you, and from the incivility, drunkenness, or sleepiness of the drivers, but for the following reasons. Snow generally lies on a road, especially when bordered by trees or fences, in wave-like drifts. Hence a succession of sledges, all heavy alike, and each following in exactly the same track, will by the time a hundred have passed, have worn the road into a series of hills and valleys, which, unless fresh snow falls, renders the passage very wearisome to the healthy, and to the weak and infirm very injurious. In this part of the world snow had not fallen for several days; several transports of brandy had preceded us, and we entered upon a succession of ridges above six feet in depth, and as regular as a ploughed field. The *kibitka* now assumed the motion of a vessel at anchor when the tide is turning; our horses running down one slope, and toiling wearily up the other; Daniel and the driver being often required to help in pushing behind. For some time we bore the strain with tolerable good-humour. I assured the *Generalinn* that after this she need never fear sea-sickness, while she complimented me on the good construction of my English joints. At length, what with being jerked forward, tossed backward, knocked against the sides, and jostled against each other, we gradually began to flag; exchanged only a few despairing ejaculations or pitying glances, and were fairly jolted out of all cheerfulness. If the reader can imagine the misery of a mile spent in this way, and will then multiply both misery and mile by twenty, he will form an idea of what we suffered. These twenty miles occupied six hours.

We were now approaching the city of Narva, equally celebrated for its historical reminiscences, for its ruined fortress of Ivangorod and for the striking falls of the river Narova, whence it takes its name. In the desire that a foreigner should see all that was worth seeing, Madame H. now proposed to make a détour of half a werst to see the Falls, but which, in the selfishness of fatigue, I wished were not so near. We drove as close to them as practicable, and turning out of our late engine of torture, hobbled through the snow on to a bridge. In a moment fatigue was forgotten—a scene lay before us which took the breath away. All that can be imagined of majestic masses of ice, and impetuous floods of water, with gigantic green and blue icicles of every fantastic form, and black, transparent, cold streams

bursting from between every frozen block, and eddying from every crevice, was gathered together in the grandest form and movement Above, the river was tightly frozen over, while from beneath its ponderous crust, which stood with jagged edges over the declivity, the water, as if desperate with its long thraldom, burst in uncontrollable fury, bearing along huge fragments of its prison walls. The banks which enclosed this striking scene were high and rocky, and graceful spectres of trees leaned towards the torrent, or stood in picturesque groups above. Summer will clothe all these features in other charms, and immensely increase the volume of water, but after the fury, force, and passion of what we beheld, the picture will be comparatively tame.

We had now stood ankle-deep in snow quite as long as was prudent, and resolutely turning away from this scene of polar grandeur we resumed our seat. The post-house of Narva offered no better accommodation than its fellows. A warm stove, a bare bedstead, and a clean table, were the sum total; and no Russian postmaster conceives that more can be necessary—a varying standard of dirt constitutes the only difference. Now came a question it was necessary to decide. Hitherto our demand for horses had been pretty promptly supplied, but we were now approaching the Capital, and what with couriers, ordinary and extraordinary, and even the sudden movements of Imperiality itself, it was doubtful how far that supply would continue. For this reason it is that travellers sometimes abandon the postillion and engage a *yemtschik*, or species of *voiturier*, who does the journey with his own horses, to take them on to St. Petersburg. No sooner, therefore, was a new arrival manifest in Narva, than the floor of the post-house was crowded with *yemtschiks*, who after deafening Daniel with their rival merits in a language he did not understand, made their way in to us. Elsewhere such an intrusion would be thought unbearable, but the common Russian serf manages to throw such a veil of courtesy and good-humour over his most importunate act, that for any but his own much coarser master it would be difficult to lose temper with him. There they stood clustered together at our door, *fouraschkas* in hand, their erect and manly figures only bent when a courteous bow was supposed to give effect to their arguments. At first, to propitiate us, before hazarding the question of terms, they expatiated on the properties and beauties of their several steeds. One *Troika*, or trio, were "as swift as the wind"—another "beautiful as doves"—a third set only fit for

the *Ghossudar*, or Czar himself. By this time a few exorbitant prices had been named; then, in the ardour of competition, each watching our countenances with the closest attention, their charges began to abate; each bid, as at a Dutch auction, being lower, till it seemed we had only to sit still and listen, to be taken to Petersburg for nothing. At this time the oldest of the party worked himself to the front, and made a proposal which for shortness of time and lowness of price outdid all his comrades, on which, without waiting for our answer, the whole party turned upon him a volley of raillery and banter at his own and his horses' expense, which he received with an air as if he could give answer in plenty, but knew better than to jangle in such company. We profited by this interruption to weigh both sides. If post-horses should fail us, the *yemtschik* plan was the surest in the end; on the other hand to dawdle the whole way to St. Petersburg at a slow trot—out of every six hours, stopping three, to rest the horses, and probably sleeping a night on the road, was an inglorious prospect. No, this was out of the question. Therefore with many a nod and a smile, and calling them *Brat* or brother, all round, we announced our determination to continue as we had come. Great as had been their courtesy while expecting a customer, we were prepared for some grumbling now, but we did not do the Russian character justice; on the contrary they wished us a pleasant journey, and hoped we might find post-horses, and all with such perfect good-humour, that involuntarily our hands sought our purses, and our feelings took the form of a few roubles. No money ever went further. Daniel and Maschinka were now superfluous; every article was carried to our sledges by the smiling *yemtschiks*, and on taking our seats we found our cushions and furs arranged in a manner most grateful to our tired joints.

We were now fairly off again—night stealing on, and the stars beginning to appear. The air had meanwhile become milder, so that we relieved ourselves of part of our head-gear, and then at the first halt made over a small feather-bed, and other oppressive items, to Daniel and Maschinka, who received them with gratitude. Then wearied with the jostling of the morning I sank in my corner and was soon in as deep a sleep as ever tired traveller enjoyed. Light was beginning when a slight quivering sob woke me up, and I felt with compunction how differently the intervening hours had been spent by my companion. The anxiety as to what awaited her now overcame her composure,

and I was almost glad when she broke down into uncontrollable weeping, and gently allowed the young stranger whom she had mothered thus far, to minister such hope and consolation as she could command, and then gradually to lead her to other subjects which at all events beguiled the way. Our prompt supply of horses had meanwhile been a source of gratulation. We had come, it seemed, fortunately just a day behind a great stress of couriers. As we neared the capital the country increased, not in beauty, for there was no beauty to increase, but in interest. At about five in the morning we passed the dismal-looking Roptscha, the scene of Peter the Third's murder. This led us to kindred subjects, and a few portions of Russian history, the mention of which is forbidden by ukase, were safely discussed within the wooden walls of our equipage. It was ten o 'clock when we reached Strelna, the last post before St. Petersburg, twenty-five wersts distant. Here we took coffee, and the weather continuing mild, *i.e.* about fifteen of Fahrenheit, we made further reductions in our envelopments. It was fortunate now that a succession of objects relieved me of the obligation of trying to sustain my companion's spirits. Anxiety is contagious, and I am not sure that I could have commanded my own. Outwardly the *Generalinn* had regained her composure, and whether that bright, hectic spot on her clear cheek was mental suffering or bodily fatigue I must leave undecided.

The road has now gradually grown from a track only the width of our *kibitka* to a wide, white causeway, glistening like marble, and level as a plummet-line. The wooden werst-posts were exchanged for granite pillars on lofty pedestals, more magnificent than many a hero's monument, and here and there the streaming plume of an officer, as he glided past on his sledge, betrayed the vicinity of the capital. Soon we passed the neat cottages of the *Cantonisten*, the dwellings of a set of German gardeners and mechanics whom Alexander I. had invited to settle here, and encouraged with numerous privileges. By this time also the *Datches* or country houses of the *noblesse* lay thick along the road ; all of wood, with the owner's name (an idea of Dutch extraction) painted on the gate-posts. It would be difficult to say when and where we glided into St. Petersburg. From our low position not a spire or cupola was visible, and except that the slender population came and went a little thicker, and houses of wood were exchanged for houses of stone, there was nothing to mark that we had left the suburb. But none of

the land entrances give the idea of a great capital; the showy front lies all towards the Neva. Not a word was now exchanged, though each well understood the other's silence. At length we drew slowly up before a long façade, and by the *Generalinn's* direction stopped at a handsome portal in the wing. Here she alighted; I followed her. A soldier-servant, stiff from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, opened the door. "The Governor at home?" asked my companion. "*Ne doma's*" (not at home) was the reply. "Then I must see his lady. *paschol vui careta*" (out in the carriage); not a muscle of the face nor a joint of the body relaxed. By this time my poor friend's heart was in her throat; with increasing effort she gasped, "How is the young student H.?" The man looked bewildered; then, varying her question to a more Russian form, "How is Egor Petrovitch?" Still the man looked mysterious, as if he dared not answer. I saw the flush rise to the poor mother's face, and the same sickening fear occurred to me as I hastily interposed,—"*On jivoi?*" (he is alive?), and perceiving by this time that the man, like too many of his fellows, was accustomed to be frightened out of his replies, I repeated the question in louder tones, adding an emphatic "*Durac*" (fool). "*Da's, da's*" (yes, yes), "*on jivoi!*" (he's alive!) was the ready answer now. "This lady is Egor Petrovitch's mother." "*Schlussuss*" (I obey) was the set answer. "She wants to see him;" "*Schlussuss*" again. It was in vain to question the machine on anything out of his beat, and another servant coming up, we ascertained that the lad had been moved a few days before to the commanding officer's house. "But he is very ill," added our informant. We hurried back to the sledge, and drove in silence through a more central part—over bridges, and past fine buildings, till we stopped again. This time I was next the door, and laying an entreating hand upon her to remain still—though utterly in vain—I preceded her without ceremony—flew into the hall—caught sight of an old, grey-haired porter—asked one question—and in a moment the words "*luche—luche*" (better—better) were passed from him to me, and from me to her.

My task was now at an end. I remained below, nor need I be ashamed to own that my tears flowed for joy and thankfulness. In a few minutes a female servant begged me to follow her, and ascending the stairs I was clasped in a warm maternal embrace. "I must pour out my heart to you; oh! you have been so kind, and I dare not show emotion before him—but he

is better, he is out of danger. Thank God! thank God!" and then perceiving the trace of tears on my cheek, she pressed me again to her, and smiling through her own said, "Let no one now say that Englishwomen are cold."

Thus ends the journal. Let it only be added that in three weeks' time a tall pale cadet, accompanied by his mother, made his first visit to one who has already spoken too much of herself.

THE AUTHOR OF THE 'LETTERS FROM THE BALTIC.'

BLIND JUSTICE: A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

BY ALBERT E. DRINKWATER.

PART II.

NOT even to me did Time, the healer, deny its kindly offices. I went back to school, and if I could not forget my loss, at least I could look upon it with something of the calm of peaceful resignation.

But now, more than ever, my holidays, always looked forward to with anxiety, became a positive torture to anticipate. More frequently than hitherto I was with my Uncle Marston; but he, rather reproving my aversion to my Uncle Henry, insisted on the propriety of my spending some part of them at least at our old home, to which at the end of every term I now received from my uncle the most studiously courteous invitations. And so matters went till I had passed my seventeenth birthday.

The prospect of possessing in four years' time the house at which I was a frequent visitor gave me but little pleasure; in one part of it alone could I linger with anything approaching content. The library and study, from which the later sorrow could never quite drive the happy remembrance of my earliest days, had still a charm for me; and when I was not out of doors, it was there that I spent the greater part of the many hours that I was left alone, while my uncle was at his office.

It was here that I was sitting one evening in the late December in a comfortable high-backed arm-chair, drawn close up to the fire, for the snow was falling fast outside and the day had been bitterly cold and dreary. So long as daylight lasted I had been reading; but when the darkness came, I threw the book aside and still sat on, busied with my thoughts; for I had much to think about. I had just finally decided to accept a

post which my Uncle Marston had offered me in his office at the end of the next, my last term at school. To-night I was to write and tell him so.

Christmas was past, a dull Christmas; but I had scarcely noticed it. Making plans for my career in life; the fuller realization of my approaching independence and responsibility; that epoch, in short, in a schoolboy's life when he finds himself upon the threshold of the larger world, with its energizing ambitions and its exciting uncertainty; all this had fully occupied my mind and made me comparatively careless of my immediate surroundings.

And so I sat thinking, but for the sound of the driving wind and snow, in absolute silence; but for the dull glow of the fire, in absolute darkness.

Presently in the corridor I heard the sound of approaching footsteps. Almost before I could turn in my chair, my Uncle Henry had come through the one door, crossed the library, and passed through the other into the study. He had taken no heed of me, had not even seen me. When I saw him last at breakfast, I had told him I was going down into the country to spend the day with a school-fellow, but a letter received later in the day had induced me to change my plans. Unless therefore the housekeeper had told him, which she probably had not, for we were never in the habit of taking a very keen interest in each other's doings, he would not expect me to be in the house.

As soon as he was in the study he proceeded to light the lamp. The wind seemed for the time to have dropped, and I could hear every movement, for, though it was such an ordinary thing to do, I could not help listening with some interest; perhaps it was because it was such an unusual thing for my uncle to come into these rooms at all. Then I heard the window opened that led from the study into the garden, and shut again after a few seconds' interval. Then my uncle locked the door between the study and library; and for a time all was still.

Presently the outer window was again unlatched and some one entered from the garden. Then I heard voices, my uncle's and another entirely strange to me; voices so subdued that had I tried to overhear I must have failed to do so. As a matter of fact I did not try to hear at all; in the first place because I suppose I had some idea of what in such a case would be honourable; in the second place because I did not suppose for a moment that what was being said had any interest for me. In

time, however, I could not choose but hear occasional words for the tones of the voices were raised, evidently in anger.

"I give you till next Monday night," said the voice unknown to me.

I rose from my seat, intending to go out of the room, for it seemed that otherwise I must be a listener to what I certainly was not intended to hear. But at the moment I rose, the study window opened and the stranger went; then almost simultaneously the lamp was turned out and the door between the library and study was unlocked. The room was absolutely dark and I stood still, supposing my uncle would go straight through to the house.

And so it is probable that he would, but that just before he reached the window, to which the curtains were not drawn, a lantern carried slowly along the path outside threw a faint light across the room. He stopped suddenly as he saw it, and stepped back close to the wall between me and the window. Still I was in total darkness. The light from the lantern fell upon the opposite wall and slowly passed over the picture of my father, so that it was almost impossible to avoid looking at it. There was a moment's utter stillness, and then a sharp short cry from my uncle, a cry of suppressed pain. I moved a step towards him—to help him if he needed it—but as I did so, the thought of my approaching him in sympathy seemed such an unreality that I was impelled to stop, and again stand still. The few seconds' silence that followed seemed as though they would never end. Then, as the last rays from the receding lantern faded from the picture, my uncle slowly crossed from the window to the opposite side of the room, trembling so perceptibly that even in the darkness it made me shudder too; and then in a voice of infinite distress his thoughts, as it seemed, thrust themselves into utterance despite himself.

I could see nothing, but I knew that he was looking into my father's face. Nor can I now recall the actual words he spoke. I could not then. That night, as I lay in bed, I tried to repeat them to myself, and failed. Their form was gone, only their terrible import remained. That to me was clear enough; for as I stood motionless with horror, listening to his words, and moans more eloquent than words, I learnt that morally, if not in fact, my father's death lay at my uncle's door. In a moment my passive dislike quickened to vindictive hate, and I made the swift but sure resolve that I would bring the wretched man to his account.

He left the room, and closed the door behind him. I listened as he walked quickly along the corridor and into the house, till I knew he was safe in the dining-room; then silently I went to the small room which adjoined my bedroom, and which was especially set apart for my use.

Of what course I should eventually pursue I had no definite idea; but on the first step to be taken I resolved without hesitation, and perhaps without consideration. My Uncle Marston should know all that had transpired, as accurately as I could describe it. I wrote very briefly all I had to say on the subject of his proposal for my future; and then proceeded in detail to the subject uppermost in my mind. This finished, I laid the letter on one side, to be re-read before I put it in its envelope, while I proceeded to write another letter which I had omitted to write the day before, an acknowledgment of a small sum of money transmitted to me by my Uncle Henry's solicitor in accordance with a provision in my grandfather's will. Then I re-read the former letter, and was just a little disposed to think it was perhaps more violent and positive than was justifiable without further corroboration; but revengeful anger put aside all scruples. What I had written I would send; the letters were put into their envelopes and fastened down. This was Friday night; on Saturday I posted them myself.

For the next two days I avoided my uncle as far as I possibly could, without leading him to suppose that I did so with intention. I had little trouble in doing so, for it was not customary for us to be much together.

On Monday my uncle returned from his work earlier than usual, and no sooner was he in the house than he sent for me.

With the sharp, unsteady glance to which I was accustomed, he looked at me with a look that lingered long after he had turned his face away.

"Have you any engagement to-night?" he asked.

"No."

"I—I have taken two seats for Drury Lane to-night. I—I find I—I am unable to go, but I thought perhaps you would like to do so."

"Thank you," I said, without having really considered whether I wanted to go or not. That he should have intended, as he apparently did, that we should go out together for the evening was such an unusual thing, that the novelty of the idea alone occupied my thoughts.

"I'll send round to Johnson," he went on, "and he will drive you up, and—bring you back."

I made no answer.

"Have you any one you would like to take with you?"

"No one I could find now. It is too late."

"Very well. Just as you like. I'll tell Johnson to be here at six. Here are the seats."

He gave me an envelope. I thanked him and left the room.

No sooner had I done so than I was angry with myself for having accepted the tickets or any other kindness from the man who I supposed had done me such a terrible wrong. But then, I reflected, to have refused would have been to have excited in him some wonder as to the reason of my refusal; and I had determined that no difference in my manner should be apparent, at least until I had received an answer from my Uncle Marston and learnt what he advised.

In an hour's time I had started on my way to Drury Lane, not on the whole without some compensating pleasure, for I was still boy enough to enjoy a pantomime. As I went along my thoughts wandered in turn to the fact I thought I had discovered, to the evening's enjoyment I was anticipating, and then to what had occurred on the night I made the discovery. Suddenly the one sentence I had heard of the interview in the study rang in my ears.

"I give you till next Monday night."

Again and again it repeated itself.

"——Till next Monday night." And then an unaccountable conviction seized me that to-night at home my Uncle Henry and this other would meet again, and the interview which had in some way led to the confession I had heard—for it almost amounted to that—would be renewed.

Instantly I resolved upon my course. On my arrival at the theatre, I went in and tendered my ticket. Fortunately, as I thought then—to my unspeakable misfortune as after-events proved—I had some money in my pocket; I had received some only three days ago. In five minutes I was driving rapidly in a cab in the direction of home. By eight o'clock I was in the garden outside the study window. The snow, which had only ceased at intervals for four days past, was falling heavily and lay inches thick on the ground.

The library was dark; the study lighted with a lamp. Through the curtains I could see my uncle; no one else was there; so

far as I could find traces in the snow, no one else had been. My uncle looked at his watch, opened the window and looked out; then, as if remembering something, went in through the library along the corridor to the house. I knew he had not seen me, for the thick shrubs afforded ample shelter. No sooner had he gone, than a determination, which seemed to be based on impulse rather than any course of reasoning of my own, possessed me. At the door I took off my shoes and shook away the snow; then I ran silently through the study into the dark library. I had reached the table by the recessed window when I heard my uncle coming back. I stood still against the heavy curtains, breathless, as he passed, and waited till he was in the study and had locked the door between us. Then I sat down on the chair, trembling with intense excitement, and chilled with a sort of fear. And yet I was not afraid. It seemed to me quite certain that my absence from the house to-night had been carefully pre-arranged, and I was resolved at any cost to secure every particle of evidence that would strengthen me in the conviction to which I intended, as soon as occasion offered, to give publicity and effect. I felt sure that this man who had come so mysteriously on Friday would come again to-night; and I felt equally sure that I should need his co-operation to supply details of which I could even conjecture nothing.

In the first supposition I was not wrong. Just as the clock struck a quarter-past eight the outer window was opened, and at once conversation began; it was the same voice I had heard before, but even more subdued. Beyond confused sounds I could hear nothing for some time; then, as before, there were evident indications of anger on both sides, and I heard disjointed words, but nothing that conveyed any meaning to me. Then both subsided again into the previous undertone, and the conversation continued for some minutes longer.

The next thing I heard was the unfastening of the study window, the faint footsteps of the departing visitor, and a sound as of some one stumbling as he stepped across the lintel. In another moment the door between the two rooms was opened, and my uncle went back to the table and took the lamp up in his hand, intending, as it seemed, to carry it to light him to the house. Another step, and the light would fall upon my figure. He changed his mind and took it back and put it out, and then went back to the window looking across the garden.

So far my errand has been futile; worse than futile, if I am

discovered; but I know that there is still time to get back to Drury Lane as I came, and still be in time to come home with Johnson.

The moments seem unending. A flicker from the study fire throws a lurid light upon my uncle, who is still standing where he was. Outside there has been a great change. The snow has ceased; the moon is shining in the garden; and through an opening in the curtains close to where I stand, just a narrow streak of light falls upon my father's face in the picture opposite and makes the space all round seem darker.

Now my uncle turns and walks slowly—very slowly across the library. Again I hold my breath and cover myself with the curtain. There is a dull click as of a latch, so slight that but for the absolute silence it would not be audible. My uncle now is exactly opposite to me—only the table from Japan with its ornaments upon it is between us. Then, as swift as if it were a phantom shape, the figure of a man rises behind his back just visible in the streak of light. His hand is raised; there is the shimmer of steel, a cry of pain, and the two men seem to fall together. Intuitively I put my hand upon a dagger—a curious piece of antique Oriental work that has lain for years upon the table—and step towards the fallen men. Almost as I do so there is a sound along the room, and in a moment I see by the glow of the study fire a man silently and with lightning rapidity open the window and steal into the moonlight, stopping to shut it as he goes.

My uncle moans again, and I bend down over his prostrate body. He turns with a convulsive start, and, as he does so, shakes the table, from which a big bowl rolls and falls with a crash upon the floor.

Another minute and a servant comes—a man with lights.

There is one deep groan more from the dying man, and he is still for ever. Transfixed and pallid with dismay, I stand and look. There is still the dagger in my hand, and both are wet with blood.

Not much remains to tell. When not half-an-hour later there were three detectives in the house, and I told them of the man whom I had dimly seen, a careful search was made in and around the garden. But the shrubs were thick and the concealing snow was falling rapidly again. A branch of an old ivy-covered tree growing in the fence that separated ours from our neighbour's garden had fallen above the only indication of

footsteps that could be found, and these were so indistinct and irregular, that it was the opinion of the searchers that they were not footsteps at all, but marks made by the falling tree.

For myself, I awaited results with confidence, for it never occurred to me that I should have any difficulty in establishing my innocence. Absolutely and utterly alone I was, for there was not even a servant to speak a word on my behalf. One by one everybody in my grandfather's employ had been discharged before my father's death. Wilkins had left the country; gone to spend the end of his days with his only son, who had settled and prospered in Australia.

When asked if I could make any suggestion as to the identity of the man whom I protested I had seen, I had no better account to give than to recall the conversation which I remembered as having taken place between Wilkins and the housekeeper on the morning after Stetham's visit years ago. The man was, I believed, still employed at the office; but as I never went there, I had never seen him again. Enquiry in that direction, I was told, did not in any degree clear the way for my release.

The next morning two events were prominently recorded in the newspapers; my uncle's murder, and a terrible accident that had curiously happened almost simultaneously. A large warehouse in Cannon Street had caught fire late in the afternoon, and the gorgeous spectacle of the flames surrounded by the blinding snow had attracted an immense crowd. At a quarter-past eight the building fell; some of the crowd were killed and many injured. Many and many a time have I wished that I had been one of those who were crushed beneath the stones and burning, falling timbers.

The prospects of my release grew less and less, and at last the trial came. Evidence of the usual kind was given. Stetham was shown to have been at the office from the time that he returned from taking the letters to post after the clerks had gone till he went to bed; a statement corroborated by his wife, who attended the court with her right hand tied up with a dirty bandage. She was employed at the office as cleaner, and on the evening in question she had, she stated, remained at home in company with her husband. To leave the premises together was against their strict instructions, and for many years they had never been known to do so.

Two points only seemed in my favour, and these only in a very uncertain way. The surgeon who examined the dead body

deposed that death was caused by a punctured wound in the back. The dagger found in my hand stained with blood might have inflicted the wound, but he would have expected to find the instrument broader and of a different shape. Secondly, it was shown that on his way home my uncle had called at his bank and received £25 in gold; and of this sum £5 only was found upon the body. But to this fact the counsel for the prosecution contended no importance could be attached; for he was able to prove that it was my uncle's custom to call for such a sum about the first of every month; and on one recent occasion, on the evening of the day on which he had drawn out a like amount in cash, his housekeeper had been sent to a neighbouring tradesman to cash a cheque for £5 to enable him to pay some small accounts.

Still I was hopeful; for absence of motive would, I thought, tell strongly in my favour, and I awaited with confidence the result of the second day's trial. When on this second morning I took my place there was some preliminary discussion between the counsel for the Crown and the solicitor who instructed him. Then my Uncle Marston was summoned to the witness-box.

A few questions of comparative unimportance were put and answered.

"Has the accused been in the habit of corresponding with you?" he was asked.

"Yes; frequently."

"When did you last hear from him?"

"About the middle of December."

I looked up. An incident that I had strangely forgotten in my anxiety and excitement recurred to me.

"About the middle of December?"

"Yes."

"You have received no letter from him since?"

"N—no," my uncle answered with some hesitation.

"Why do you hesitate? Are you sure?"

"I hesitate because it has occurred to me that he may have written since, and I may not have received the letter."

"How is that?"

"I have not been at my office at Liverpool, where he would write, since Christmas. I have been abroad, on business for the Company with which I am connected, and I came straight to London to be present here. Only a few letters of immediate importance were forwarded to me; and my clerk wrote that

ere were several others which he did not think it necessary to nd."

There is a significant interchange of glances between the ırrister and the solicitor.

"Will you kindly examine that envelope? Is it in the risoner's handwriting?"

"Yes."

"And the signature to that letter?"

"Yes."

"Thank you. That will do."

Horace Andrews, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, my Uncle Henry's olicitor, was next called. The same envelope and letter were ıanded to him.

"That letter, I believe, was sent to you?"

"Yes."

"When did you receive it?"

"On the morning of the day on which the murder took place.

"Thank you." The letter was handed back to the counsel.

"This letter, my lord," continued the counsel, "is perhaps the most important link in the chain of evidence which is, I am afraid, but too strong against the prisoner." He opened the letter and adjusted his glasses with the air of a man in whom professional satisfaction and personal regret are struggling for the mastery. "This letter," he went on, "was, as you have heard, delivered on the Monday morning in the envelope addressed to Mr. Andrews. The letter itself begins, 'My dear Uncle.'"

I felt my face turn deadly pale; I grasped the rail before me; my lips quivered with horror. There was an awful pause; for my movement, silent as it was, had attracted every one's attention, and the eyes of all were fixed upon me.

"The first part of this letter," he continued, "which you will see had by some fatal chance been misdirected, refers to purely private matters concerning only the prisoner and his uncle, Mr. Marston, for whom it was intended. The second part I must be allowed to read: 'And now I have something else to say to you; something to tell you which will startle you as it has startled me. To-night I happened to be in the library alone. I had been reading, but it had become too dark, and I was sitting quietly in the arm-chair. Presently my Uncle Henry passed through the room to the study, where he had an interview with some one whom I do not know, and of which I will tell you more when I

see you. Soon he returned; and as he came to the picture of my father he was strangely agitated, and spoke incoherently—half to himself, half to the picture. The exact words I cannot remember, but they have left an impression upon me which I cannot get rid of. I am certain—quite certain—that, directly or indirectly, he is responsible for my father's death. You know how I have always disliked my Uncle Henry. Now I know my hatred is justified, and I am determined that at all costs my father's death shall be avenged.'"

When later in the day the jury withdrew to consider their verdict, they returned in twenty minutes; and I was taken from the dock condemned to death.

How the death-sentence was commuted I have already told. Of the years that followed I have nothing to tell. Such consideration as was possible I have received, but the utmost that kind hearts can devise is as nothing to the innocent man whom a strange combination of hideous chances has condemned to suffer for a crime in which he had no part.

And how came it that at length I was released? By an accident as capricious as that through which I was condemned.

Where my grandfather lived is now a rapidly growing district. Large houses have been pulled down, large gardens covered with the customary villa. The house we lived in is still intact, but the garden of the house adjoining is occupied by a row of these same small villas—a row of six. They have been over-building in the neighbourhood, and so, although they were practically finished six months ago, they were in November last all still "to let." In one of them a man, Beevis by name, and his wife have been located as caretakers by the landlord, and to answer questions to any possible tenants who might call. Now the man happens to be a detective who knows the neighbourhood and its history thoroughly, or, to be more accurate, I should say he has been a detective, for, although a comparatively young man, he has been compelled by illness to almost entirely give up his work. Late in the month a tenant living at a distance took one of the houses, and gave instructions to Beevis to see the garden put into such order as the season allowed. His instructions included the removal of an old ivy-covered tree in the fence at the bottom—the very tree of which a branch was noticed to have fallen on the, to me, memorable night. What had not already rotted was cut up by Beevis at his leisure and used by him for firewood, the first process being the removal of

the thick over-growth of ivy. He was busy one day with an upper branch, when his hand was badly scratched by something hard. This he found to be a large, old-fashioned clasp-knife, partly decayed, but less so than it otherwise would have been but for the thick cover of the leaves. It had been driven firmly into a rift in the wood. Naturally interested in what he had found, he took it indoors and examined it. On a plate on the handle he was able to make out the name, "K. Mathews." Not another particle of the rust and accumulated filth was removed; just as it was it was taken to an analyst. A few days later Beevis called to hear the result.

"Do you find any traces of blood?" he asked.

"Distinct traces."

"Human blood?"

"I could not say definitely. Probably it is."

At the time of my trial Beevis had officially had no part in the investigation, but, thinking that the real culprit would be found in Stetham, he had for his own satisfaction taken some pains to investigate the matter. He had discovered the identity of Stetham and Mathews, who, under his real and original name, had not been wholly unknown to the police. Beyond this his enquiry had had no practical result. Now, however, he had no doubt of the accuracy of his conclusions, and he set himself to work to discover the man's present whereabouts. This he at last managed to do through his wife, who was found to be still doing occasional work as a cleaner in the City. He had no difficulty in arranging an interview with her, and carrying on a long conversation with her with the apparent object of securing her services to prepare some vacant offices for occupation.

"You have a husband living?" he asked at the end of their interview.

"Oh, yes; I've got a husband living."

"Ah! then he could come with you perhaps and help you. There are six rooms, and we want them ready for use next week."

"No; he can't come. He don't work."

"How's that? An invalid?"

"I don't know about an invalid. At least he is now; he's in bed, has been this fortnight."

"I'm very sorry."

"Oh, he don't work when he's up."

So far he had elicited nothing of value. He had not even found out where the man lived, though that would be simple

enough now. But accident again in a most unexpected way came to his assistance.

Bidding the woman good morning, and saying he would call on the morrow to make final arrangements, he followed her to the door, a rather heavy one hung on a spring-hinge. Her hand slipped as she opened it, and the door fell back on her wrist, evidently causing her considerable pain.

"Has it hurt you?" he asked.

"Yes; it did a little."

"Badly, I'm afraid. Can I do anything for you?"

"No—it 'll be all right—it 's this wrist. It don't stand knocking about. I got it hurt years ago. It 's 'most always painful more or less."

"I see—a very nasty scar. How did you get it?"

"Well it 's a cut and a burn. I got it fifteen years or more ago when them warehouses in Cannon Street fell down and killed a lot of people. You don't remember it, maybe—it was much talked of at the time."

But Beevis did remember it perfectly. He remembered that it had occurred on the same night as the murder. Moreover he remembered that Mrs. Stetham had given evidence at the trial to the effect that on that night she had not left my uncle's office from the time it was closed till she went to bed. Of all this he said nothing; but he resolved at once upon his next step.

By keeping a watch on Mrs. Stetham he that night discovered where her husband was to be found; and the next day, after having seen her well on her way to her work, he effected an entrance into the room where the man lay in bed, in the capacity of a doctor sent by his wife; so, at least, he told the neighbours.

As he entered the room the man turned in his bed, somewhat annoyed apparently, but not disposed to bother himself. A very brief survey satisfied Beevis that there was nothing serious the matter with the man; nothing, that is, that could not be fully explained by the presence on the shelf of a half-empty bottle and a suspicious odour pervading the room.

Without any preliminary, and looking straight at the man he began,—

"Mr. Mathews, I believe."

The man addressed rose in his bed, but almost before his agitation had time to find expression, Beevis went on, "I have come to arrest you for a murder committed fifteen years ago."

It was a bold stroke, and Beevis knew it; but he was never too fastidious about the means if the end happened to justify them. In this case it certainly did.

How the wretched man, dismayed by the accusation in dread of which he had lived for years, made full confession of his guilt; the details of the long series of iniquities in which Stetham had been the paid associate of my uncle—iniquities which included the misappropriation of large sums belonging to my father, whose death became the only means by which their crime could remain concealed; and much more that concerned myself—of all these things there is no need to tell. It is but the other day that they were the topic of articles and paragraphs innumerable in almost every newspaper in the kingdom.

And so I was at last set free—an old man, as I have said, in the early prime of life. The hope, the interest in life that those weary years had extinguished, it seemed for ever, did not return with the first sense of freedom—the first sight of a world about which I might move at will. And yet each day I grow more to think they will return.

The reason? Well, I am at work now—earnestly at work. My Uncle Marston, whose joy at my return is great indeed, has given me a subordinate post in the office which he controls; and when I have grown a little more used to this outer world, and learnt more of its habits, he has promised me a more important one.

And that is not the only reason. Years, years ago, in my schoolboy days, when I used to come to stay with my Uncle Marston, amongst the playmates he used to ask to come to play with me was a little sunny, bright-eyed maid, some four years younger than myself.

Once I remember—it was just after her sister's wedding—in child's pretence we said that we were sweethearts; and we wandered from the rest into the garden; and then two other boys came out and caught us—my arm round her baby waist, my lips upon her own. And then the little maiden blushed as best she could, then grew angry, and then ran away; that is, she pretended to, for the scene was carefully pre-arranged; it had happened to her sister. And then we played the after part; we were man and wife, we said; and our friends all came to call upon us, and we gave them cake.

That was nearly—well, it was years and years ago. She will read this perhaps to-morrow, so I must not say how many.

There are things—beside history—that repeat themselves. And so it has come about within the last three months that she and I—she is a beautiful woman now, as beautiful as when she was a child; and her eyes, if full of quiet, earnest thought, are not less bright than then—it has come about that she and I have played, in delightful earnest, the first of these two scenes again. with perhaps more caution when passers-by grew near. And to-morrow I have resolved to ask her, strange being though I am, if she will venture on the second scene with me.

Will she make life dark again for me?—darker than before, it seems to me? Will she tell me there are wrinkles on my face, that my hair has grown so grey; and yet that, for all I know of the world, I may be said to have left school but scarce six months ago? Will she tell me this and turn away?

I think not. But then perhaps I am too confident; lovers sometimes are.

BOAT LIFE IN SIAM.

WATER-CARRIAGE is still the rule in Siam, and land-carriage the rare exception. Railways as yet do not exist; and the few roads which have been made quite recently in the capital and some of the larger towns do not extend more than a few miles at the most from the walls or suburbs. In country places the only means of travelling on dry land are by elephant-paths or cattle-tracks: and during the wet season, which lasts for nearly half the year, it is barely possible for men or animals, and quite impossible for carts, to make their way over these rough and miry ways. Even in the biggest towns a large proportion of the houses are accessible only by water, or by a narrow path of planks raised on posts above the marshy soil, and affording a passage only for pedestrians in single file. Accordingly the real highways, both for passenger and goods traffic, are the rivers and canals, which interseet the country in all directions and serve the purpose which in other countries is served by roads and railways.

The great central river of Siam, the "Mother of waters," which drains the vast territory of Western Laos, and runs through the most fertile valley of Indo-China, forms of course the main artery of trade. Down this important water-course and its many tributary streams is poured annually the abundant produce of the Northern Provinces. The capital of the country, situate about thirty miles up the winding river from its mouth, is a vast emporium where the exports and imports find their temporary resting-place, and the European and Siamese merchants conduct a flourishing trade on the banks of the Menam. Probably no river in the world—but certainly no river of equal size—carries on its surface within a space of about four miles so large a number of boats of all descriptions. From the windows of the Custom House, looking out upon the broad ribbon of smooth

water in front, the eye rests on a moving panorama in which almost every imaginable sort of craft may be seen flitting about, with occupants dressed in still more inconceivable varieties of costume. Here, however, one sees only the most public part of the boat life of the inhabitants. This broad full river, almost exactly equal in size to the Thames in London, is the high street of the town, combining the uses and purposes of an Oxford Street, a Piccadilly and a Cheapside. But beside and behind it is a network of smaller watercourses—the "khlongs" or canals, both large and small, which do duty as side-streets and exhibit to the inquisitive traveller who explores them more homely and intimate scenes of native life.

The most imposing of the floating craft which display themselves to the new comer as he rounds the last curve below Bangkok, are the big white steamers which ply between that place and the ports of Hong-kong and Singapore. About half-a-dozen steamers of 500 tons and upwards make the journey twice a month to the capital of the Straits Settlements, carrying to it full cargoes of rice and cattle with other merchandize, and an average of four or five first-class passengers, with a good load of Coolies, Malays and Indians. About an equal number of still larger vessels run to Hong-kong with rice cargoes, doing the journey in about seven days; and the traveller who visits Siam can thus come direct there by way of Singapore, and proceed straight on to China, where he will again fall in with the big lines of ocean steamers. Smaller steamers of various sizes and shapes, colours and ages, are to be seen nestled up against the wharves or anchored in mid-stream. These are owned by Chinese and Siamese capitalists, and do a coasting trade with the provinces on each side of the Gulf of Siam, collecting firewood, fruit, pepper, coffee, and a rather miscellaneous set of products, and taking back labourers of divers nationalities, orchid-collectors, missionaries, and a certain quantity of those tinned provisions, match-boxes, and cheap ware, with which the European and Japanese traders are continually flooding the Siamese markets.

More lively and active-looking objects are the steam-launches puffing merrily along, with their narrow white funnels discharging short wreaths of gaseous vapour into the sunny air, now threading their way quickly through the rice-boats and cargo-boats in the tideway, now shooting diagonally across stream, and now bringing up deftly alongside a parting steamer, or at some

f the ladder-stairs which flank the mills and compounds on the ank. Further up the river, opposite the Grand Palace and the ublic buildings, are to be seen the royal yachts and gun-boats, ooking spick and span with their square yards and neat lines, nd, on any one of the many gala days, their gay show of bright unting fluttering in the gentle breeze. A new feature in the cene are the launches of the River Flotilla Company, started by a Siamese association for the carriage of passengers on the "penny steamer" system, and filled with a heterogeneous set of travellers, including priests, doctors, market people, mourners on their way to a funeral, or revellers returning from a wedding party. Here and there a tug may be seen, labouring hoarsely up against the tide, towing a long line of rice-boats, or a heavy barque which has sailed some thousands of miles into the Menam, and is on the look-out for a cargo of teak for export.

But the quaintest and most picturesque of all the bigger craft in the port are the Chinese junks, moored in long irregular rows along one or other side of the channel, rearing their ridiculous sterns high out of the flood, and hiding under rough masses of matting the thousand-and-one hideous odds and ends which make up the filthy interior of a Chinese ship. Sometimes one of these old-fashioned junks will be seen running up stream before the wind, its big sails glistening like gold in the sun, and the water rippling brightly under its bluff bows, where the painted eye stares stolidly out over the busy river, as it has for weeks past over the light-blue waters of the China Sea. When these flaxen-coloured sails come down, and the junk swings round to its dropped anchor, then the fun begins. In their excess of thankfulness for escape from a watery grave, the pig-tailed crew bring out the tin pans of ceremonial usage, and with a banging that would deafen any European in two minutes, keep up for half an hour or more the most monotonous and infernal din that any savage ever devised.

When there is a good wind up stream, which is the case for nearly half the year, smaller sails are to be seen hurrying at a great pace on to the town with the earliest of the tide. They are mounted on large, light masts, stepped in a long, slim canoe of some thirty feet, which is loaded with the last catch of fish in the Siamese Gulf. When the wind does not suit, these fish-boats come up almost all the way on the oar; and it is quite astonishing to see with what speed and strength the oarsmen accomplish the long distance from the sea. Catching the very

first of the flood at Paknam—the mouth of the Menam—they very nearly keep up with it for twenty miles, cutting off eleven miles of the big river by means of a cross-cut canal only a mile in length. Three or four stalwart men standing up to their oars, gondola fashion, force the long blades through the water with incredible energy and endurance, the perspiration rolling off their bare backs and arms, which glance in the sun as if anointed with oil. Inside the open boat are piles of white fish of various kinds caught off the small fishing towns which lie scattered about the upper end of the Gulf. These are a harmless sort of fish-boats, and may be passed without alarm. But there is a very different kind, to which, if you see them coming, you should give as wide a berth as possible. A flatter and more cumbrous wherry, nearly approaching to a barge, and propelled more lazily by a scrubby-looking oarsman or two, now and then goes up on the flood, carrying horror and disgust to every European who may be within a hundred yards of its course. Inside is a huge pile of fish literally rotting in the hot sun. The salt, or chemical, with which this garbage is supposed to be guaranteed against putridity, is very far from saving it from the outward signs thereof; and an odour of the most pungent and acrid description infects the whole air through which one of these dreaded vessels is rowed. The contents are not used, as it might reasonably be supposed, for manure, but for human food, taking their part in the very "full-flavoured" curries with which the poorer inhabitants season their bowl of rice.

The slowest and most lumbering occupants of the fast-flowing river are the immense rice-boats which serve as a really capacious house for the native dealers. Rising like a toy Noah's Ark out of a solid hull of teak, the central edifice bulges out for some feet and then forms itself into a long arch, tallest amidships, and lower towards the sides and ends. At each of its flat ends, fore and aft, is a stout wall of wood, with doors and windows; and the outer space between this and the end of the hull forms a sort of promenade or portico, which can be shaded from the sun by a light awning of bamboo or matting. Alongside the hull are the enormous barge-poles and oars which serve for the propulsion of this huge hulk, and sometimes also a mast and sail for driving before the wind. Whole families can and do pass their lives on board these floating habitations, scooping up the dirty water of the river for use not only in cooking, but often even for drinking purposes, taking their baths from the

side of it, and sometimes catching their supply of fish by merely casting a net overboard. Long distances have often been travelled by these unwieldy craft on their way down from the paddy fields where the rice is grown. But for every day spent on the way down, the occupants will have to spend a week at least going back, laboriously poling and rowing against the steady current, and consuming no small fraction of the year in the return home, when they will rest awhile, and again harvest in the crop before starting on the next year's journey to market. Three weeks to come down stream with full cargo; a week to dispose of it and indulge in the gaieties of the capital; four or five months to get back with the emptied boat; and the rest of the year for farm-work at home—such is the programme for many a Siamese family which lives as contentedly and placidly as the profoundest philosopher.

Very different are the house-boats of polite life, in which the well-to-do classes—both Siamese and European—go about their ordinary town travelling. On a twenty-foot hull, built very much like an Oxford gig, is a strong, flat half-deck of teak planks, extending for six feet or so from the bow and the stern. Amidships is placed the square "house," built of light teak planks on strong uprights, and with a wooden roof like that of a four-wheeled cab. At the aft side of this is a large aperture with a venetian blind that can be raised or lowered at will, and on each side are two similar square-openings with the same sort of shutters. The front of the superstructure is almost entirely open; and one gets into the interior by bending and stepping down from the fore deck on to the floor of the "house." A cushioned seat, more or less comfortable according to the taste of the owner, runs round three sides of the interior; or in some cases the floor itself serves as a couch or sofa with mattresses and pillows all complete. Ensconced in this retreat, with the wind blowing freely through the venetian blinds all round, one can read or sleep, or look out lazily on the busy river scene, whilst four dusky boatmen, wearing the coloured uniform of their master, drive the boat along joyously with their long splashing oars. Each oar is attached by a hempen wisp to the upright post which serves as a rowlock; and the men, standing close behind one another, two in front and two astern, throw the weight of their bodies forward in exact unison, feathering the oar when they have reached out as far as they can, and recovering themselves with a jerk backwards and a push with the

forward knee. Some of the wealthy people ornament these "four chow" boats in elaborate style with carving and paint, and gilding and gorgeous curtains. Others are of plain teak or simply painted white; and some have hanging canvas instead of walls, and merely an awning overhead. A small house-boat, intended for one person only, can get along very fast and well with only two oarsmen, one in front and the other behind. But variety is the rule in this as in most other things in Siam; and some of the chow-boats are shabby in the last degree, and occupied by the dingiest of individuals in the ugliest of costumes. Ugliness of costume or manner is, however, quite the exception in Bangkok, and more often than not the interior of a house-boat will contain brightly dressed people, looking like bouquets of flowers in a tent. Europeans, with their plain white twill or flannel, do not show off these boats half so well as the Siamese, with their gay-coloured dresses, pretty scarves and light rippling laughter.

For ordinary passengers who affect no grandeur and despise comfort and style, there is a cheap mode of conveyance by water, which must have a passing mention. The *sampan* is a shallop with high ends, ending almost, though not quite, in a point; a rounded outside, looking as if the whole thing had been scooped out of a log; low sides, always appearing to be dangerously near the water, and a few cross-benches of a rustic order. A single upright post rises from one side rather near the stern; and to the top of this can be hooked on by means of the orthodox twist the hempen noose which always does duty for a rowlock. Into such a boat, according to its size, will be stowed two or three or more passengers, up to as many as sometimes nearly half a score, who squat down with the utmost *sang froid* in a craft which to a European stranger looks as if it could be upset by moving a finger. These boats ply for hire at some of the numerous "stairs" or landings where there is a large passenger traffic across the stream, and the din of boatmen at these places shouting for each "Nai" or "Master" who looks a likely customer is worthy of Westminster in the palmy days of the Thames watermen. When the crank-looking craft is full, or the passengers become too impatient to wait any longer, the oarsman, or oarswoman—for the fair sex by no means decline this labour—takes up the handle of the oar, which at its extremity is shaped like the crook of an umbrella. With a few long vigorous strokes he pulls the boat out from the shore, and then with many

twists of the arm and much adroit manœuvring, swings the bow out into the river, meeting the tide diagonally and preparing for the voyage across. The business of propelling such a craft with only one oar fixed to one side is no less puzzling than one might suppose; and the very few Europeans who have attempted the task find their boat working round and round towards the side on which there is no oar with a perverse persistency that seems entirely hopeless. This natural tendency of the *sampan* to describe circles in the water is overcome in fact by a device of leaning so upon the oar that it forces the stern of the boat inwards, while at the same time driving the whole boat forwards. But to acquire the power of doing this is not given to the ordinary European, who the more he attempts it seems to run the more risk of catching crabs and making his ship go backwards, or even toppling over bodily, and taking an involuntary header for the diversion of a merry host of Siamese spectators.

Not only passengers, paying ridiculously small bronze coins to their watermen, are carried in these unsafe-looking shallops, but merchandize of all sorts, which is often sold from them as things are in London off a costermonger's cart. Piles of cocoanuts, oranges, or bananas, depressing the bulwarks within two or three inches of the water, go gaily along, their conductor feeling quite at his ease until by chance some bigger launch than usual, or a light tug, or perhaps a big steamer of some kind heaves in sight, when his indifference is exchanged for some show of hurry and excitement, and he hastens toward shore to get behind the shelter of some floating house. Often it is a much more risky cargo which overloads these boats—a whole toy-shop of fragile knickknacks, a pile of silks and piece goods, a thousand or so of small glass lamps, or a dessert of sweetmeats for some wedding feast. Marvellous is the skill and caution with which the women in charge of such hazardous loads thread their way through the legion of nondescript boats of all sorts and sizes which meet them in their course. Now and then a shriek of alarm from one of them warns the heedless Chinaman or too zealous Malay, to give the fair owner a wide berth; but the warning is almost always in time, and with a bright smile and graceful inclination of the head her thanks are rendered as she gets her boat's nose straight again and looks ahead for a fresh danger. Good-humour and mutual forbearance are the universal rule: and the Asiatic who allowed his temper to be ruffled, or his rough-and-ready courtesy to give way, would be looked upon as

a disgusting barbarian beyond the pale of decent society. With such instincts as kindheartedness and consideration for others, which are real instincts amongst the Siamese, life on the water, even in a *sampan*, becomes pleasant and happy. What an extraordinary difference between these people and the creatures who disport themselves on holidays on the Thames in and round London!

Lastly there are the canoes—more picturesque, perhaps, than anything else which floats. Take a specimen or two, such as may be seen any day in almost any number. Here is a quartette of priests in their saffron-coloured robes and with bare close-shaven heads. In the middle of them the oldest of the party reclining with much dignity, cigarette in mouth and fan in hand. In front, two younger men with half a forearm emerging from the thick folds of the robe, and paddles, one on each side, plunging quickly but steadily into the dark-brown water. At the stern a middle-aged ecclesiastic squatting in the same attitude, but attending also to the steering of the small vessel, and not unfrequently "easying" for a few strokes, so as not to lower *his* dignity quite to a par with the younger men. Just behind, perhaps, will come a whole crew of Siamese maidens, their close-cropped hair sticking up like black clothes-brushes on their heads, white linen jackets with long sleeves covering their bodies, and showing off the light pink and green scarves deftly thrown over their shoulders, while a more inquisitive glance will discover their well-shaped feet, and legs bare to the knee, curled up Turkish-wise on the floor. Very speedily and neatly they dash the blade of their short paddles into the stream, keeping up an almost incessant chatter as they go along, and chaffing unmercifully any well-looking man whom they may pass on the shore or in a boat; peals of laughter breaking from them as often as a good repartee is given on either side. Then you will have a stolid Chinaman alone in his rather heavy canoe, urging it on with laborious strokes, and occasionally yelling some demoniacal cry, which, being interpreted, means that he wants a customer for the blocks of fat white pork lying in the fore part of his ship.

It is in the morning early—that is early for the Siamese—at seven or eight o'clock in the big river just outside the Palace gates that you may see the finest collection of canoes. Here is held every morning a sort of water market. Some hundreds of canoes, mostly handled by young and old women, are packed in

serried ranks, like a large flock of ducks on a pond. Oranges, limes, betel-nuts, bananas of thirty different kinds, cakes, fritters, sweetmeats, sugar-sticks—every sort of light refreshment dear to Siamese *gourmets*—come piled up in the canoe to this busy *rendezvous*; offering and bidding, haggling and trafficking, joking and mock quarrelling, is the order of the day. A hundred gay colours, besides those of the fruit and flowers, are blended together in a moving kaleidoscope, as you look from a short distance upon the flotilla of market-women. Gradually the bright noisy group dissolves away, and the little bare-headed dealers, retreating before the growing tyranny of the rising sun, flit like water-flies to the shaded nook where they are to eat their simple but savoury breakfast.

A far more imposing sort of paddle-worked boat remains to be noted. For some days before any royal ceremony on the river is to be held, you may see occasionally passing up it an enormous canoe looking like a gigantic tree scooped out. As a matter of fact some of these monsters are no more than gigantic teak-trees, bulged out in their middle by the slow action of fire, and turned up slightly at the two ends. Upon narrow cross-benches in them will be ranged a hundred or more paddlers, with a steersman, a look-out man, and a sort of bandmaster or orchestra leader, who gives the time to the whole crew. In unison these dusky boatmen raise their paddles in the air overhead, and in unison they plunge them into the stream—an equal number on each side—dashing them quickly through a short stroke and then raising them aloft again. These men are being coached up to form the crew for a royal barge; and on the day of the ceremony they will appear in very different get-up. A royal barge in Siam is a portentous structure. Its lower part is an immensely long and rather flat boat, turning up at the ends, so that these are reared many feet above the water. Strangely and weirdly fashioned are these towering ends, presenting to view such wonders as a colossal dolphin covered with gilding, a multi-coloured crocodile, or glittering dragon, all red, green and gold. Along the benches fore and aft are packed the paddlers, dressed in gorgeous costumes of the brightest colours, a royal red predominating; and from the middle of the hull rises the pavilion of state, a sort of pagoda with four corners, richly covered or inlaid with coloured bits of porcelain and gilding and tinsel, hung with bright curtains, festooned with real and artificial flowers, and surmounted with one or more of the

peaked emblems of royalty. Inside is a sort of chamber in which are placed old-fashioned weapons, some Palace guards in gala dress, and perhaps some courtiers or officers of state. One of these monsters will carry a towering structure with a throne at the top, upon which His Majesty will sit if he comes out to honour the procession with his presence. Other less pretentious royal barges will carry only a large awning draped with the royal standard, and looking at a distance rather like a howdah taken off the back of some gigantic elephant and lifted into the canoe. In spite of the great size of these leviathans and the smallness of the paddles, they travel at a very good pace, driven by the short sharp strokes of multitudinous men on each side. A procession of half-a-dozen such giants following one another, and followed in their turn by smaller but still capacious barges, belonging to the chief princes and nobles, makes a grand spectacle on this noble river, and rivals probably the greatest glories attained on our own river by the water pageants of mediæval London.

Let us look away from the big river and up one of the big "khlongs" or canals which run into it here and there. In these the tide is less strong, but the crowd of small boats is greater; and just as much care is needed to avoid being run down, or run into, or wrecked on any of the numerous projecting obstacles which jut out into the stream in all sorts of unexpected places. Here you see the advantage of the Siamese style of rowing, where the oarsman faces his work and can look ahead without turning round. If the tide is against you, it is very bad policy to go up the middle of the canal, where you meet the full force of the current; and your proper plan is to sniggle along close to the bank, or rather close to the fringe of floating houses and moored boats and landing-stages, which project from the real bank into the water. And as no two of these obstacles project to an equal distance, or form a flat continuous frontage, there is at almost every boat's length a new chance of fouling some corner, or at least striking an oar against some post or platform, or other stumbling-block. An almost greater variety of small boats seems to be collected in the *khlongs* than in the main river—lighters loaded with bricks or earthenware pots, or rice, or paddy ash; house-boats occupied by fat Chinamen; canoes and *sampans* innumerable, going at all sorts of paces up and down, across and along; rice-boats with their immensely long oars sweeping almost the whole width of the canal, and bearing down upon

the more frail craft which meet them, with a threatening force and weight that soon clears them out of the way like leaves before a gust of wind.

As the *khlong* narrows and the houses grow more scarce along the bank, a European in his own boat begins to attract more attention. The children run out to the top of their landing-ladders, timid but curious, and calling to their mothers to come and look at the "Farang." Tied to each one of these ladders will be at least one or two light canoes—the habitual and indeed only mode of transport for the family. Still further up, a mile or more from the mouth of the canal, the long succession of wharfs, shops, and houses is at length broken, and you get a short reach of real country, where the plantains and oranges and mangoes, interspersed with tall betel-nut palms, have it all their own way, and except at full high-water it is difficult or impossible to land on either side, by reason of the broad strip of slippery brown mud which defends the crown of the bank. In these long narrow canals, which extend sometimes for many leagues into the country, the tide falls with varying rapidity and with an insidious quietness. Imagine the position of a European party which, starting for a few hours to explore one of these waterways, is left stranded at 9 A.M. on its muddy bed in the scorching sun. Without food or drink, or even perhaps a pack of cards or a novel, the situation of such unfortunates is awful to contemplate. To wade through mud about three feet deep and climb the bank, would only be one short step on the road to escape. They would have to drag their wet and miry clothes through a tangle of fruit-trees and fences hardly less impenetrable than real jungle, risking sunstroke as well as the off chance of a bite from some deadly snake. On the other hand, no rescue by boat is possible, for every five minutes makes it more and more hopeless that anything should come past except the lightest canoes. A native crew forced into such a position, as thousands are every day, feels no discomfort at all. The rice-boat journeying across country by way of tidal *khlongs* takes full advantage of the flood, be it by night or by day, struggles along gallantly at a rate of some five miles an hour as long as there is water to float the ship, and then puts into the bank under some friendly tree-shade to wait till the next flood. Here the thick shelter of the bamboo-plaited domed roof serves as a protection from sun by day or dew by night, and the tired oarsmen and oarswomen, stretched at length on the mat-covered planks, sleep heavily without

caring even for mosquitoes or flies, until the first welcome movement of the floor as the barge floats rouses them to "kin-kow," or meal time, and a fresh bout of labour.

Only one cause stops their onward course for a few minutes. At some commodious landing-ladder, at a suitable time of the tide, the wherry is brought to, and the whole family, father, mother and children, besides perhaps a spare aunt or two, all jump into the uninviting brown water, the elders having first exchanged the *panung* or knickerbocker of ordinary wear, for a *sarong* or girding of common cloth. Very bashful the women are, hiding up to their chins if a "farang" or European is in sight, and seizing upon a moment when he is looking the other way to trip up the ladder and escape behind cover of the boat side. But the children enjoy more than anything in the day their free swim in the thick water, larking about, chasing and splashing one another, and playing like amphibious creatures, as they are in water, which in the afternoon of a day in the sunny season is rather to be called hot than warm. In the more crowded *khlongs* at about 5 o'clock, especially if the tide is then high, it is quite a sight to see the multitude of human heads bobbing about on the surface, as men, women and children turn in for their daily bath. As you row up such a canal you must take great care where you dip your oar or sculls: and how you bring them forward between the strokes. Otherwise you will hear a shrill cry from one or more of the little bathers dabbling about on each side, and if a hand is not put up to seize and avert the threatening blade, you may find that you have cut open one of the round black-thatched heads with it.

In the narrower canals where there is much traffic a "block" is almost as common as in Fleet Street or the Strand. Sometimes there is a raft of teak, being floated up to some saw mill, and usurping more than half of the water-way. If it meets a good-sized rice-boat which tries to pass it at a shallow spot, both may get stuck; and the accumulation of smaller boats coming up behind on each side wedges itself in so that the chance of getting clear is made still more difficult. It is in such a case that the inexhaustible good-humour of the Siamese waterman comes out. Instead of objurgations and grumblings, advice is given as to the best device for clearing a way. The *lambak*, or trouble, which has arisen, is attributed to the malign influence of chance or demons; and the stupid people who have caused it by their clumsiness are regarded rather as innocent victims, to be cheered

up with sympathy, than as bunglers who should be reviled. No sooner is the obstacle removed, than an outburst of joyful exclamations seems to sweep away at a breath all the annoyance of the past few minutes, and the several crews go on their way happier and more cheery, to all appearance, than if no difficulty or delay had occurred.

At nightfall, about 7 o'clock, most of the Siamese small craft have got home, and are safely chained up in a position where when the tide turns in the night they will not drift round and get in the way. But here and there you will see a small white light like a glow-worm flitting along over the dark water. Often this is the boat-lamp of a night huckster of comestibles going his round of the floating houses. From time to time you may hear from your window his hoarse cry, drawn out into a long musical cadence of several bars sometimes, as he runs through the list of cakes, sweetmeats, or other dainties which he has on board. But the chief collection of boats at night is round the river-side theatres, several of which are always in working order. A broad glare of lamplight, reflected in the water, betrays from afar the situation of these palaces of delight, which are no more than broad floating platforms, extemporised into a stage and a "pit." Inside, the banging of sticks and clanging of cymbals, and other noises of Siamese and Chinese drama excite the enthusiasm of a very motley audience. But all round the platform are ranged, in triple and quadruple tiers, the canoes of the theatre-goers, who at about midnight will be trooping off home again, scattering in all directions like a small swarm of water fire-flies pouring out from some fiery *rendezvous* on the bank.

Thus the boat-life of Siam includes almost all life. Business and pleasure, health and happiness, all centre in the river or its branches. A boat and a paddle are almost as natural and indispensable possessions to a Siamese as his arms or legs. He has no notion of travelling any distance except by boat; and the idea of living in a place inaccessible by water generally strikes him as absurd. Deprive him of his boat, and he will be like a bird docked of its wings, helpless, shiftless, and purposeless. Roads and railways may in time bring into existence a race of purely terrestrial Siamese. But for the present the population is, with few exceptions, amphibious.

E. B. M.

GRACIOSA.

I.

THE line of coast extending northwards from the mouth of the Tees to Seaham and Bishop Wearmouth, is so pretty and so pleasantly diversified in character, that it seems odd it should have escaped description. It may be well that it is so: for perhaps the best thing that can happen to those of us who love quiet, in these uneasy days of travel, is to have the beauties of our own particular neighbourhood left unsung.

Certainly, in the last century, the little port of Hartlepool, and the huge limestone caverns of Blackhall which lie some few miles further north, were visited by one who was first among Englishmen to observe and describe the beauties of natural scenery—the poet Gray. What he says, writing in 1765, is this: "I have been for two days at Hartlepool to taste the waters, and do assure you nothing can be salter, and bitterer, and nastier, and better for you. I am delighted with the place. There are the finest walks and rocks and caverns and dried fishes, and all manner of small inconveniences a man can wish."

And again, to another correspondent, he writes a little later on: "The rocks, the sea, and the weather, these more than made up to me the want of bread and the want of water, two capital defects, but of which I learned from the inhabitants not to be sensible. They live on the refuse of their own fish-market, with a few potatoes and a reasonable quantity of geneva, six days in the week, and I have nowhere seen a taller, more robust, and healthy race; every house full of ruddy broad-faced children; nobody dies but of drowning and old age."

Things are sadly changed there since then, no doubt; but even now, so long after, the description holds good in great

measure. The ruddy children, the caves and rocks, the hardy pilots, the dried cod, and the geneva are all still there, pretty much as they were when seen by the poet, in the early days of good old King George III.

At the time of our story they were in the full swing of their untarnished glory; and to the delights of geneva were added those of cognac and tobacco, openly landed and freely dispensed by smugglers. The narrow chares and wynds swarmed to overflow with troops of sturdy bare-legged urchins. A maze of clothes-lines bespanned the crooked ways—oilskins and jerseys fluttering gaily aloft in the brisk rush of east wind, as it swept madly up some blind alley or funnel-like *cul-de-sac*. Gay petticoats (like sacred oriflammes) hung dependent from man an attic window, while in the lane below was a merry and ceaseless babble of divers tongues and languages.

> "And on the broken pavement, here and there,
> Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie:
> A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
> And hens and dogs and hogs are feeding by:
> And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry.
> At every door are sunburnt matrons seen
> Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry."

The year 1740 was remarkable for atmospheric disturbances. It came in with a frost, the like of which had not been known in England for thirty-one years: a frost of such great strength that the Thames was frozen over, and of such long continuance that a man, writing on the 17th of April, says, "This day, for the first time, spirits rose to the point of warmth." What his *spirits* were, and what his *point of warmth*, I know not; but whatever their precise meaning, his remark points evidently to prolonged and unusual cold. Violent and destructive thunderstorms marked the course of the summer, from beginning to end. November was ushered in by one of the most furious and fatal gales of the century. Between Boston and Lynn sixty ships and upwards lay wrecked. At Whitby, the damage done both at sea and ashore was incredible; and from the Firth of Forth to the mouth of the Thames, there was scarce a port or fishing village escaped, without damage and loss of life.

The morning of All Saints' broke mild and calm—unusually so for the time of year—and all Hartlepool was early astir; as

to-day they were to celebrate the capture of Portobello by Admiral Vernon, and the return to their homes of four young townsmen who had taken a part in that gallant action on board Captain Trevor's ship, the *Strafford.*

The revels were led by Mr. John Hedworth, who had ridden in overnight from his house in the country, to do honour to the town of which he was mayor, and grace the feast with his presence. Till noon all went merrily enough, and the crowd was gathered on the town moor, to see the roasting of an ox. Dense columns of smoke from the crackling faggots, shot straight up into the thick autumnal haze. Low sunshine lay on sea and land; belated gnats and midges dancing gaily up and down in the grateful rays. Yet, for all this, old tars and weatherwise salts bent their gaze steadily seaward. And rumour soon had it a storm was at hand. Nor was rumour far wrong; for half an hour later, the blazing fire was extinguished by a deluge of icy rain, and of that great throng on the moor, all were swept away before the fury of the blast, to seek shelter in low-lying streets and closes, at the back of the town wall, by the little pilot-pier. Not one soul of them now remained on the moor, but only the poor half-roasted, half-sodden ox, creaking and swinging on his spit, like some highwayman in his gibbet-chains. So lately the idol and hope of the mob, now a forgotten and forsaken cinder!

In the town below, men dodged the flying slates and tiles; and hardy women, beshawled and hooded, stood out in sheltered nooks, to see the swirl of the tide and the chance of a wreck—wrecks, in that day, possessing an interest they have quite lost in this. For with the actual excitement and flurry of the event was then ever mixed delightful anticipation of blessings in store. Salvation of life was the last thing thought of—a cargo of French brandy was perhaps the first. But if brandy was *not* forthcoming, why then, they would do with sherry. And sherry, sure enough, they did with that day. For a Spanish brigantine flew in before the hurricane, out of the darkness and spindrift seawards, and in ten minutes after she was first sighted, had dashed herself to pieces on the cruel ridge of rock at the harbour mouth. Down ran the rummaging, ransacking mob; rifling the dead or dying, and falling with a fury like that of the storm itself, on all they could lay hold of. Their greed of drink was insatiable. Of one man it is handed down to this day that, pulling off his trousers and tying them up at the waist, he

dipped them in a broached sherry cask, and bore them off in triumph over his back, full, inflated like the pig-skin of a wine seller!

What an ending to a day so auspiciously begun! what a miserable scene of degradation: men, dead-drunk, lying helpless among men really dead! For these last, slain in manful combat with the sea, small pity was shown. But for the sots who lay among them, their soberer comrades did show some care, hauling them up out of harm's way, above reach of the flowing tide. And there they were left, in the darkness and drift, to recover their reason and their legs.

Of all the vessel's company, battered and broken by the flinty rock, but one was found alive—and that one a woman. She was dying fast, when they came across her in the gloom of early night; and hastily snatching a shutter from the nearest shop-door, young men carried her up to old Phœbe Pounder's in Sandwell Chare, close by the water-gate of the wall, below which she had been flung ashore. The gossips stood round in groups by the closet-bed, in which they laid her. It was a scene after their own hearts, and one not readily to be foregone—a mystery, a death, and a birth, all in one!

They sent word to Mr. Hugh Petrie, the curate of the town, to bring the consolation of his office; but the poor castaway never regained consciousness; and long before his arrival, was gone softly down to the House of Silence, "unhousel'd, unanointed, unanneal'd," and carrying her secret with her. All it remained for him to do was to name the infant, so untowardly born into this troublesome world, and so quickly forsaken. They called her *Graciosa*, after the ship that had brought her there, and whose name they had found on a piece of painted wreckage. Under the fostering care of the good woman, into whose charge her dying mother had been given, the little one grew into a fine frolicsome child, and gave early promise of great beauty.

When no more than three years old, her foster-mother, with her family and the little Graciosa, moved to Coniscliffe, to take charge of a squalid farm belonging to Mr. Jennison, of which generations of Pounders, or their relatives the Hunters, had been tenants time out of mind. Here they managed to exist till the early days of the year 1746, when their homestead was pillaged by some camp-followers in the train of Marshal Wade, who with his army passed over Pierce Bridge, hurrying north to Culloden.

After this they led a hard, joyless life of penury and toil, still clinging with true conservative tenacity to the impoverished acres, till May 1749, when a strange disease that broke suddenly out among horned cattle in the County Palatine, completed their ruin.

Even so, it was with sorrow and many "a longing, lingering look behind," they wrenched themselves away from the miserable spot: the sons going as hinds to a yeoman at Elstob, and Phœbe (with her young charge) finding her way back by waggon to Hartlepool, a poorer woman than the day she left it.

She now set up a little shop in one of the narrow chares that lead out of the High Street seawards—in the selfsame house, in fact, she had quitted six years before. The parish priest recommended her to his flock, saying, "I commend unto you Phœbe, our sister, that ye receive her as becometh saints, and that ye assist her in whatsoever business she hath need of you;" and being a decent, civil body, and moreover a native, she found excellent custom among her neighbours and the seafaring men of the place, and years slipped not altogether unprosperously by.

At fifteen years of age, Graciosa had sprung up into a tall and sprightly lass; good to gaze on, with those drooping eyelids which are so irresistibly bewitching, and which, I verily believe, have wrought more havoc among mankind than every other female grace and charm.

Her beauty, of course, was but in the bud—her *diablerie* and *espièglerie* in full bloom. They were not of a sort that had any great malignancy about them, or betokened badness of heart; but proceeded in part from excess of animal spirits and exuberant health, and partly (no doubt) from the unhappy fact that she had the grave misfortune to run her little race before the invention of that crown and glory of our own enlightened age—Board Schools. Hence it happened that, except when helping old Phœbe about the shop and house, time lay pretty much at her own disposal; and she spent more of it than was meet on the sea-wall, in gossip with other girls in their teens, or in idle badinage with the fisher-lads mending their herring-nets on the sandy beach below. These last stood her pert chaff and pretty pranks—the well-aimed pebble, the hurtling log or dancing chip, the nut of offence and apple of wanton provocation—with stolid good-humour, in a general way: their hearts pierced by the

shafts of her ready wit, and (if truth must needs be told) their faces not unfrequently damaged by her Amazonian onslaughts. For she "set at naught the frivolous bolt of Cupid," and if any of the lads were inclined to be saucy, or essayed to carry his advances beyond a decent bound, the girl stood quickly on the defensive—nay, did not scruple to engage in active hostilities, and carry the warfare briskly into the enemy's camp.

Her pert airs and arch ways notwithstanding, the girl was truly feminine and lovable; plump and soft, with a tender heart, and cherry lips waiting to be kissed. Not that she knew all this, nor ever once thought about herself and her charms; but so it was, and the destined day was not very far distant when poor Graciosa was to understand it all, and find her fate.

Meanwhile, two more years of rollicking life and hoydenish ways sped quickly by, without much mark or record;—humble household duties dividing her care with banter on the sea-wall, and airy moonlight romps on the town moor. Tales of smugglers served to beguile the tedium of long winter evenings, and lent interest to an otherwise rather monotonous existence.

In these years smuggling had risen to an alarming and unprecedented height. Troops of soldiers and sailors, set free by the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, scoured the kingdom, destitute—left by an ungrateful country to their hard fate. Very many of them, from sheer lack of worthier employment, turned smugglers; and their doings became a terror to all peaceable and law-abiding citizens. Hanged they were, no doubt, by scores, as any one may see for himself, who cares to glance at the news-letters of the day. But as fast as they hanged one batch, another arose, more hardy and daring than the last.

And, moreover, the barbarous severity of the law enlisted, ere long, the goodwill and sympathy of the multitude on behalf of these lawless men, so that they became difficult to catch, and the aid of preventive men and common informers was used to entrap them. These informers had but a short shrift if they fell into the toils of the smugglers, nor did they stand high in favour with the natives of those ports at which their stations lay. In proof whereof, give ear to a corroborative incident that occurred in Hartlepool just at this time.

A gang of notorious smugglers, who had long infested the Blackhall rocks, finding in those desolate sea-washed caverns

convenient stowage for their contraband goods, had word sent them that a preventive man was come down and on the look-out. The captain of the smugglers was one Trollop; he, his son Jerry, and some of their mates, disguised as rustics, sallied out into the town, and picking acquaintance with the unsuspecting spy, plied him with drink at a tavern. Pouncing on their prey when half-seas over, they bound him hand and foot, carried him down in broad daylight to a boat at the pier-head, and shipped him aboard a ketch bound for Helvoëtsluys. The man was never more seen in Hartlepool, and the feat of the smugglers met with applause on all hands, as a just and glorious revenge.

Enlivened by yarns like this, two more years rolled by; and Graciosa, now seventeen, was the beauty and toast of the port. Much altered and toned down since last we saw her,—timid, retiring, and I suppose not altogether unconscious of her good looks and the universal admiration they kindled. It could not well have been otherwise. Anybody may picture to himself what the girl was like, who has seen Romney's first portrait of poor dear Lady Hamilton. Only our Graciosa's complexion was of that olive tint to which her countryman, Murillo, alone among painters, does full justice. There was a dreamy, far-away look in her jet-black eyes, as of one that sees into the awful mysteries of the future, or the dim void of the past.

But let her alone, poor girl! Her day is nearly done, and her beauty vanished for ever.

II.

Perched high above the Blackhall rocks, on a wind-swept table-land, stood (and still stands) a lonely farm looking out on the restless ocean. Its octagon dovecot, rising like some donjon keep from the very verge of the crag, still makes a notable beacon for such mariners as pass that way. A stone's-throw north of house and dovecot, three forlorn larches, bowed double under prevalence of cutting easterly gales, stretch their gaunt arms westward, for all the world like witches on a blasted heath.

Here dwelt, in the days of our story, a widow woman who, with her two sons, Peter and Leonard Gray, managed the steading in an old-fashioned way; their thrift and diligence often thwarted and frustrated by the cold sour clay, and unkindly climate.

The smugglers in the caves down below were a constant ıurce of anxiety and worry to the poor widow. Not that ıe feared their violence or malice—far from it. Her fear was st the young men, her sons, should become involved in some ıazardous enterprise. There seems no question but that both ıe lads were on a friendly footing with Trollop, even to the xtent of visiting his caves and secret stores; but there is no vidence forthcoming that their dealings with the gang went eyond a little very natural barter of goods—a sack of coarse-round oatmeal occasionally finding its way down to the shore, hile a bottle of cognac, with a parcel of tea and tobacco, would heer the inmates of the house above.

Peter and his brother Lennie were well-known figures in Hartlepool, where they came almost weekly, wind and weather ɔermitting, on marketing errands, in their little cockle-shell ɔf a boat. Old Phœbe's shop was their common house of ɔall; and while his brother was on the shingle below, load-ng their boat for her homeward trip, Peter would linger long ıt the counter, unable to tear himself away from the sweet Graciosa.

As time wore on, and the boating trips followed one another with still increasing frequency, the widowed mother grew more troubled and suspicious than ever, especially when she observed in how silent and preoccupied a mood her eldest son now in-variably returned from his voyages.

Little kenned she of the magnet that drew her Peter's shallop with such sure and sweet attraction to the shop in Sandwell chare. She felt sure that some dire secret lay deep within his breast; and yet, with the fear of those desperadoes down below ever before her, she durst not ask or seek to know it, but passed her days, during the lad's absence, in nervous misery and heartache.

One September evening, rheumatic old Phœbe Pounder, crutch at hand, sat by the fire-side knitting. A cosy cat, coiled in the old dame's lap, purred in warm approval of the situation. The kettle on the hob sent forth its jets of spouting steam with quick petulant clicks of clattering lid. Rashers of ham spluttered and frizzled in their frying-pan hard by. The knitting-needles, glinting in the glow of sea-coal flame, clinked with a sort of rhythmic cadence. The solemn clock behind the parlour door, in slow and measured tones, told the hour of eight; and Graciosa rousing from some pleasant fancy, bestirred herself to close the

shop and lay the cloth, when Peter Gray's well-known footfall echoed on the pavement without.

In he came, hale and ruddy from the crisp sea air.

"Oh, Peter! you stupid boy, how late you are again!" was Graciosa's greeting: "the hour of sale is past—the shop is closed. Why *have* you been so long?"

That last was surely a pleasant sentence to hear—that emphasis on *have*—from the lips of the girl he loved. And perhaps the young man knew what he was about (and Graciosa too) in thus putting off his visit till the shop should be closed, and he could have the girl to himself, without the interruption of stray customers and prying eyes.

"Never mind her, Peter, my lad. You know the girl's saucy ways. Come in and welcome!" cried old Phœbe from her chair. "The moon is at full; plenty o' time to share our bit supper. Draw up to the table, my lad, and fall to."

The bashful Peter, nothing loath, did as he was bid, and drew up. And perhaps no cheerier little supper party was to be found in all Hartlepool that blessed night. But the sweetest hour on earth must have its end; and the clock's first stroke of nine, with Lennie's shrill whistle of impatience from the beach below, fell harshly and full soon on love-sick Peter's ear.

"Oh, but Gracie," said he, turning back when he had gained the doorway, "I must have some sweets for the old mother at home."

That doling out of sweets can be made to take an unconscionable time: 'tis long before some customers are suited to their mind, and Lennie's whistles rose from shrill to shriller.

"Come, Peter, wish the girl good-night and be off, there's a man: don't keep that lad waiting any longer out in the cold—you've a long pull back—and your old mother 'll be worriting herself to death."

Poor Peter seemed still to hesitate, and a silvery voice came back from the shop, "Oh, Peter, Peter! what a great baby you are! hardbake, butter-scotch, mint-drops, treacle-toffy, barley-sugar, sugar-candy, and now liquorice and Spanish-juice for the old woman! I know right well Lennie and you will eat them all up in the boat. I thought it was only boys that cared for sweets!"

"Ah, Gracie, Gracie!" cried old Phœbe, peering at the pretty pair over the rims of her horn spectacles. "Ah Gracie, my poor

innocent! was there ever a young man yet that didn't care for sweets?"

That shrewd fireside remark brought all conversation to an abrupt close. The young man held the door ajar, latch in hand, apparently in the very act of going. But, no; they must needs have whispered words on the very threshold, till Phœbe, chilled past all patience, called out at the top of her voice, "Shut that door, and begone! and you, Gracie, come in this very minute."

The girl came quick, quick as thought, flung her arms round the old woman's neck, and whispered, "Oh, grannie darling! it is such a lovely moon: do let me just go down to the boat with him, and see poor Lennie."

"Run then, run, if you must have it so, you pretty wheedling tease; throw that shawl yonder over your head, and be back in five minutes sharp, like a good lass."

That Graciosa returned within the time specified, I will by no means take it upon me to aver; I leave it an open question, to be decided by the expert reader at his (or her) own sweet will. But when she did return, and bade the old lady a loving good-night, there was a something in her manner—and on her finger—that prompted her foster-mother to say once again, "Ah, Gracie, my pretty innocent! was there ever a young man yet that didn't care for sweets!"

Glad at heart, a proud and happy man, was Peter Gray that sweet autumnal night! The blushing girl had given her consent that fateful hour, and he was now an accepted lover. The ring of betrothal had been slipped on the girl's finger, her lips had received the young man's shower of kisses, their troth had been plighted, under shadow of the hoary water-gate, and all in those delicious *five minutes* of grace! Marriage loomed large ahead; and there was every prospect of Peter's being able, by Christmas time, to deck his breezy home on the hill, with the fairest flower of all the country-side.

Without doubt, as the two brothers pull homeward, the thoughts of the elder dwelt peacefully on the coming bliss; but ere they reached their destination, he was rudely wakened from his reverie by a sudden change of weather, and his thoughts now centred perforce on the management of their boat. They ran her ashore in a sandy cove, south of their house, and sending Lennie forward to announce their return to the anxious mother, Peter himself remained behind to look to the unloading

of their craft, and bring the packages home at leisure. "Keep a bit of supper for me, lad," he called after his brother's retiring figure, "and get thee to thy bed. Give my love to mother: if she cares to bide by the fire awhile, I have news to cheer her heart."

"But bless me, Lennie!" cried the widow, when their supper was done, and the clock struck twelve, "what ails thy brother that he lags so long behind?"

Lennie, with a frightened glance at the clock, sprang up and hurried outside. His loud halloas broke the silence of the night, but there was none to answer from below. At break-neck speed, he slid down a zigzag in the cliff-side to where their boat lay high and dry—but no Peter was there. Time drew on to that darkest hour before the dawn, the moon was set already, her light extinct in total darkness—and still no news of Peter.

The distracted mother, lantern in hand, joined her son on the beach, and cast about in vain to find the missing man. By the dim wick of rushlight, they tracked his foot-prints along the level sand to the entry of a huge open cave, whose yawning mouth is fed by every flow of tide. And here they lost all trace of Peter and his fate: he was never more seen alive.

In all probability he had stumbled unawares on the fierce bandits of the cave, hard at their illicit task, been taken in the gloom for a coastguard, and done away with accordingly. The smugglers, it is true, strenuously denied all knowledge of the missing lad in a subsequent interview with Lennie, but Lennie hearkened not to their glozing tongues; while, as for the distracted mother, she in her agony and wild despair called down God's curse on the whole crew, and to her dying day cried aloud for vengeance. Her cry was heard in heaven—her prayer was answered—her revenge was ample; but it came, alas! too late, for with her first-born's loss the widow lost all heart, pined fast away, and sank ere long into a wished-for grave. She bequeathed her Lennie this dying legacy—"*Remember poor Peter,*" and with those words on her lips, passed to her account.

III.

The news of Peter's disappearance spread like wild-fire. A sharp hue-and-cry was raised; men with bloodhounds scoured

the country-side; others with grapnels went afloat, and raked the ocean-bed to hook the sunken body. Their quest was vain, and a day came when they ceased to search. But it was not possible that our sweet Graciosa could be kept long in ignorance of what was the whole town's talk. In vain, day after day, did she look for the coming of her lover; in vain did she listen for his well-known step or knock.

At length old Phœbe, gently as might be, broke the fatal news to her. The poor child received it humbly—without a tear. There was an alarming calmness and self-possession in her manner that boded ill. All she said was, "*I shall see him again! I shall see him again!*" Her friends attributed this great meekness and gentleness of spirit to pious resignation and submission to the Divine will, for she had been—as had they all—in the July of that year to hear Mr. John Wesley preach in the High Street of their native town, and his words and manner had made a deep impression on her heart. Old Phœbe, I think, knew better from the first. The simple truth was this—Graciosa's heart was broken. From the day of that fatal news she seemed to pine away, in mind and body both. She said very little to any one now, but would murmur—sometimes with a sigh—sometimes with a smile—"*I shall see him again! I shall see him again!*"

Her work-a-day clothes were laid aside; very likely, poor girl, she knew that work, for her, was over in this world. She ever dressed herself in the things that her Peter had loved best to see her in, and, thus attired, she would spend hours of the day and of the night sauntering on the wall or the pier, gazing seawards, and saying softly to herself, "*I shall see him again!*" Remembering the glorious beauty and comeliness they had so lately worshipped, her present condition begot in the rough men of the place a sort of superstitious reverence and awe.

"Ah, poor innocent!" they would say, as she flitted past them in the gloaming, "that it should have come to this! God help us all, and send the girl her wits."

Stalwart pilots would lead her home tenderly, and she would go meekly when led; but she had lost all reckoning of hours and knowledge of time.

All that autumn she continued fading away, and when the swallows were fled and the last leaves gone, it was well seen she would not linger long behind.

The merry time of Yule drew on apace. On the Sunday afternoon next before the feast, people were lounging over the sea-wall, disporting themselves in the frosty sunshine, or watching the strong indraught of flood-tide that raced round the Heugh, and, passing in a strong deep current at their feet, flowed up into the estuary beyond. Suddenly, in their midst stood Graciosa, the pallor of death in her cheeks, her great lustrous eyes shining with *clairvoyant* brilliance, and having in their expression that dreamy, far-away look of second-sight. Little heeding the idlers she moved among, the girl paced slowly on along the wall above the water-gate, gazing steadily seawards, still murmuring to herself, "*I shall see him again!*"

Many followed her gaze, under some occult sympathy or mesmeric fascination; and it appeared at last there really was something to gaze at. Their attention was riveted—their eyes fixed—on a something—they knew not what. "A seal," said one; "a spar on end," said another; "a buoy broke loose, and coming in with the tide," suggested a third. They had not long to wait in suspense; the tide ran fast and full, and the object of their conjectures moved quickly up till it came abreast of the place where they stood; then, meeting with some entanglement below, it made a halt, and, turning itself round to the company on the water-gate with Graciosa in their midst, it bobbed, and bowed, and grinned, and curtseyed, turning its sightless sockets on the very spot where Graciosa stood. The hair was all fallen off, but it had clothed its scalp with a tangle of sea-wrack and diaphanous weed that glinted and glittered like an iris in the setting sun. While all stood speechless and horror-struck, it freed itself from the entanglement below, and, making a final bow to the company as it tugged itself clear, swept silently on with the tide to the estuary above the town.

In the awful hush and silence of the crowd, Graciosa was heard saying, faintly, "*I have seen him again!*"

Good women, sobbing, led the tearless girl away. She was faint and weak now, and glad to be helped to bed. When the women were gone their ways, and old Phœbe and she had the chamber to themselves, she said very calmly, "I shall wear that dress no more; but keep it from the fretting-moth, for Peter's sake and mine. When next I leave this closet-bed, in which I was born," she added, after a pause, "I shall wear a different dress."

Her granny, hoping against hope, and half minded to think ıis the glimmer of returning reason and interest in life, inquired ·hat dress she would choose to wear.

"A *shroud*," she replied, to the poor woman's dismay; or was she pacified till she had seen the flannel brought out ·om its chest, and made up into that grim, horrid garb of ıurial.

Then she seemed easier in her mind, and said she was ready o go. After that, she wandered in her talk. Sometimes she ·ould say, with a shudder, as the weeping women stood round ıer dying bed waiting for the end, "I *have* seen him again!" \t other and happier moments, with a smile, "I *shall* see him gain!" And with these last words of hope on her lips, she ıassed quietly away to join her lover, as the clock in the steeple :himed eight on Christmas Day morning. It was a sad Christmas they kept that day in the old port of Hartlepool—a lay of dolour and complaint, with cries of woe and loud amentation.

Late on Christmas Eve, searchers had come across that risen ıody, stranded in the slime and ooze of the estuary, shreds of ;hirt still clinging to its back, and a weight of rolled lead (such ıs tea is wrapped in) tied to its heels: and now on this Christmas Day, while men were following the remains of Peter Gray to their last resting-place in the churchyard of St. Hilda, ıious women were laying out the dead girl's body, and arraying ıer for the short journey that lay between her and her lover's grave. They dressed her, not in that ugly shroud, but in those clothes poor Peter had loved so well; and very lovely her wax-like figure looked, lying in the open coffin, with many candles burning in the darkened chamber. On her finger she still wore the ring of engagement, and in her hand she clasped a little crucifix of her dead mother's. On the breast of the corpse they placed a pewter dish of salt. This is one of those quaint local customs that still maintain their ground, despite the attacks of a so-called enlightenment. Its origin is lost in the mists of antiquity.

For two nights, strict watch was kept round the yawning grave in the churchyard, men relieving one another by turns, with a *flare-up* of resinous chips in an open iron cage. On the third day, at sunset, the great bell tolled with heavy boom across the bay, and the street was thronged to see Graciosa borne to her lover's side. Girls in white strewed bay-leaves before her,

and they sang psalms as they moved slowly up the hilly street. At the gate they were met by Mr. Crookbain, who read the Prayers for the Dead so simply and so feelingly that there was not one dry eye left among that vast concourse of mourners.

A tombstone was set up, at the public cost, to mark the spot of consecrated earth where the bodies lay; and those who choose may yet go to the wind-swept churchyard on the cliff, and see for themselves the simple epitaph that records the faithful loves and piteous fates of Peter Gray and Graciosa.

J. LAWSON.

THE AMERICAN CATTLE TRADE.

NO question is of more direct importance to the general public than that of the meat-supply of the country. It is to everybody's advantage that there should be an abundance obtainable at a reasonable price, and anything which in the smallest degree tends to limit the supply with the object of securing larger profits should be watched with a jealous eye.

For this reason, if for none other, the proceedings of a Departmental Committee of the Board of Agriculture have more than ordinary interest to the consumer, and great consequence will attach to the report, shortly to be expected, as to the further regulations which may be considered necessary for protecting animals from unnecessary sufferings during their passage across the Atlantic. The meetings of this Committee have been held in private, but doubtless their report will be made public in due course. It is important to recollect that there was no "reference" to this body in the usual sense of the term, for the Committee was appointed by arrangement between the Board of Trade and the Board of Agriculture to investigate the allegations of cruelty to cattle during their transit from America, and to suggest means to overcome the defects in the system. With this view, evidence of experts has been taken, and much will depend upon the conclusions at which the Committee will arrive; for there seems to be little room for doubt that, by virtue of the powers which are enjoyed under existing Acts of Parliament, the Departments have liberty to take action of a peculiarly striking character, or, should their authority be insufficient, they can ask the Legislature at the earliest possible moment for additional prerogatives. Even under their present powers the executive departments have, as some suppose, the opportunity of bringing the country face to face with a most serious matter—the stoppage of one of its main

food-supplies. No Minister or Government official would, of course, lightly assume the responsibility of advising this course, unless convinced by an overwhelming weight of testimony that it was desirable in the interests of the nation. Unfortunately the argument which has been used most forcibly in justification of such a step is one which appeals to the self-interest of a very large section of the community—the class which is formed of agriculturists whose mainstay is the breeding of cattle. Any measure of restriction calculated to check foreign importations would operate as a boon to English farmers and graziers at the expense, let it be understood, of the British public at large. In fact, what we have to fear is the imposition of Protection in the guise of beneficent legislation or administration.

There is, at any rate, ground for suspicion that the recommendations of the Committee may take a Protectionist leaning. Mr. Chaplin, President of the Board of Agriculture, and also of the Departmental Committee, is himself a pronounced Protectionist, and with one exception his colleagues are, I know, considered to be somewhat unsuitably selected. Sir Digby Murray, as Professional Adviser of the Marine Department of the Board of Trade, has, perhaps, some claim to adjudicate, but the other members of the Committee are all salaried servants of the Government, and liable to the domination of Mr. Chaplin. Sir Charles Lennox Peel is Clerk of the Council, Sir Henry Calcraft is Secretary to the Railway Department of the Board of Trade, and Professor Brown is the Veterinary Adviser to the Agricultural Department on foreign cattle imports. The last-named, from his connection with the Royal Agricultural Society of England, to which he is Scientific Adviser, may possibly be cited as an outside and impartial investigator. It is unfortunate, however, that the Committee in its composition did not include a representative steamship-owner, and a captain who had had practical experience in carrying cattle across the Atlantic.

The absolute prohibition of the importation of cattle from the United States is no visionary idea. It is already within the region of practical politics. Last Session amongst the "innocents" slaughtered was a Bill which was cited as "the Merchant Shipping Amendment (No. 2) Act." It was backed by Mr. Howell, Mr. W. Abraham, Mr. Broadhurst (since withdrawn), Mr. Burt, Mr. Cremer, Mr. Fenwick, Mr. Pickard, and Mr. Rowlands, and it is singular that these representatives of labour should have been

blind to the real meaning of the measure and its probable consequences to their constituents.

Their Bill is in sober fact the child of Mr. Plimsoll, whose labours in the interest of merchant seamen I would not for one moment decry: but Mr. Plimsoll is, I imagine, peculiarly open to be misled; and he must have been considerably misinformed before he could have made untenable statements in support of his demand for the absolute prohibition of the importation of live cattle for food. The Clause runs as follows:

"Live cattle shall not after the first day of January one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one be landed at any port in the United Kingdom from any ship, whether British or foreign, from any port or place west of the twelfth Parallel of west longitude. Any cattle so landed in contravention of this section shall be forfeited to Her Majesty, and may be seized and detained by any officer of Customs or of the Board of Trade.

"The Board of Trade may from time to time make regulations exempting from this section any description of cattle not imported for the purposes of sale for food."

A very few figures will demonstrate the sweeping nature of this proposal. In England, Wales, and Scotland, the total number of cattle slightly exceeds six million head. But this immense herd is not large enough to supply the needs of our population, and we find it necessary to import nearly 700,000 fat and lean cattle from Ireland, and last year more than half a million animals (excluding sheep and swine) from other countries. The Irish supply of oxen, bulls, and cows varies, apparently having reached its maximum (738,716) in 1888, and declining to 669,843 last year. On the other hand the annual imports of foreign cattle are constantly increasing, having risen from 201,000 to 553,000 during the last 20 years; and in 1889 the growth in the trade was particularly noticeable.

With regard to the foreign importations they are derived chiefly from the United States, Denmark, Canada, the Netherlands, Sweden and Spain. But all European countries put together did not send us more than 173,000 in 1889, whilst the United Sates alone furnished us with 292,653, and from Canada we received little less than 85,000. America, it will be seen, has become and is becoming an increasingly important factor, for last year she sent us 150,000 more cattle than in 1888. We cannot therefore afford to regard with equanimity the closing of this

highly valuable source of supply, in view of the fact that importations are altogether forbidden from Belgium, France, Germany, and other countries which formerly exported cattle to our shores. As it is, importations of live cattle, not subject to slaughter at the port of landing, are allowed from the Channel Islands, Denmark, the Netherlands, Norway, Sweden and Canada only; whereas cattle from Portugal, Spain, and the United States are landed for slaughter only, these countries having been "scheduled" by order of the the Privy Council.

The great advantage which Canada has hitherto enjoyed over the United States is that her cattle have been permitted to enter this country alive and to be distributed throughout the counties; but animals from America must be disembarked at a special wharf, and subject to compulsory slaughter within ten days of their arrival. The principal ports for the reception of American beasts are London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Bristol and Hull. In the Metropolis the Foreign Animals' Wharf is at Deptford, and, roughly speaking, 100,000 American cattle were landed here last year; so that I take it the condition of things at Deptford may be taken as a fair criterion of the state of affairs in the cattle trade as a whole, as far as American imports are affected.

But before I proceed to disprove certain of Mr. Plimsoll's allegations as to cruelty, having shown how vitally necessary the American cattle are to English consumers, let me say a word or two about the proposal to fill the void which would be caused by the cessation of such importations by stimulating the import trade in dead meat. In 1889 Mr. Plimsoll says we received 46,778 tons of meat from America, in a refrigerated state, from the same ports from which live cattle are sent, and he deduces from this circumstance the theory that the American graziers would, if prohibited from sending us their cattle, immediately make good the loss by forwarding their beef. But it is one thing to construct a theory and it is another thing to carry it into practice, as Mr. Plimsoll must have learned from his experience in South London, where he a year or two since attempted to establish a people's market. "But why do the Americans not send us beef more largely now instead of cattle, if it makes no difference to the grazier?"

Mr. Plimsoll's reply to this question is that, "By sending the animals alive the middlemen (sometimes English, sometimes American) who consign the cattle to salesmen, can add to their

egitimate profit a wholly illegitimate one, which belongs by ight to the English grazier, by calling it, or stating it to be that hich it is not—namely, 'best Scotch,' 'town-killed,' or English-fed' beef. This they could not do if it were imported dead, as by many infallible signs its place of production would be known—shown—evident."

Possibly some unscrupulous traders may sell the meat of American beasts killed in London as English, although proof is wanting that it is so, but no one questions that the quality of American-fed beef is equal to that of the English—the very best Scotch only excepted. So that it is not the consumer who suffers but, according to Mr. Plimsoll's contention, the English breeder of stock who finds that his produce comes into competition with beef which is sold as English "bred and killed," the fact that it is not English-fed being suppressed.

Now if anything were wanting to reveal the true bearing of the agitation which is brewing, fanned by Mr. Plimsoll and by avowed Protectionists, one paragraph in "Cattle Ships" would supply the information. The author, having spoken of the blue seal or garter which used to be placed upon the neck of German dead sheep, making its nationality obvious to anybody at a glance, says: "The Germans, it appears, have now ceased to mark their carcasses of mutton in this way; they prefer having it sold as English. It seems to me that, as they themselves put this mark on for a long time to please themselves, there would be no hardship in our placing it upon them in the interests of the British breeder and feeder." As with the Germans, so with the Americans; and would not this be on all-fours with the compulsory mark of foreign origin which Mr. C. E. Howard Vincent advocates as specially necessary in the case of goods imported from the United States, but with respect to which he was outvoted, but not dismayed, in the Committee which has recently inquired into the working and prospects of the Merchandise Marks Act?

Once compel American dead meat to be "marked," and prohibit the importation of live cattle from the United States, and the aim of the British agriculturist will have been attained, for his supply being of a limited extent, would be seized upon by the consumers of prime meat, who would pay famine prices because they would get the best in the market, whilst the wholesome competition of English-killed American beef would be wholly removed. The middle class would be the first to suffer, for no one dares to say that

refrigerated beef is equal to fresh-killed. Next, the working classes would be altogether deprived of cheap animal-food of this kind, for the less valuable parts of the animal would not be imported at all, simply because it would not pay.

In fact every practical man knows that it would be impossible to supplant the live by the dead-meat trade. Indeed I very much fear that the attempt would cause an entire collapse. The refrigerated meat now imported from the United States is brought here at a very small margin of profit, and frequently at a loss. If larger quantities were placed on the market, the price would be depreciated to a point that would absorb the small profit sometimes made. There is a very small demand for refrigerated meat, and it would appear that in importing it from America we are consuming something which the Americans decline to eat. At all events it is significant that a law has been recently passed in Minnesota which enacts that cattle brought into that State must be killed within twenty-four hours of crossing the frontier, the animals having previously been inspected and passed as free from disease, as it is impossible to detect disease in refrigerated meat.

Thus I think I have shown that restrictive legislation of a Protectionist character would seriously affect the pockets of all classes, but it would do more than this. Undue interference with the trade would imperil or cause the withdrawal of several millions of English capital which are embarked in it, and deprive thousands of the working classes of the means of living. Amongst other interests affected would be those of shipowners, railway and insurance companies, underwriters, bankers, importers, salesmen, fodder-contractors, butchers, hide and skin merchants, tanners, leather merchants, chemical-manure manufacturers, soap and candle-makers, gut and tripe-dressers, drovers, slaughtermen, and many allied trades and occupations.

I now come to consider and, possibly, to refute some of the extraordinary allegations which Mr. Plimsoll has put forward in support of the Protectionist claim to deprive this country of a large part of its animal food-supply.

Mr. Plimsoll has illustrated his pamphlet with sensational photographs, some taken in New York by a friend, and he has found it necessary to draw very largely upon the word-pictures of an American journalist for his facts. It is a pity that *all* the photographs were not taken in London, and it was also a little unwise to trust to Yankee journalism when more trustworthy,

because more easily to be sifted, information could be obtained at home. Again, it is unfortunate that in some of the more effective pictures the original photographs have not been reproduced, but sketches only have been given. For example, we are shown a view of cattle penned together on board ship, and we are told "more cattle can be got into a pen by putting them one heading this way, the next heading the other; but if a bullock falls asleep, or is ill, and lies down, it gets up no more. It only lies down to die." In a foot-note Mr. Plimsoll says: "I have only heard of one shipowner who gives the poor cattle room enough to lie down—C. Wilson, M.P. for Hull. It is clear that he must work at an enormous pecuniary disadvantage with his less scrupulous competitors."

It is just a little singular that Mr. Plimsoll's artist does not agree in his illustrations of the method in which cattle are carried. My information is that they are *never* penned together, heads and rumps alternately, but *always* with their heads one way, and there are alley-ways between each row of beasts, to allow men to walk about and fix the feeding-troughs under their noses, and the watering-troughs at their feet. It is also a reckless piece of imagination to assert that cruelty is practised, to goad a fallen beast to rise; or to keep the animals awake. Intelligent, and mostly educated cattle-foremen always accompany the animals to see that they are properly cared for, and are fed and watered three times a day. A beast has no difficulty in lying down whenever it pleases. I fail to reconcile these facts, which I have upon unquestioned authority, with the Yankee journalist's statements, which I confess are rather more "readable" than the unvarnished truth. The cattle-foremen, by the way, have, as a rule, been in the trade ever since it started, so the life on board a cattle-ship cannot be so full of the "horrors" that have been described.

A good deal of capital has been made out of the exceptional loss in the case of the *Egypt*, due to fire, and in that of the *Erin*, which went down in unprecedentedly heavy weather. They furnish Mr. Plimsoll with his pathetic stories, but surely it is not right to take isolated instances such as these when statistics from official sources present a very different tale from the harrowing one upon which Mr. Plimsoll relies. In 1889, of 292,653 cattle shipped in America for this country, 7014 cattle were thrown overboard during the voyage, 425 animals were landed dead, and 47 more were so much injured as to oblige them to be slaughtered

on arrival. In 1888 the loss was 1512 cattle out of 143,778—less than 1 per cent., and during the first six months of the present year, of 78,889 beasts shipped to London, 840 were lost in transit from the causes specified.

As particular Lines have been attacked, I may add that the following figures prove that the cattle are carried by the regular liners with almost perfect safety. A cargo averages about 500, and at the ordinary percentages the loss would range from five to a dozen deaths during the fortnight's voyage, which does not appear a very high rate, considering the inevitable risks of the sea. Even a dozen dead or dying cattle do not provide material for the horrifying spectacles which are said to be common. The Atlantic Transport Line conveyed by their boats from America between January 1st and June 30th last, 6692 animals in sixteen shipments. In nine voyages not a single beast was sacrificed; in four, one was lost, in two a couple, and in one, four—altogether twelve lost, or one-sixth of 1 per cent. From January 1 to July 25 the Wilson Hill Line brought over from the United States in twelve shipments 4960 animals and lost only twenty-nine (thirteen out of one shipment which experienced an exceptionally bad winter voyage), or less than three-fifths of 1 per cent. Again, the Bibby Line conveyed between November 1889 and July 1890 from New York and Baltimore 5208 animals, with a loss of seventeen, or 0·32 per cent.

If these figures are considered "selected," let me quote a return of the average loss of the several companies during 1889, the voyages being from the United States to Deptford:

Companies.	Cattle Shipped.	Cattle Lost.	Loss per Cent.
Wilson Line . . .	21,695	641	2·954
Hill Line	10,008	203	2·03
National	19,532	401	2·053
Furness.	16,866	320	1·9
Johnson	2,680	47	1·75
Atlantic Transport .	9,737	92	·945

After this, where is there room for taking a highly-coloured picture of exceptional scenes at sea as the record of what is likely to take place on most voyages? The advocates of the Channel Tunnel might just as well represent that every crossing between Dover and Calais was attended by the miseries of sea-sickness to all the passengers, whose sufferings might without exaggeration be drawn in a way to disgust everybody with the behaviour of a

steamboat in the Chops of the Channel—and justify its total extinction.

But Mr. Plimsoll and probably others have been too ready to adopt the views that cattle are simply regarded as freight which has been insured. The statement is quoted in "Cattle Ships" that the insurance companies of London and New York "have made it compulsory, under pain of forfeiture of insurance, that no cattle shall be killed, no matter how maimed, injured, or suffering." In fact before a carcass can be thrown overboard the captain of a vessel must sign, it is said, a certificate that the animal has died a so-called natural death. In consequence we have, it is alleged, instances of beasts lingering with broken legs, back, or horns, or with sickness, and enduring intense agonies, whilst the crew are hardened to their tortures.

All this is, as I understand, a curious representation of the facts, which are these: If animals be injured to an extent to necessitate their being killed at sea, they are so dealt with to save them from further pain, and the insurance companies never raise any question as to paying for animals under these circumstances. To all parties concerned in a shipment of cattle it is of the utmost importance that the animals should be landed in a bright, sound, and marketable condition, bearing in mind that they must be slaughtered almost immediately, and they have therefore little time to recover from the effects of the voyage. The shipper invariably takes one-fourth of the insurance risk and frequently one-half, and he would therefore be robbing himself if he permitted acts of gross cruelty which would cause unnecessary loss to the insurers. It is also to the direct pecuniary advantage of the officers of the steamers engaged in the trade that cattle should be landed in good condition.

Moreover it is not to be supposed that the insurance companies are not capable of protecting themselves. They appoint expert surveyors who fix the number of cattle that may be carried on each ship. The space allotted to each animal is also fixed by Government order, and ample room is allowed. Whole pens of beasts may be seen comfortably lying down, and not "holding each other up" as alleged. Insurances on the cattle against "all risk" are easily effected at from 1½ to 2 per cent. premium, which obviously could not be maintained at so low a rate if heavy mortality were general.

Even Mr. Plimsoll admits that "many shipowners conduct their business in a manner which leaves nothing to be desired."

Yet he would tar them with one brush. An immense sum of money has been expended in the provisions of specially adapted ships, and it is open to any one to inspect these fine steamers newly arrived in London, without going to New York for photographs. At Deptford Market the arrangements to prevent the spread of disease, if it should occur, are admirable. The ship-owners are well able to defend themselves, and it is unnecessary for me to take up their case; but is it not somewhat singular that whilst so much is made of the peril of taking a steamer with open hatchways right across the Atlantic in mid-winter, the fact is not mentioned that the "combing" or "turned-up edges" of the openings in the deck are four feet high, so that the hatches can be kept unclosed in any weather? Again, a shriek has gone up as to the wickedness of carrying cattle upon deck in temporarily-constructed sheds. But is there any better part of the ship than the deck for this purpose? And, as I am informed, these sheds do not render the deck insecure, the ship unworkable, or the boats useless, for they are clear of all such erections.

Still, with respect to some few vessels, possibly one concession might be made. The carrying of beasts upon the upper or spar deck might be abandoned during the winter season. The practice at present pursued, although it cannot aggravate the rolling to any appreciable extent, as the steamers are too large and "stiff" to be thus affected by a topweight, nevertheless has its disadvantages and possible dangers. It certainly provides the leaders of the agitation with their most cogent arguments for reform. But it is important to bear in mind that vessels with spar decks are not the rule, and it does not require an heroic measure to cause their owners to discontinue the building of pens so high above the water, which, it is said, incommode the sailors in the handling of the ships.

Let us hope that such improvements as I have indicated may be obtained without resort to a step which is vulgarly known as "cutting one's nose off to spite one's face" in order, under cover of humanity, secretly to promote the cause of Protection, which, in this case, I am convinced, means dear meat for the people.

J. HALL RICHARDSON.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

CANON LIDDON—NOTES FROM BADEN-BADEN AND PARIS—NOTES FROM EDINBURGH—THE WELSH EISTEDDFOD.

HENRY PARRY LIDDON.

WITHIN the last twenty years Canon Liddon, whose death has been so keenly felt during the past month, has been a prominent figure for all Londoners. During his months of residence at St. Paul's Cathedral he drew together immense representative audiences. There might be more people at Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, but at St. Paul's the spectacle of the Cathedral congregation was unique. It included all classes, statesmen and shopkeepers alike, but the most earnest and intellectual of all classes. Liddon had gained the ear of London, as hardly happens to a preacher in a generation. His audience knew also that he had done good work and showed great qualities in other spheres. In his time St. Paul's Cathedral had vindicated its claim to be truly the Mother Church of London. The Cathedral had reformed itself and proved itself an exemplar to all similar foundations. Its clergy had sought by services beneath the dome, by the use of special seasons, by sympathy and personal intercourse with their neighbours, to draw towards them the London folk, especially the young men, and to prove itself a centre of influence and good. In this practical work he had co-operated zealously with the other Cathedral clergy. In one special way he had promoted the great purposes of the Cathedral. To him had been given a great and special gift which he had turned to noble purpose. Gradually he had discovered that he possessed the divine faculty of oratory, which, despite the proverb, is innate and not acquired, though when possessed it always requires assiduous cultivation.

It was known too that he possessed a great ethical, and great academical reputation. He wore the white flower of a blameless life. One look at that fragile, spirit-lighted face, one sentence from that resonant courageous voice, and every man with any gift of bright sympathy, recognized his purity and brilliance of nature, his intense human sympathy, his high certitude of heavenly hope. The wonderful thing was that a man whose whole life and training were so intensely academic—who, at the age of twenty-five or twenty-six, had been the Vice-Principal of a theological college, and ever since a bishop's chaplain, a Professor of the Exegesis of the New Testament at Oxford, and

in many another way had been occupied with theological education—so far from a cloistral remoteness, should show himself the very preacher for the wants and perplexities and feelings of this great London.

Liddon concentrated all his powers on preaching. The composition of sermons was not only a matter of a preacher's but also of an artist's work. No pain or labour was wanting that would gain the effect of persuasiveness over men. He studied not only the substance but the externals; voice, manner, action. He had not really a very strong voice, but he had trained it carefully and made the most of it. He spoke upon a high note and his voice was singularly distinct and penetrating. He used to sing the Communion Office most beautifully. The physical exertion of delivering such prolonged discourses must have been very great, and we believe that he was often quite prostrated afterwards. He was not strong at any time, suffering from chronic illness. Such over-exertion may have had much to do with the head trouble from which he died at the last. He went into the pulpit, as a soldier into action, with intrepidity and the joy of action, but with the consciousness of risk. Several factors may be noted that make up such a phenomenal success. His hearers, especially those whom he was gradually educating more or less by his teaching, knew that he was abreast of the thought and knowledge of his time. There was no intellectual movement bearing on the condition and prospects of religion, which he did not treat fully and fairly on the religious side. He never lacked the courage of his conviction. No man ever said bolder things in his teachings. Nothing could move him an iota from any line inspired by conscience and judgment. When he thought it necessary, he did not hesitate to import the leading article into his sermon, not into the substance but as an accessory. He might enter upon the subject of the day directly, or as a veiled method by implication, but in either way he was seizing on the subject that was uppermost in the minds of men, and making it a lever for the consideration of the highest subjects of all. He felt the intellectual pulse, not only of his own country but of France and Germany. To a great degree his own original style, though thoroughly English in matter, was based on Continental models. He had travelled much on the Continent, closely watching the best preachers, especially the best Dominican preachers in Paris and France. He was much impressed by the preachers of the Louis Quatorze era, Fénélon, Bourdaloue, Bossuet, Massillon. Massillon gave him an example of a preacher directly addressing a monarch on the throne, but when he repeated this in the court of his own country, the effort was not appreciated at Windsor Castle. When he was struck down by illness after Lord Carnarvon's funeral, the Queen was most constant in her enquiries, a kindness by which he was deeply gratified. At each crisis of Church history he came out with unfaltering accents. He loved the Church, but he would rather that the Church should be disestablished than dishonoured. Better turn out of doors on a winter night, naked

and homeless, than be strangled by a silken cord in a well-furnished drawing-room. He wrote a famous letter to Sir John Coleridge, saying that the only respect which the clergy could give to the decision of the court was that due to well-trained legal minds. He rebuked Sir John's son, Chief Justice Coleridge, in a letter to the *Times* for bad logic in his Reredos judgment, afterwards reversed. Similarly he had opposed the Divorce Act and the Public Worship Act. Döllinger had said that the Disestablishment of the Church of England would be a loss not only to England but to Christendom. Both he and Pusey had resolved that if the Athanasian Creed were touched they would leave the Church. "I don't know what we could do," he said plaintively; "for we could not go to Rome." But our Church without that creed would not be the Church into which he was ordained.

Liddon's life was divided between Oxford and London, with an admixture of some home and much foreign travel. The Oxford and London life were to a great extent synchronous. As Select Preacher and Bampton Lecturer, he made his mark in Oxford; at St. James's, Piccadilly, and at St. Paul's Cathedral most of all, he became one of the greatest figures in London. At Oxford his influence was at one time immense. Few of those who might encounter that quiet, humble, unostentatious figure, could realize how great a force he was in the place. He especially loved Christ Church. As a student of Christ Church, he had rooms in the House, a privilege which he especially valued, and for their sake he retained the studentship, long after the Ireland professorship and other ties were surrendered. As student, a small emolument was paid to him regularly, but was as regularly returned to the Dean, with a request that he would give it to some poor scholar or bestow it in some similar way.

He was especially kind to the young men at Oxford, just as Stanley had been before him. He frequently entertained them at dinner in parties of twelve or twenty. The company, food and wine were all selected with the greatest care. Teetotalism he considered "a subtle form of Antinomianism." After he had given up his appointment of Ireland Professor he would have a class for New Testament reading on Sunday evening in Christ Church Hall. He used to take a constitutional walk between two and four, and more frequently than not he would have a companion with him, most probably one of the young men. He was a strong cœnobite, and on one occasion he told his companions that there was no instance in the Primitive Church of a man being married after his ordination. Godstow was a favourite walk, and he spoke of the bones of the nuns being disturbed by the new canal that was cut there. He was a careful observer of nature, and would venture on risky ground to observe any new creature. The last thing at night, before turning in, he would take a walk round Quad, and the whole place rang with cheery laughter. There was one very remarkable feature in his talk, his constant use of epigram. He would see his opportunity, and would

shout out epigram after epigram, each neat, rounded, and completed. He would drop hints to young people about their reading. He was singularly fair and just to people whose ways were not his ways. Thus, when he saw a very noble Dissenting Chapel in a poor neighbourhood, he said, "Only the love of Christ could have done that." He never, after the manner of some, matured his conversation, but he had his note-book with him, and if anything was struck out of interest in the talk, he would make a memorandum of it, and his friends would often recognize with interest the development of an idea which they had thus heard him broach for the first time. In one of his walks with a companion, a drunken man rushed out and said: "You two be parsons, I be going to hell." "There's no necessity that you should," was the quiet answer.

With some alterations it was very much the same kind of life in London. He was not a man who entered much into society, for which such work as his left scanty leisure. His social charm was very great. He was always eminently refined and courteous. He was one of those who realized the law to "honour all men." There was a quiet flow of wit and humour. One day a friend met him walking on the Thames Embankment, a very favourite haunt. There was a dense fog. "Yes," said Liddon drily, "I expect our friend —— has been opening his study window." Like all good men, he was good to all animals. He had an especial affection for cats. He thought that Puss hid any amount of affection and other noble qualities under her air of dignity and repose. In this, it will be remembered, he was extremely like another great man, Bishop Thirlwall of St. David's. In Liddon's time there was a favourite cat in the Christ Church Common-room. The cat used to leap on the revered bust of Dr. Busby, and thence to the mantelpiece, and thence to the bracket. His great amusement was to stand with his back to the bracket, and to fling up a biscuit, which Pussy was to catch. Old Tom was very reserved towards the others of Christ Church, but he permitted Liddon to do anything with him. He had two cats at Amen Corner, Tweedledum and Tweedledee, at least one in his room at Christ Church, and he boarded out another, called Campion, with some people at Hinksey.

To Dr. Pusey he was bound by the closest ties of affection and sympathy. On him, if on any man, fell the mantle of Pusey; he was the heir to his influence and the repository of his confidence. When the offer of the Bampton Lectures came to him somewhat suddenly and there was much less than the usual time for preparation, he went to the house which Pusey had on the southern shores of the Isle of Wight, and it is, we believe, no secret that *Ille Magnus* helped him in his work with his stores of learning and ready sympathy. In later years, he was reserving his best energies for the Life of Pusey, though almost crushed by the weight and multiplicity of his materials. Some years ago he said to a friend; "I have brought him to 1833, and

Dr. Pusey is still a Low Churchman." He frequently visited Cardinal Newman, with a view to the fulness and exactness of his work, and the Cardinal without reserve spread before him his information.

There was nothing insular about Liddon. He took extreme interest in all Catholic movements. He was ardent in the cause. He attended the Bonn Conference, of which he published some account. At this year's meeting at Cologne his loss will be deeply lamented. Döllinger himself he visited regularly every year and knew intimately. After his death he wrote a memoir of him in the *Guardian*, in which he tells something of himself as well as much of Döllinger. A similar sketch of Bishop Hamilton of Salisbury also appeared in the *Guardian*, and was afterwards expanded into a small volume. In that volume, with customary reticence, he does not say much about himself. Yet his intimacy with the bishop was singularly close and affectionate. Year by year he made a pilgrimage to Salisbury in remembrance and commemoration of that saintly friend. It has often been said, that just as the dying Bishop Denison asked the Premier to appoint Hamilton as his successor, so Hamilton was anxious that he should be succeeded by Liddon. Many were indignant that their hero should not be made a bishop. He would not have been willing to accept it. A bishopric would have added very little to Liddon, and would have taken away much. He would have lost his pulpit at St. Paul's and received no such pulpit in compensation. A bishop has his time taken up by a variety of State and episcopal functions; confirmations, ordinances, organizations, and looking after curates. There are hundreds of men who can do such work, but there are few, if any, that could do his. Premiers can make prelates, but they cannot make a Liddon. There is hardly any bishop that possessed such distinct influence. So rich is the Church of England in men of worth and learning, that if the whole bench of bishops were swept away to-morrow, a set not less able could be substituted the day afterwards. But Liddon's loss is simply irreparable.

His private correspondence was a great business and burden to him. Though he rose early in the morning, it kept him up very late at night. No one ever wrote to Liddon without getting a clear and immediate reply, and no words were ever wasted. In later years, when he saw the full necessity of husbanding his time and strength, it was difficult, at least for outsiders, to get access to him. He would see no one unless an appointment had been made. He had an old butler, who watched over him most carefully, and vigorously protected him against intrusion. In making his engagements there were certain fixtures which he always carefully observed. Thus it was a fixture that Mr. Mackonochie of St. Albans, who had been fellow-curate with him at Wantage under Dr. Butler, should dine with him on Christmas Day. It was another "fixture" that he should spend New Year's Day at Hatfield, with Lord Salisbury and his family.

As time went on he lost interest in Oxford, and to a certain extent

Oxford lost interest in him. There were always serried ranks of undergraduates at St. Mary's, and the floor was as crowded as the galleries. The last occasion on which he preached at St. Mary's in June this year drew together as large and numerous an auditory as he ever listened to him there. It was to hear his final views on the *Lux Mundi* controversy, recalling the legend of the dying swan, his last utterance before the University and one of the most powerful. He was unable to prevent an increasing despondency in the condition and prospect of religion in Oxford and in the country. When the last wave of Rationalism came from the Pusey House, which he had done so much to foster and which commemorated his dearest friend, the blow and the burden seem to have been too much for him. No theological difference affected his affection for his friend, who ministered to him till the last. In that great sermon last June it was said that he had shaken off the dust of his feet against Oxford. He took refuge in the larger world of London. No touch of alienation ever came between him and the mighty auditory of St. Paul's. It is interesting to compare his first and last sermon at the Cathedral. He said in his first that his audience were mere sightseers, morally practical infidels. His last sermon commemorated the anniversary of John Howard, the philanthropist "who trod an open but unfrequented path to immortality." In his last words he said that he and the world had parted company for ever; and in the dedication of his last book to his sister he spoke of the end that was coming.

Large as was his circle of friends, far larger still as was the auditory in the Cathedral, there is still a mightier public to which he appeals—all that English-speaking race that know him by his works. It is not too much to say that these sermons form a monumental library of theology. They are sermons which demand and repay repeated perusal. We believe that they will have an increasing value, and that no man will be considered a well-equipped theologian who has not mastered them. Sermons are in fact one of the strongest points in English theological literature. Even in his day Lord Bacon estimated highly English sermons, and their stream has flowed ever ampler and deeper since. Liddon's will take their place with those of Barrow and South and Butler and Melvill. They have a very distinct and original character of their own. Liddon was a highly systematic preacher. Each sermon has its individual merits and may be studied apart. But Liddon looked on each sermon in combination with others. For the most part he was really building up organic treatises. His greatest and favourite subject was the Resurrection, on which he used to preach during his Easter term at St. Paul's. They are gathered up into two volumes. They constitute in their entirety the best treatise on the subject in any literature. The subject is regarded from every possible point of view. Similarly the sermons which he preached in the autumn of 1889 on the *Magnificat* form a complete work on the subject which stands almost alone. The volume

of *Bampton Lectures* on the Divinity of Christ is perhaps his best known work, but his different sermons may be consolidated into other great works.

It may be thought by some that our literary estimate of his books is somewhat high and overstrained. But it is with his books as with the man himself. When Liddon understood a man and trusted him, all reserve melted away. Then the man's whole nature lay open. Then came the talk and the story, the gush of feeling, the play of argument and wit. Then the beaming eye was fixed, and there was the long clasp of the hand, which he appeared unwilling to unloose. But if he met with worldliness and irreverence, met with one hostile to revelation, and with no share in the Christian hope, he was nervous, shy, and distressed: his nature closed up like a sensitive plant. People who had been attracted by his fame, found him mute, dull, and uninteresting. So it is with his books. With people who have no sympathy either with his subjects or his objects, they are merely a shelf of theological reading, largely controversial, learned, eloquent, caustic; but which have served their turn and had their day. But only let the reader realize Liddon's central thought to which he oftenest reverts,—that it seems impossible in the nature of things that God who made the world, should leave it without a revelation of Himself, only let him realize that in these volumes he is dealing with divine teaching constant throughout history, and he will never fail to gather from these writings instruction, consolation, and inspiration, and to trace in them the reflection of one of the most beautiful minds that has ever adorned humanity.

Notes from Baden-Baden and Paris.

In the palmy days of Baden-Baden preceding the Franco-German War, the French flocked there during the summer, when all the leaders of Parisian society were met on the Promenade, and on the Terrace before the Conversation House. Now, few French are seen; there is a sort of understanding that German watering-places are to be avoided; and although some exceptions are made in favour of those springs which are not to be found elsewhere (in the case of serious invalids), Baden, which is considered more as a pleasure resort, is no longer in fashion. A few tourists of the middle class, with circular tickets, appear and disappear at the *tables d'hôte*, only remaining a few hours; just enough time to see the old castle and the beautiful park of Lichtenthal; a few celebrities of the Turf come for the races; but French society is no longer represented in this lovely spot, certainly one of the most delightful to be found anywhere. English and Americans abound; many Russians, and of course Germans, from all parts generally, more respectable than distinguished, who dress in the most wonderfully complicated styles, and drink coffee steadily, in the bosom of their families, assemble around

little tables on the Promenade, while the band plays; often they bring with them crippled invalids, drawn in Bath chairs, for the Germans believe in the efficacy of the Baden waters, treated with some contempt by the French doctors.

That they have *some* action is undeniable, as the imprudent people who try them without the direction of a physician discover to their cost. They may do great harm—and consequently (when well applied) may do good, according to the homœopathic principle: "Similia similibus curantur."

Then there are the pine-needle baths—so soothing to the nervous system, so strengthening, and never injurious. We say nothing of the Milk cure and the Whey cure, because they may be found elsewhere; but they are assiduously followed, especially by the Germans, who have great faith in particular "cures."

Few places would be more tempting to choose as a residence than Baden. A town with every resource, and the loveliest country all around, within easy reach, and seen from every point; a Court, a gracious Grand Duke, and a charming Grand Duchess; good physicians, good dentists, good *couturières;* lodgings in abundance, plentiful hotels; German fare, slightly improved by French innovations; beds, not quite so bad as in other parts of Germany; a pretty English church, and an obliging English chaplain; a Roman Catholic church, but placed at such a height, that the difficulty of reaching it reminds one of passages in the "Pilgrim's Progress;" a Greek church, an Evangelical church; a Sanatorium, under English management; in short, it would be difficult to find any want or any wish which could not be satisfied at Baden. But cheapness must not be expected, and especially during the season everything is said to be dearer than in Paris. During the remaining nine months there is a fall in prices; the advantage of living there being, however, less a question of economy than the consideration of getting more enjoyment for the same money as would be spent elsewhere.

There is something strangely soothing and peaceable in the very air of Baden; all those who suffer from nervous excitement, over-work or over-worry, must find rest in that lovely valley—so fresh, so green, so still. But those who require bracing must go higher; it is a sleepy Elysium, where no one feels inclined for exertion, although some energetic British youths and maidens perform feats of lawn-tennis which it is fatiguing even to look upon. The legitimate enjoyment of Baden-Baden is of a sweetly torpid kind, like that experienced by the heroes of Homer in those islands where they forgot all their family ties *Leben und leben lassen;* to live and let live, drinking nectar (modernized into coffee) under the fresh green trees, and listening to German waltzes played by a German band, without being called upon to waltz oneself. The pine-needle baths make you sleepy; the air makes you sleepy; the waltzes, with their soft German swing, counteract the coffee, which might awaken you; the soft ripple of the Oos river soothes you still further; you

never quite asleep, and never quite awake, but live in a sort of :hanted dream, where it becomes too much trouble even to think ›ut the worries which you may have. And so you glide along in sweet ivion, till the sharp hiss of the railway awakens you to stern reality; ı are whirled away from fairy-land, you return to earth and to custom-ıse officials. "Es war ein Traum!"

On the French side of the frontier all is warlike, and impresses one infully after leaving the abode of peace. The *grandes manœuvres* : everywhere, a trying ordeal to all the young men of the upper class w serving in the ranks. The French soldier has a hard life, barely ›vided with necessaries, and devoid of all superfluities, as may easily believed when it is stated that each private costs the country only 4 francs a year, a little more than a franc a day, for his food, clothes, y, and care in case of sickness. His pay represents the largest share this magnificent sum; he receives 102 francs 50 centimes per ınum! The meat consumed is reckoned at 83 francs 66 centimes head; bread, vegetables, and other articles of diet, 91 francs ı centimes; 15 francs a year are allowed for hospital expenses, and francs 33 centimes for bed and bedding. It is easy to conceive that l these necessaries are frequently insufficient in quantity or quality; ıen the forced marches, with a heavy accoutrement to carry, the same ı all regions, is a sore trial of strength, especially in the hot summers f Provence or Languedoc. Many young men unaccustomed to the hysical exertion and the out-door exercise, which would so greatly ssist an Englishman under such circumstances, pay with their health nd even with their lives the excessive fatigue of the *grandes ıanœuvres*. But it must be acknowledged that "pluck" is not ıanting, and that the vast majority of the puny French soldiers have ›onderful powers of endurance.

Some curious experiments of military ballooning have been tried with atisfactory results. At Toulon, Admiral Rieunier ascended in one of he balloons used, fastened down by an iron chain, round which is a elephone. The Admiral rose or descended at will, transmitting his ›rders by telephone to those below; and having risen to a great height, o as to obtain an extensive survey, he came down easily by giving the ›rder above by telephone. A pupil of the naval school then got into he car, and the balloon, having risen to a height of sixty mètres, was ıasily moved and directed so as to be taken on board an iron-clad in the ıarbour. The transfer by land was also easily affected by eight sailors, who placed the balloon on a truckle with wheels. It is believed :hat these balloons will be extremely useful in case of war.

An interesting map of the heavens on an immense scale is being prepared under the direction of a Congress of astronomers, with the

help of photographs. Messrs. Henry, of the Paris Observatory, before now attempted an astronomical map, but they found the multitude of stars bewildering to such a degree as to make success impossible. They then conceived the idea of photographing the constellations, and at first hoped that French science would suffice to keep the honour of the projected map of the heavens for France alone. But this was found impracticable, and an appeal was made to the Observatories of all countries. The Pope, who has taken great interest in the undertaking, has had one specially constructed for the purpose.

Two meetings of astronomers have already taken place; the first in 1887, the second in 1889; the third, when all particulars will be definitively settled, will be in March 1891.

Three or four years will be required for this gigantic enterprise, which is to reveal to us from thirty to forty millions of stars, and leave to future generations an accurate picture of the heavens, as they were seen at the end of the nineteenth century. The map will have from 1800 to 2000 leaves, so as to present with sufficient distinctness all the constellations known to us. The photographs, by definitely fixing the present position of the stars, will enable any change or motion to be clearly noted hereafter. It is therefore hoped that this great undertaking may open the way for future discoveries.

Amongst recent French novels we may mention, "Mon Oncle et mon Curé," by Jean de la Brète, as a bright and clever work, fit for family reading.

In another style, the "Journal d'un Etudiant à Paris pendant la Révolution," published from authentic sources, by Caston Maugras, has attracted much notice as a curious picture of the period.

Notes from Edinburgh.

Edinburgh is given over in August and September to tourists, to whom the new town, with its rows of windows shrouded in brown paper, its silent squares and terraces with a crop of well-grown grass sprouting in the streets, must indeed seem a city of the dead. Social Edinburgh is to be found at this season on the links of North Berwick and St. Andrews, or on the Highland moors, or moving from one "Meeting" (as it is called in the Lowlands, "gathering" in the Highlands) to the next. Of all these gatherings Oban offers the most varied programme, most "fine confused feeding" (as was said of a haggis) in the way of amusements. The sports are of an amphibious nature. There are yacht-races and boat-races, and Highland games and dances, and in the evening balls, where the music of the pipes predominates, and where the black coat of the Sassenach is in a decided

minority. Much has been done by modern architecture to deface one of the fairest scenes in Nature, but not even Hydropathic establishments and railways-stations can blur or dim the magic colouring of the west coast; and in the evening, when the harbour is full of yachts, and when the outline of the town and of the ugly squalid pier is picked out in lights reflected in long tremulous shafts in the bay below, there is still a beauty about Oban which it is impossible to utterly spoil.

Of the stream of tourists, English and American, who flock yearly to Abbotsford, it is still but a small percentage of hero-worshippers who turn aside to visit Craigenputtock. While Scott's great love of his home has thrown a glamour round Abbotsford, and all that surrounds it, nothing that Carlyle or his wife wrote from the "Devil's den" is calculated to attract the traveller in search of beauty and pleasure only, to the lonely moorland and green waste, where the bare white house stands resolutely turning its back to such view as there is. "Tom Carlyle wrote his books here," is the off-hand remark with which the herd's daughter shows us into the small darkened back room, with its outlook on to a stable-yard, where one of the most astonishing books of the century, "Sartor Resartus" was thought out and written amid groanings manifold.

In the kitchen the strong, well-made oaken dresser and doors attest to the love of solid workmanship, the hatred of shams, which it was part of Carlyle's mission to preach. There is an interest too attaching to the grate, where Jane did "most authentically" turn out her batch of new bread, having sat up till three in the morning in front of the oven, breaking down finally, and sobbing from weariness and fear that the loaf would not rise.

So real and present are these two personalities to us, and so vivid is the impression left by the Life and Letters, that it is difficult to believe that it is more than sixty years since Carlyle took his nightly rambles on the frost-bound moor, and Jane, in desperation of the gloom and loneliness of her surroundings, would start on a fifteen-mile ride across the hills to her mother at Templand. At rare intervals their solitude would be broken by glorious flashes of talk, as when Jeffrey stayed with them, or when a young unknown American, Emerson, came to visit the lonely sage, and to talk to him or hear him talk about books, "the first journey since Noah's deluge undertaken to Craigenputtock for such a purpose," to quote Mrs. Carlyle. But these rare occasions must have made the habitual stillness of the surroundings by force of contrast doubly oppressive—especially to a woman whose social instincts and sympathies were alive at every point.

The traveller who has forsaken the beaten tracks of sight-seeing and pleasure-seeking for the byways of pious pilgrimage, should turn his steps westward from Craigenputtock to Galloway. He will find himself in a country as varied and beautiful in scenery as the moors of Dunscore are bare and monotonous, a country, too, rich in historic associations,

more especially in memories of the Covenanters. Some of the most beautiful hills and valleys have their tale of blood, of persecution, and of heroic endurance. In the old churchyards surrounding the parish churches he will be walking on the track of Old Mortality, and in the old tomb-stones, surmounted with skull and cross-bones, he will recognize his handiwork. More than this, his steps will be led by some of the fairest rivers and lochs, and over some of the wildest and loneliest hills in Scotland.

The Welsh Eisteddfod.

The Eisteddfod at Bangor was of more than usual interest this year. The Eisteddfods, as a rule, deserve every attention they can receive from the general public, as they hold the important position of being the foundation of choral singing, now so largely developed throughout the United Kingdom. At the same time they possess of course other and well-known functions which are peculiar to themselves, first among which is the trial of skill in verse among the Welsh Bards, the coronation of the successful competitor being one of the special features of the festival. The great interest taken in the matter this year is not surprising, as the office of crowning the Bard was performed by the talented Queen of Roumania, whose great intellectual gifts are well known, for "Carmen Sylva's" literary work has achieved European fame. A Bard herself, she responded to the addresses recited in her honour by the Welsh Bards, in the following charming little poetic address :—

"Long live the Bards, and long live the song,
And the harp with the soul's own singing ;
May ever the thanksgiving Choirs throng
Where the echoes from old are ringing ;
Where the song has a throne, and the Bards a crown,
The sword of peace is uplifted,
And sweet welcome sounds from the shore to the town
To the stranger with singing gifted.
Long live the smile, and the song, and the tale,
That nought from the soul can sever ;
May sunshine brighten each Emerald Isle,
Hail, Cymru, old Cymru, for ever !"

The Queen of Roumania's Eisteddfod is likely to be long remembered by those who witnessed this particular scene, and we feel sure it will not be easily forgotten by "Carmen Sylva," to whose poetic sympathies the whole affair must have very specially appealed.

OUR LIBRARY LIST.

LUX MUNDI. Edited by REV. CHARLES GORE, M.A. Tenth Edition, Revised, to which is added a New Preface and an Essay on the Christian Doctrine of Sin. (14*s.* *Murray.*) There is something peculiarly striking and touching in the circumstances of the appearance of this new and extended preface to "Lux Mundi," bearing, as it does, a tribute to one of the writers in its pages who has been called away when he seemed marked out by his abilities and his character as a foremost champion of the faith, in these days of so-called scientific assault; and followed, as it has more recently been, by the death of that great and beloved preacher who had been singled out as the chief opponent of the views expressed in these essays. The hottest fight has raged around Mr. Gore's essay on Inspiration, and it is not for us here to enter into a controversy which has already profoundly stirred the religious world. Suffice it to say that Mr. Gore, while brushing away several misunderstandings, to which the impetuous haste of some of his critics had given rise, and stating more fully his position where a desire for conciseness had led him into ambiguity, recedes from none of his positions. Belief in the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures does not depend on any arbitrary or *à priori* definitions, but will adapt itself now, as it has done in time past, to the changing aspects of man's knowledge. The chief efforts of seekers after truth in these times should be so to define the boundaries of science and faith, that instead of being antagonistic, they may subsist together, and reinforce one another. To comprehend God's dealings with man we must recognize Him, making use of existing knowledge, existing ritual, existing moral laws in all ages, to teach and instruct His people. In the words of an acute critic: "In order adequately to understand the Old Testament we ought to read its history, as we do the characters in which it was written, backwards from its climax to its commencement." In deference to the suggestion of several friends, a new Essay on "the Problem of Sin" has been added to the 10th Edition.

PRINCIPLES OF ECONOMICS, Vol. I. By ALFRED MARSHALL. (*Macmillan.*) Even without the volume that is to follow, it is evident that Professor Marshall's work is one of capital importance. T

characterize it otherwise than in general terms is not easy, for the impression of massiveness which it leaves on the reader's mind is derived from the exhaustiveness of detail with which the subject is treated. This exhaustiveness gives the book a special charm, for when one is past a certain age, one ceases to be content with a few broad principles, but wishes to see every nook and cranny explored, and above all, one desires a faithful and comprehensive view of all the facts. This is exactly what Professor Marshall has done. There is no lack of principles, but there is also, what the general reader most requires, a picture of all the machinery at work, the conditions of the industrial life, whether these are found in the nature of material agents like the land, in the motives which prompt to labour or accumulation or exchange, in industrial organization, or the like. Add to this a particularly lucid and readable method of exposition, and it will be seen how well the general reader, whose interests are those we have here in view, is cared for. Hardly more than a hundred pages are of a specially technical character; mathematics are relegated to an Appendix; even the diagrams which are so usefully employed to illustrate the text may be skipped by those who are foolish enough to do so; mathematical ideas are of necessity employed in any political economy that succeeds Jevons, but they are of no greater difficulty than those involved in saying that a train which keeps changing its rate is travelling at any one moment at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Professor Marshall's general position is an instance of the law of continuity which he takes as his creed. He works along the lines of the great English economists, but in full cognizance of everything that has been added to economics in recent years. The reader often feels that he is renewing his acquaintance with Mill, but in a clearer and more accurate form, with many qualifications, and a far more elaborate and persistent reference to the actual details of industry. The author is perhaps too anxious in his zeal for Ricardo to find in Ricardo himself indications of how he would have corrected the interpretation which has been given to his doctrines; and in particular he hardly does justice to the originality of Jevons. The work of the historical or sociological school of economists has left its mark on Professor Marshall in the decided recognition of ethical motives as part of the facts with which economics has to deal. The artificial economic man with only one passion, the desire for material wealth, has disappeared; and it is pertinently observed how for many purposes the economic unit is not the man but the family. The inclusion of altruistic or social ideas is one of the most important features of the book. Hence there are many valuable passages bearing upon practical questions, which are full of fine remarks. We may instance specially the discussion of the value and proper functions of technical education, and the observations on the labour of married women; or again, the remarks on the imprudence practised in young countries of alienating the land wholesale. In all these discussions Professor Marshall is careful also to

show that what is good is also materially profitable. Of the more scientific aspect of the work it is not within our province to speak. But its distinguishing feature is the clear and careful restatement of old principles and their applications. Much valuable work is done in this way towards determining the conditions of value, especially in investigating the operation of time according as the period is long or short, and many important additions are made to the theory of rent. In the interest both of the student and the general reader it is greatly to be hoped that Professor Marshall will be able to present the public with his second volume within a reasonable time.

THE LABOUR MOVEMENT IN AMERICA. By RICHARD T. ELY. (*W. Heinemann.*) This book does not claim to be more than a sketch preparatory to a complete history of the progress of labour in America; but so far as it goes it will prove a most valuable manual of reference to economists, whether in the New World or in the Old. Mr. Ely has collected a large amount of information respecting the early Communistic societies and labour organizations of the present United States, beginning with the oldest American charter granted by King James to Virginia in 1606, whereby a common storehouse was established into which the products of the Colony were poured. Perhaps the most valuable part of his book is the account of the struggle of labour in chapters 3–11, and the appendices giving the provisions of various trade associations. It is when we come to that last chapter on "Remedies," to which the ordinary reader will probably turn first, that we begin to doubt whether Mr. Ely's knowledge or enthusiasm can give that practical assistance for which contemporary politicians so often seek in vain. He belongs to the modern school of Political Economists, who believe so strongly in the gospel of Co-operation, and he emphatically declares that there must be no repressive legislation directed against labour, only "ameliorative measures" and a wider diffusion of sound ethics. But when we ask what the measures are to be and how this diffusion is to be brought about, we are answered by general statements about education and the work of the Church, and we feel that this work has been often misdirected, and that, as Mr. Ely himself says, it is so easy to hurt when we would help. If again such a law as that of Illinois, quoted on p. 327, forbidding unauthorized companies of armed men is a bad law, how are we to ensure that preservation of law and order which is, as Mr. Ely has previously remarked, the indispensable condition of the maintenance of civilization? Men do not carry pistols for mere amusement, and can any State permit the presence within it of a body whose object is so doubtful? Grave statements are made respecting the unequal administration of law, and the brutal and venal conduct of the police, for which we should like to have the evidence. If things are as Mr. Ely suggests, there are some lessons which the mother-country might still

teach to her more democratic offspring. "It is," we are told, "in the harmonious action of Church, State, and individual moving in the light of true science," that an escape from social dangers is to be found. How this harmony is to be established we would fain learn, and Mr. Ely does not tell us. But for this we shall hardly blame him severely, when we remember that he has shown an untiring patience in the accumulation of evidence worthy of a German economist, and a grave earnestness in advocating reform on Christian lines which at times recalls the splendid enthusiasm of Mazzini.

THE GAIN OF LIFE, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By W. C. COUPLAND. (*T. Fisher Unwin.*) No one is better qualified to discourse about Optimism and Pessimism than the translator of Von Hartmann; and this is the subject which Dr. Coupland has chosen for the first essay in this volume, which contains also some other essays of a more literary character. It is surprising and very gratifying that pessimism, as a theory, has taken very little hold of the English mind. But there are a great many people who are on the point of thinking that life is not worth living; and Dr. Coupland's essay may be welcomed as a sensible, impartial, and generally intelligible treatment of the subject. He does not agree with the pessimists in their view of life; he passes the evidence under review, and comes to the very legitimate conclusion that you cannot tell whether there is more pleasure or more pain in the world, and that the differing judgments are a matter of temperament. Yet he is pessimist enough to think that there is no positive value in life. But he holds that the inducement to progress is ineradicable, and it implies a faith that in living we are carrying out a higher purpose than ours. He quite rightly points out that all we need is that the proportion of happiness to misery should not be diminished. Curiously enough, while he gives up the main position of the pessimists, he retains a great deal of their metaphysics, which some readers may find troublesome. But we recommend the essay as one of much merit, and containing some eloquent passages.

DUPLEIX. By COLONEL MALLESON. RULERS OF INDIA. (*Oxford: Clarendon Press.*) The author has hardly produced the volume on Akbar before he is ready with a new volume on Dupleix. Nor is the book wanting in signs of haste. There are several Gallicisms, such as "to conciliate esteem," "actually" for "at the time," natural enough to a writer working largely with French authorities, but quite avoidable. There are equally avoidable references to Fortune as the "blind goddess." And the reader fails to get a quite complete picture of Dupleix's personality, though what Dupleix did is told with perfect clearness. Colonel Malleson first denies Dupleix to be a born soldier or a man of action, then praises his military plans, and not till near the end does he explain

his meaning that Dupleix's chief obstacle to success lay in his inability to command on the actual scene of battle. But in spite of such defects the book is a very useful one, and especially welcome as the full story of Dupleix is not widely known in England. It is a story of the deepest interest: the building up of the beginnings of an Empire by a man of genius; the thwarting of his plans by the unskilfulness of his officers; the tenacity with which he repaired the effects of any disaster. If he failed in the end it was because the forces on our side, Clive, Lawrence, Saunders, were too much for the forces at his disposal. It is claimed for him that he first showed how to establish a European Empire in India, and the claim is amply made good in the narrative. The deference which he paid to the natives, and the skill with which he took advantage of their dissensions, were as characteristic of his rule in India as of the subsequent English rule. When he was recalled, the French abandoned his far-seeing schemes, and it is mournful to read of the neglect and injustice which the great man met with at the hands of his countrymen. The steps by which the French power in India, in spite of one or two attempts to revive it, finally vanished, are recorded by Colonel Malleson in some interesting pages.

SHORT STUDIES OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLOTS. By CYRIL RANSOME. (*Macmillan.*) The idea of these studies is exceedingly good. Professor Ransome deprecates the too exclusive attention which is given to the philological aspect of the plays in teaching them, and in this work he gives a sample of how to pursue a better way, to trace the development of plot and character in each play, and explain the significance which each separate part has in the whole structure as it was conceived in the poet's mind. And it cannot be doubted that he has attempted to work out a principle of great educational importance. The studies themselves are all carefully done, but though clear and full they are wanting in liveliness. The study on "Hamlet" which opens the volume is one of the best. Mr. Ransome exaggerates perhaps the difference of his own method in essence from the criticisms of Goethe or Coleridge. But undoubtedly for educational purposes his method has all the advantages which the careful following of an author's work and the inductive collection of the materials for a complete view have over the *aperçus* of sympathetic genius. It would be well to combine the two methods, and read Goethe and Coleridge along with such studies as these. In "Othello" Professor Ransome seems to exceed the limits of objective criticism which he himself lays down when he traces all the evil as following in Shakespeare's mind from the ill-assorted marriage with Desdemona. In some plays too it would surely be necessary (as Mr. Beeching has shown for the "Merchant of Venice") to refer for a complete explanation of the plot to the story from which Shakespeare borrowed.

SOCIAL LIFE UNDER THE REGENCY. By JOHN ASHTON. 2 vols. (*Ward & Downey.*) Here is a work which, if it is not history, is an entertaining and useful supplement to history. Many persons, for instance, who are taking advantage of the new edition of Mr. Walpole's History to learn something of the Regency will be interested to see public opinion at the time reflected in popular prints and caricatures, and to get some idea of the social life from contemporary works and newspaper-cuttings. These have been collected with considerable industry, and they form very agreeable entertainment for a light hour. The letterpress is of less interest than the sketches and caricatures, some of which are reproductions of Cruikshank and Gilray. The Regent himself is of course the occasion of endless skits; and the Duke of York is the subject of two very amusing ones. But the public notables do not by any means occupy the whole of the book, and there is much information, with illustrations, about the dress and amusements and ordinary life of the different classes. There is a cricket match of ladies, and there are representations of the new hobby-horse which was the forerunner of the bone-shaker and the bicycle. Altogether a great deal of useful knowledge is put into the book; but it is scrappy, and to have permanent value the work would need to have been written on a much more elaborate scale. Mr. Ashton is quite right in thinking that a collection of anecdotes, and ephemeral notices and squibs like this, is quite as useful as anything short of the better class of history. The book would be more acceptable if his style in the few remarks of his own which he does make were less colloquial and more dignified.

ENGLISH MIRACLE PLAYS. By A. W. POLLARD, M.A. (*Oxford: Clarendon Press.*) Mr. Pollard deserves the thanks of all busy students of literature for having brought together in this compact and charming volume specimens of all the earliest Miracle Plays still extant, and further for having provided them with so clear and compact an introduction. To those students of the drama who would confine their attention to classical models he points out that the origin of our English Miracle Plays is to be found in that true instinct of the early Church, which sought by dramatic representation to bring home the truths of Christianity to the unlearned and ignorant. The Easter and Christmas Plays, in which the great events of the season were actually acted by choir and clergy in the Church, expanded into the Miracle Play dealing with Gospel history or the lives of the saints, and it was this form of the drama which the Norman Conquest introduced into England. Gradually whilst the play retained its old character both theatre and actors became secularized, and we have companies of players attached to the Guilds performing in some public place at regular seasons. Specimens are here given of the four cycles of Miracle Plays known as the York, Chester, Townley and Coventry Plays. We have further a

number of the duller Morality Plays, which seem to have arisen in the serious and prosaic East Midlands, and their intimate connection with the Elizabethan drama is clearly shown. The volume is furnished with a valuable Glossary, and with notes which have the rare merit of being subordinated by the Editor to the text, and therefore kept within reasonable limits.

THE BLIND MUSICIAN. A STORY FROM THE RUSSIAN OF KOROLENKO. Translated by SERGIUS STEPNIAK and WILLIAM WESTALL. (*Ward & Downey.*) The joint translators of this charming story have done a genuine service to English readers by placing it before them. Little is known of Korolenko's work in this country, though he occupies a sufficiently prominent place among Russian writers to have an entire chapter devoted to him by Mr. Turner (the English lecturer at St. Petersburg) in his excellent book upon modern Russian novelists. In it Korolenko is rightly described as the most gifted and popular among Russian living authors, Tolstoï, of course, excepted. The wonderful psychological story under present consideration sufficiently justifies this opinion, and shows the marvellous imaginative gifts this author possesses. The blind boy who becomes a great musician is presented to us in such a way, that the conviction is forced upon us that Korolenko's speculations as to his thoughts and feelings *must* be the correct ones; "we feel that all he says is true, which is the triumph of art." The beautiful descriptions of nature cannot be surpassed, nor the manner in which it appeals by sound to the blind child. His idea of distance is "a song dying away in soft cadences;" of depth, "the soft splashing of water at the foot of a precipice, and stones rolling into a river;" a thunderstorm enables his mind to conceive "the grand idea of the vastness of the heavens and the immensity of space." We cannot refrain from quoting the beautiful description of the girl's nature, which plays such an important part in the life of the Blind Musician. "There be persons in the world whose innate capacity for love and self-sacrifice marks them out as the heroes and heroines of common life, persons to whom care for their kind is like the air they breathe, an organic necessity of their existence. Nature endows these exceptional beings with the calmness of temper and purity of soul, which are the essential conditions of spontaneous everyday magnanimity. . . . Velia had one of those rare and noble natures which, like genius, is bestowed only on the elect, and, like genius, manifests itself at an early age." "True music is outside the strife of opinions and the conflicts of cliques," and in it the blind musician sees the light. His career begins at the end of the book. "There is no more room in his heart for selfish repinings; it is, too, full of sympathy for others. He has found his work and his mission. He will use the divine power which God has given him, to plead the cause of the poor and the oppressed, and help those who are less fortunate than himself. . . ." A fascinating story,

full of beautiful thought, translated in such a manner that the reader never realizes that it is a translation at all.

IN GOD'S WAY. By BJORNSTERNE BJORNSON. (*Heinemann.*) This is a story of great force and charm, which are not lessened in the eyes of the English reader by the *naïveté* of the Norwegian life and the extreme simplicity of the way in which the problems arise. Of two young men who have been schoolfellows, one becomes a minister—a man of the utmost piety and the strictest of creeds; the other, while an undergraduate, falls in love with the wife of his degraded landlord (imagine an Oxford undergraduate doing this !), persuades her to leave her husband, becomes a doctor and a sceptic, marries the lady (for divorce seems easily managed), and settles in the same town with the minister. Then comes the conflict of hard religious dogma, on the one hand with what is apparently immorality, on the other with the science which puts its faith in itself. In the end the better nature triumphs and the minister comes to see that all good men walk "in God's way." Simple as the situations are, they are most touchingly depicted. There is a powerful scene where the refusal of the minister to tell a lie leads to a patient's death. The characters of the minister, the doctor, and the doctor's sister, who is the minister's wife, are all finely drawn, while Ragni, the doctor's wife, is a fascinating and charming picture. The translation seems to have caught something of what we suppose is the force and ruggedness of the original, but it contains several pieces of bad English.

THE SQUATTER'S DREAM. By RALF BOLDEWOOD. (*Macmillan.*) In a new edition the author of "Robbery under Arms" presents his readers with yet another story of Australian life. The dream is the dream of a young squatter who is prospering on a small cattle-station in Victoria, but desires to make a rapid fortune on the other side of the Murray by sheep-farming. The floods, the incendiaries who fire his wool-shed, and the drought ruin him after a few years, in spite of all the skill of his manager. The vicissitudes of life in Riverina diversified by the inevitable skirmish with bushrangers, and not without its tenderer romance, are represented in a very lively way. The character of the manager is well drawn. The poor squatter has to repair his fortunes by exploring new country; and at last he succeeds, after first losing his comrade, and then being forestalled in his application for the land. He buys with his savings the farm he had originally quitted, and settles down to a more civilized life and desires moderated by experience. The story is a good one though not striking, and the squatters talk really too well even for the Australian bush; unless, perhaps, the leisure of a squatter gives him time for longer and more rounded periods than are heard in towns.

MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1890.

THE IRISH PATRIOTS AND PROFESSOR DICEY.

THE satisfaction with which, after a long experience of the storm of Politics, we breathe the still atmosphere of History, is to some extent independent of what that atmosphere encircles. It is refreshing, whatever be the facts we have to contemplate, to see them by the light of logic rather than of rhetoric, to exchange argument as to the future for knowledge of the past, and deal with concrete realities, instead of those abstractions which take all their significance from the lips of him who names them. Politics, it is true, is but History in the making. The politician may be sincere, the historian may be prejudiced; it were easy, indeed, to mention histories of our day where the whole effect is that of an address from an advocate, although every fact is guaranteed by accurate scholarship. Perhaps it is from such histories as these that our statement is best illustrated. The most prejudiced of historians sets before himself an aim that is inaccessible to the most sincere of politicians. The historian cannot but aim at seeing things as they were. One who aims at making rather than recording history dare not always see things as they are. The ideal historian would be true, the ideal politician would be just; and there is no doubt that justice is a higher virtue than that, which it must include—the single aim at truth. But it is the highest aim which is oftenest missed. When we exchange a political for a historic utterance we turn from a realm where it seems impossible that any man should be just, and enter one where, to some extent, it is possible for every man to be true.

Nevertheless, the change is not welcome to every one. The dialect of the politician is, to the ordinary intellect, far more

intelligible than that of the historian. Nothing is so easy to read as a newspaper. It is not that the language is particularly simple; that has become more the case of late years, it is true, but what makes a newspaper readable is not any avoidance of difficult ideas, but a clear, strongly marked drift in every paragraph. The uneducated or half-uneducated man who takes up the *Star* or the *Echo* sees with half a glance who is blamed, who eulogized; he has not a moment's doubt as to what measure should be pursued, what opposed; he never has to ponder any sentence to discover how it bears on the interests involved. He would not find this the case if he turned even to such histories as Macaulay's 'England' or Grote's 'Greece.' Both works, to our mind, are impregnated with the spirit of politics; but still they *are* history, and as such necessarily refer rather to what did happen than what ought to have happened. That is the very ground on which we have spoken of the influence of history as refreshing, but there is no question that its dialect is not so immediately intelligible. The intellectual satisfaction of coming into contact with sifted truth is dependent on a certain co-operation on the part of him who feels it. What is ascertained with laborious industry cannot be revealed except to careful attention. Most people will not read anything with careful attention. And when anything is put forth, on the subject-matter of politics, which adopts the tone of history, it is quite certain that it will be misunderstood by many, misrepresented by some, and ignored by more than both together.

That this should hitherto have been the lot of the Report of the Special Commission can have surprised no one. The three Judges by whom it is drawn up had to translate into the language of history a statement as to the most exciting questions which have agitated the world since the lava of 1789 began to cool. As compared with every other statement bearing on the same subject-matter, theirs of course was, from the point of view of the newspaper reader, extremely dull. It was also extremely difficult to appreciate in its full bearings. The future historian will explore its every phrase, but for the general public of our day it might almost as well have been written in a dead language. The unpretending little volume in which the Vinerian Professor of English Law at Oxford has analysed its import, brings home to the apprehension of the average reader what he seems to us too temperate in calling the most important State paper of the half-century. We know of none which can equal

its importance during a much longer period. We claim for him, in this service to his country, the gratitude of all parties. Home Rulers gave the Report a noisy welcome in February as a valuable tribute to their cause; and in August, when the tone had changed, and the three Judges whose utterance had at first been welcomed as acquittal were regarded as hostile witnesses, this digest of its import was still spoken of as an homage to the cause it attacked, in proving the weakness of the strongest weapons which could be brought against it. The Report is the first utterance which has not been met with denial. There is no fact of which it is not possible to take very different views, even when all its circumstances are ascertained with legal accuracy. But in the Irish question we may almost say it is something new to have to do with facts at all. If our idiom permitted of the *obliqua oratio*, almost all that was relevant to the cause of Home Rule would have been related, before last February, in the subjunctive mood; what one side brought forward as fact, was answered by its opponents as an allegation. Except to hypocrites or partisans so bigoted that falsehood in detail seems necessary for a truthful impression on the whole (and there are such partisans) a basis of what is unquestionable must be a gain to all.

Let us, however, fully allow that some of the Home Rule party gained more from the verdict than this. It has been pronounced that the Irish Members of Parliament have not, with certain exceptions, committed treason, and that they were sincere in their denunciation of those murders which roused most horror in England. We will not go into certain statements by which the effect of this acquittal is a little modified, such as the complaint of the Commissioners, that "we have not received from Mr. Parnell the assistance that was to be expected in the investigation of the accounts of the Land League," because to dwell on this, within the small space at our command, would needlessly attenuate what we desire not to concede, but to urge. We wish to point out that the Report, which must be looked on not as a judicial decision with an appendix of political opinion, as an attempt has been made to represent it, but as a homogeneous judgment, graduated according to evidence—is so little pervaded by any animus against a political party that its vociferous welcome by the Home Rulers was not unnatural at its first appearance. No English judges have ever before acquitted a person charged with any offence, in terms so emphatic as those

in which the Commissioners pronounced Mr. Parnell innocent of having written the forged letter. What acquittal has always meant is that there was not evidence to prove a man guilty. It is a new thing in English procedure to undertake to say there is evidence to prove a man innocent. Mr. Parnell is the first person who on English soil has had his innocence attested by a sentence correlative in its certainty to a conviction. It is no wonder that his friends welcomed such a sentence, or that his unscrupulous partisans endeavoured to mark off this part of the Commissioners' findings by some distinction which should appear as a watershed between decisions as to matter of fact and opinions as to questions of principle. Such a claim can mislead no one who does not desire to be misled. The Report of the Commissioners concerns very various matters of fact, but the facts are all established on precisely the same kind of evidence. They have traced certain actions to the influence of the Land League on the same view of evidence as they would have taken, for instance, if they had been investigating a case of alleged undue influence in a disputed will. They would have set aside a legacy to A. B. on a strong opinion that A. B. exerted on the testator a kind of influence which the law does not sanction, and in that sense their assertion that the systematic persecution of individuals was due to the action of the Land League may be called an opinion, but then so must their assertion that Mr. Parnell did not write the famous letter. They are not as sure he did not, as that two straight lines never enclosed a space. The Judges may have made mistakes, but no one else is so little likely to make mistakes in dealing with the same subject-matter, and for all practical purposes their findings must be treated as demonstrations. But these decisions all rest on one footing. They say, upon evidence which has been tested in open court, that a certain corporation is responsible for certain actions, but they have not even gone on to say (as it has been asserted that they have) whether such actions are right or wrong. If any one thinks that to deprive one's neighbour of life, or all that makes life worth having, ceases to be a crime when it is committed by a corporation, there is not a word used by them to oppose such an opinion except the use of the ordinary name for such an action. It would have been impossible for them to have expressed their meaning in any other terms.

By friends and foes alike the adverse portion of the Com-

missioners' Report is regarded as the case against Home Rule. Mr. Dicey's summary has been greeted with triumph by a Home-Rule critic as showing the weakness of the case against the Union: that is to say, everything which the ordinary Englishman should remember when he makes up his mind on the question is contained in the Report of the Commissioners. Not, be it noted everything which a statesman should weigh before he acts with either side. Mr. Dicey has dealt elsewhere with *England's* case against Home Rule, and to such a case the Report of the Commissioners contributes nothing. A statesman is bound to ponder, a lawyer may legitimately formulate, those considerations which belong to the question as one between two races, for in international morality there is nothing that corresponds to the individual duty of self-sacrifice, and to establish England's case for the Union is to demonstrate England's duty of upholding it. But most Englishmen will feel on surer ground, both morally and politically, when they are considering, as Mr. Dicey now invites and aids them to consider, the case of Ireland rather than of England against Home Rule. All argument, in the latter case, must address itself to conditions that have to arise in the future. We have no help from experience. We cannot point to anything going on now and say, "Here you have, in the slang of the day, an object-lesson in Home Rule; here you see what, according to all probability, will go on in some different form if Home Rule be conceded." And the moral ground seems to us as much weaker than the political. We do not, indeed, hold any principles of morals more certain than that which would debar a nation from entering on a course contrary to its interests, and we hold, moreover, that to insist on the strictly individual character of the duty of self-sacrifice is the only way to ensure that self-sacrifice shall be real. But at the same time every one must feel that English enthusiasm for English interests is a doubtful motive power. We may be thankful, therefore, that *Ireland's* case for the Union is the only one touched on by the Commissioners. Any one who tries to popularize their verdict has to say this again and again, because if we were to judge from such expressions of Home-Rule feeling as the criticisms on Mr. Dicey's book we should expect to come upon an attempt to answer some such question as, "What is likely to be the effect of Home Rule on the future destiny of Great Britain?" We could cite passages which have no meaning on any other view. However, they are of ephemeral importance,

and perhaps we have already given too much attention to them.

The Report of the Commissioners contains no speculation as to what Home Rule will be, but a picture of what it is. For we have only to turn to its pages to see that the dominion which it is proposed to legalize is already potent. The sway felt by the weak is displayed with triumph by the strong; its methods of procedure are urged in public speeches, and carried out throughout a large part of Ireland. We have to do with a polity, making its own laws and enforcing them with its own sanctions; we are asked whether we will transfer to this polity the government of a country for which we are responsible. Surely then the question as to what that polity is should take precedence of every question concerning the change we are contemplating. We see its working actually before us, we are bound to ask ourselves what that working is before making ourselves responsible for it by impressing upon it the sanction of law. By what conceivable train of reasoning it is sought to establish that the evidence proving the character of this polity has "no political significance" we are at a loss to understand. Those who make the assertion seem to think it self-evident. How is it that the body which has called itself the Land League, the National League, and which is to develop into the Parliament of Ireland, is to lose at once its temptations and its restraints? We have never found a hint of an answer. Mr. Morley has told us that every national movement has its "fringe of bad men" who bring discredit on it by their crimes, and seems to think that we are somehow shut out from the question whether these bad men will form any part of the government to which we are asked to surrender those who have hitherto been their victims. Sir Charles Russell says that no revolution has ever been carried out with so little crime, and seems to consider that a government may simultaneously be asked to consider a movement as revolutionary, and to abstain from all measures of self-defence. Mostly the answer to the terrible indictment of the Special Commission —the picture of barbarous cruelty, insolent tyranny, and reckless outrage, which the Commissioners have painted and Mr. Dicey has here and there copied—is felt to be answered when it is met with the allegation that those are responsible for these crimes who withhold from their authors the objects in view of which they have been committed. Such an answer is a protest against all government whatever. Of course we should cause all these

outrages to cease on Irish soil the day we abolished British rule in Ireland, as we should cause adultery to cease the day we abolished marriage, or theft the day we abolished property. And whatever the guilt of lust or greed, there is a specific guilt of lawlessness which would in that case vanish. When actions are wrong solely because they are illegal (as in the case, for instance, of smuggling), we think a persistent defiance to the law may be fairly used as an argument for reconsidering the law. How far does this apply in the case of Ireland?

The law which the Government are enforcing there, is a law for the protection of Irishmen—Irishmen, whom many of their countrymen, no doubt, sincerely regard as worthy of punishment, but who have broken no command known either to the Decalogue or the Statute-book, and the surrender of whom to their foes for punishment, even if they had, would be to commit national suicide. We are endeavouring to save from starvation, maiming, burning alive, not only those individuals who have given offence to the National League, but their innocent children, their aged parents, their connections by marriage. English law does not punish any criminal as National League law punishes those who ask nothing but to remain simply British subjects. Let the reader turn to page 53 of Mr. Dicey's book and read the case of Jeremiah Hegarty—a case of persecution, according to the Commissioners, which was "the direct result of the action of the Land League," that is, of the body which, as it has under different names governed Ireland since 1880, may be regarded as the Irish government of the future, if ever Home Rule pass into the domain of fact. There is nothing exceptional about the case; it is given as a sample taken from many, all belonging not to an alien race or a class connected with associations of property and distinction, but to the same blood as their persecutors, and to the classes where murder and outrage excite no horror. We are far from allowing that war may be carried on against a party by those who accept none of the responsibilities of war if they merely call their foes a foreign garrison; but if every victim of Irish outrage had belonged to landlord blood we should allow that it expressed the hate of one race for another, rather than tyranny within the race thus making war on its foes. But we read, in the Report, of outrages to none but defenceless and insignificant Irishmen. The self-styled friends of Ireland may treat the findings of the Report which connect such outrage with the influence of the Land

League as political opinions of the Judges, in contrast with their legal decisions, but the decision which connects the persecution of Hegarty with Land League influence is expressed in the same terms as that which absolved Mr. Parnell from the authorship of the forged letter. Either both are opinions or both are judgments. They are formed on precisely the same canons of evidence, and if their subject-matter differ in importance, its least significant portion is that which concerns the reputation of one man or half-a-dozen men, and not the life, the property, and the happiness of thousands.

When these apologists speak of outrages as "deplorable events" some of them speak quite sincerely, and not a few, we should imagine, would use stronger language, if they spoke out. Mr. Morley surely must have had the cases cited by the Commissioners in his mind when he spoke of "the fringe of bad men" who attach themselves to every national movement, and use the shelter of its aims to screen their own. But Mr. Morley, and all who act with him, must also know perfectly well that in such a body as the Land League, it is precisely the bad men who have power. Unscrupulousness *is* power. It would come to much the same thing whether a man pursuing some difficult aim were suddenly endowed with genius, or suddenly deprived of sympathy. "Bad men," said John Stuart Mill, in addressing the students of St. Andrews, "ask nothing more of good men, than that they would stand out of their way." If he had lived some years longer he might have seen his warning inverted by men who have considered themselves his disciples. He might have seen it become a popular doctrine that the duty he urged upon men who have not yet passed the vigour of life should be regarded as the vice of tyrants, and the superstition of a discarded past.

What has caused this change? How is it that good men look on at the cruel Irish tyranny which English coercion aims at checking without any sympathy except for the tyrants? A single case of such ill-treatment as the Commissioners report to be too numerous to cite except in examples, if reported by some tourist as occurring in a Christian family under Turkish rule, would rouse indignant and widely felt compassion. What would be said if a Bulgarian child had been maltreated as was little Mitchell, the boy of eleven who in 1887 was irrecoverably injured in trying to carry bread to a father half starved by the refusal of his townspeople to supply him with food? It would

be felt by any one who could cite it on the vaguest evidence to be of itself an argument against the rule which sanctioned it. Why not when it is put forward, with a numerous company of similar events, on testimony which has borne cross-examination in a court of justice? There is no magic in the encircling sea that it should convert outrage to needful discipline; there is no mystic prerogative in race that it should change acts of barbarous tyranny from an indictment to a claim. If we found a compact kingdom by our side composed of tyrants and slaves, we might hesitate to engage on a war of liberation. But how is it that the existence of such tyranny is made a basis for the demand for its legal sanction? The answer has a wider interest than that which pertains to our subject, for that very reason its statement must be of the briefest, yet we enter on no irrelevant peroration when we thus conclude.

The strange apathy and indifference among a certain section of Englishmen to the sufferings of those Irish who have undergone martyrdom in the noble effort (for surely such martyrdom renders it noble) to pay their debts, or fulfil their legal obligations, is explicable by several causes, some quite new, and one very old. We live in an age when the restraints which arise from a belief in the Invisible have suddenly been withdrawn from among men. An irreverent epigram still preserves the memory of a judge who pronounced a belief in an endless Hell to form no part of the Christian creed, and so closely associated in the popular imagination was the idea of Hell and of endlessness, that the two vanished together. God, to that popular imagination, was the Judge no longer. Man will strive after no virtue that is not Divine; if God has ceased to judge, so will men. Thus justice has undergone an eclipse in the world of aspiration; it is not only that men do not attain it, they no longer make it their aim. All Christian feeling thus released rushed with a strong current into that channel which Christianity did so much to deepen—the sense of need rather than of guilt in others, the feeling which, in different dialects, we speak of as mercy in God, and generally as generosity in man. The moment we transfer a political question from the ground of justice to that of generosity we are certain to enlist a large amount of popular sympathy that is sincere, lively, and fearless in proportion to its ignorance. Perhaps it is really easier to be generous than just, and although empty talk about justice is as easy as empty talk about generosity, it is

very easy to preach and promote a feeling of generosity which is not hypocritical, but which has nothing to do with any real willingness to suffer. It is very hard to be just, it is not easy to be consistently generous, but the *idea* of generosity is not so indissolubly connected with difficulty as that of justice is, and it is in the world of ideas that moral influences take their rise. Many kindred influences tell in the same direction as the eclipse of justice in popular aspiration. God the Creator has vanished from the popular imagination, no less than God the Judge. His place is taken in the realm of general opinion by that principle of growth which we call Nature, and it is a correlate of such a feeling that characteristics of race take a new aspect, and a temptation felt by a majority of the same blood becomes as it were transfigured into a claim.

These are influences of the spirit of the age—we may say the temper of the hour; but they are perhaps less important to remember in connection with the strange lack of indignation at so much cruelty and wrong, than a feeling as old as history. What people really dread is to investigate the divinity that doth hedge a king. The people has succeeded to the power, the prestige, and the license of the monarch. The sins of the mob profit by the halo formerly surrounding the sins of the Cæsar, and men flatter and fawn on the many, as formerly they flattered and fawned on the one. The victims of outrage in Ireland, we must never forget, belong to the ranks of the undistinguished and the poor. Nevertheless it is the undistinguished and the poor who hope to profit by these outrages. Hence the perpetrators everywhere profit by the new deference for poverty. The worship of the majority secures to the needy so that their need is clamorous, exactly the kind of deference which was formerly paid to the claims of royalty. Men tremble to withstand the clamour of a multitude, as formerly they trembled to withstand the behests of a king. The new servility escapes some obvious dangers of the old. Perhaps the obviousness of this difference is itself a danger. The worship of the powerful poor, if it be not so ignoble as the worship of the powerful rich, is far more widely injurious. It injures millions where its predecessors injured units, and poisons with its widespreading and penetrating demoralization the very springs of a national life.

JULIA WEDGWOOD.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON:

JOHN RUSKIN'S HOME.

"Oh, 'tis a quiet, spirit-healing nook,
Which all, methinks, would love."—COLERIDGE.

OOKING back on fifteen years' happy friendship with the wner and inmates of Brantwood, one particularly bright red-tter day stands out clearly defined on the horizon of time, to e recalled even now with vivid distinctness, while many more :cent events have faded away into the unremembered past. As ıch, at any rate, I have always regarded my first visit to Brantwood; it has been succeeded by many happy memories of right days spent under its roof, and is connected with many of fe's most valued associations, but nothing can ever efface the npression made upon one in youth by the first vision of a great ife and its surroundings, which tell at every turn of that life's vonderful work. To this day I never turn up the Brantwood lrive without remembrances, aspirations, hopes I thought dead, pringing to life again in connection with that well-remembered lay of long ago.

Bearing in mind Mr. Ruskin's maxim ("Going by railroad I lo not consider travelling at all, it is merely being sent to a ılace, and very little different from becoming a parcel"), and herefore, not wishing to be received as a parcel, it has always ɔeen my habit to arrive at Brantwood, after thirty miles' drive hrough some of the most beautiful parts of our well-beloved Lancashire and Westmoreland; Wordsworth has said that "the stranger, from the moment he puts his foot on Lancaster sands, seems to leave the turmoil and traffic of the world behind him, and, crossing the majestic plain where the sea has retired, he beholds, rising apparently from its base, the cluster of mountains among which he is going to wander, and by whose recesses, by the Vale of Coniston, he is gradually and peacefully led."

I can lay no claim to the title "stranger" in "our ain north countree," but it has certainly often seemed to me that the drive either alone with the mountains, about which Ruskin has taught us so much, or perhaps in converse with a friend as to that which was the object of our journey, was no inappropriate preparation for the mind, to gather its utmost from society and scenes, which those who have known them will unhesitatingly pronounce one of the privileges of their lives. Whether with the primroses and the fresh larch green, with the spring songs of the birds in the air,

> "When green leaf and blossom, and sunny warm weather,
> And singing and loving, all come back together,"

or when the wild roses and heather are everywhere, with red rowan berries hurrying to bear them company, or even, when Coniston Old Man rears his grand head in the garb of winter's snow, a sight so beautiful and so little sought—under all these varied sights and sounds of the year's wonders (which, because they are regular, we have ceased to think wonderful) has the road to Brantwood been to me familiar and beloved; for itself, for that to which it led, for the memories it leaves behind it each time, until they are refreshed by another journey.

Crossing Windermere Ferry, you climb the hill behind it, and passing Sawrey, skirt along the shores of Esthwaite Tarn with its water-lily fringe, which brings you to the little old world village of Hawkshead, where you are pressed to bait by a considerate ostler; whether considerate of horse or tip must be left to those who know the canny north countryman to decide! Presently a long hill is reached and surmounted, and then comes the first good view of the "Old Man," and Coniston Water, with Yewdale Craggs mounting guard over the north end of the Lake. At a drinking-fountain, erected by Miss Beever, whose "Frondes Agrestes," and "Hortus Inclusus," have already made her name widely known, the main road to the village of Coniston is left, and we turn off down a steep and winding lane, which is followed on the high ground, along the shores of the lake for about two miles, until you come quite suddenly upon a singularly peaceful-looking little nook, from whence opens out the short carriage-drive, under tall larches on one side, and a lovely mossy wall, covered with a profusion of ferns, on the other, bringing us to the door, and hearty welcome, which, at Brantwood, is always bestowed upon its threshold; an excellent type of that

urtesy and kindness, which, from the moment you enter it, is owered upon its visitor. I see its courteous master, as I saw m a few weeks ago, hat in hand, with gracious words of elcome and affection, before the hospitable lintel is passed, iterated on all sides by the happy party that forms his home.

Those who imagine Mr. Ruskin as a learned recluse in the litude of northern mountains, little guess the bright home ade for him by his cousin Mrs. Severn, who in 1864 became n inmate of his mother's house, and who has been the object of is most loving devotion ever since. She has been introduced the public in "Præterita," as she was to Mr. Ruskin himself, ith the words "this is Joan;" but only those who know her, alize all that is contained in those three words.

In her, Mr. Ruskin has found no ordinary daughter. All he as been to her in early youth, is repaid to him sevenfold by the ffectionate solicitude, which has been of so much importance o his well-being all his life; and now, when enfeebled health nd strength come, the natural result of a life of colossal work, he is by his side, absolutely essential to the days of evening. Has he not himself told us, "work while you have light, especially while you have the light of morning?" Has he not himself said, many years later, "*now* I want blue sky, pure air and peace?" Would that those friends who profess to love him—but still expect so much from him, for which he has not strength—would that they could remember now, that these are his days of evening. A daughter's love, children's voices, and "peace at eventide," are fitting surroundings for the end of a great and beautiful life, and such are his, who has nobly given to the world and posterity, his very best strength and help of life's morning.

Mr. Ruskin has told in "Præterita," the history of his love for our Lakeland, and Coniston in particular, ever since the days of childhood, when he and his mother made Coniston Waterhead Inn their headquarters, while his father transacted the usual travelling part of a wine merchant's business in the adjacent towns of Whitehaven, Lancaster, Ulverston, and other northern places. Mr. Ruskin senior (his son writes) was devoted to the place; "the view of the long reach of lake, with its softly-wooded lateral hills, had for my father a tender charm which excited the same feeling as that with which he regarded the Lakes of Italy." Few years of the son's early life were without a visit to the Lake district, and he always held a peculiar belief in the healing powers of mountain air, and his own pure

lake water in particular. Once, some nineteen years ago, after a serious illness at Matlock, he was heard to say, "If I could but lie down in Coniston Water I should be well;" so, that when Mr. Lynn Linton, to whom Brantwood previously belonged, gave him the first offer of the place when it was to be sold, it is not surprising to hear that Mr. Ruskin bought it at once, without even going to look at house or grounds, which he had never seen previously, except as regards their situation from the lake.

It is more my purpose in this article to add my humble tribute of love for a great personality, and to discuss the interest of its surroundings, than to attempt to add to the much already written by far abler pens, as to John Ruskin's work and teaching; at the same time, few stronger tokens of the mind of a man can be found, than those which are to be traced in the things he loves, and places around him. From this point of view comes the *use* to the public of Brantwood, and in this light, with the kind permission of its inhabitants, I desire to place it before readers. From no wish to pander to the modern love of details about a distinguished personality, but to permit others, as far as possible, to enter its cabinets, and study its walls, which have contained for me, on every occasion of doing so, rare interest, and, I hope, education.

After that cordial greeting already referred to, we pass through the hall, where, facing the visitor, are two striking female figures by Burne Jones, done originally for tapestry; one represents a figure of Justice and the other, Cleopatra. Entering the drawing-room, some of Mr. Ruskin's own beautiful drawings are passed, a notable one being that of San Miniato at Rome. The whole characteristic, of what may be termed the upholstery of the house, is that of solid comfort; so called artistic furniture and papers know it not, and indeed they would be sadly out of place on walls papered with Turners, and inhabited by thirteenth century illuminations! The drawing-room shows, perhaps, more than any other room, Mr. Ruskin's catholic spirit in art; here we have a charming child portrait of a little Gainsborough girl, a great favourite with its owner, and a fascinating picture for all beholders; then there is also Burne Jones' "Fair Rosamund," in the act of putting up her white signal for the approach of Henry. Facing the window is Mr. Ruskin's own copy of that very characteristic Botticelli, "Zipporah," in the Sistine Chapel, and a very beautiful drawing, also by him, of the entrance to "St Mark's at Venice," a fine delicate piece of work, in his most

ninute and conscientiously exact style; such stone tracery ıas rarely met with such an artist, or one who could give ıo much care and time to details. Apropos of such work, I am reminded of having once foolishly asked Mr. Ruskin with youthful audacity to draw me a jay's feather, like one Mrs. Severn possesses; a gem in its own line, and worn by her as ıuch; the Professor (as his friends still love to call him) gently rebuked me for my ignorance in evidently not knowing what sort of a request I was making, and actually took the trouble to write to me on the subject, in order to explain that such a feather as I desired, meant "two days' very hard work"; St. Mark's tracery must have meant at least two months', and in order to do it at all, scaffolding was specially put up, for which Government permission was required: the result being a master's sketch, which, for fineness of detail, it would be impossible to surpass. Then there are black and white sketches by Ruskin and Prout, and two birds' nests and some fruit in old William Hunt's most characteristic style, special favourites of Mr. Ruskin's, and which indeed as samples of their particular art could not be excelled.

Leaving the drawing-room we seek the new dining-room which Ruskin built some ten years ago, its long arched gothic window reminding one of those of the Venetian palaces; this makes the whole of one side of the room, a kind of opening over green bushes on to the lake, while another bay-window gives lovely views of its north end.

Over the mantelpiece is the celebrated picture of a Doge of Venice, by Titian, which was shown in the Ruskin and Whistler trial as Ruskin's instance of what was meant by real good painting. The Doge is a splendid richly coloured portrait, full of character and strength—the painting of the head and head-gear is specially elaborate and ornate. Two very interesting portraits next claim attention, that of Turner by himself, at the age of seventeen, given by him to his housekeeper, who bequeathed it to Mr. Ruskin, and this of Sir Joshua Reynolds, also by himself, at the age of nineteen. It is both curious and interesting to turn from one to the other of these great artists in youth, so dissimilar both in their work and in their characters. In Turner's picture, with his thoughtful poetic boy's face, one seems to see foreshadowed the dreams, for they were hardly realities, which constituted his later pictures. Mr. Ruskin says that this portrait "in the first place shows the

broad and clumsy manner of Turner's painting in the period I have called the school days; in the second, it is to me, who knew him in his age, entirely the germ and virtually capable contents of the man I knew." Turning to Sir Joshua's forcible young countenance, it is easy to trace the characteristics which eventually made him the first English portrait painter, which rank he still holds; a man to whom courts and distinctions came as a matter of course, as did the flowing calm streams and the fisher's rod to Turner.

Next come two "Annunciations" by Tintoret; they are designated by Ruskin's truth-loving spirit as "pot-boilers"! They would be treasures in many a collection, but they are not high in place at Brantwood, and have therefore very bad positions in dark corners, with their backs to the light.

Immediately facing them and the bay window, are three portraits by Northcote, of the deepest personal and much artistic interest. The centre one (they are all life size) shows a little child of three, with light hair and blue shoes, running along with a little King Charles's spaniel, a sweet baby, about whose future imagination might well run riot, did we not know now, that our best imaginings would stop very far short of where his has gone and led others, since those early days when John Ruskin played as a child with Northcote's little dog, which the artist sought on every occasion to introduce into his pictures.

Northcote, at one of their sittings, asked the child what he would like to have drawn in the picture, feeling sure beforehand that his answer would suggest the dog; but little John was already an artist in feeling, and his answer was "blue hills"; a fact sufficiently curious and not without promise in a child of that age. And blue hills there are, though Northcote cannot perhaps be said to be seen at his best as a landscape painter. But the first love of all Ruskin's life was contained in that three-years-old answer—blue hills—and his great teacher selected, Nature.

The child's picture has on either side of it, two excellent portraits of his father and mother; that of the father is an especially strong, characteristic painting, of a very fine subject; a powerful head and eagle eyes, from which no ordinary soul looks out. Mrs. Ruskin's picture bears the stamp of an excellent likeness, and makes it easy to believe in the somewhat rigorous treatment to which, we learn from "Præterita," she subjected her son in early life. On brackets between, and a little below these pictures, are some figures by Andrea Pisano, fragments of the

original font by him in the Baptistery at Florence. This font was built for the baptism of Philip de Medici in 1577, after which his father Francesco de Medici caused it to be broken up, so that no lesser mortal than his son should ever be baptised therein. It was replaced by the present font, also attributed to Pisano, and the fragments of the old one carried away as relics by the religious Florentines; some of them came into Mr. Ruskin's possession, and as treasured relics these still remain at Brantwood. A beautiful Botticelli "Madonna and Child," painted on wood, must complete all that space will allow to be noticed of the Brantwood dining-room, which contains almost biographical evidence of Ruskin's life and work upon its walls, and his first love, Nature, from its windows.

Leaving the dining-room, we come next to the room of the house, Mr. Ruskin's study.

What does not that wonderful study embrace? No taste, hardly a pursuit, but is here represented by some of the most beautiful things in the world, which are the pride alike of Nature and Art to lay at the feet of those who truly love them; and over all reigns that quiet care and order typical of their master's mind. Much might be said of the Brantwood mental atmosphere generally, but here one realizes, if it may be so put, that this room is the holy of holies of the house, sanctified by the daily work, thoughts and prayers of one of the greatest, most reverent and holy minds the world is ever likely to know. Let us enter into the spirit of our surroundings, for we may well feel we are on hallowed ground.

Round the little bow-window where Mr. Ruskin's table and arm-chair are always placed is a low wide shelf, where a little garden of flowers gladden his eyes; a branch of sweet briar and scented heather, the lovely white harebells and the tiny rock-roses, all have a share of his daily regard. Carefully placed among them are the last geological specimens which may have excited the Professor's interest in his daily walks, collected in this lovely region whence even stones have been made to speak his beautiful thoughts and language to the world at large. From the window we look straight down on the peaceful waters of Coniston Lake, and across it to the farmhouse—"with its ivied chimneys thick and strong like castle towers," where Sir Philip Sidney loved to visit Ame, Countess of Pembroke,—on to the broad base of the "Old Man." How Mr. Ruskin loves his own particular lake he has told the world, and given her fame.

Every day he has lived there, I believe I may say, his love for his north-country home has increased; and it would not be more than the truth to state, that no lights or shadows on the "Old Man," no ripple or dark evening cloud passes over the lake, but has not had its interest for, and won fresh affection from him, who finds poetry and teaching in every phase of nature.

> "Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
> From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,
> Till the sun paint your flowery skirts with gold,
> In honour to the world's great Author rise."

Such was Turner's motto to his early picture called "Morning among the Coniston Fells," and just such a morning is often to be seen from the study window. "I raise my eyes to these Coniston Fells, and see them at this moment imaged in their lake in quietly reversed and perfect similitude, the sky cloudless above them, cloudless beneath, and two level lines of blue vapour drawn across their sun-lighted and russet moorlands, like an azure fesse across a golden shield." Such is the ever-present view from his window, varied according to Nature's moods, well calculated to inspire a Ruskin, were inspiration needed.

How often in the study has Mr. Ruskin warmly greeted me, and spent hours in showing the stores of his treasure-house with the kindest explanations, and the most interesting histories connected with each; beginning with the beautiful Madonna and Child over the fireplace, a splendid specimen of Luca della Robbia's best work, a dearly-loved item in the collection, and passing on to where, round it on shelves, are ranged the valuable Greek vessels, dug up in Cyprus by General Cesnola, for the possession of which Mr. Ruskin paid an enormous sum, half of which was promptly confiscated from the General by the Greek Government. Most of these vessels date between 700 and 800 B.C. and are as lovely in form as they are historically interesting. The marvellous collection of Greek coins, the missals, manuscripts, minerals, crystals, cabinets full of Turners of renown, are indefinitely known by many people to form this "King's Treasury;" but known almost more as of some fanciful palace in the air, than as of a reality; and indeed it is difficult in words to give any idea of the wealth of beauty and interest contained here, or to make selections among them when all are worthy of description.

The missals and 13th-century Bibles are among the most remarkable private collections extant. From among them let us choose a wonderful 13th-century musical-service book or *antiphonaire.* This belonged to and was originally written for the Abbesse of Beau Près. All the music is in the old four-line stave, with the lozenge-shaped notes of the period; but what gorgeous colours and what wondrous gold did those 13th-century masters of the pen shower upon their well-beloved vellum! That they fully realized their work was for posterity, is proved by the Latin dedication in this particular volume, which runs to this effect: that to him who makes the charge of this book his special care it will bring a blessing; but, if by chance it fall into the hands of the destroyer, "Anathema" be upon his head. The dedication has guarded the book safely through five centuries, for it is in perfect condition, and those who spent so much beautiful labour on its construction would feel the aim of their work fulfilled did they but know the favour it has won in the eyes of one, who, perhaps, in this 19th century, stands alone in his power of appreciation of its beauties. I cannot forbear from quoting here a few lovely lines from "Præterita," in which Mr. Ruskin tells of his first missal possession, a little 14th-century "Hours of the Virgin," acquired by him in 1851. All missals should be his, to whom they can so speak. "The new worlds which every leaf of this book opened to me, and the joy I had counting their letters and unravelling their arabesques, as if they had all been beaten gold—as many of them indeed were—cannot be told. For truly a well-illuminated missal is a fairy cathedral, full of painted windows, bound together to carry in one's pocket, with the music and the blessing of all its prayers besides."

The 13th century must be, however, left behind, with only a passing reference to one marvellous vellum Bible of that date, a piece of unsurpassably beautiful writing and illumination, and the 18th reached, for the purpose still of looking at manuscripts of equal interest, and almost, from a different point of view, as wonderfully written. These are Ruskin's seven volumes of original MSS. by Sir Walter Scott. "Peveril of the Peak," "Woodstock," "The Fortunes of Nigel," and others are all there, in the form in which these creations of genius first saw light. What is almost as remarkable as themselves is their penmanship. Hardly an erasure or correction is to be seen as we turn page after page of the neat, closely-written, and easily-

read handwriting of the great novelist. In these days of type-writing and many other rapid substitutes, we have almost forgotten that the object of handwriting is for it to be read, and a much-needed lesson is to be found in Sir Walter's beautiful MSS. Ruskin's devotion to Scott, and his influence on his writings are well known, (he speaks of "my own chosen masters—Scott and Homer,") and these manuscripts are dearly prized. It used always to be the custom at Brantwood for the Professor to read aloud one or other of the Waverley Novels for an hour in the evening. He knew many of them by heart, and they never failed to give him unfeigned delight. He specially loved the humour of Scott, as indeed, who does not? But perhaps still more did the wonderful descriptions of Scottish scenery appeal to, and remain for him (the Professor) always "eternal examples of the ineffable art which is taught by the loveliest nature to her truest children."

But whether it be with the music of "Wandering Willie" in "Redgauntlet," or with the scenery of the "Heart of Midlothian," or with Scott's men and women, each and all are, in their different ways, thoroughly sympathetic to Ruskin's own feelings and ways of thought; he has told us that, in Scott's Flodden, we have "the truest and grandest battle-piece that, so far as I know, exists in the whole compass of modern literature. I include the literature of all foreign languages, so far as known to me; there is nothing to approach the finished delineation and flawless majesty of Scott's Flodden." So much to show how valued are Mr. Ruskin's Scott possessions. Among the manuscripts is a complete volume of Sir Walter's letters on the erection of Abbotsford to his builder Johnson, which are of the greatest interest. It seems extraordinary they should have been allowed to pass out of family hands, as Sir Walter's family still possess Abbotsford; but they would possibly never be so much valued as they are at present, where every word the great novelist ever penned is regarded jealously as a treasure.

I have now come to the most important part of the many jewels that Brantwood contains. To the right of the study door are four very fine Turners. First, "Farnley Hall in Yorkshire," where Turner spent so much of his life, and which is still a treasure-house of some of his best work. How magnificently the fine position of Farnley is given, the distance too with its atmospheric effects, giving exactly the characteristic Yorkshire sweep of country for miles round! "Not a space of

the park is modified, just as the trees were set, he sets them; marks carefully the line of the drive up to the house, and then applies his whole skill to lead the eye delightedly into the finitudes of distance across the moorlands; and to find minute decoration of herbage and heath among the sandstone blocks of the foreground." "Heysham," which hangs besides Farnley, looks right across the Morecambe Sands to Coniston Old Man. This drawing is a very great favourite of Mr. Ruskin's, though hardly less so than "Egglestone Abbey" in Yorkshire, to which he is quite devoted. He considers it "one of the finest in the series, its foliage notable also for intense truth to the spot" (the series referred to being that which he has called "Reality—England at Rest"). Perhaps to the ordinary observer, a delightful drawing of Richmond in Yorkshire is even more attractive than these other two, any one knowing the unrivalled position of that fascinating place—let me thankfully add that it is not yet a haunt of the ordinary tourist!—can imagine how Turner could treat such a subject; the castle commanding the whole, the walks of the castle walls, and beneath the lovely stream of Swale. "There is no more lovely rendering of old English life; the scarcely altered sweetness of hill and stream, the baronial ruin on their crag, the old-fashioned town with its little gardens behind each house, the winding walks for pleasure along the river shore."

It has always been Mr. Ruskin's habit to change the Turners on his walls, choosing some half-a-dozen for his daily food at one time, but all round the room in various positions are many more. Among them on my last visit there was the splendid drawing of the "Splügen"—"the noblest Alpine drawing Turner ever made"—considered by its owner the finest in the house, and presented to him after his illness in 1878 by the many devoted friends who seek to do him honour. Nor must a delightful Italian landscape be forgotten, for the possession of which the Professor gave the sum of £1200. "Italy as Turner knew it .... doing thirty or forty miles a day, chatting in every village, walking up every hill, staying in every lovely place; and seeing, what none of you, my poor readers, can ever see more—human life in its peace and its homes!"

A very interesting picture is the drawing of the terrible landslip which took place in Switzerland, burying under dark masses of rock the ancient village of Goldau; Turner has here employed that fiery-red, wild sky which Ruskin has often said

invariably denotes with him, wrath—"the scarlet of the clouds was his symbol of destruction, in his mind it was the colour of blood;" the whole picture produces a wondrously dramatic effect upon the mind, an unusual word perhaps to apply to a landscape, but none the less true in this instance. This picture, Mr. Ruskin considers "the mightiest drawing of his (Turner's) final time."

Turning to a large cabinet, its outer doors being flung open, it is found to contain forty Turners! Some slight sketches, some finished drawings, but all of rare interest. They are of course carefully framed, and can be drawn out from their seclusion by handles. Among these is a lovely one of Rome from Monte Mario looking across to the Ripetta, full of beautiful detail. "This little drawing represents within its compass of 8½ inches by 5½, every principal building in Rome in Turner's time, so far as they could be seen from this point; and that with such earnestness and accuracy, that if you take a lens of a good power to it you will find even the ruinous masonry of the arches of the Coliseum distinctly felt and indicated."

Then we must look at Florence from Fiesole, and "the broken bridge at Narni," with its wonderfully painted water ("a more lovely study of water surface does not exist"), containing under its ruined arch an entire miniature picture. How often has Mr. Ruskin pointed this out to me with the aid of a powerful lens, without which it was impossible to see the full beauty of such art. Then we come to a lovely drawing of the curious little lake of Nemi containing in the middle distance the famous summer residence of the Popes, Castel Gondolfo, the extreme distance looking towards Terracina. "This," says its owner, "is the 'loveliest drawing of the series,'" which he has called "Dreamland, Italy."

Mr. Ruskin's chief favourite among this particular collection is a beautiful finished water colour of the "Falls of Terni"; the curling of the water through the rocks in this picture is a perfect masterpiece of drawing, as the rainbow reflection in the fall itself is of painting—"for pure painting of light and mist, I know nothing like it."

All the drawings referred to so far, with one exception, belong to Turner's serious, sober period, beautifully distinct and absolutely faithful; an exception should be made of the ruin of Goldau, where one may see a foreshadowing of his more extravagant later work, here stopping short at what may be called imaginative work. "Turner's love of truth was stern

and patient as Dante's, so that when over these great capacities —truth and beauty—come the shadows of despair, the wreck is infinitely sterner."

Before leaving this enchanting treasure-house we have to see the "Liber Studiorum"; a complete set of Turner's beautiful mezzotint plates engraved with his own hand, for description of which I may refer the reader to the last volume of "Modern Painters," which gives their meaning fully. The beautiful and celebrated collection of birds by H. S. Marks, R.A., and lovely sketches of Albert Goodwin's have also shelves or drawers allotted to them; besides which, there are the exquisite drawings of Miss Alexander reproduced in the "Roadside Songs of Tuscany," about which Mr. Ruskin has written so much, and his very choice collection of Miss Kate Greenway's dainty fancies, in which we find every possible shape little people can take contributing youthful homage to the great Master who loves them well.

But as there is still much to see in the rest of the house, with sorrowful steps the study must be left. Few people in youth, or for that matter in age, could have felt otherwise than that their minds had been lifted to the wonderful in nature and in art, and to the idea of true greatness therein, as he would have it, by a visit to the study of John Ruskin; though such a visit as I have endeavoured to describe is the result of selections made from those of fifteen years rolled into one, and only possible on paper.

Ascending the staircase, which has for ornament a magnificent Tintoret, we open the second door on the left, which is the Professor's bedroom, if such it should be called; it certainly holds a bed, but otherwise, "picture gallery" would be a much more applicable term. It contains twenty-one masterpieces by the man of whose work its owner says, "I spent the strongest ten years of my life in endeavouring to show the excellence of the man I believed—and rightly believed—to be the greatest painter of the schools of England since Reynolds." The room is small, commanding the same fine view of Coniston as the study, which it is immediately above; at one end is a well-stored book-case, containing many modern books one would hardly expect to see as Ruskin's choice; among them a very fair flavouring of the French novel, but Mr. Ruskin is nothing, if not Catholic in his tastes, and they are all the more valuable in consequence. Everywhere else glitter the Turners, and really

the effect is almost dazzling as you enter the room, with its delicate yet brilliant colouring, set one and all in the Ruskin carved frames made without a joint from one piece of tested, beautiful wood. Many of these gems are known to the public from exhibitions at various times and places. One of the most beautiful is that of Salisbury Cathedral with a storm sweeping over the plain; the sky is of unsurpassable beauty in its effect of "fast-flying storm and following sunbeams," a great sunbeam breaking from the clouds and resting on the cathedral, suggesting its right importance as a "light to lighten the darkness," while a lesser gleam touches the top of a village spire in the distance; "April weather," and its soft clouds and gentle beams are entirely within the scope of Turner's enchantment and arrest. The picture altogether is in his very finest style, and described at length in "Modern Painters." In contrast to it is the Pass of St. Gotthard, a somewhat wild dream, but, if once one has been enabled to follow the suggestions of such pictures, as taught by Ruskin, I am not sure that they do not possess greater interest than those which win the admiration of any uninitiated observer. These drawings, their great unraveller has told us, must be looked upon as phases of the wonderful mind which may be studied through them; they do not contain that execution or worship of beauty which we have recognized in many others, but nevertheless, Ruskin's criticism upon the "Zug," the "St. Gotthard," and "Goldau," is as follows: "Done passionately, and somewhat hastily as drawing near the end. Nevertheless, I would not take the rest of the collection put together for them . . . . he is not showing his hand in these, but his heart."

Which of the two master-minds, connected for all ages, really works its magic on the beholder is a fair question, impossible to the writer to answer, whom, personally, these later pictures have affected most; but is it the pictures themselves, or his thoughts, his teaching, always connected with them? he who has found in them, "absolute truth of passion, and truth of memory, and sincerity of endeavour"? At any rate it is safe to say that Turner's later pictures, viewed without Ruskin's light upon them, would be a closed book to all; with it, they are rainbows of light, full of mystic, visionary wonder.

Here also is the famous Coblentz—"there is nothing in painter's work of any time more exquisite"—and the beautiful Bolton Abbey, analysed at length in "Modern Painters;" it contains

glorious rock-drawing and beautiful dark-flowing water, with trees drooping over it; Turner's well-beloved fisherman making one feel that his appreciation of the scene was not only the artist's but the angler's; as Mr. Arthur Severn said, "no one but a fisherman—not even Turner—could have painted that rod!"

All these water-colours, with very slight exception—and there are many many more—remain in absolute perfection; hardly any fading, of which we have heard so much in connection with water-colour drawings lately, is visible; their colours are as delicate and as brilliant as the day they left the painter's brush; most of them at Brantwood directly facing the light, and being exposed to it to no ordinary extent.

Standing amid this wealth of beauty, one cannot help thinking of the first picture which laid the foundation of such a noble gathering, when years ago Mr. Ruskin's father gave him, "not for a beginning of a Turner collection, but for a specimen of Turner's work, which was all—as it was supposed—I should ever need or aspire to possess—the Richmond bridge, Surrey." Mr. Ruskin goes on to tell us what an event its acquisition was in the family, and describes it as remarkable for the quantity of Turnerian subject and character united in this single specimen: "it had trees, architecture, water, a lovely sky and clustered bouquet of lovely figures . . . . a more wonderful or instructive piece of composition I could not have had by me; nor was I ever weary of trying to analyse it." It is characteristic of the man, that Ruskin's many jewels have never made one less valuable to him, and he has kept all his life an equal pleasure in the possession of each of his more lately-acquired treasures, which he has described regarding the first Turner that belonged to him.

Yet two more interesting portraits claim attention before leaving the house, to wander about the lovely moorland and woodland paths, with which Brantwood is surrounded: they are both in Mrs. Severn's bedroom, and represent Mr. Ruskin's father, and himself in 1857. They are both crayon drawings by George Richmond, the one of Mr. Ruskin showing that the charm of expression, with which those who have only known him in later years are familiar, was equally present in youth. The likeness altogether still remains remarkable, and to its owner, Mrs. Severn, this portrait is a priceless possession: a beautiful recent engraving has been done from it by Holl, of which I am glad to possess a print.

"Now you must come all over the gardens, or you won't have half seen Brantwood," says Mrs. Severn, the best and kindest of cicerones; this was on my red-letter day, so far back in the dark ages, that I only like to think of the day, not at all of the distance of time that has intervened! Since then, either in company or alone, I have wandered many times over the lovely Brantwood paths, most of them cut out of the wood by Mr. Ruskin himself, "where views of exceeding splendour and beauty are commanded in all lights," until every footstep has some pleasant memory. First, we will go to the Fairfield Seat, (the "show" walk at Brantwood, for those who cannot mount the moor) in spring-time, walking there through a perfect mist of hyacinths "opening in flakes of blue fire," an easy, pleasant ascent among woods, from which you come out quite suddenly upon a most gorgeous mountain view. Straight in front of you Helvellyn and Fairfield rear their mighty heads; nearer come Raven Craggs, Yewdale "with its grey rocks cushioned with heather up to their summits," and Weatherlam, while the lake and its peaceful little village lies at our feet.

The grandeur of the hills contrasting with the peace of the valley, has no more favoured point from which they may be seen, but those who can, will not be content without a further climb on to the little moor just above the house, as I saw it last. A mass of heather and bracken, mingled with the late wild raspberries and strawberries which abound at Brantwood: the things this little moor grows by nature, and still further has been made to grow by art, would make a long story! I must be content to tell of the juniper and dog roses clustering everywhere, and mount a little higher by the path which leads over into the Grisedale Valley, when we suddenly find ourselves in a cherry orchard! Mr. Ruskin agrees to keep this orchard for the benefit of the birds who are his tenants, for there are seldom cherries to be found there except by themselves; they look upon an orchard in such a position as their own by right of soaring, and succeed easily in keeping possession of their stronghold.

Still, in the middle of high moorland ground, there *is* an orchard and *was* a field of corn, which for some years grew there, the result of much labour and cost. Mr. Ruskin tried hard to show that such places could be utilized here after the manner of the Swiss, but he did not sufficiently take into his calculation the price of labour in England, and so the experiment failed, rather to the joy of his friends, who think there

is enough utility in England already; and [though a corn-field being cut without steam may be "an entirely beautiful sight," such a moor as Brantwood is more lovely still, left to its heather, its little brown boggy bits, and its lovely wild flowers.

Winding down the hill and a short distance through the wood, is Ruskin's own garden. Here the Professor permits no other toil than his own, and, if some day Mrs. Severn slips in with a gardener she knows she has done a naughty thing, and trembles accordingly. A sudden little green cultivated place in the middle of tall nutwood, which in spring is full of daffodils and cherry blossoms, with the hum of bees and the distant ripple of the lake, such is the spot Mr. Ruskin has chosen especially for his own, and many an hour has he walked up and down its sunny paths, worked in its plots, or sat in that dearly-loved corner seat, where a peep of the silver lake below reflects the sunshine above. He who has taught us that "the noblest human life was appointed to be led by the cattle-field and in the garden" is prouder of his toil here, than of his making of great books and renown.

The return to the house is through a terraced garden, past a famous potting-shed, so built as to admit a natural waterfall to take its course down one wall—a shed which adjoins the new part of Brantwood, at one period nearly stopped in course of building, because, as its owner told the astonished local mason, "it was hard that the author of the 'Stones of Venice' could not have the stones of his own house placed as he wished!" An amusing story in connection with this same mason is told of Mr. Ruskin. The man required an advance of money connected with the building, which Mr. Ruskin gave him, and then held out the paper for him to sign the receipt. A great deal of hesitation and embarrassment ensued, somewhat to Mr. Ruskin's surprise, as he knows a north countryman a great deal too well to expect embarrassment from him. At last the man said in dialect, "Ah mun put ma mark!" He could not write. Mr. Ruskin rose at once, stretched out both hands to the astonished rustic, with the words "I am proud to know you. Now I understand why you are such an entirely good workman." A somewhat rough criticism on education, but oftentimes a very true one.

From the garden a peep at the harbour, at the bottom of a little paddock, must be taken, built, as is well known, by devoted Oxford undergraduates for their beloved Master. Rumour has it that our friend the local mason had some hand in its completion, but any way there it is, truly and firmly built, and in it, among

other craft, is the "Jumping Jenny," a boat of Mr. Ruskin's own design, and christened after her of "Redgauntlet" fame,—a good boat and a very safe one, doing credit alike to her great designer and the local joiner who carried out his plans. The last time I was in the "Jumping Jenny" was alone with the Professor rowing, and I remember well, he talked of Byron's poetry in his own beautiful fashion. We both loved it, and said so, in these days when literary fashion scoffs at it somewhat. No Englishman has ever expressed passion as Byron did; Swinburne's is an almighty force of passion, but Byron's is the warmth of a southern temperament which hardly realizes its own exceptional quality. All this, and much more, occupied a journey across the lake to the "Thwaite," the "Jump" acquitting herself manfully, bearing in mind that, as she carries waves and stars all over her shining bows, the arms of Sir Francis Drake, navigator, so she must act up to the grandeur of her proud escutcheon.

To any one who has followed this little history of the contents and surrounding of Brantwood, its life will not be difficult to realize. Interesting employment both for out-doors and in-doors alike is amply provided, and in addition to this, its inhabitants safely preserve a rare gift of entertaining—entertaining in the true sense of the word, not a succession of more or less fatiguing festivities which seem often to weary both host and guest, but the entertainment of brilliant conversation, of story, of joke, of incident, so that never for a moment flags the pleasure of the day, when it is pleasure's hour; but be it remembered, Brantwood is a home of work, not play; work, pursued earnestly both in the study and the studio. Perhaps not a little of the charm of the place is derived from help given and interest shown in the work of its guests, be that what it may. Given the morning to work, and perchance to study of its art treasures, the afternoon to delightful wanderings by moor or lake, the evening to conversation, music, a novel, moonlight boating, or, equally fascinating, sailing the lake on a stormy night, and the exterior life at Brantwood is before you. The interior life is for those who have known it only. To this belong the words, the looks, the deeds of kindness, which go to form memory's golden store for ever.

And now, before quitting a place, always most unwillingly left for many reasons, it behoves one to remember that the reader's question may not unnaturally be, "as much has been told here of the privacy of home surroundings, what manner of man is he

intimately, who has consecrated so much by his publicly-known gifts?"

Ruskin has, without reserve, told the world in the preface to "Sesame and Lilies" "what I am; since I take upon myself the function of a teacher it is well that the reader should know as far as I can tell him. Not an unjust person; not an unkind one; not a false one; a lover of order, labour, and peace. Yet if any one, skilled in reading the torn manuscripts of the human soul, cares for more intimate knowledge of me, he may have it by knowing with what persons in past history I have most sympathy. I will name three."

The three men named are Guido Guinicelli, Marmontel, and Swift; from this Ruskin argues resemblance between his own character and certain points in that of each of them; Guido for strength and depth, Marmontel for thoughts of things and people, and Swift for "enforced and accidental temper." This, though possibly a full character of himself, needs more unravelling than most people have the courage to undertake; comprehension of it being only possible after minute and conscientious study of the three characters of which he considers his own a compound; and even after this were done, it may be questioned whether any one can sketch their own character truly. At any rate, as far as I have been able to realize the characters of the three men referred to, it seems to me that Mr. Ruskin has overlooked some of his own most valued and attractive attributes in their selection; also, it is my special wish to draw attention to one or two points of character which seem to me often omitted by those who, in many respects, have studied himself and his work, in a way I can lay no claim to having done.

First, the wonderful reverence which he has always had for the least object or matter which seems to him part of God's scheme in connection with earth or heaven: a mind whose religion is not confined to prayers or praises, though these are not lacking, but exists in the air he breathes and the ground upon which he walks. It will not be easily possible to find a more eminently religious, reverent mind than his, *by nature*—that is, by the gift of God; holding a theology plainly set forth, in the teaching of Divine Love, to be found in that marvellous passage concluding "Queen's Gardens," which commences "at the garden of *that* gate He is always waiting," and again in the introduction to "Sesame and Lilies," "believe me, then, the only right principle of action

here, is to consider good and evil as acquired by our natural sense of both, and to strive to promote one and to conquer the other, with as hearty endeavour as if there were, indeed, no other world than this . . . . The God-given passion of Humanity which alone can recognize what God has made good."

To pass to smaller but equally characteristic matters. The great simplicity of life, and indeed of character in everyday existence, is another thing which all his friends have known and valued in Ruskin; the children's pleasures are his; no one, however insignificant, enters the house without receiving a "thankful hearing" and attention from him. Here then lies the essence of true and courteous hospitality. No one is ever permitted for a moment to feel "out of it;" never is conversation so arranged that any one present may not take an interested share in it; for to draw out the ideas of the least talkative among his guests, and to make him or her a personality among the rest, has always seemed to be Mr. Ruskin's special and graceful care. No wonder that in his home he is loved, as it is rarely the lot of man to be; no wonder that a simple, courteous, kindly example of life, has made the mental atmosphere of Brantwood as fresh, bright, and genuine as its own pure mountain air; no wonder, that to those who know it now, it is a painful impossibility to think of the place as it must be, when his great spirit shall have fled.

But, after all, such as these are selfish repinings; what is greatest of Ruskin will be always with us; to instruct, to help, to point out beauty, to hallow all he has loved, to sanctify his written words. Of Dante and Milton he told us long ago, "There are none who for earnestness of thought, for mastery of word can be classed with these;" at least one other great name shall join the goodly company, of whom no truer words than these, his own, can be spoken, and that name is—John Ruskin.

A. M. WAKEFIELD.

MARCIA.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "THIRLBY HALL," &c.

CHAPTER XLI.

SIR GEORGE AS A DIPLOMATIST.

IN times of emergency people who usually pass for being rather weak and silly, are apt to astonish their betters, and Marcia's behaviour earned her golden opinions from the doctor and Mortimer when they arrived at her villa with their helpless charge. She was very pale, but she evidently realized that, if she was to be of any use, she must keep her nerves under control, and she did what she was told to do quietly and silently. Also she and Lady Wetherby had made such preparations as were necessary; so that the patient was very soon placed under conditions as favourable to his recovery as any conditions could be.

The doctor, however, declined to commit himself to any statement as to the probability of recovery. "It is very natural that you should ask me the question, my dear madam," he said to Marcia, not unkindly, "and you are so composed and sensible that I would willingly tell you the truth if I knew it. Only it is quite impossible for me or anybody else to know it yet. I should like, if you please, to have a second opinion; but I must warn you that at the best you will have to make up your mind to some days of uncertainty. That much is inevitable."

Nevertheless, the result of the consultation which was held that evening was, upon the whole, satisfactory, and when, on the following morning, her son began to show signs of returning consciousness, Marcia, for one, felt sure that he would live. Certainly, if careful nursing can keep life in a man, Willie had every chance given to him; for nothing could have exceeded his mother's patient and unwearied devotion. Neither by day nor by night could she be persuaded to leave his bedside; she

seemed able to dispense with sleep; she displayed a marvellous intuitive knowledge of all that he wanted; and when by slow degrees his reason came back to him, she was more than rewarded by his helpless reliance upon her and by the faint smile which from time to time gave evidence of his gratitude. She felt that her boy was once more hers and hers alone. Of course he would get well and strong again; and then, perhaps, remembering these dark days, he would understand what apparently he had not altogether understood of late, that her love for him had never suffered change or diminution.

Perhaps it was because they knew him to be in such admirable and competent hands that his friends at Malton Lodge abstained from calling personally at the house. They sent every day to inquire how he was going on, and received replies which presumably contented them. At any rate, they were not missed by Marcia, while Willie, for his part, was too weak and confused to think at all. He had no recollection of the accident; he realized very little more than that he was ill and desperately tired, and that his mother was taking care of him. When at length he was pronounced out of danger and could talk for a few minutes at a time, and when the pain in his head became less wearing, he began to enjoy this irresponsible, irreflective, dependent sort of existence, which was very much like a return to childhood. He asked no questions; he was perfectly satisfied to lie there and be nursed and kissed and made comfortable. Only he was dimly aware of being on the old terms with his mother, which was perhaps as great a source of happiness to him as to her.

But naturally such a state of things could not last, and one day, while Marcia was sitting beside him, waiting patiently for him to open his eyes, he said: "Tell me all about it, mother. Have I had brain fever, or what has it been?"

"No, dear; you have had an accident," Marcia answered; "but we needn't talk about it yet."

"I want to know, though," he returned, with something of the petulance which belongs to convalescence. "I can't remember any accident. We are at Torquay, aren't we?—and I have no horses here."

"It wasn't a hunting accident," Marcia explained; "you were hurt on board Mr. Mortimer's yacht. I can't tell you exactly what happened, because I haven't seen Laura Wetherby since she came to break the news to me, and I didn't pay very

much attention to what she said at the time; but I think it was the mast, or a bit of the mast, that was broken off by the wind and fell upon you. Really people ought not to have such flimsy masts!"

"Or such flimsy skulls," Willie suggested, smiling.

He resumed, after a pause: "I think I am beginning to get hold of it now. I went out sailing with them, and we had to put back because Lady Wetherby was sea-sick, wasn't that it?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Marcia; "I didn't ask for particulars. All they told me was that you had been more than half killed; and there's no harm in my saying now that you have been very near death. Oh, my own dear Willie, if you only knew how thankful I am, and how frightened I have been!"

For the first time during his illness she broke down and burst into tears. Willie also had tears in his eyes, which, considering his weak state of health, did not, perhaps, disgrace his manhood; and, naturally enough, the current of his ideas was diverted by the embraces and assurances of mutual love which, as a matter of course, followed. But currents which have been diverted return inevitably in the long run to their original set; so that an interval of twenty minutes or so sufficed to bring the invalid back to the point of inquiring: "Have you any news to give me about Lady Evelyn?"

Marcia drew back at once and her voice changed. "I suppose you want to know whether she is going to marry that man or not," said she. "I haven't heard anything about it; but I should think she would marry him. Would you care so very much if she did?"

Willie made no reply for several moments; but at last he said: "I hope she won't. I can't believe that she is really fond of him."

"That means that you are fond of her. I was afraid of it, and I am very, very sorry that it is so. Oh, Willie, how can you be so foolish! The girl is neither pretty, nor nice, nor—nor anything! If she has encouraged you, that is only because she is greedy of admiration, as almost all girls are. But what is the use of talking? I should never convince you that I care a thousand times more for your little finger than she does for your whole body. Parents give and children take—that is one of the unalterable laws of nature, no doubt."

In all probability it is; yet some parents give more than others and some children are exceptionally grateful. Willie, at

all events, was not insensible to his mother's loving care of him, nor was he disposed to cavil at the somewhat unreasonable form which her affection seemed to be taking. He had always understood her pretty well, and although he himself was not of a jealous temperament, he could make allowance for those who were otherwise constituted.

"It is quite possible to love more than one person at a time," he said quietly. "One loves different people in different ways, I suppose; but I know I shall never love anybody in the world in just the same way as I love you, mother. At one time I did think that you had forgotten me; but I shan't think so again, you may be sure. As for Lady Evelyn, she never gave me any encouragement at all; she was friendly and nothing more. I shall be sorry if she marries Mortimer, because, as I tell you, I don't believe she is really fond of him; but I am certain that she has not for one moment dreamt of marrying me."

"So am I," Marcia declared, rather cruelly. "Still you don't deny that you have dreamt of marrying her."

Everybody, surely, has a right to his dreams, however preposterous these may be, and Willie was about to put in a plea to that effect, when a knock at the door called his mother away.

While this colloquy—which, it must be admitted, was hardly of a nature to soothe the nerves of a convalescent—had been going on, another had been taking place downstairs between Mr. Archdale and a very unexpected visitor. Poor Archdale had had a bad time of it since his stepson's accident. No attention whatever had been bestowed upon his personal comfort; his existence had been virtually ignored, and the quality of the dinners set before him had deteriorated in a most heartrending manner. He had made no complaint—partly, no doubt, because he had had nobody but Flossie to complain to—but he did feel that he was being rather hardly used, and he trusted that, as soon as Willie's broken head should be healed, the young man would see the propriety of taking himself off. Hospitality, after all, does not mean the keeping of a private hospital.

Now it came to pass that, just as he was inwardly debating whether it would not be right and kind to address a few lines to Blaydon Hall and to give other people a chance of helping to nurse the sick man, a card was brought to him which seemed quite like an answer to his unspoken prayer. He had not imagined that avuncular solicitude would bring Sir George

Brett all the way down to Torquay; but, since such was apparently the case, he congratulated himself and hurried out into the hall to extend a warm welcome to the new-comer.

"I am delighted to see you, Sir George," said he. "It is many years since we last met."

Sir George, who was holding his hat and stick in his right hand, may have thought that it would be rude to offer his left to Mr. Archdale. At all events he abstained from doing so and answered curtly: "Yes, a good many years. Is it true that my nephew is lying in this house in a critical condition?"

"Please come in and sit down," said Archdale. "No, I believe that your nephew's condition is no longer considered to be critical, though he has had a narrow squeak for it. I suspect that for the first two days the doctors thought it was all up with him; but he has turned the corner now, and perhaps a change of air, as soon as he is fit to travel——"

"I must say," observed Sir George, who had remained standing, "that I think a most extraordinary want of consideration has been shown for his aunt and myself. It was by mere chance that I heard of his accident through a paragraph in a weekly newspaper. Pray, sir, would you have thought it necessary to inform me of the circumstance if my nephew had died?"

"Undoubtedly I should," replied Archdale urbanely; "indeed, to tell you the truth, I was just thinking of writing to you when your card was given to me. I quite feel that you are entitled to an apology, though perhaps not from me personally, because I am a mere cipher in this house, and, as I have scarcely seen my wife since that unlucky day, I have had no means of knowing what has been done or left undone. Do sit down."

Sir George deposited himself upon a chair with an air of protest and reluctance. He hated holding any parley with this man; but he had had a long journey and a terrible fright, and he was beginning to feel very tired. He said: "I should like to see my nephew for a few minutes. There is no objection to my doing so, I presume?"

"None whatever, that I am aware of," answered Archdale. "I'll ring and tell somebody to let my wife know that you are here. Meanwhile, you'll have some tea or—or a brandy and soda or something, won't you?"

Sir George rather stiffly declined any refreshment, but said he would be glad to hear a more detailed account of the

accident than had come to his knowledge through the press. He was not, of course, told of one incident connected therewith which would have given him unfeigned satisfaction, because no revelation upon that delicate subject had been made to his informant; yet, while he listened, his features relaxed, for he was thinking to himself that worse luck may befall a diffident suitor than to be half killed before the eyes of the beloved one. He did not care to put more queries than he could help to Mr. Archdale, nor did he gratify that ill-used personage by intimating any intention of removing his nephew from the premises; but when he was conducted upstairs and encountered Marcia upon the landing, he unbent so far as to shake hands with her.

"I confess, Mrs. Archdale," said he, "that I am amazed at your having neglected to communicate with me either by telegram or letter; still it is, I suppose, possible that this may have been due as much to anxiety and preoccupation as to heartlessness, and I feel that we owe you some thanks for your careful nursing of our poor boy."

He really meant to be gracious to a woman whom he disliked; but, as may be imagined, his words were not relished by Marcia, who flushed angrily.

"He is *not* your poor boy," she returned, "and I don't want to be thanked by anybody for having nursed my own son. As for my not having written to you, I was under the impression that you had refused to hold any communication with us."

"Ordinary rules do not apply to extraordinary circumstances," observed Sir George. "However, we will let that pass. Perhaps you will allow me to see Willie for a few minutes. I will not remain with him longer than you may think advisable in his present state."

So moderate a request could scarcely be refused, though Marcia would fain have refused it. She said: "You can go in for five minutes, if you like; but he ought not to talk much, and I hope you will be very careful to say nothing that could excite or distress him."

Glancing at his watch, Sir George gave the required promise. Whatever may have been his shortcomings, he always kept his word, and precisely upon the expiration of the time allowed him, he emerged from the sick-room and rejoined Marcia, who, by dint of a vigorous call upon her reserve powers of generosity and self-control, had waited for him outside. He was so kind as

to express once more the sentiments of gratitude which had already offended her.

"From what Willie has told me, and from what I myself have seen," said he, "I am convinced that nothing more could have been done for him than has been done. He is now, I hope, well advanced on the road towards recovery, and I shall lose no time in telegraphing to his aunt, who, as you will understand, is very anxious. I may possibly call again to-morrow morning; but in any case I shall leave this by the afternoon express."

He then bowed ceremoniously and withdrew, leaving it to be inferred that, the circumstances having ceased to be extraordinary, he saw no reason for offering his hand a second time to a lady with whom he did not wish to be upon speaking terms.

Marcia drew a long breath of relief when she heard the front door close behind him; for she had been in mortal terror lest he should have come to insist upon Willie's removal to Blaydon, and she had prepared herself for a struggle whence she had hardly expected to issue victorious. But, as things had fallen out, it seemed that there was little danger of her maternal privileges being infringed. "After all," she reflected, rather shabbily, "I suppose neither he nor Caroline want to be burdened with an invalid. All they want is an heir, and I'm sure I don't grudge them that. On the contrary, I should be only too delighted if they would take themselves off and make room for him!"

Sir George, for his part, went away pretty well satisfied. He had honourably refrained from agitating his nephew; but he had thought it permissible to put certain questions with reference to Lady Evelyn, and the answers which he had received had been of a nature to render his own proper course of action quite clear to him. That, of itself, is always a source of legitimate satisfaction to the single-minded; so that he returned to his hotel feeling far more at ease than he had been on leaving it, and, after having despatched a reassuring telegram to Lady Brett, dined and slept well.

Now, the course of action as to the propriety of which Sir George was so decided was one which many people might consider a trifle audacious; but not many people are blessed with the comprehensive knowledge of the world and its inhabitants which Sir George Brett possessed. It was therefore

without any misgivings that he ordered a fly on the ensuing morning and had himself driven up to Malton Lodge; nor was he at all surprised when the private interview with Lady Wetherby which he demanded was accorded to him. "She knows well enough what has brought me here," he thought to himself complacently, as he sat down and awaited her ladyship's entrance.

As a matter of fact, Lady Wetherby had not the faintest idea of what the man wanted. She came in presently and said how glad she had been to hear favourable reports of Willie's condition; after which she looked politely interrogative. Sir George, who was before all things a man of business, came to the point at once.

"I do not wish to appear too abrupt, Lady Wetherby," he began; "but I have not much time at my disposal, and I must beg you to excuse me if I don't beat about the bush. The long and the short of it is that this nephew of mine is desperately smitten with your daughter. I daresay that is no news to you. Well, then you will naturally ask what are his means and prospects, and I am ready to give you the fullest and most candid information."

Sir George accordingly went into figures, of which the magnitude was sufficiently imposing, and wound up by asking: "Now, what do you say, Lady Wetherby? Are you with me so far?"

Lady Wetherby looked, as she felt, a good deal perplexed. She had had no explanation with her daughter; she did not know whether Evelyn was conscious of having made that involuntary and incriminating ejaculation on board the yacht; she could not even tell for certain whether it had been overheard by Mr. Mortimer, who was still in Torquay, but whose attentions had undoubtedly become less marked since the day of the accident. Her impression, however, was that her pet scheme was doomed to failure: added to which, she desired nothing more ardently than her daughter's happiness—provided always that that result could be achieved by reasonable methods. Personally, she did not think that Willie Brett was quite well born enough to be her son-in-law; still, if he was the man of Evelyn's choice and if he was to have all that money, she would not feel justified in turning her back upon him. To these conflicting sentiments she eventually gave utterance with much ingenuousness, admitting that she had noticed Willie's attachment to her daughter, but

making no secret of the obstacles which she saw in the way of the proposed match.

"I am not at all sure that my son would approve of it," said she; "I cannot answer in any way for Evelyn herself, and, for my own part, I will tell you frankly that I have had other views——"

"Yes, yes; I know all about that," interrupted Sir George without ceremony; "but I am not going to admit that Willie is this Mr. Mortimer's inferior. In point of pedigree he may be below him; but that doesn't count for a great deal in these days, and after what I have told you, you will perceive that he will be a considerably more wealthy man—subject, that is, to conditions which I will specify presently. May I take it that, if my nephew cannot count upon your support, he can count at least upon your neutrality?"

That word seemed to describe Lady Wetherby's mental attitude correctly enough, and she signified her assent. "But I hope you understand," said she, "that the decision rests with my daughter, not with me. I have always thought that she had a right to choose for herself and that I should have no right to thwart her, unless she chose a man of bad character or one whose means were insufficient."

"Exactly so," agreed Sir George approvingly—for in truth this was just what he had wanted Lady Wetherby to say. "Well, I don't think you will find a better or steadier young man in England than my nephew, and I have told you what his means will probably be. It now only remains for me to state my conditions, which I hope you will consider justifiable. Mrs. Archdale, I know, is an old friend of yours, so I will say nothing against her; but as regards her husband, I am entitled to say behind his back what I should not hesitate to say to his face: namely, that he is an idle spendthrift and that I do not mean him to live in luxury upon his stepson for the rest of his days. He, or his wife—it doesn't much matter which—has already borrowed money of Willie, and if that sort of thing is not nipped in the bud it is sure to go on and increase. Consequently, I have told Willie—and what I have said I shall stick to—that any future loan made by him to his mother will entail the loss of every penny that he would otherwise inherit at my death, and I may add that it would entail the forfeiture of the very handsome allowance that I propose to make to him upon his marriage."

"And did he agree to that?" inquired Lady Wetherby, a little taken back.

"I can't say that he did. He is not wanting in common sense; but he is young and does not know the value of money. Moreover, he is fond of his mother—having seen nothing of her since he was a child."

"I don't think we can fairly blame him for being fond of his mother," observed Lady Wetherby, laughing.

"It isn't a question of praise or blame; it is a question of whether he is to be allowed to make a fool of himself or not. It is also a question of whether he is to be allowed to make a fool of me, and to that I am ready with a decisive reply. I can devote my money to more useful purposes than the maintenance of the Archdale family."

"Well, but," objected Lady Wetherby, "if he won't make a promise which I really doubt whether I should make if I were in his place, what is to be done?"

"Simply this," answered Sir George: "he must be given to understand that unless he complies with my conditions, he may as well give up all hope of ever winning Lady Evelyn. He will not throw his mother overboard to please me or to get my money: as I tell you, he is young and, in some respects, foolish. But throwing the girl whom he loves overboard will be quite another matter. I merely wish to be able to tell him upon your authority that you will not consent to your daughter's marriage with a pauper, and in telling him so I shall not exceed the limits of truth, I believe?"

"It is true that I do not think Evelyn would be happy as the wife of a poor man," answered Lady Wetherby slowly. "At the same time, I do not quite like threatening him with such a severe punishment for doing what I suppose we all feel that our children ought to do for us. I know very little about Marcia Archdale's circumstances; but they may be worse than I imagined. Suppose she were to fall into a state of absolute destitution?"

"My dear madam," answered Sir George, "her husband can support her perfectly well if he chooses to work; but he won't work unless he is driven to it. That is the long and the short of the whole matter. As for me, I am an old man; I cannot expect to live for more than another ten years, though I may reasonably expect to live as long, and it is hardly possible for me to place restrictions upon the spending of my fortune after

my death. But in ten years' time Willie will know a good deal more than he knows now. For the present I must be firm. I have put my terms before you: may I ask whether they meet with your approval?"

"I don't think I can say any more than I have said," Lady Wetherby replied, after a moment of consideration. "It is my duty to insist, so far as I can, upon adequate provision being made for my daughter; but any understanding that may be entered into between you and your nephew is your concern. I would rather not be mixed up in it."

"That is enough," Sir George declared. "I feel that my position is now very greatly strengthened, and I will not trespass any farther upon your time."

He added some formal words of thanks and withdrew, quite pleased with the diplomatic ability which he believed himself to have displayed. If the lever which he now held under his hand was not powerful enough to jerk that young man clean out of the rut of mistaken filial sentiment, why then the young man must be such a consummate fool that no sane person would dream of leaving him a fortune.

CHAPTER XLII.

MORTIMER TAKES LEAVE.

Sir George went straight off to demand a farewell interview with his nephew, which Marcia, who received him, willingly sanctioned. If all he wanted was to say good-bye, he might do that, and welcome. She would doubtless have shown herself less amenable had she divined the true nature of his errand; but, little though she liked her brother-in-law, she did not give him credit for such malignant ingenuity as was implied in his present system of tactics, and of course it was none of his business to enlighten her. But with Willie Sir George was quite straightforward and plain-spoken.

"Now, my boy," said he briskly, as he seated himself by the bedside, with a hand on each knee, "I've brought you a piece of good news which will do more for you than all the doctor's tonics, I hope. I've just been having a little talk with Lady Wetherby about your love-affairs, and I'm glad to tell you that she agrees with me in thinking you a very eligible suitor for her daughter's hand."

Willie's large eyes, which looked unnaturally large now that his face had become so pale and thin, grew larger still, and a sudden light leapt into them. "Did she really say that?" he asked breathlessly.

"Why in the world shouldn't she, you silly fellow? I told her what your prospects were, I told her what I was prepared to do for you on your marriage, and, like a sensible woman as she is, she admitted that you are not the sort of fish that one lands and then throws back into the water. In point of fact, she took precisely the view which I was sure that she would take. Upon the understanding that you are to be my heir you may pay your addresses to Lady Evelyn; but not otherwise. I explained to her that you would certainly be my heir, subject to the one condition that you know of. Under the circumstances, I hope and believe that you will see the absolute necessity of complying with that condition; but I don't wish to argue about it. I prefer to leave the matter in your hands, only assuring you that neither Lady Wetherby nor I can alter our decision."

Willie, for his part, had no inclination to argue. His brain still worked feebly, and just now it was fully occupied with the amazing fact that Lady Wetherby had consented upon any terms to hear of him as a wooer.

"I can't understand it," he said, after a pause. "Has Lady Evelyn refused Mortimer, then? Did you see her?"

"Oh, no," answered Sir George, laughing; "I can deal with old ladies, but you must undertake the young ones. I didn't inquire whether Mr. Mortimer had been refused or not; but it is evident that he hasn't been accepted, so you may draw your own conclusions from that. I should say that you had nothing to do but to get well as quickly as you can and then go in and win. Don't you fall into the mistake of undervaluing yourself, young man; Lady Evelyn won't do badly when she marries you, you may depend upon it."

Willie had very little to say in reply to this encouraging assurance, nor did he pay much heed to his uncle's final exhortation, which, when summed up, amounted only to a solemn warning against the folly of quarrelling with one's bread and butter.

"Understand me," Sir George concluded; "I do not ask you to do anything shabby or mean. Such an accident and illness as you have had must necessarily entail considerable expense, and it would not be fair that this should fall upon Mrs. Archdale.

Indeed, I should be very sorry to think that you or I were in any way indebted to her. I have therefore written a cheque in your favour for £200, which ought to be sufficient to pay the doctor and compensate her for any outlay that she may have incurred. If it is not, you can let me know. What I will not permit is that her husband should look upon you as a possible source of income; and the sooner you make that clear to him the better."

After Sir George had taken his departure Willie had leisure to think matters over (for Marcia had been waylaid by her husband, who wanted to know how long this preposterous manner of life was likely to last, and had to be pacified at some expenditure of time and patience). Well, amid so much that was uncertain, there stood out one great and indisputable fact: Lady Wetherby was no longer opposed to his candidature. To what this unexpected change of front might be due, Willie could not conjecture—possible to Mortimer's rejection, possibly to the golden promises held out by his uncle. But, whatever might be its cause, its importance, taken in conjunction with the equally important fact that during all this time Lady Evelyn had not plighted her troth elsewhere, could hardly be overrated. And then, as was but natural, he began to ask himself whether the stipulation imposed upon him was of so unjust a nature that he could not submit to it. He remembered Drake's warning; he himself doubted the abstract wisdom of supplying his lazy step-father with funds; moreover, his own resources would not enable him to do this, except to a very limited extent, while his uncle's would not, of course, be available for such a purpose. Upon the whole, it seemed as if he might very fairly represent that he was fettered by the unalterable decision of others.

However, he said nothing about all this to his mother, who, when she came into the room, was too full of her personal grievances to ask questions.

From that day forward Willie's convalescence proceeded rapidly. He was very eager to get well, very eager for news of his friends at Malton Lodge, and all the more so after he heard from his mother that Lady Wetherby had at last been to call. It did not appear that Lady Wetherby had said anything worthy of record in the course of her visit, and she had not been accompanied by her daughter; still, the mere circumstance that she had walked up to the house was not without significance, and Willie made so bold as to request that when she next came

he might be allowed to see her. For that privilege he waited in vain; but, one mild, sunny morning, when he was lying on his sofa beside the window, which, despite the advanced season of the year, had been thrown open for his benefit, a visitor was announced whom he was almost, if not quite, as glad to see.

"Well, old man," said Mr. Mortimer, shaking him heartily by the hand, "you've had a rough time of it, haven't you? But you're pretty well all right again now, eh?"

"I shall be soon, they tell me," answered Willie; "but I can't walk yet and I am as weak as a cat. Still I believe I'm round the corner. Sit down and tell me the news. What have you been doing with yourself all this long time?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Mortimer. "Playing golf—loafing about—one thing and another. I should have hooked it long ago, only I didn't like to go till I was sure you were out of danger; you see, I feel that I'm in a sort of way responsible for your misfortune, though, goodness knows, I wouldn't have had such a thing happen for a thousand pounds. However, I think I can safely take my ticket now; and in point of fact I've come to say good-bye. I'm off to-morrow morning to do a few weeks of shooting. I hear first-rate accounts from my keeper, I'm glad to say; so I hope to get some fellows down and have a good time."

It was noticeable that his manner was somewhat unnaturally jovial, and that after the first moment he showed a disinclination to look his friend in the face. The latter felt that it was quite out of his power to keep up a conversation upon indifferent topics; so, at the risk of giving offence, he asked presently—

"How have things gone with you, Mortimer?"

"Oh, middling well, thank you," replied the other; "I haven't much to complain of, except an overdose of Torquay. I doubt whether I shall ever revisit this enchanting spot."

"You know what I mean," persisted Willie; "you can't have forgotten what you said to me the day before we went out in the yacht. Has she refused you?"

"Hasn't had the chance, my dear boy. When one is perfectly certain of being refused, one takes the liberty of sparing oneself an unpleasant five minutes. I freely admit that I've been as blind as a bat and as stupid as an owl; but more by good luck than good guidance, I did discover just in time that I might about as well propose to the Empress of China as to

Lady Evelyn. I suppose you knew that all along. Or didn't you know?"

Willie shook his head. "How could I know?" he asked. "I thought she would most likely accept you; only, to tell the truth, I didn't think she was exactly in love with you."

"H'm! that isn't over and above complimentary to her; but you can make her an apology if you like, because, you see, you did her an injustice."

"I suppose I did," said Willie meditatively; "but, as she doesn't know that I was unjust and probably wouldn't care if she did know, I don't think I'll risk the impertinence of an apology. From what she said I gathered that she liked you without being in love with you, and that she considered that sufficient for all intents and purposes. Personally, I can't believe that mere liking is sufficient; and that's why I won't pretend to be sorry for you, Mortimer."

"Have I asked you to be sorry for me?" Mortimer inquired. "I should have been very sorry for myself if she had accepted me only because I am more or less a matrimonial prize; but I am glad to say that I don't believe she ever contemplated anything of the sort. You apparently do."

Willie could not deny that he had so believed. In his own mind he had made many excuses for the girl whom he loved; but he did not feel much inclined to state these by way of excusing himself, and it looked as though a conversation which at the outset had promised to be interesting would not leave him much wiser with regard to Lady Evelyn than he had been before. But Mortimer, after sitting silent for a few moments, startled him by resuming suddenly—

"I say, Brett, I want you to tell me something. You needn't unless you choose; only I took you into my confidence, you know, so it isn't an unpardonable piece of presumption to ask for yours. Are you yourself in love with Lady Evelyn?"

Nobody altogether enjoys answering a question of that kind; but Willie could not help feeling that his questioner was entitled to an honest reply, and this he accordingly gave, getting rather red in the face over it and stammering a good deal. "But I hope you understand," he added, "that I never meant to deceive you. I would have told you the truth before; only I didn't see what possible difference it would make to you. And indeed I don't see now."

"That's all right, old chap," said Mortimer, holding out his

hand with good-humoured magnanimity. "I only wanted to know; I didn't suspect you of having been anything but perfectly straight with me. As you say, your telling me wouldn't have made a bit of difference. I should have proposed all the same, because, to be quite frank, I shouldn't have thought much of your chances. I think a good deal of them now; I think you will get what you want, and — and I'm sincerely glad of it. What's the use of being a dog in the manger? Being out of the hunt oneself isn't a reason for grudging another man his luck, especially when he's a good fellow, as you are."

This was really handsome behaviour, and so Willie thought. He tried, so far as Anglo-Saxon reticence would allow him, to express his appreciation of it, and he also tried, as all of us probably would have done in his place, to find out what reason his friend had for speaking with such confidence. These latter efforts, however, met with no success. Mortimer would only say that he had taken note of certain trifling incidents and had drawn his own deductions therefrom. He was not prepared to reveal, nor in truth could he honourably have revealed, a secret which had been involuntarily betrayed in his presence.

Nevertheless, he was extremely friendly and encouraging; so much so that after a time Willie, taking heart of grace, confided to him the dilemma in which he found himself, owing to the restrictions placed upon him by his uncle, and asked for his advice.

"You see," said he, "it just comes to this: even supposing that you are right and that Lady Evelyn would take me if I asked her, I can't possibly ask her without binding myself down never to lend another sixpence to my mother. I've tried to see my way to making that promise, but the more I think of it the less I like it. It would be too abominably selfish and ungrateful. Now, don't you think it would?"

"Oh, you couldn't do it if your mother were in a condition of penury," Mortimer agreed; "but I should think she was a very long way removed from that. Why, her husband's pictures are worth any amount of money, aren't they?"

"I believe he gets fair prices; but he doesn't seem to paint much, and, as far as I can make out, he spends all that he gets. Of course, if you live beyond your income you must be in trouble, whether your income is large or small."

"Ah, well, that alters the case. You aren't bound to help

Mr. Archdale to live beyond his income, and you certainly aren't bound to ruin yourself in the attempt. It looks to me as if your uncle had pretty well settled the question for you. He says, 'If you won't give me your word not to spend my money in a certain way, you shan't have the money at all.' Well, there you are. If Mrs. Archdale is a rational human being, she'll understand that you would be delighted to accommodate her if you could, but that you can't. Besides, Lady Evelyn has some claim to be considered. I suppose you care more for her than you do for your mother, don't you? At all events, you ought."

Willie nodded assent, though he did not feel entirely satisfied. The advice given to him was just what he, or anybody else, would have given under the circumstances; yet he shrank from acting upon it. To be sure, there was no need for him to take immediate action. The first thing to be done was to ascertain whether he really had any prospect of succeeding with Lady Evelyn, and this Mortimer urged him to do without delay.

"The sooner you are put into a fly or a bath-chair or something and trundled over to Malton Lodge the better," was the opinion of that sage and generous counsellor; "it won't do for you to lie here, fretting yourself to fiddle-strings. Not that there's anything to fret about, because it will be all right, you'll find. Well, good-bye, Brett; we shall meet again one of these days, I hope, but I don't mean to turn up at your wedding. There are some things that one would a little rather hear about than see, you know."

CHAPTER XLIII.

WILLIE BREAKS BOUNDS.

Mortimer, on going downstairs, thought it would be only civil to say good-bye to Mrs. Archdale, who seemed to be somewhat surprised at the news of his impending departure. She said she supposed he would be back again soon, and when he replied that he had no intention of returning, she raised her eyebrows and considerately abstained from putting further questions. There was, however, no reason why she should not question her son, and this she took an early opportunity of doing.

"What does this sudden flight mean?" she asked point-blank.

"Is he running away because he has thought better of it, or has the girl really rejected him? I don't believe she would do that—she is too fully alive to her own interests; because, although Mr. Mortimer doesn't happen to have a title, he is better off than a good many peers, and she is no such great beauty that she can afford to throw away her chances."

But Willie steadily refused to be drawn. Ignorant though he was of the first principles of the art of dissimulation, he at least knew how to hold his tongue, and that useful capability he now exercised; so that his mother could get no more out of him than an admission that Mortimer had told him something.

"But I don't think I ought to repeat what he told me," the young man added ingenuously, "so I'd rather you didn't ask me, please."

He had very sensibly resolved to keep his own counsel for the present. Mortimer, after all, could not possibly know what he professed to be so certain of, nor was it worth while to raise a discussion about circumstances which might never occur. The main thing was to get up sufficient strength for an expedition as far as Malton Lodge; and, aided by this spur to recovery, as well as by the unusual mildness of the autumn weather, he was able in the course of a few days to obtain permission from the doctor to take a short drive in a pony-chair. The next step was to suggest, in an innocent sort of way, an object for that drive, and, as he had anticipated, his suggestion was not immediately accepted by his mother.

"Why should you want to go there?" she inquired suspiciously. "It will tire you very much to walk in and out of the house, and I really don't see what right they have to expect that your first visit should be paid to them. They haven't taken any very great trouble about you all this time, I'm sure. Oh, I know they have sent a servant to ask how you were getting on—they could hardly do less. Laura has only once been to see me, though."

But as Willie averred that he had a fancy for calling upon Lady Wetherby, and as an invalid's fancies must be humoured, she ended by yielding a grudging assent. Perhaps she may have reflected that her presence must necessarily lend a formal and colourless character to the forthcoming interview—a fact of which Willie also was regretfully aware. Still, he could not as yet propose to dispense with his mother's escort, and half a loaf is better than no bread.

Half a loaf, indeed, was all that was vouchsafed to him upon hat occasion; for although both Lady Wetherby and her laughter were at home, and although he was welcomed with io little warmth and kindliness, not a single chance was given iim of exchanging anything but the most commonplace remarks vith the younger lady. Lady Evelyn was not in the drawing-oom when he and his mother were announced; but she entered presently, and whether she was or was not conscious that three pairs of eyes were fixed upon her eagerly and questioningly, she behaved herself in such a manner as to completely baffle their unspoken queries. She was, to all appearance, quite calm and self-possessed; she bestowed a smile and a hearty shake of the hand upon Willie, congratulating him on his restoration to health; after which she sat down beside him and began to talk about the weather, which was certainly warm enough to merit remark.

Now, it is evident that, unless she had been an absolute idiot, she would not have acted in any other way, whatever her secret sentiments might have been; but that did not prevent her mother and Marcia from being puzzled nor Willie from being a little chilled. Not until the moment of his departure did she see fit to raise his spirits in some degree by remarking—

"The next time that you pay us a visit, which will be very soon, I hope, you must try to accomplish the journey on foot. It is really no distance, if you come in by the garden-gate."

"He is quite unfit to walk alone," broke in Marcia, with some asperity, before Willie could make any reply; "nothing would induce me to let him attempt such an impossibility!"

"Oh, it won't be an impossibility much longer," returned Lady Evelyn sweetly. "Besides, there is no need for him to attempt it alone. You can come with him, you know, so as to be prepared to run and catch him if he falls."

Marcia not only thought this an impertinent speech, but was convinced that it was intentionally so—as, to tell the truth, it may have been. As she walked away beside her son's pony-chair she descanted, not for the first time, upon the atrocious manners of "that girl," declaring that she could hardly find it in her heart to pity her for having been jilted by Mr. Mortimer, though of course such experiences must be very mortifying.

"A girl may turn a man's head for a time by throwing herself at it," she remarked, "and she may make him angry or miserable by getting up flirtations with other people; but unless he is a

very foolish man indeed, tactics of that kind will never persuade him to marry her."

Possibly that may be so; but what is a good deal more certain is that no man was ever restrained from marrying by the system of tactics which had apparently recommended itself to Marcia. Nor, for the matter of that, would any conceivable system of tactics have restrained Willie from walking up to Malton Lodge the very first moment that he could trust his legs to carry him thither. Two days later he successfully performed the feat, having, in a most unworthy manner, given his mother the slip in order to do it.

He thought himself very lucky when he approached the lower entrance to Malton Lodge and descried Lady Evelyn pacing up and down the gravel walk which adjoined it, and sunning herself in such warmth as is obtainable on a fine November day in these latitudes; but perhaps if he had been a little more sharp and a little less modest, he might have drawn obvious deductions from the circumstance that Lady Wetherby's garden-gate opened only from the inside. Whether he was expected or not, his arrival called forth no expressions of surprise from the young lady who admitted him, and who remarked laughingly—

"You have broken loose, then? I thought you would."

With a somewhat guilty air, Willie avowed that he had broken bounds. His mother, he explained, did not realize how much stronger he was growing every day, and as he was now quite fit to take care of himself, he had thought it best to avoid needless discussions by the logic of an accomplished fact. He ventured furthermore to remark that one couldn't talk very comfortably when one knew that somebody was listening to every word one said.

Lady Evelyn fully concurred.

"It was only the presence of our respective mothers that kept me from asking you a hundred questions the other day," she observed.

"I shall be delighted to give you a hundred answers now," returned Willie promptly.

She did not really wish for quite so large a number as that; in point of fact, there was but one point which she was specially desirous to have cleared up. This, however, could not be brought forward in a direct fashion, so that it had to be led up to by degrees and was only reached after Willie had taken an

amount of walking exercise of which his mother certainly would not have approved. He was made to give a detailed description of his illness and to state what recollection he had of the accident which had befallen him—whence it appeared that he knew next to nothing about that.

"The last thing that I can remember," said he, "is being told that Lady Wetherby was sea-sick and that we should have to put back. What happened after that I have no idea."

"But of course Mr. Mortimer must have told you," observed Lady Evelyn; "I know he went to say good-bye to you and stayed ever so long."

"Yes, but we didn't talk much about the accident; all I know I heard from my mother, who could only give me a vague account."

"You didn't talk about the accident! How extraordinary of you! I suppose he said something about it, though—how frightened we were, and—and—so forth? We all thought you were dead, you know."

But Willie replied that he had neither asked for nor received any particulars. His face, of which Lady Evelyn could obtain a sufficient view out of the corner of her eye, showed that he was speaking the truth, and, since he did not wish to be cross-examined as to that conversation of his with Mortimer, he was not sorry when she abruptly dropped the subject.

"Come indoors and see mamma," said she. "Then you can rest a little, and if you don't feel equal to the walk back, we'll send for the pony-chair."

Of course he had to obey orders. If he had had no reason so far to be dissatisfied with his reception, it assuredly had not been of a nature to confirm the assurances of Mortimer, about whom Lady Evelyn took occasion, during the short walk to the house, to speak in terms of high commendation. He was a thorough gentleman, Willie was told, and a most kind-hearted and unselfish fellow into the bargain: anybody might be proud to have such a friend. She added that she had missed him greatly since his departure, and would have regretted that event still more if she had not known that the poor man was wearied to death of Torquay.

"He was as good as gold and never complained," she said; "but, for all his politeness, he couldn't quite conceal his delight when he was told that you were out of danger and that he might go away and shoot."

Lady Wetherby greeted her visitor kindly. She had made up her mind to what seemed to be inevitable and was not discontented upon the whole; after all, things might have been very much worse. Only she hoped that the young people would soon come to an understanding; because suspense is always disagreeable, and she foresaw that she would have to take their side against her son and the rest of the family

As for Willie, he contemplated nothing so audacious as an immediate avowal of his love. He went away neither elated nor depressed, yet feeling that, all things considered, he had a right to congratulate himself; for, if he had gained nothing else, he had gained an explicit invitation to walk up to Malton Lodge as often as he might be inclined to do so. That, he thought, would be every day.

Meanwhile, Marcia, who had been adding up her accounts and had found the process as dispiriting as such processes usually are, was in no mood to make light of his escapade.

"Oh, it is quite unnecessary for you to tell me where you have been," said she, interrupting the timid avowal upon which he embarked; "of course I guessed at once what had become of you. Why you didn't tell me honestly where you were going, instead of sneaking off as if you were ashamed of yourself, I can't imagine. Naturally, you are tired of seeing nobody but me; I quite expected that it would come to that; besides, you are well enough to do without me now."

It was no easy task to pacify her, and Willie had to give evidence of unaffected contrition, as well as to protest the sincerity of his affection for her again and again, before she would admit that she might perhaps have wronged him by her suspicions.

"I suppose the truth is that I am getting old and ill-tempered," she sighed tearfully at length. "Well, I have enough to make me so, I'm sure! I wonder why it is that bills are always and invariably so much higher than one expects them to be!"

"Bills are sure to be high when one has a troublesome invalid to provide for," said Willie; and he thought this a good opportunity to mention that his uncle had handed him a couple of hundred pounds in payment of the expenses which she had incurred on his behalf.

Marcia began by indignantly refusing to touch Sir George's money, but accepted it when Willie pointed out that the money

had been offered not to her but to him. The distinction, perhaps, did not imply any great difference, and the sum was certainly in excess of her disbursements; but she was beginning to discover that pride is a luxury which goes ill with poverty. Moreover, she did not want to be proud with Willie, for whose sake she would gladly have spent any amount of money, if she had had it to spend. Nevertheless, she felt rather ashamed of herself as she pocketed the cheque which her son wrote out for her, and she registered an inward vow that there should be no further pecuniary transactions between them. Cecil, who had been grumbling about expense, would not be able to grumble any more after this. Nor would it be necessary to apologise for retaining Willie as a visitor until the expiration of his leave.

She said something to that effect, and it must be confessed that Willie was immensely relieved to hear her say it. He had been wanting to tell her, yet had felt that he never could be brutal enough to tell her, what were the conditions upon which he might hope to be nominated as his uncle's heir. He would have liked, had it seemed in any way possible, to mention them even now. But surely this declaration of hers absolved him from the performance of so unpalatable a task. If she really did not mean to beg or borrow of him again, it would be insulting as well as needless to inform her that she could not do so without bringing upon him a calamity much heavier than the loss of an estate and a large income. So he held his peace, and friendly relations were re-established, and Marcia, being freed from immediate anxiety, managed to shut her eyes to the patent fact that there was somebody in Torquay whom her son loved better than he loved her.

For some days after this, peace and contentment reigned in the house of Archdale. Marcia had always been tolerably clever at declining to see what she did not wish to see; the weather continuing mild, she took her son out for drives in the afternoon in a hired victoria (for which he paid), and it pleased her to abstain from inquiring how and where his mornings were spent. Every day, after breakfast, he strolled up to Malton Lodge; every day Lady Evelyn, who happened to be inspecting the chrysanthemums, admitted him through the garden-gate, and every day he had a short walk and talk with her. No reader could peruse with patience an account of what passed during these interviews. Such readers as have ever been in love

(which is much the same thing as saying all readers) will readily understand that the subjects discussed during them were neither interesting in themselves nor treated after a fashion to interest outsiders; yet they will understand not less readily that, after two or three perfectly commonplace conversations, Willie's heart began to beat high with hope. Indeed, he had almost made up his mind that the time had come for him to speak out boldly, when an incident occurred which materially altered his views of the whole situation.

CHAPTER XLIV.

MATERNAL AND FILIAL LOVE.

It is safe to say of the majority of mankind that the course of their lives has been or will be directed chiefly by love or by money. The former influence is, of course, likely to be more potent in youth, while the latter comes into play with middle age, and Cecil Archdale was no exception to the common rule. He had been very frequently in love and still possessed great capabilities in that direction; but owing to a marked falling off in the number of the ladies who showed a disposition to respond to his advances, he had of late been forced to turn his attention and ambition elsewhere and, in an evil hour for himself, had taken to financing after an amateurish fashion. He really did not see what else there was for him to do. Painting pictures was all very well; but he could not paint enough of them to bring in the annual sum which he had learnt to consider as indispensable to his wants, and although he was profoundly ignorant of all matters connected with the money-market, he would not allow so poor a reason to deter him from speculating. He had met plenty of men quite as ignorant as himself who had realized large amounts by buying and selling at the right moment under the advice of an experienced broker.

The game, however, like other games, is one at which there must be losers as well as winners, and it was Mr. Archdale's misfortune to be numbered in the former class. He did not, it is true, always lose, but he lost more often than he won; so that, little by little, his wife's fortune diminished, and more than once he had to let a really fine chance escape him through a modest reluctance to ask for more funds. Marcia was some-

times apt to be disagreeable about it, and when you have to spend your life with a woman, you should not, if you can possibly avoid doing so, get her into the habit of being disagreeable. He had, therefore, on finding himself unpleasantly pinched, resolved to apply to Drake—a man whom, as we know, he had repeatedly obliged in his more prosperous days, and a sad disappointment it had been to him to discover what a narrow construction Drake placed upon the claims of old acquaintance. He would have been still more grieved had he known that Drake, not content with refusing a reasonable request, had officiously gone out of his way to warn others against acceding to it; but, since he was unaware of that treacherous act, he had fully determined to adopt the course which Drake had foreseen and had only been prevented from so doing by his stepson's unlucky accident.

This accident was all the more unlucky because the delay which it had entailed had given Mr. Archdale time to involve himself in fresh difficulties. The original amount that he had required had been quite trifling—a mere matter of a few hundreds—but his laudable desire to clear himself and make a fresh start had led him into speculations which had turned out most unfortunately; so that he now found himself in urgent need of no less a sum than four thousand pounds odd. Now he felt a certain delicacy about asking young Brett to lend him so much as that. Doubtless young Brett could do it without serious inconvenience, because he had his uncle at his back, and his personal tastes were evidently not of an expensive kind; still he might, and very likely he would, reply that he was under no obligation to pay his stepfather's debts. On the other hand, he was under unquestionable obligations to his mother, and the appeal would perhaps come more fittingly and more convincingly from her. In short, after carefully and impartially considering the matter, Mr. Archdale concluded that it would be a little less disagreeable to face the reproaches of Marcia than the coldness and possible rudeness of her son. One morning, therefore, he summoned up his courage, fortified it with a strong dose of whisky and soda, and sent a message upstairs to the effect that if Mrs. Archdale was disengaged he would be glad to speak to her for a minute or two.

In obedience to this summons Marcia presently appeared, with a countenance indicative of apprehension. She had learnt by painful experience that when her husband expressed a wish

to speak to her, there was one subject, and only one, about which he wished to speak, and she had latterly been looking into the state of their joint affairs, with a result which had considerably alarmed her.

"I do hope you haven't been getting into trouble again, Cecil," she began.

Archdale shrugged his shoulders, flicked the ash off his cigarette and replied, "I am sorry to tell you, my dear, that I have. According to the theory of averages, I ought most certainly to have hit upon a vein of luck this time; but the theory of averages, like other theories, has a disgusting trick of breaking down, and I am now rather more than four thousand to the bad. The worst of it is, too, that I shall have to settle in a few days or take the consequences—which, I presume, would be unpleasant."

"Four thousand pounds!" ejaculated Marcia in consternation, "how can you have been so insane? Do you know that if we sell out another four thousand pounds, we shall be reduced almost to beggary?"

"You don't say so! Well, then we mustn't sell out, that's all; we must raise the money in some other way. In point of fact, that was what I sent for you to suggest. One would always prefer not to borrow of friends or relations; but necessity has no law, and I think that if you were to ask this small favour of our interesting young invalid upstairs, he would hardly have the heart to refuse you. You can tell him that I will gladly pay him five per cent. upon his principal, which, I should imagine, is the outside of what he is getting for it now."

"I can't do that, Cecil," answered Marcia firmly. "I have already borrowed money of Willie, and, as you know, he has paid me £200 for his board and lodging—a great deal more than he ought to have paid. If you wish him to lend you £4000 you must ask for it yourself; I won't."

"Now, my dear Marcia," remonstrated Archdale, "let me ask you as a reasonable being: is it likely that he will put himself to any inconvenience to get me out of a fix? He doesn't like me, and never has liked me. I am sorry for it, but the fact is indisputable; he will probably rather enjoy humiliating me by a refusal; and then—well then, I am afraid, it will just end in your having to do what you now say you won't do—because we can't live upon air, you see."

"We could live upon a great deal less than we do live upon,"

returned Marcia, "and surely, Cecil, you might make a great deal more than you do make. I only wish I had your powers! If I had, I wouldn't disgrace myself by robbing my son, I know! But you don't seem to think that there is anything shameful in all this."

"My dear," answered Archdale forbearingly, "you are mistaken there. I am conscious of a distinct sense of shame, and if I don't thrust it forward that is only because I doubt whether there is anything virtuous in it. I shouldn't have felt ashamed if I had made £4000, you see, and it looked as though the chances were all in favour of my doing so."

"I don't mean that," said Marcia. "At the worst, it is only silly and imprudent to speculate and live beyond one's income; but it seems to me disgraceful to ask for a loan which you will never be able to repay, and which of course won't be refused."

"Oh, excuse me; I quite hope to repay it, and in the meantime, as I tell you, the interest shall be forthcoming punctually. I am going to turn over a new leaf, Marcia; I am going to work hard and earn a comfortable competence, if not a fortune. I fully admit that I have been indolent—never in my life have I denied that mine is an indolent temperament—but I don't mean to be indolent any longer. I shall at once begin to paint pot-boilers; I trust that you will not call that disgraceful, considering the extremities to which we are reduced. But £4000 is really necessary for the present distress, and I can't make £4000 straight off the reel."

Marcia did not give way at once; she had resolved that she would be no further beholden to her son, and she fully intended to abide by her resolution. But in the long run she allowed herself to be talked over. Even supposing that Willie never saw his £4000 again he would scarcely miss the money, whereas the immediate payment of so large a sum would place her and her husband in most uncomfortable straits; since one or other of two evils was unavoidable, what could she do but choose the less? She accordingly administered a severe rebuke to Cecil, who submitted to it with angelic patience, and warned him that this was the very last time she would stoop to solicit alms on his account. She said she hoped that his recent fiasco would serve him as a lesson; to which he replied that it certainly would. He had had more than enough of meddling with matters which he did not understand; for the future he proposed to

make money in a more sensible and legitimate way by sticking to those which he did.

And when, later in the day, Marcia found an opportunity of admitting Willie into her confidence, she dwelt a good deal upon the circumstance that this promise had been given. Cecil, she said, had been foolish and reckless, no doubt—that could not be denied, nor did he himself deny it. But he had been terribly scared by the consequences of his folly, and she was sure that these would produce a permanent as well as a salutary effect upon him. "I believe he is sincere in saying that he means to set to work in earnest now, and although it may be some little time before he can repay you the principal, I really don't think that you need feel at all anxious about the interest."

Willie, whose face had grown rather long while his mother had been speaking, made a quick gesture with his hand and began to walk to and fro between the fireplace and the window.

"It isn't that," he answered presently. "My own conviction is that Mr. Archdale is past the age for making fresh starts and that he will never work hard now; but that is neither here nor there. I don't want to help him, and I don't see why I *should*; but I do want, and I do think I am bound, to help you as far as I can, mother. All the same—"

"Oh, I know!" interrupted Marcia. "I perfectly understand how you feel about it: you and he have never been friends, and it would be outrageous to ask you to make any sacrifice for his sake. It is only for my own sake that I ask it, and I *can't* tell you how hateful it is to me to be compelled to make such a request. Yet I must make it—I have no alternative. Our account at the bank is already very much overdrawn; our income is so uncertain that I can't cut my coat according to my cloth; all I can tell you is that it has been growing steadily less every year, and that it isn't anything like sufficient to meet our present expenditure. It seems to me that if I have to sell out another £4000 we shall be to all intents and purposes ruined."

Willie hesitated, as well he might. He could not live in the enjoyment of luxury and leave his mother in want; yet it was, to say the least of it, doubtful whether £4000 would do more than retard the ruin of which she spoke, while the handing over to her of that sum would bring something worse than pecuniary ruin upon himself. Upon the whole, he thought he had a right to tell her how he was circumstanced, so he resumed:

"What I was going to say was this. Some time ago, when you had a small loan from me, to which I am sure you were most heartily welcome, Uncle George got into a rage about it, and—"

"Do you mean to say that you told him?" interrupted Marcia. "Oh, Willie, I should never have believed that you would have done that!"

"I didn't tell him; but I bank with him, and he saw the cheque. He gave me to understand then, and he has repeated it a good deal more emphatically since, that he wouldn't sanction my lending you money. He said that, if such a thing occurred again, he would disinherit me. I am not standing up for him; I think he is very hard upon you and rather hard upon me. Still he is entitled to do what he pleases with his own, and it is only right that I should let you know what will happen if I disobey him."

It was not a pleasant statement to be compelled to make, and Willie was painfully conscious of having made it in a cold, unfeeling way; but the effect of it upon his mother was not in the least what he had anticipated.

"Oh, that is rubbish!" she returned, laughing. "George has a spite against me, and he would like, if he could, to frighten you out of ever having anything more to do with us; but as for carrying out his threat, you may be sure that he will do no such thing. It might be different if there were any one except you whom he could possibly make his heir; but there isn't a soul. Do you imagine that George is the man to bequeath all he possesses to a hospital? My dear Willie, he is just about as likely to do that as—as I am to be taken in by such a cock-and-bull story."

"I think he was in earnest," said Willie.

"I'm sure you do, my dear; but I know that he couldn't have been. The worst that he will ever do to you will be to scold you."

What rejoinder could be made to that? Willie was reluctant to reveal everything, yet he felt that it was not only his right but his duty to do so. Somewhat incoherently, but not without a touch of pathos which one who loved him as Marcia did ought to have perceived and appreciated, he avowed his love for Evelyn Foljambe and mentioned the proviso under which alone he could venture to make that avowal in another quarter. He had, as it chanced, returned home from Malton Lodge that

day in excellent spirits; it had seemed to him that he had a reasonable prospect of success, and he had resolved that he would find out on the following morning whether he was mistaken or not. His mother's unexpected demand had, therefore, come upon him in some sort like a death-warrant.

"So now you see how it is," he concluded, sighing (for he was a little disheartened by the scornful smile into which Marcia's lips had curved themselves during his recital). "As my uncle's heir there is just a possibility that I may be accepted; but as a subaltern with a few hundreds a year I mustn't even dare to ask."

"I see it as plainly as I see you," his mother replied. "Laura Wetherby would think she was flying in the face of Providence if she were to drive away a man so rich as you will be, and her daughter, no doubt, is of the same mind. George, who desires nothing in the world so much as to bring me to the workhouse, has come to an understanding with them and is probably rubbing his hands now with glee at the recollection of how clever he has been. Well, if you care to win a wife on those terms, there is nothing more to be said."

"I don't blame Lady Wetherby in the least," Willie declared; "she is bound to warn off suitors who have only a small income; that isn't greed, it is merely ordinary prudence. If I can't ask Lady Evelyn to marry me, it will be my own doing, not hers."

"Which is as much as to say that it will be mine," observed Marcia. "Truly and honestly I don't shrink from the responsibility. I don't expect you to believe me; nevertheless, I am convinced that if I can cure you of your infatuation for that girl I shall do you a service for which you will thank me some day. My poor boy, the world is full of pretty girls! More than half of them are prettier than she is, and nine out of ten of them have better dispositions. Very likely she will take you, just as she would have taken Mr. Mortimer if he had given her the chance; but don't delude yourself into the belief that she will ever be in love with you, or with anybody else."

"You may be right, mother," answered Willie, patiently; "but I am sure you cannot persuade me that you are right. All I wanted to make clear to you is that, though I can give you £4000 and would most gladly give you more than that, if it were only a question of the loss of the money, I can't do it without—without——"

"Without abandoning some one whom you care for a great deal more than you care for me. Very well, then; so be it. In a sort of way, I suppose, you are fond of me; but you are still fonder of her—there is the whole story in a nutshell. I don't think I should mind so much if she were in the least bit worthy of you; but what is the use of saying any more? You are a man now, and you are not different from other men—why should you be?"

But the unfortunate thing was that this soft-hearted fellow did differ in some important respects from the general run of mankind. When his mother covered her face with her hands and began to sob he was practically undone. Doubtless he was a fool, yet the world would be all the better off if it contained a few more such fools. It was not necessary for Marcia to plead, as she presently did, that she was the most unhappy of women and that the difficulties in which she was involved were not of her creating; still less was it necessary for her to protest that nothing would induce her to save herself from ruin at her son's expense if, by so doing, she were really placing his pecuniary prospects in jeopardy. It was not of his pecuniary prospects that Willie was thinking, nor was she concerned to promote the object upon which he had set his heart.

So at the end of a quarter of an hour she was drying her eyes and embracing her dear boy, who, as she was good enough to say, had given her a convincing proof that he loved her. And she was sure that he would never repent of what he had done. There was not the slightest danger that Sir George would cast him adrift; while as for Lady Evelyn, she would soon marry somebody else and very soon lose such looks as she now possessed. "Mark my words, Willie, two years hence you will laugh at the idea that you once lost your heart to her."

But Willie could not respond, and got out of the room as quickly as possible. He had proved beyond question that he loved his mother, but had she in return given him any proof at all that she loved him? His intelligence was of a simple and direct kind, and he thought not.

(*To be concluded.*)

HIS LITTLE COMEDY.

CHAPTER I.

FROM an artistic point of view nothing could have been finer than the contrast afforded by the elderly scholar, whose thin delicate face wore its usual expression of calm almost passionless gravity, with that of his young daughter, a brown-eyed bright-faced creature, full of the bounding wholesome vivacity that comes of health, happiness and an untried and untroubled youth.

"Dad," she said coaxingly, as she balanced her slight elastic form upon the arm of his easy-chair and placed one little sun-tanned hand on his shoulder, "what about Lady Carson's invitation?"

The slight touch of anxiety in her voice did not escape her father, who smiled a little sadly as he said mockingly,

"So, my Jenny, you are tired of your poor old father and want the society of a younger man; well, it's quite natural, only——." He paused, and touched her fair curls with his fingers.

"Oh, papa," said the girl impatiently, "how you do tease!—I dislike young men, though to be sure I only know two, and,"—catching her father's humour—"perhaps a curate can hardly be considered a young man. But I know all other girls go out a little, and I don't want to be different."

"You don't care to be original, eh?" in the same quizzing tone.

"No, not if my originality is to consist in awkwardness. However, father, if you object to my going to the dinner, I am not *particularly* anxious," and the pretty little diplomatist imagined she was completely successful in assuming an air of complete unconcern.

Mr. Sylvester stood up and surveyed the *piquante* face of his daughter with a mixture of amusement and half-regretful

acquiescence. Then he said, taking her soft little face between his hands,—

"Oh how feminine! and after all my efforts! My dear child, do just what you like, and if it will add to your happiness, put on your best frock and go and be frivolous. I am rather sorry that it should begin so early. I wonder how much of your 'Jennyism' will be left after a course of Carson Park? However, I suppose it must be, and you may as well start there—that will give you what I believe match-making mammas would call the proper *éclat*. By the way, Jenny, although your taste is excellent, and to my mind in that blue cotton frock you are perfection, still I suppose this is hardly the elegant kind of get-up that is considered suitable for Lady Carson's drawing-rooms; so you had better consult Linford about a new gown—that's the correct expression, isn't it, dear? Perhaps too, as we are inaugurating this new and triumphant era, we had better study an Etiquette journal and learn how to behave in Society,—what to do, where to look, when to smile——"

"Oh, papa, you tease! you had much better go back to your philosophies and philologies and leave practical matters to me. Good-bye, darling; I am so glad you don't mind. Now I'll go and talk things over with Linnie."

Mr. Sylvester sighed as he lit a cigar and strolled into the garden. He would have much preferred to keep the girl her charming unsophisticated self for a few years longer; but he had never yet exercised any sort of coercion over her and he did not mean to begin and do so now. Moreover she was growing out of girlhood, and sooner or later that freshness, and simplicity, and sincerity, and pureness, must stand the test of the world's contact and influence; but her father, who in former years had known some bitter experiences of another type of female mind, would fain have her delayed this inevitable moment as long as possible. Memories of the happy life they had spent with one another crowded thickly upon him. Ever since the curtain had fallen upon a sombre tragedy which left him wifeless and dishonoured, his child had been the one human thing which reconciled him to life and made it endurable. What had become of all his wild ambitions, his burning aspirations, his mad hopes? Buried, all buried, to rise again in a purer, gentler, and serener form, and to have for their single object the happiness of his daughter. Perhaps, thought Mr. Sylvester, their life had been a trifle too solitary; perhaps too he had made some

mistakes in the training of his little Puritan maiden; perhaps a largish fund of sentiment, a tender soul, a faithful if somewhat passionate temper are not the most solid equipments for a pretty young woman who will presently go into the world and be on her defence; perhaps that restlessness which had latterly seized upon Jenny should have been reckoned for and treated with. "Ah, well!" said her father, as he threw away the last end of his cigar and went into his study, "it has been a joyous past and no man can help the future."

But there were no forebodings in the mind of his daughter as she came into the garden towards dusk, after a prolonged discussion upon garments with the faithful Linford. She turned round upon hearing a well-known whistle, and waited for the arrival of a lad who was coming through the garden gate. He was a handsome boy, a year or two younger than herself, and the only individual in the place with whom they were very *intimate*. Dick Rayleigh, a nuisance and plague everywhere else, always found a warm welcome at the Sylvesters, who alternately spoilt and lectured the unruly boy.

"I came before," said Dick with an aggrieved expression, "and heard from your father that you were busy about a lot of silly nonsense. I suppose now you are going to be like them," pointing in the direction of his father's mansion and meaning thereby his fashionable mother and sisters, with whom he waged perpetual war. "I'm disgusted with you, Jenny. Society, indeed! a lot of smirking, chattering idiots!"

"My dear boy, I can supply you with some more adjectives," put in Jenny good-humouredly, stripping off the dead leaves as she walked along; "but Dick, are you not dying to know what I am going to wear?"

"Wear?" shrieked Dick. "Of course henceforth that will be the subject of absorbing interest to you. 'Don't you think, dearest, a little gold braid round the bodice would make it look very elegant, or a bow here, love, or a flower there?' Oh, it's sickening! I know perfectly well what it'll be. You'll think of nothing but your sashes and trimmings, like the rest of those girls. You'll never care again to sit in the tree and read Scott or come for long strolls or rides; all *that*, after your balls and what-nots, you'll call slow, I suppose. Jin, be a good girl, and don't go fooling about at the Carsons; stay at home with your governor and me." There was a comically beseeching expression on the lad's handsome, open face.

Jenny laughed and pouted. Then she said seriously, "Oh, you silly boy! you and father seem to imagine I am going into the lion's den. Whatever difference can a dinner at the Carsons make, unless I over-eat myself? Do you imagine I shall ever prefer any one's society to my father's, and do you think that I shall ever cease to love our expeditions on spring mornings in search of violets and primroses? Oh, you duffer!"

This inexcusable piece of slang, which the young lady had learnt from her boy companion, ended the conversation, for her father called out to her to come and sing to him; and Mr. Dick, who had no musical tastes, departed to seek the society of his only other companion, his father's gamekeeper.

CHAPTER II.

The brilliant lights, the noise, the gorgeously arrayed ladies and formidable looking men filled Jenny's soul with so much terror, that for a moment or two after entering the drawing-room she seriously contemplated the possibility of flight, and felt a little resentful that her father should have declined to come himself. But Lady Carson, a kindly, middle-aged woman, came to her at this juncture, and handed her over to her husband, whose compliments upon her youth and beauty not a little surprised Jenny, accustomed to her father's grave, courteous old scholar friends. Sir George was one of those amorous old gentlemen who consider it a mark of gallantry to make to women as many broad and direct compliments as time and opportunities will permit. He was delighted with Jenny's fresh prettiness, and had the young lady's position been humbler and the circumstances more favourable, would have kissed her in a fatherly way with great alacrity. As it was, he contented himself with saying approvingly, "Why, my dear Miss Sylvester, you're quite a beauty! You mustn't go back to seclusion; we must bring you to London, and you'll make a sensation."

Meanwhile, Lady Carson had walked to the other end of the room, and, laying her hand on the arm of a young man who was lolling against the mantel-piece and indulging in a little languid conversation, said in a low tone, "Maurice, I have tried to carry out your wishes. You will at any rate be spared the latest Society small-talk, as I have put you next to that pretty little

girl over there. She is very young, and this is her first appearance, and mind, you are not to flirt with her. Be kind and entertaining."

Maurice Yorke looked across the room, smiled at his aunt's words, and a moment later was offering his arm to Jenny Sylvester. "Good heavens! what a frock!" was Mr. Yorke's inward exclamation, as he glanced at poor Jenny's muslin garment, made in a style that was fashionable some ten years back. The prettiness of its wearer hardly soothed Mr. Yorke's outraged feelings, and his tone and manner were so condescendingly supercilious that Jenny felt a wicked longing to decline his arm and tell him she scorned him. However, things were a little better once they got in to dinner. The absurd muslin frock could not hide full round arms, a soft curved little neck, and a charming face whose great, deep, sombre, brown eyes were in delightful contrast to the little fair, almost golden tendrils that strayed about the broad white forehead. As for Jenny, she thought Mr. Yorke very handsome indeed, and, having but an imperfect knowledge of her own charms, considered that he must be extremely good-natured to take so much trouble to amuse her; which view of the matter she candidly conveyed to the young man, who suppressed a smile, and said, "On the contrary, it is I who ought to be grateful to you. Fortunately for you, you know nothing of the dulness and stupidity of the conversation that is prevalent in London society. This is the sort of thing:—

"'Have you read this, or have you seen that?' 'Do you admire Miss K—— in Macbeth?' 'Are you going to Lady J——'s to-night?' and so on, whilst your questioner does not care two straws about your answer, and is all the time listening to a conversation at the other end of the room, or wondering how soon she can decently depart to the next function that she is going to honour with her presence."

Jenny laughed, thereby pleasing Mr. Yorke's fastidious eye by a sight of two charming little dimples, and said—

"Well, that doesn't sound lively; all the same I shouldn't mind going to London for a bit—of course I couldn't live anywhere but in the country."

"Ah," said Mr. Yorke, raising his fine blue eyes for a moment, "what I can't make out is what you do in the country all day long—to kill time. Now, what do you do?"

"Oh, no end of things: learn in the morning; go for long

umbles and rows and rides in the afternoons; read novels and ng to Papa in the evening. What do girls in London do?"

Yorke looked at her flower-like little face for a moment, and ien said significantly, though the meaning was quite lost on enny—

"I don't know—nothing so useful and pretty. Anyway it's a ity we can't send a few London girls down here—the result ould be more pleasing; but what a lot of novels you must get irough! Don't you ever read poetry?"

"Yes, of course," she said eagerly. "I would love to know a oet. Do you know any?"

"Which kind, Miss Sylvester, big or little? I'm afraid my ircle of friends chiefly consists of individuals who have written ovels or plays; and a good many have perpetrated poems. In ict I am quite pleased to meet with some one who hasn't ommitted any of these crimes."

"Have you?" asked Jenny, opening her big wide eyes and aiting his answer with parted lips. She was accustomed to ask er father very direct questions and was too entirely childlike to ave any hesitation in putting frankly personal ones even to a tranger.

Under the gaze of those innocent brown orbs the seasoned Ir. Yorke flushed a little, and said diffidently—

"Yes, I admit I'm a little poet; in my youth especially I was uilty. Now, don't be a Society young lady and say, 'How elightful!' or, 'How nice it must be to be a poet!' You see I'm ot quite a Tennyson; there are even some people who call ie——" he was about to say "immoral," but stopped short nd said instead, "anything but a poet."

During the rest of the evening he devoted himself to her, and lthough he told himself he was tremendously bored, he did not ail to ask Jenny whether he might call upon her father.

"Oh, yes," said Jenny a little doubtfully, as Mr. Yorke adjusted he white hood over her fair curls with a good deal of unnecessary ttention, "only father does not like young men."

"Very good taste," said Maurice with a smile, "only I'm not a oung man; in fact, if you'll allow me to use the expression deuced elderly.'"

When she reached home her father was awaiting her, and he ooked up at her flushed cheeks and excited brown eyes with a iew expression of expectant curiosity.

"I enjoyed it immensely," said Jenny, throwing off her wrap

and gloves, and springing on to her favourite seat near her father; "one lady played beautifully after dinner, and there was one man there who took me in to dinner and was very handsome, tall, and fair, with lazy sort of blue eyes, and, father, he writes poetry!"

"Umph! that's rather against him; and may I ask how you entertained him, my dear; did you catechize him on your favourite novels?" He put his arm round her slender figure, and drew her head down to his breast, as Jenny said merrily—

"Of course not. I only torture *you* in that way, darling. We talked Society talk: anyway, father, he is coming to call on you."

Presently Jenny went off to bed, but not to sleep, for the silly little thing's head was full of a certain person whom she had met for the first time that day. In love with him? not a bit of it! But a gentleman with the hauteur and aristocratic languor of a prince, with a bored face which excites your interest, and a pair of blue eyes which he knows how to use, does not come every day across the horizon of a simple little country girl, and when he does for the first time, she is apt to regard him as a very bright particular star. At this very moment this luminous body was engaged upon a correspondence, of which it is only necessary to extract one paragraph:

"Surely," it ran, "I am enough punished. Not only separated from you, but compelled for lack of anything better to carry on a mild flirtation with a confoundedly pretty little girl in a white muslin dress and blue sash, and, ye Gods! country made boots on hygienic principles! I nearly fainted at the sight. Well, what does it matter, since we decided to be virtuous, or rather *you* did? If you should ever change your mind—" but with the rest, which alone concerned Mr. Yorke and the beautiful wife of Lord Templeton, we have no business.

CHAPTER III.

A few days after the dinner Mr. Yorke put in an appearance at the cottage, and, although Mr. Sylvester's reception was not exactly cordial, a mutual liking soon sprang up between the two men. Maurice, who cared nothing about sport, was thankful to escape from the conversation of enthusiastic shooting and hunting men; and was agreeably surprised to come across a man of Mr. Sylvester's culture and attainments in the depths of the

untry : and there was something about the younger man, with
; cynicism and restlessness and unhappiness, which attracted
e elder rather against his own judgment. There was some-
ing too in the atmosphere of that little cottage which had an
esistible charm for even a *blasé* life-worn man like Maurice
orke. The peace and simplicity, the tender and profound
ection between father and daughter, the delicate refinement
the scholar, and the youthful grace and joyousness of the girl,
which she was almost tragically unconscious, had a curious
ect upon Yorke, fresh from artificial conversation and a
rrupt, insincere society.

After a little inward contest, Mr. Sylvester agreed to Lady
arson's proposal that Jenny should spend a week at the Park.
ady Carson's invitation originated solely from a desire to keep
r nephew interested and amused. She saw that little Jenny
ylvester pleased and attracted this fastidious young man ; and
ith the strange blindness and callousness that even kind-hearted
omen show in reference to their own sex, no possibility of any
anger as regards the girl ever entered her head. Jenny was
ntirely happy. The new life, the society of young people, the
leasantness of the women—whose hearts she won by her
weetness and good-temper—the kindly attention of the gentle-
en, were all delightful to her from their novelty. And, more
nportant than all, she found an increasing pleasure in the society
f Mr. Yorke, whose amicability and gentleness and efforts to
muse her were in marked contrast to the languid cynical manner
ith which he treated the other ladies. She ran in to see her
ther every day, as often as not accompanied by Mr. Yorke, and
: was on one of these occasions that Mr. Sylvester saw a change
n her. There was a shyness, a flushing, a strangeness about
er at the mention of Yorke's name that made her father
letermined to say a word of caution. Somehow or other she
ad altered a good deal in the week that she had been away, and
e was thankful to remember that in a day or two she would be
ack at home safe under his own wing. She looked older and
ess childish, and she took pains to restrain herself from her
atural impulse to jump down steps and climb on the arms of
hairs—favourite amusements of a few weeks back.

Father and daughter were sitting in the arbour at the bottom
f the garden, when Jenny suddenly looked up and said earnestly,

"Papa, am I pretty? I mean not in your eyes only, but
eally pretty? Of course, I know I am not beautiful like Cousin

Alice; but"—she hesitated, flushed deeply, and then raising her deep eyes, continued shyly—"if a man tells me I am pretty, is it true?"

"A daughter of Eve," murmured Mr. Sylvester gently; "my dear, of course you are pretty—let us grant that once and for all, and a very desirable thing it is to be pretty; but, Jenny, I don't think after all these years I need say that it is not the essential thing, and a by no means valuable thing if unaccompanied by a fine and noble character. Dear, there is something between us; can't you tell it me?"

Jenny did not see the look of pained, almost agonized anxiety in her father's face; her eyelids drooped, and for a few moments she kept her little fair face, which was suffused by blushes, bent low down. A second later she glanced up, and seeing the keen solicitude on her father's face, placed his hand on her burning cheeks and said shamefacedly:

"Oh, I could not say anything—I shall always love you best, dear; but,"—she buried her head on her father's shoulder—"do not ask me to say anything; and may I stay another week, or will you be too lonely?"

* * * * *

In the course of that day, Mr. Yorke addressed another letter to his fair correspondent; but only one extract is of any interest to us:

"You don't take at all a right view of my little comedy. It isn't at all an ordinary flirtation with a pink-and-white bread-and-butter miss. She is rather intelligent, on the whole, charmingly and most unusually pretty, and she has the most tragic brown eyes in the world. Still I am pretty tired of it, and I don't think I can stand this exile much longer. . . ."

After he had finished and despatched his letter he went out in search of Jenny, who was to depart from the Park on the following day. She certainly was irresistible in that white frock with the yellow rosebuds at her breast, and the big white lace hat, under which appeared little tufts of pale yellow hair. Could a man with any warm blood in his veins resist the opportunity of telling her how sweet she looked, and putting his own face perilously close to that fresh little mouth? The sweet soft air, the stillness, the gentle ripple now and again of the little brooks, were all so many accessories to the charming figure of the young girl with her transient moods of seriousness and gayness. And if a young woman is stupid enough to imagine a man is in rea-

earnest when he only proposes to while away a few hours by an unusually pleasant flirtation, surely it is the girl's stupidity, not the man's pastime, that should be blamed! You see it was not a new operation for Mr. Maurice Yorke, and, to do him justice, it must be admitted he had not usually found that broken hearts were the result of his love-making art, which he practised with so much dexterity and success. On the other hand, is a transparent, clear-souled, warm-hearted little Puritan to be too contemptuously condemned if she believes that those musical tones are soft and tender for a certain reason, or that those dangerous blue eyes could only look with such passion into her own brown depths if the passion were sincere and genuine? So she and Maurice lingered about in the sweet summer evening till dusk, and if the man went a trifle further than he intended, why, after all, what is a kiss more or less to a somewhat jaded man of the world?

The next day Jenny went back to the cottage, and at the sight of this new, tremulous, agitated Jenny, her father guessed what had befallen her; and with uneasiness and anxiety waited for the appearance of the man who had won her love.

* * * * *

But Maurice never came—scarcely gave a thought to Jenny Sylvester after he had accompanied her to the Park gates and said good-bye. For on entering his own apartment a few moments later his man put a telegram into his hands, and as he read the words, "Lord Templeton died last night," he grew deadly pale, and reeled about, staring at the paper which he still held in his hand. A tumult of whirling emotions rushed through his brain as he read the words again and again. It had come—that for which he had waited five long years was now in his grasp; that for which he had so passionately longed, for which he would have unhesitatingly and unscrupulously sinned, was now at his disposal, and the man whom in his bitterness he had hated and plotted against was dead; he could now, without wrong, take in his arms the woman who had wrecked and spoiled his life. Ah, well! perhaps all things come a little too late. When Yorke appeared that evening ready for his departure, no one would have guessed that he had passed through a stormy half-hour: his face was as impassive and serene as ever, and he bade good-bye to the Carsons with his usual inscrutable and indolent smile.

* * * * *

* * * * *

Amidst the throng of people that poured down the steps of the Thespian Theatre, there was a young girl who had attracted a good deal of attention from persons in the audience who happened to be seated near her. Not that her prettiness was of the kind that challenges immediate admiration; it was rather a pale, delicate kind of loveliness, and about her face there were marks of great suffering. For little Jenny Sylvester had gone through her hours, nay years, of much grief and pain and self-humiliation, and the bright, triumphant radiance of old days had gone for ever. When she reached the bottom of the steps her pale face became marble-white, and her father felt the arm that was in his tremble violently. He looked up, perceived that she was much affected, and following her gaze, saw a blonde man standing close by with a richly dressed lady upon his arm. Jenny's gaze was so intense and piercing that it reached the man himself, and compelled him to turn round. For a brief instant their eyes met; the next, he had turned hurriedly and disappeared.

The old man was silent; but as they stepped out into the cold night air, he drew the girl closer to him, and touched her hand with a loving caress. She struggled to regain her composure, and managed to say with a half sob, "Oh, dearest, I have you!"

And her father said to himself almost contentedly, "She will get over it some day; after all, she is only twenty-one!"

But then Mr. Sylvester was a philosopher!

FRANCES H. LOW.

A RECENT VISIT TO GOA.

THE Portuguese Government, which has been showing itself quite eclectic in Colonial enterprise of late, has now made another bid for importance by devising a general Carnival to take place in the capital of the Portuguese settlements in India. At Goa, in December and January next, the body of St. Francis Xavier, 340 years after his death, will be placed on public exhibition with the sanction of his Holiness the Pope. Thousands of Roman Catholics from all parts of the world are expected on this occasion to make pilgrimage to the shrine to gaze on the veritable mortal remains of the great "Apostle of the Indies." Thus will the ancient city—once the metropolis where all European nations trafficked for the spoils of the East—a princely mart, whose grandeur and luxury became a proverb in the commercial world—be wakened to fame again on the tongues of many who had scarcely in these days heard the name.

The territory of Goa, on the western coast of India, has been in the hands of Portugal for nearly 400 years, and though surrounded by British territory on every hand, this tract of land, some sixty by thirty miles in extent, is still jealously kept under Portuguese rule. But the mighty has indeed fallen! The city of Old Goa, which 250 years ago could boast 190,000 inhabitants, had dwindled down in population to 2000 one hundred years ago, and now in 1890 remains the home of only eighty-six persons. Yet she is still a Christian city in the midst of Brahminic India, a city of massive churches and ruined convents—luxuriantly fruitful, deadly in climate, yet sacred to the heart of the Roman communion as holding to this day the shrine and the actual bodily frame, in curious preservation, of that Prince of missionaries, Francis Xavier.

Oddly enough, we were led to undertake a journey in quest of Goa, through reading that weird old sea-tale by Captain Marryat,

the 'Phantom Ship.' Chief among rollicking jokers as the worthy Captain will long hold rank, the pains and accuracy with which he prepared and delineated the historical padding of his novels may not be known to the general reader. Nowhere else is to be found so graphic a painting of Goa in her zenith of pride and fame as occurs in the story we are alluding to. Moreover, as it is essential to the due effect of our own recital, in some measure to contrast the present condition of the city with the past, one can hardly do better than begin by quoting from the Captain's romance his fine description of the bygone scene.

"It was a bright morning when the Portuguese vessel, on board which was Amine, entered into the roadstead of Goa. Goa was then the capital of the East—a city of palaces whose Viceroy reigned supreme. As they approached the river the passengers were all on deck; and the Portuguese Captain, who had often been there, pointed out to Amine the most remarkable buildings. When they had passed the forts, they entered the river, the whole line of whose banks were covered with the country seats of the nobility and hidalgoes—splendid buildings embosomed in groves of orange-trees, whose perfume scented the air.

"The ship sailed on until they arrived nearly abreast of the town, when Amine's eyes were directed to the lofty spires of the churches and other public edifices.

"'That is the Jesuits' church with their establishment,' said the Captain, pointing to a magnificent pile. 'In the church now opening upon us lie the canonized bones of the celebrated Saint Francisco, who sacrificed his life in his zeal for the propagation of the Gospel in these countries.'

"'I have heard of him from Father Mathias,' replied Amine; 'but what building is that?'

"'The Augustine convent, and the other, to the right, is the Dominican.'

"'Splendid, indeed!' observed Amine.

"'The building you see now, on the water side, is the Viceroy's Palace: that to the right, again, is the convent of the Barefooted Carmelites; yon lofty spire is the Cathedral of St. Catherine; and that beautiful and light piece of architecture is the Church of our Lady of Pity. You observe there a building with a dome, rising behind the Viceroy's Palace?'

"'I do,' replied Amine.

"'That is the Holy Inquisition.'

"Although Amine had heard Philip speak of the Inquisition, she knew little about its properties; but a sudden tremor passed through her frame as the name was mentioned, which she could not herself account for.

"They landed between the Custom House and the Viceroy's Palace, passed through the large square behind it, and then went up the Strada Diretta, or 'straight street,' which led up to the Church of Pity, near to which the Convent is situated. This street is the finest in Goa, and is called Strada Diretta, from the singular fact that almost all the streets in Goa are quadrants, or segments of circles. Amine was astonished. The houses were of stone, lofty and massive. At each storey was thrown out a balcony of marble, elaborately carved; and over each door were the arms of the nobility to whom the houses belonged. The square behind the Palace and the wide streets were filled with living beings—elephants with gorgeous trappings; led or mounted horses in superb housings; palanquins borne by liveried servants; running footmen; every variety of nation, from the proud Portuguese to the half-covered native; Mussulmans, Arabs, Hindoos, Armenians; officers and soldiers in their uniforms, all crowded and thronged together;—all was bustle and motion. Such was the luxury and splendour of the proud city of Goa, the Empress of the East at the time we are now describing."

It was in February 1510 that Alfonso d'Albuquerque triumphantly entered the chief city of the state and took possession of what had been till then a Muhammadan stronghold in the name of His Most Christian Majesty King Emmanuel of Portugal. In comparison with these, the ancient voyagers to the East, we the great Oriental rulers of to-day dwindle almost into the upstart and the *nouveaux riches*. Portuguese dominion in India quickly arose, yielded fabulous harvest for a century and a half; but ever since the third quarter of the 17th century has the glory been departing, lingering indeed awhile, but to all appearance surely decaying. Well, well! we have uttered the old croak which every visitor to Goa now-a-days seems bound to give vent to. However, we have met regenerators from Portugal, who—since the opening in 1888 of the first railway into Goanese territory—are bright with anticipatory hopes; and with so venerable and famous a past, one can only wish such prognostics God-speed.

The chief events to remember in recent history are these. About 1760 the Portuguese Viceroy and many principal inhabitants abandoned Goa for the new capital, in situation less unhealthy and nearer the sea. In 1814 the Holy Inquisition was finally suppressed. In 1835 the Monastic Orders were banished from Goanese territory, and their property and treasure, to the amount of half a million sterling, appropriated by the Portuguese Government. The churches, however, with their endowments, have not been in any way suppressed; and

the Archbishop of Goa and the secular clergy receive the usual allowances from Government, the Archbishop being as of old the chief member of the Executive Council for administering the temporal affairs of all Portuguese possessions in the East. Some of the convents have been pulled down, some closed and left in charge of priests, some converted into hospitals and seminaries. Lastly, in 1843, Panjim, or Nova Goa, was by royal edict raised formally to the position of capital and seat of Government, which for many years it had practically occupied; and Old Goa, or Goa Velha, was finally abandoned to the clergy.

You can reach the coast of this territory from Bombay by one of "Shepherd's boats" in twenty-six hours. A wide rock-bound estuary opens before you, with two noble-looking river-branches flowing into it. You land on the southern or lower jaw of this open mouth. Here you find yourself on a miserable shelf of a place, all quay and sandy cliff and railway goods terminus. This is Murmagao (commonly styled "Marmagoa") the final station of the new Portuguese and West of India Railway, opened for traffic early in 1888. British India Company's steamships, with a "coal-ditcher" or two, lie alongside the wharf. Up above, on the grass-grown sandy cliff to the south, certain dwellings of the shanty type, for railway and shipping officials, are lodged on shelves. Higher up is an old Portuguese fort apparently dismantled. The words on a notice-board on the railway-paling, *Prohibindo a entrada*, reveal the fact that you have arrived where neither English nor Hindustani is the official nor the spoken language.

The new railway does not lead to the old city of Goa, nor yet to the younger city of Panjim, or New Goa. In fact, though the line ends on Portuguese territory, as you trace it inland you find its chief object must be to take you into British territory as quickly as possible. In order to reach both the Goas, you have to take ship again at Murmagao; and this you do in as make-shift and impudent a little craft as ever ventured to go by steam.

On the occasion of our visit to Panjim, which lies three or four miles up the northern river, our companions in this boat were some half-dozen dusky-white-faced schoolboys of the better-class Goanese-Portuguese brand, returning home from their Bombay school; also a couple of *pádres*, close-shaven and sallow, evidently Goa-born. All chattered the Portuguese patois peculiar to Goa; the lads laughing and chaffing as gaily as any bevy of English boys. That we enjoyed our novel comrades on the passage up

the river, goes without saying. There was the quiet studious lad whom we tried to talk to in English and French; and there was his merry mischievous brother; and there, too, the one who with manful perseverance did his best to steal some whiffs from a cigarette.

Steaming across the Estuary or Sea of Aguarda, we passed, on the upper jaw of the open mouth, a fine fortress with church attached, and presently entered the River Mandavi. Before the Panjim quay was reached we skirted the marine residence of the Viceroy of Goa standing on a rocky height. When you land, to the right there is seen a lengthy low building, very plain, and with doors opening at once on the quay. This is the Palace of the Archbishop of Goa, a mighty ecclesiastic, the *ex officio* ruler of Portuguese India during any absence of the Portuguese Governor-General. On the occasion of our visit, the Palace was being repaired and repainted; and young Portugal evinced itself in the Goanese schoolboys uttering a grumble against taxes being spent on a bishop's residence! Panjim is a mean-looking town, mostly made up, not of old Portuguese mansions but of lengthy rows of two-storied dwellings built of yellowish brick, and, but for the bright-green doors and jalousies, not at all unlike a new third-rate London suburb. This place is the home of all the "Goa boys" in service in Bombay and on P. and O. steam-vessels, who pay periodical visits to their wives and families in Panjim. There are one square and one hotel; the latter, kept by a man named Gomez, being a most pitiful establishment. In the barracks are harboured 310 Portuguese soldiers; the native troops having been disbanded in 1871 after a mutiny for higher pay. The whole population of Panjim numbers 9250.

But Old Goa (Goa Velha)—the Goa of history and travel—lies five miles further up the river. It is best reached, however, not by water but by a well-kept road, which leaving the eastern quarter of the town first traverses an artificial causeway no less than two miles in length built across the swamps. The village of Ribander is then reached; after which plantations of cocoa-nut and other trees line the roadway, but residences are everywhere alongside also. At intervals crosses of a curious form, with a double transverse piece, are observable on the hedge-banks. Now and again a long rambling building of great size fronts the thoroughfare. These are edifices once convents, but since the suppression of the monastic orders in Goa turned to educational

or mere residential uses. Driving thus to the old city, one cannot help noticing the lovely views on the other side of the river, a hilly country with wooded vales. One object especially confronts you on the other side* the whole journey. It is a lofty round-topped hill, with a large church on the summit, and evidently possessing lengthy conventual buildings attached to it.

For the sake of so fine a tract of country as GOA, with traditions and history so proud, the King and people of Portugal may well make sacrifices. Situated on the coast, it has a sea-line of sixty-three miles, and the inner land is penetrated by noble rivers which only in these degenerate days have become unnavigable in their upper waters. Watered by rivers, the soil is luxuriant to a degree, with forests of rare and useful timbers in the interior, and with long stretches of open ground under the most compact cultivation. The rounded spurs of the Sahyádri Mountains, advancing from the east towards the coast and broken up, in places, into quaint isolated mounds, produce pictures of lovely scenery, European rather than Indian in character. Moreover, the usually intense blue of the sky enhances the European illusion, which is further heightened a hundred-fold by the towers of Christian churches and the massive buildings of deserted Franciscan convents showing themselves at every turn and crowning each conical summit. To the Eastern traveller, surfeited with the soul-less grandeur of Hindu art and the prodigies of carving, gigantic but hideous, in old Brahmin temples, it is refreshing to find himself, though still in India, all at once where village churches and road-side crosses start to view as simply and naturally as if Christianity were the indigenous creed of the land.

Our first glimpse of anything betokening a city in the stretches of woodland ahead of us was a tall ruinous pile of building, singularly black in colour, towering above the trees. This was really the uppermost storey of the old Convent of St. Monica, once inhabited by a large community of nuns. Presently the adjoining Augustinian Priory came into sight. However, a curve in the road to the left took us quite away from this view and from that portion of the be-wooded and hidden city. Indeed, unless one specially enquires for St. Monica's convent, it is afterwards apt to be passed over unvisited, though that upper storey,

* Not the other side, as we afterwards learnt, but really a large island named Divar, to round which, the Mandavi divides in two streams and then reunites.

black and towering, reappears above a throne of woodland many times as you pace the lower parts of the city. A few hundred yards further, and we became conscious of a strange symmetry, and an orderliness amid disorder, in the grouping of the cocoa-nut plantations and of the low walls enclosing them, on either side of the road. We dismounted and examined more closely; and then the truth was declared to us. It was this. We had in reality already arrived in what was, perhaps 130 years ago, a street lined with large mansions, and these low straight boundaries of stone enclosing the trees had been then the lower parts of the outer walls of each house. Indeed we identified even the basal portion of the partition-walls of the various rooms; so that a plan of the ground-floor of the mansion was in several instances distinctly traceable. Darksome haunts, these, amid closely-packed trees which now shut out the daylight—cocoa-nut, areca-nut, and jack-fruit chiefly, slanting up tall and slim to amazing heights. Ah! what phantom troops of gay ladies, dark-haired and wanton-eyed; of haughty generals and cowled monks, of pursy bulbous-faced merchant-princes and cruel-mouthed familiars of the Holy Inquisition, must here at night-time flit their ghostly way, and mouth and gibber, amid the smooth tree-stems!

Our vehicle took its course down, down, betwixt these halls and rooms, crammed with tall trees instead of human-beings, and only left grim skeletons in outline. But then, suddenly, out from the gloom! And, as we lived, we were rattling over the rubble of a veritable street. Great walls towered up beside us; and, presently, we came to a stand in an enormous square—a square of huge buildings, but not houses, only churches—a rhomboid set round with naught save churches! This open plain, its area now a low plateau of earth, ridged and heavily grass-grown, was once the great square of Goa—the Terra di Sabaio. As we stepped down on to the court-yard fronting a large church buttressed without with side-springing arches, not one living being was in sight. The church was the holiest in the place; it was the Church of St. Paul, but commonly known as Bom Jesus, where to this day the remains of Francis Xavier, missionary and saint, lie enshrined.

Looking up at the façade of this famous church of BOM JESUS, it was seen to be well-proportioned and in as good repair as any similar edifice in any ordinary Continental city. To our right, as we stood in front, rose up the outer walls of a conventual-

looking building which met the façade, and thus became amalgamated with the fabric of the church itself. This building to our right was the once magnificent House of the Society of Jesus—the home from whence the indefatigable missionaries of the Jesuit Order set forth to the extremities of India and China and Japan on their work of converting to Christianity the heathen. The great St. Francis, the Apostle of the Indies, however, never resided in it; for this House of the Society in Goa was not completed until 1590, thirty-eight years after his death. We were allowed to enter by a small door to the right, and found ourselves in long and spacious corridors with broad flights of steps mounting to the upper storeys. Two or three enormous halls, still in perfect repair, attested the olden grandeur of this establishment, the vastness as well as the hospitality of which several of the travellers of the 17th century refer to in glowing terms. Abstemious to a degree themselves, the Jesuit Brothers were always generous to prodigality in the entertainment of guests. No wonder old Tavernier the voyager praises the delicious canary to which he was treated by the good Fathers in their house at Goa.

But it was more than 100 years since the members of the Order resided in their home here and had paced along the solemn passages where now we were walking. The Jesuits were the religious fraternity first expelled from Goa. Their suppression occurred in 1759; while the other monastic orders were allowed to remain in Goa until 1835. And now, in 1890, how lonely these corridors, devoted to no purpose spiritual or temporal, and inhabited by one priest who is permitted to reside here as caretaker! That solitary man at night in the vast vaulted monastery—what fancies it conjured up as we gazed along the far-reaching desolate vistas! Yet doubtless he sleeps soundly, troubled by no romantic or ghostly imaginings; and we must really congratulate him upon the cleanliness which the whole place exhibited, notwithstanding its size.

This priest, the custodian of the house, proved to be the cicerone in the adjoining church, likewise. He was a tall, thin-faced man, of gentle and grave mien, yet simple withal. He conducted us into the Church of Bom Jesus by way of the monastery corridors, passing first into a long and lofty hall which we were told was the Sacristy. It was a larger sacristy than any we had seen in European Cathedrals, and the lengthy tables along the walls were provided underneath with huge

drawers wherein, as our good priest showed us, were stocked vestments of gorgeous colours, including the archiepiscopal series. Thence being introduced into another hall, we were directed to a full-length painting beside a small arched doorway leading beyond. It was the picture of a dark-faced man, sweet and earnest. It was the great Apostle of the Indies. And so, passing within the doorway, we found ourselves at once within the very shrine of St. Francis—a side chapel in the main fabric of the church.

One's innate sense of the exact proportions which pomp and circumstance should bear to chaste simplicity in the sanctuary where still reposes the withered frame of the Great Missionary was not disappointed here. We confess to a feeling of relief. The chamber where the tomb has been erected is lavishly decorated, and entirely screened off from the rest of the church. Numerous pictures, hung round the chapel, delineate various acts in his career. A graphic representation of his death in the island of Sanchan off the coast of China is particularly noticeable. Xavier is shown starting up and crying out in his delirium those memorable last words, addressed to the closely-locked country he had tried in vain to enter:

"O, rock, rock, when wilt thou open?"

The hero's tomb is a worthy one, richly ornamented, yet free from all tawdry decoration. It consists of three tiers of sarcophagi, made of the most exquisitely variegated jasper, surmounting which is the massive silver coffin in which the body lies. The uppermost or third tier of that jasper throne is altar-shaped, and beautifully embellished with panels displaying scenes in the Saint's life, which are curiously wrought in differently-coloured marbles, and which are partitioned the one from the other by miniature columns of yellow jasper. Upon this third stage rests the silver coffin, seven feet long by three feet broad, crowned by figures of angels, wrought in silver, who bear up in their hands a cross, gracefully fashioned in the same metal and over two feet in height. Many incidents in Xavier's life are portrayed in embossed work upon the coffin. These are delicately executed and impart a finish to what is, taken as a whole, veritably an artistic gem. The quantity of silver made use of in the coffin is stated to be 300 lbs., and it was formerly studded with many jewels.

Though by no means of the Roman communion, we could not help but kneel for a few minutes on the steps beneath that

tomb. The place was fraught with the solemn mystery of life and death; and those wistful feelings with which we revolve deeds of heroic self-sacrifice in others, and look upon the pure in heart, were irrepressible here. Thank God, it is in such fanes as these that the subtle strings connecting even the most corroded soul with Heaven can at length vibrate with some weak sense of virtue upon Earth and its reward Hereafter!

Although 338 years have passed away since the death of Francis Xavier, it is a fact not to be questioned that his body continues even to the present day in a state of remarkable preservation. This circumstance, often referred to by the old voyagers to Goa, has been re-attested two or three times in recent years when the coffin has been exposed opened, as was the custom in remote days. Three keys are required before the lid can be raised. One of these is kept by the Pope in Rome; whilst the other two remain in Goa, one in the custody of the Archbishop, and one in the hands of the Portuguese Viceroy—an arrangement thought requisite to insure the venerated remains from all risk of violation. From the first, the assertion of non-decay has been maintained, and can be traced throughout the history of the body; though the story of non-embalmment seems doubtful. Dying on the 2nd of December, 1552, on the island of Sanchan, near China, the corpse of the Saint was forthwith conveyed to Malacca and there entombed. Four and a half months later, in August 1553, it was disinterred for transfer to India, and contemporary statements aver that the body was then seen to be undecayed and almost life-like. In transit to Goa it was injured, and on that occasion it is alleged to have even bled! About this time also it lost a toe, which some pious woman, infatuate at the sight, is said to have bitten off! Arriving at Goa in March 1554, it was first deposited in the Xavier Chapel of St. Paul's Conventual College, where the Saint had prayed repeatedly for power to convert the heathen. This chapel is now in ruins. In 1560 the body was removed to St. Thomas's Chapel in the sacristy of the Church of St. Paul, but was eventually returned to the College, where it was kept for many years. After the canonization of Francis in 1623 by the Pope, his remains were conveyed with great pomp to the House of Jesuits adjoining Bom Jesus. Peter Valle, the traveller, no friend to Romanists, was present, and describes the scene, corroborating from personal inspection the assertions of non-decay. Prior to this, however, by order of

Pope Paul V., there had been performed in 1614 an amputation of the Saint's right arm, which had been immediately transmitted to Rome. Ever since then the whole frame is affirmed to have gradually shrunk and become partially mummified. In 1655, the body having been transferred from the House into Bom Jesus Church, the present tomb was set up;* and up to the year 1686, the coffin appears to have been opened annually, and the remains each time exposed to the gaze of tens of thousands. Owing to the continued though gradual shrivelling of the body, it was then deemed advisable to forbid these public exhibitions. However, from the 9th to the 12th of February, 1722, it was again placed on view; the attractions of the spectacle to persons from all parts being thought likely to bring back prosperity to the now declining city. A royal edict from Portugal in 1755 had ordered the discontinuance of these exhibitions; yet in 1781, we find mention of another public exposure of the remains. Thereafter for nearly eighty years the sacred form was kept concealed from all inspection in its silver casket.

Ultimately in 1859 another public display was sanctioned; and on the 3rd of December in that year the three keys were applied, the lid upraised, and lo! St. Francis once again lay on view as of old. On this occasion so multitudinous were the pilgrimages from distant places to behold the interesting relics, that the exposure was continued up to the 8th of January, 1860. Several reports upon the state of the body were then drawn up by the Roman Bishop of Bombay and others. One was an official report of a Medical Committee, which stated:—

"The cranium on its right side is covered with scalp still bearing hair, though scantily; but the left side of it is completely denuded. The whole of the face is covered with a dark dry integument, with an opening on the right side communicating with the maxillary fossa, and apparently corresponding to the place of the contusion referred to in the report drawn up on January 1st, 1782. Of the front teeth only one of the lower incisors is wanting. Both the ears exist; but the right arm is wanting. The left hand, including the nails, is entire, just as it is described in the above-mentioned report of 1782. The abdominal walls are covered with an integument, dried up, and somewhat dark in colour; the abdominal cavity not containing (apparently) any intestines. The feet are covered with an

* According to other accounts, supported by the personal narrative of Gemelli the traveller, the present tomb was not erected until 1696.

integument equally dried up and dark in colour, the prominence of the tendons being distinctly marked. The fourth and fifth toes of the right foot are wanting. Some remnants of the integument and one of the phalanges of one toe are in a very spongy condition."

On this occasion the length of the body was measured, and proved to be only four feet six inches. It was found shrouded in magnificent vestments; the coffin also being lined with amber-coloured silks embroidered with jewels. For inspection, the coffin was moved to a catafalque in the centre of the church.

In 1878 the body was again exposed to view. Mrs. Guthrie, the authoress of several well-written books of travel, was fortunate enough to be cruising near Goa at the time, and hearing of the spectacle, she paid a visit to the old city, and has put on record her inspection of the solemn relics.

"In the centre of the church, raised upon a catafalque railed round, lay the body, surmounted by a canopy of cloth of gold. A platform was raised round it. Being beckoned up by the officer on duty, I stepped on the platform and passed round the shrine at my leisure, being even invited to do so a second time. What struck me most was the small size of the body, and more especially of the skull and of the hand that lay upon the breast. Only one arm remains, the other having been severed from the body in 1614, after which the figure was said to wither. It was sent to Rome, where I had seen it, never dreaming that I should behold the body to which it had been attached. The face, which retained the skin, was of a grey, livid colour, like leather that had been soaked. The nasal bone was exposed. The skin of the feet was dark and thick, and had split up into strips, while the bones of the toes protruded—two of them indeed were wanting. I stood for some time, and then, making my reverence to the body of the good and great man, passed round again to examine the rich vestments which covered it. There was no glass to impede the view. They were beautifully embroidered and studded with pearls. . . . Quitting the dais, I remained for a time regarding the devotees that knelt along the sides of the long nave, and the groups that were assembled in the centre. It was a scene of touching simplicity. The interior of the church was, according to the Portuguese fashion, whitewashed. The men wore suits of grey cloth with dark blue stockings. The women, like so many ghosts, were shrouded in the ample white garment which is the holiday costume of the Christian females of

the territory. I have since heard doubts expressed as to the authenticity of the body. I have none myself. It bears a very natural appearance of age. It must be remembered that bodies thus preserved are those of ascetics, who existed on the sparest diet, and died in a state of emaciation."

It was estimated that when St. Francis's body was thus exhibited in December 1878, some 30,000 or 40,000 pilgrims from all parts of India, as well as a goodly number from Portugal also, visited the shrine. Many of these were cripples, who came in the hope of miraculous cure.

Retreating from the Xavier shrine into the main body of the church, there was much to be noticed. There is a massive statue of the Saint executed in solid silver, the gift of Donna Maria of Portugal 200 years ago. Upraised behind the centre of the high altar is a statue in stone of Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Jesuit Order. The face here exhibits wonderful depth of expression, and has been sculptured with a power and poetry not often seen in work by unknown hands. The Francis Borgia Chapel is also worthy inspection.

Having received from our quaint cicerone a medal and certain memorial objects which had been sanctified by being passed over the body of St. Francis at the last exposition, we went forth into the broiling sun and surveyed the scene. A square blocked round with churches lay before us; but not a human being was to be seen, save our sleeping *ghariwala*, who of course knew nought in the way of identification of buildings. In these straits we were fain to rely on dear old Captain Marryat solely. Information afterwards communicated by a learned antiquary, Senhor José Fonseca, a native of Goa of Portuguese descent, will enable us now, however, as we write, to proceed more intelligently than we did then.

Opposite to our place of view, on the other side of the square, quite 250 yards distant, was the great Cathedral of St Catharine, now styled apparently San Primaçial. In order to reach that edifice we crossed slant-wise to the eastern side of the square by the ruins of the Misericordia Church, and were then in what was once the great Strada Diretta, which ran down the eastern side of the square and, on, down to the quay. In its lower portion, after you had passed the front entrance to the Cathedral it was in olden days the great business street and mart for slaves of both sexes. Keeping up this eastern side, where the street ran, we passed on our right, before we gained

the Cathedral front, a solemn hill of bricks and stones and grassy mounds. We turned aside to scale the heap, for we knew at once by what it had been formed. We were standing on the remnants of what had been, some seventy years ago, the HOLY INQUISITION.

Yes, here, on this eastern flank, had stood for 200 years the notorious Inquisition of Goa, the last survivor of those institutions, well-meant when first designed, but in practice wholly iniquitous. The interior of this dreaded edifice, as it then existed at Goa, has been often described by the old travellers, to whose works in 'Collection of Voyages' we must refer the reader. Sufficient it will be to mention that the building now razed to the ground covered a space of two acres, contained three large halls, and 200 prisoners' cells above and under the basement, and was girded by walls of immense thickness. At once the Palace and the Prison of the Inquisition, it was the pride and terror of the people of Goa. Suddenly and silently would the black-robed myrmidons of the establishment appear in any house in the city, touch the accused upon the shoulder and bid him follow them. No matter how popular the victim had been, not one hand would be raised in his defence as he was hurried through the busy streets within the remorseless doors of the "Holy Office." At Goa a large majority of the Hindu population had embraced Christianity; but they would often revert to the practice in secret of occult rites. Such acts were regarded as sorcery and magic in those days; and if the native had been baptized he could rarely escape the stake as punishment for lapse into these practices. To this day the few Hindus who dwell at Old Goa speak with bated breath as they point to the stony heap where stood the Inquisition. There, they tell you, stood *Orlem ghor*, the "Great House." Many *autos-da-fé* were held here in the last century. The last *auto-da-fé* which took place in Goa was in February 1773; but the number of persons condemned, and those, if any, who were burned, does not seem to have been recorded. In the year 1800 the number of prisoners was forty-seven. By a royal decree from Portugal, dated May 21st, 1814, the Holy Inquisition was for ever abolished. The building was then shut up and abandoned to decay and ruin, which indeed for a long time previously had been actively going on. In 1820 a large portion was pulled down; and of the remainder the Abbé Cottineau, who visited Goa in 1827, says: "The whole is now fast decaying, no doors or window-shutters

existing. Shrubs, thorns, and rubbish block up the front entrance, and the interior must be filled with snakes and other reptiles." Finally, in 1829, a complete wreck of the dread edifice was perpetrated by the authorities, who required materials for building operations at Panjim. The whole place was pulled down and left a hideous mound of *débris*—a sort of accursed heap, in memory of the deeds of barbarity so long enacted within the hellish place. Fonseca, however, relates one stage further. In 1859, when the grand exposition of St. Francis Xavier's remains was being prepared for, the greater part of the stones, stucco, and rubbish was carted away. And lo! the men who were engaged on the heap, discovered steps going below to a subterranean vault or dungeon, and beneath this cellar, under a heavy, boat-shaped piece of lead, was found a human skeleton. But, as we have said, a mound of grass-grown *débris* still remains; and, from this Akeldama, we now bore away, as a trophy of the once-famous Palace of the Inquisition, one rough and corrugated stone.

We were now at the great eastern front of the CATHEDRAL, ST. PRIMAÇIAL. We entered here and found ourselves in a vast whitewashed building. We had entered, let the reader remark, at the *east* end, and yet that was the main doorway; for, strange to say, the high altar of the church was reared at the other, or west end of the edifice. The interior forms a complete cross with lengthy and spacious transepts, and a noble nave, long and broad and lofty. High up are lodged some curious very narrow galleries, overhanging, and with wooden balustrades in front. Up there, we presume, in the old days, did crowds of jealously-secluded senoritas assemble to witness the grand spectacle of the *auto-da-fé*, one important scene in which, the Dominican sermon and the sentencing, took place in the Cathedral. So, naturally, we let the fancy have play. There, near the high altar, we placed again the puissant Viceroy of Portuguese India, and not far off from him the grim-visaged Archbishop. On the grand throne near the junction of the transepts we seated the Grand Inquisitor; and up in that tall wooden pulpit we perched the dark Dominican friar gesticulating to a packed and silent church-full his terrific harangue. There, too, were the unmoved "familiars" of the Holy Office. While, below in the nave, were the hundred or so of trembling prisoners in their grotesque penitential dresses, with the death-condemned ones placed in the front, and clad in garments

whereon had been sewn cones of yellow cloth in shape of flames, significant of doom. Only a hundred years back such a scene as that had really taken place—in this very church. And so did the morbid fancy enchain us by this pillar and by that, sitting heavily upon us, and constraining us again, and yet again, to look down the spreading nave, and say again that it was *here* it all had happened, and try to brand the old scene and the present desolation together on our brain.

The altar of the Cathedral is of great length ; and on the day of the *auto-da-fé* would be draped in black. The great tenor bell also tolled funereally at intervals throughout the morning.*

* "The streets and squares through which the procession was to pass were filled at an early hour. Silk, tapestries, and cloth of gold and silver, were hung over the balconies and out of the windows in honour of the procession. Every balcony and window was thronged with ladies and cavaliers in their gayest attire, all waiting anxiously to see the wretches paraded before they suffered; but the world is fond of excitement, and where is there anything so exciting to a superstitious people as an *auto-da-fé*?

"As the sun rose the heavy bell of the Cathedral tolled, and all the prisoners were led down to the grand hall that the order of the procession might be arranged. At the large entrance door, on a raised throne, sat the Grand Inquisitor encircled by many of the most considerable nobility and gentry of Goa. By the Grand Inquisitor stood his secretary, and as the prisoners walked past the throne, and their names were mentioned, the secretary, after each, called out the names of one of those gentlemen, who immediately stepped forward and took his station by the prisoner. These people are termed godfathers; their duty is to accompany and be answerable for the prisoner, who is under their charge until the ceremony is over. It is reckoned a high honour conferred on those whom the Grand Inquisitor appoints to this office.

"At last the procession commenced. First was raised on high the standard of the Dominican order of monks, for the Dominican order were the founders of the Inquisition, and claimed this privilege by prescriptive right. After the banner the monks themselves followed in two lines. And what was the motto of their banner?—'Justitia et Misericordia.' Then followed the culprits to the number of three hundred, each with his godfather by his side, and his large wax-candle lighted in his hand. Those whose offences had been most venial walk first ; all are bareheaded and barefooted. After this portion, who wore only the dress of black and white serge, came those who carried the Sanbenitos ; then those who wore the Samarias, with the flames reversed. Here there was a separation in the procession, caused by a large cross with the carved image of our Saviour nailed to it, the face of the image carried forward. This was intended to signify that those in advance of the crucifix, and upon whom the Saviour looked down, were not to suffer ; and that those who were behind, and upon whom His back was turned, were cast away to perish for ever in this world and the next. Behind the crucifix followed the seven condemned ; and, as the greatest criminal, Amine walked the last. But the procession did not close here. Behind Amine were five effigies, raised high on poles, clothed in the same dresses, painted with flames and demons. Behind each effigy was borne a coffin containing a skeleton; the effigies were of those who had died in their dungeon, or expired under the torture, and who had been tried and condemned after their death and sentenced to be burnt. These skeletons had been dug up,

And now, even as we were revolving these things, did this same heavy bell sound forth. It tolled on, but it was summoning to a very different religious gathering. There are still twenty-eight canons and *capellaes* attached to the Cathedral; and every day at 3 P.M., we learnt, are they bound to attend service, forming, with a few native Christians, the survivors of a once mighty throng. Near the chief entrance has been placed a striking picture of St. Christopher bearing the infant Christ; and here, too, we found the font, said to have belonged to an older church which preceded this and was on the same site. Next, further west in the Square, stands another church with a disused monastery attached. This is the CHURCH AND CONVENT OF ST. FRANCIS D'ASSISI—once in importance ranking even before the Jesuits' establishments. We found the church, which is a vast edifice, in a dismantled condition, undergoing repairs. A fine painting of the patron saint over the high altar was in a torn and disfigured state. Entering some inner cloisters arranged in a quadrangle, the entire walls here were seen to be filled with great canvas daubs representing the various martyrdoms which members of the Franciscan order had undergone in the Indies. Dates and names were attached to each canvas; and the tortures which the poor Franciscans had suffered at the hands of Aurangzeeb and other native princes were depicted in most realistic fashion. Elephants of grotesquely savage aspect were in several instances the instruments in these martyrdoms. The martyrs in their dying agonies were also portrayed as administering baptism to their converts! A long staircase of black stone led to the upper floor, which seemed in a dilapidated state. In the church there was a remarkable image of Our Lord upon the Cross, with one hand loose and grasping a kneeling figure of St. Francis; both statues are in stone and larger than life.

Returning to the court fronting the Cathedral façade, we

and were to suffer the same sentence as, had they still been living beings, they would have undergone. The effigies were to be tied to the stakes and the bones were to be consumed. Then followed the members of the Inquisition—the familiars, monks, priests, and hundreds of penitents, in black dresses which concealed their faces, all with the lighted tapers in their hands.

"It was two hours before the procession, which had paraded through almost every important street in Goa, arrived at the Cathedral in which the further ceremonies were to be gone through. The barefooted culprits could now scarcely walk, the small sharp flints having so wounded their feet that their tracks up the steps of the Cathedral were marked with blood."—MARRYAT'S 'Phantom Ship.'

proceeded down a wide road opening from this court and trending due east. The road, after a short piece, widens into a wide area flagged, and entered by gateways, the gates to which have disappeared. Another church lay before us, with a stupendous window in the western façade, and crowned with a graceful dome not dissimilar in fashion to our London St. Paul's. On our left, as we faced the church, was a long conventual building with an open door revealing cool-looking corridors within. The church was the CHURCH OF ST. CAJETAN; the monastery adjacent, that formerly occupied by the Bare-footed Carmelites, or Theatine monks. We passed into the monastic building and at length routed out a sleeping Indian servant, whom we commissioned to summon the priest in charge of this desecrated domain. After much searching and more shouting, we at length succeeded in lighting upon the particular cell where the custodian of the place lay *perdu*. The holy man, who had been enjoying a *siesta*, was airily clad in a pair of cotton pantaloons, and was somewhat scandalized to find a lady as well as a gentleman intruding amid these sacred dormitories. He hurriedly retreated within his den; but soon reappeared encased in robing sufficient to do the honours of the establishment. We were particularly glad to have found this place. Although the monks have flitted long ago, their old residence has been kept in thorough repair as a house of accommodation for the Viceroy and suite on the occasions when they pay their half-yearly visit to Old Goa. Moreover all the documental archives of the city, once preserved in the Viceroy's Palace, as well as the curiosities of the Arsenal, have now been deposited here. We found several lengths of corridor on the second floor, with the walls completely lined by a splendid series of huge paintings portraying the life-sized figures of every Portuguese Viceroy from the time of Albuquerque to the present day. Some of these portraits were of course very old—over 300 years; yet the colouring was in fine condition, rich as from the brush of Rubens or Rembrandt. A few of the pictures represented Grand Inquisitors and other notables; and the total number of full-length portraits must have been quite 200. We were shown a long chamber where the Viceroy sits in Council upon the occasion of his visits. Over the fire-place in this room was a new and handsome painting of the present Viceroy of Goa, Senhor Caetano Alexius d'Albuquerque, a fine-looking Portuguese gentleman in official dress. There were two or three bedrooms

fitted up with new furniture, iron bedsteads with spring mattresses and hat-stands—a strange contrast to the fittings which fifty years' ago occupied those cells in the days of the Bare-footed Carmelites!

There were many other "lions" to be inspected in the old city; but the day was now fast declining. The site of the Dominican Convent lay behind St. Cajetan's; but only a gigantic cross, rising amid a thicket of shrubs, was to be found remaining of buildings which a traveller only fifty-four years ago spoke of as "beautiful and spacious." We had not time to mount the "Holy Hill" to inspect the various Augustinian establishments upon it. That which was the chief nunnery in Goa stands there—the Convent of St. Monica, which, when the monasteries were closed in 1835, was permitted to retain its status. No new novices, however, were allowed to join, and now all are gone. One aged nun, Sister Josepha de Coração, lingered until 1889; and the property, worth over £11,000, has now been seized by the State.

And here, before quitting the grim old city, there may be appropriately introduced a list, which we have taken some pains to compile, of all the public edifices once existing, and in many instances still existing, in Goa Velha. Of the houses and palaces of the old hidalgoes and merchants, strange to say, *not one* has been left standing. The stones and materials of all such, as in the case of certain of the convents and public buildings, have been long ago removed to Panjim, and to another large town, Mapuça, where they were utilized in the erection of other edifices.

GENERAL PUBLIC EDIFICES.

THE PALACE OF THE VICEROYS.—Built 1512. No longer standing. Destroyed 1825, and contents removed to Theatine Monastery.

ARSENAL.—Built 1449. Dismantled, but still standing.

ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE.—In good repair, though nearly 300 years old. Occasionally occupied.

ALJUBE, OR ARCHBISHOP'S GAOL.—Built 1604. In fair repair.

CUSTOM HOUSE.—Rebuilt 1559. Destroyed *circa* 1790.

ROYAL HOSPITAL.—Erected 1511–1524. Abandoned 1760.

PALACE OF THE INQUISITION.—Built by the Muhammadans before the Portuguese conquest, and converted into Offices of Inquisition. Destroyed 1829.

CHURCHES.

CATHEDRAL OF ST. CATHARINE.—Erected 1562–1631. In good repair.

ST. PAUL, OR BOM JESUS.—Finished 1603. In good repair.

ST. FRANCIS D'ASSISI.—Finished 1664. In fair repair.

ST. CAJETAN.—Finished 1659. In fair repair.

ST. AUGUSTINE.—Erected *circa* 1595. Closed 1835. In ruins tower standing.

ST. JOHN OF GOD.—Finished 1687. No roof; otherwise sound.

DOMINICAN CHURCH.—Finished 1564. Demolished 1841.

OUR LADY OF PITY.—Erected *circa* 1525. Completely ruinated.

OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.—Finished 1543. In fair repair. Five altars.

ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.—Erected 1551. Closed, but in fair repair.

ST. ALEXIUS.—Erected *circa* 1580. No traces, save cross in churchyard.

OUR LADY OF SERRA.—Erected 1513. Roofless. Used as Cemetery Chapel.

ST. THOMAS.—Erected 1520. Completely ruinated.

ST. PETER.—Erected 1542. Still in use and fair repair.

ST. MARTIN'S CHAPEL.—Erected 1552. Fell down 1772.

HOLY TRINITY.—Erected 1591. Completely ruinated.

ST. MONICA.—Finished 1627. In use and in good repair.

ST. BONAVENTURE.—Erected 1604. Demolished 1872.

OUR LADY OF LIGHT.—Erected 1540. In use 1835. Now removed.

CHAPEL OF ST. CATHARINE.—Rebuilt 1580. In good repair.

MIRACULOUS CROSS.—Finished 1671. Completely in ruins.

ST. LUCY.—Erected 1544. Partly demolished 1868.

OUR LADY OF THE MOUNT.—Erected 1540. In fair repair.

CARMELITE CHURCH.—Erected 1612. Roofless and decaying.

MONASTIC ESTABLISHMENTS.

PROFESSED HOUSE OF SOCIETY OF JESUS.—Convent in good repair.

FRANCISCAN MONASTERY.—Inmates expelled in 1835, 27. Value of property confiscated, £13,350. Convent in decaying condition.

DOMINICAN MONASTERY.—Inmates expelled, 25. Value confiscated, £16,813. Buildings demolished.

CARMELITE MONASTERY.—Value confiscated, £4991. In ruins.

THEATINE MONASTERY.—Inmates expelled, 16. Value confiscated, £8850. In excellent repair.

AUGUSTINIAN PRIORY.—Inmates expelled, 59. Value confiscated, £43,240. In ruins.

COLLEGIO DE POPULO.—Demolished 1846.

HOUSE OF BROTHERS OF ST. JOHN.—Inmates expelled, 12. Value nominal. House in ruins.

URSULINE CONVENT.—Not closed in 1835. Removed in 1841 to Carmelite Convent at Chimbal.

ST. MONICA'S CONVENT.—Closed 1889. In fair repair.

CONVENT OF MIRACULOUS CROSS.—Occupied by Oratorians of St. Philip Neri. Inmates expelled, 36. Value confiscated, £14,450.

At the time of the suppression, other monasteries were closed in different localities throughout the Goanese territory. As we have mentioned, none of these foundations are permitted to exist at the present day within the Portuguese jurisdiction. But, once over the border-line, in British India, there is freedom to establish anything and everything. There are several of the monastic orders located in fine buildings in and about Bombay, Madras, Poona, and Allahabad.

And thus we bade farewell to this City of the Dead, occupied now by only a few half-castes and Konkanis. The very priests whose duties carry them here, with half-a-dozen exceptions, retreat at nightfall to the adjacent river-islet of Divar, where they reside. As we drove rapidly back along the darkening highway, the Angelus bell rang pathetically from one or two village churches, and the Hindu women in their long graceful white robes were met hurrying through the dusk in silence to the summons. Sombre and sad and lonely, everything! Well, things were changed; but did not the Faith survive yet, purified and better? Massive buildings were crumbling on still in the darkness in the melancholy city we had left. Shadows reared themselves in groupings, forlorn and grim, on either side the roadway. We sighed, indeed, over the faded grandeur. But it was better so. Pomp and avarice; debauchery, cruelty, and splendour—once rampant here in palaces and convents and churches—were never, surely, parts of the Gospel taught by Christ.

GRAHAM SANDBERG.

GENOESE LOVE-SONG.

A MOON-suffuséd city
Its gardens blowing balm,
In terrace above terrace white
Arose, with pluméd palm,
As 'twere the silver seat of Night
That queen'd the waters calm.

The ghostly cedars sombre frond
Was gloom upon the hill,
I pass'd with beating heart beyond,
And all beyond was still.
White moon! when wilt thou break this bond?
Be not so cold, so chill!

And lo! mine eyes, as from a spell,
Were loosed to see her stand
(She saw me not) with eyes that fell
Far on the moony land.
She stood beside the fragrant well,
The marble touch'd her hand.

She sigh'd. One fierce, aloof, forlorn,
Received that little sigh,
And laid it on his heart till morn
And would not let it die.
Of me it dream'd—for me 'twas born
And stole into the sky.

Thou trancéd lily, breathing light!
Too base am I and low,—
I will not speak to thee to-night,
Nor break that dreaming so,—
Thy blesséd thoughts shall take their flight
And bear me where they go.

FREDERIC HERBERT TRENCH.

ON THE CONDITION OF WORKING-WOMEN IN PARIS.

THE condition of women who have no resource but their own labour to get their daily bread, has attracted, forcibly, the attention of philanthropists in all countries; the difficulties and the temptations inseparable from such a necessity being of a nature to call for the warmest sympathy, and the heartiest assistance, from their more fortunate sisters. But nowhere, perhaps, is the struggle so hard as in Paris, or the merit of those who keep clear of pit-falls so great.

All writers on social questions agree in the statement, that the condition of men in the Parisian working-classes not only leaves no cause for complaint, but is, in fact, far superior to that of the innumerable *employés* in the various offices and establishments, whether belonging to the Government, or to private enterprise; a great number of workmen's wages amounting to 2000 up to 3000 francs a year (£80 to £120).

The *employés* earn from 1500 to 1800 francs, and are obliged to keep up appearances, which workmen need not take into consideration. The workman may wear a *blouse*, may eat his dinner at a cheap *traiteur's* shop, may live in a garret, where he only goes for the night. The *employé* must have a decent coat, however threadbare; he cannot be seen in low places, and he must have a proper lodging. The *employé* is consequently considerably straitened and often half-starved, whereas the workman has enough to spend his evenings at *cafés* and low theatres, where all his wages go; above all things, he wishes to enjoy life; the excessive frugality of the provinces is not a Parisian virtue—or defect.

His idea of life is—*Courte et bonne;* of all places, Paris is the one where he has the most pleasures within his reach, and

he does his best to enjoy all, without being troubled by scruples of conscience.

The Comte de Mun and other gentlemen have tried to found workmen's clubs, for the purpose of raising the moral tone of Parisians; but these establishments, instituted with the best intentions, fall short of their original purpose, and are chiefly useful in keeping out of mischief young men coming from the provinces. Real Parisians are far too cynical to be drawn to such places, where they are given coffee and lemonade to drink, and have their minds improved, perhaps a little too methodically. Then, in the sight of their companions, to belong to such institutions is the equivalent of a royalist and clerical profession of faith. There is perhaps a little too much of religious demonstrations and practices, for the benefit proposed to be, in reality, widely extended; and the danger of repelling many, and of making others hypocrites, is not entirely avoided.

But the middle course, which might be the most practical, is not willingly followed in France. Both sides deal in extremes.

The ordinary Parisian workman not only dislikes religious practices, but, as a bachelor, never thinks even of going to church on Sundays. When married, if he be so fortunate as to have a judicious wife, there is often a great and very beneficial change. But marriage is the exception in the working-classes. A Parisian *ouvrier* knows that, when married, he must give up a great deal of what he likes best; he has plenty for himself, but the care of a wife and children would alter matters considerably. Then the "red tape" exigencies of the French law, and the necessity of a civil marriage with all its troublesome and expensive formalities, besides the religious rite, is often a cause of hesitation. As he is utterly unscrupulous, the natural consequence follows of illicit unions, broken when the chain weighs too heavily, with the misery of unhappy women left destitute, and often *not alone*, to be provided for, which he seldom cares to do. When, later in life, he is tired and satiated, he may settle down and "make an end" (*faire une fin*); but he usually chooses a girl who has been able to save or inherit a little money, and not the one who has the strongest claims.

There are consequently a large number of women in Paris unmarried, and obliged to work for their living. How can the average workwoman get the necessaries of life?

The writers who have closely examined the question answer,

without hesitation, that it is *impossible;* an awful conclusion, and yet, seemingly, undeniable. A girl who has not the advantage of sharing the benefit of a family home and of the common earnings, who lives alone, and is yet determined to keep "the white flower of a blameless life," must inevitably perish—die of utter starvation.

What are the wages paid to female labour in Paris, and what is the cost of living?

Three or four trades or, more properly, professions are well paid—comparatively; but these, in fact, belong to the fine arts, and require natural talent, with careful and expensive training, so that they are open to few.

At the head of these stands the china manufactory of Sèvres. Candidates cannot hope for admission, even with considerable interest, unless they excel in drawing and painting, and unless specimens of their work have been approved by the committee of artists belonging to the manufactory. But even with remarkable proficiency (without which competition is impossible), it is necessary to go through technical training, for at least a year, with one of the leading artists belonging to the establishment, whose lessons are paid for at the rate of 10 francs an hour.

When competent, the work is paid for, according to its merits, but long practice is necessary to attain the point when remuneration is really good. Two female artists (and only two) make a yearly income of 2000 francs (£80); the others can only earn between 1200 and 1500 francs; they all work at home, and consequently must provide food and lodging. The male artists are better paid, and work at the manufactory; after thirty years of service they have a retiring pension, which is not granted to women.

The reason given is the comparative inferiority of female work, and especially the deficiency of imagination and creative power. Women copy well, but cannot originate; this is noticed in all artistic trades, such as designing patterns for shawls and stuffs, wood-engraving for periodicals or illustrated books.

The latter requires an apprenticeship of three years, and the purchase of tools and materials, costing about 25 francs; the profit seldom exceeds 5 francs a day.

Designers of stuffs may get 8 francs a day; men are paid 12 and 15 francs.

Engravers of music earn about the same sum; an appren-

ticeship of three years is necessary, and an outfit of instruments costing from 1200 to 1500 francs.

China painters, outside of Sèvres, working for private shops, have most precarious gains; the medium, about 2 francs a day, with long interruptions of *morte-saison*, or slack-time. This is the great drawback to another employment, which might be very lucrative, that of *fleuriste*, or maker of artificial flowers. Each worker has her particular flower, and makes no other; a good worker belonging to a first-rate establishment earns about 4 francs a day, which seems little enough; but the first-class makers of roses get 6 francs for a rose, and can make (if they have nimble fingers) as many as ten in a day. But for several months in the year they can get no work.

A few exceptionally clever makers of wreaths belonging to first-rate floral establishments are paid 2000 francs a year, with board and lodging; but these are prizes in the lottery which can hardly be taken into consideration. Exceptional ability is in every class thoroughly well paid in Paris; but we have to deal with the herd, and not with exceptions. The greater number of *fleuristes* earn from 2 francs 50 centimes to 3 francs 50 centimes a day, with long interruptions of work.

Embroideresses, even in church work, usually get no more than 3 francs a day; but those who reach 4 or 5 francs are artists of exceptional ability, who can design and shade their work.

The workers who execute the exquisite embroidery seen in Parisian shops have to struggle against the competition of inferior articles, done secretly by ladies wishing to increase a straitened income, who, from inexperience or fear of attracting notice, accept the remuneration offered, without resistance. Workwomen could not live on such terms; they are consequently obliged to excel, in order to be employed at all; but the whole ratio is lowered, and their difficulties are increased. The lady works comparatively at her leisure; but the professional embroideress must bend over her frame from morning till night, to get her daily bread; what is an amusement for the one is hard labour for the other. The glittering gold and silver, always to be stared at; the various shades of silk, the attention required incessantly for the fine stitches to melt one into the other—all is intensely wearying to the head and brain; and yet all must be perfect, or the employer will say: "If the work be no better than this, I can get it done at my own price."

Monsieur Jules Simon remarks judiciously on this subject:

Often the embroidery done by a lady is intended only to satisfy a whim or to procure some article of dress. The more trifling the object in view, the smaller is the remuneration accepted. The value of time is not felt, and it is given for next to nothing, forgetting that the more important time of others is thus sacrificed." *

The less fatiguing trade of a fan-maker is comparatively better paid; first-rate workers, employed by good shops, get as much as 5 francs a day. Those who make up the common fans, sold at a franc a dozen, are paid only from 3 to 4 francs a day.

A clever milliner working at home, with a good connection, may earn from 6 to 7 francs; but there are times of *morte-saison* which considerably reduce the annual sum. Those working in milliners' establishments get 3 or 4 francs a day. We do not mention the first-hands, for of course their exceptional ability is exceptionally paid.

The same applies to dress-making houses; the *première* or first-hand, the *coupeuse* or cutter, the *essayeuse* or fitter, if really capable, are well paid. The others earn from 2 to 3 francs, without board. A good dress-maker, going out by the day, earns 3 francs 50 centimes with board, or 5 francs without board.

We have now enumerated the trades where comparatively good remuneration may be obtained; but if we examine those of a more mechanical and inferior class, we find the average of 3 francs down to 2 francs a day, for plain needlework even less. The "Song of the Shirt" would apply to many a poor needlewoman working for the "Bon Marché," the "Louvre," and other great shops. The dressing-gowns, night jackets, and other similar articles sold so cheaply, are paid for at the rate of 60 centimes, or sixpence each, to the unfortunate makers.

By working incessantly for a whole day, without interruption, an average workwoman may make two and a half in her day, thus earning 1 franc 25 centimes, or an English shilling! And during† *at least* two months of the year, no work is to be had! The makers of bags or sacks are still worse off; they are paid 15 centimes, or three half-pence a dozen! By working sixteen hours, without rest, it is possible to make six dozen, and earn 90 centimes, or *ninepence!*

The author of an interesting work on female labour in Paris‡

* 'L'Ouvrière.' By Jules Simon.

† In most female employments the "morte-saison" lasts three months.

‡ Madame de Barrau: 'Le Travail Féminin à Paris.'

does not hesitate to declare that the great majority of workwomen do not earn more than 2 francs a day, and that many earn less than that. The Comte d'Haussonville quotes an example which had come to his own personal knowledge of a widow-woman, who in his presence deliberately chose the most repulsive of all trades, giving as a reason: "I can only earn what a woman can get in Paris, 1 franc 50 centimes (15*d.*) a day, and I cannot live upon that."

The average rent paid for one room varies from 100 to 150 francs a year, *unfurnished.* A little less may be paid in the extreme outskirts of the city, but the difference is more than compensated by the necessity of taking trains or omnibuses, loss of time, and wear of shoe-leather if they go on foot. A Parisian workwoman must be neatly dressed or she would get no employment; the battered bonnets and tawdry smartness of her class in London are out of the question, and neatness is more expensive than second-hand finery. The least that she can spend for her clothes is reckoned by competent judges at 100 francs a year.* The same writer allows 65 centimes (6½*d.*) a day for her food (many poor girls live on bread and what in Paris is *called* milk).

For 65 centimes it is possible to have a pound of bread, a pennyworth of milk, and two eggs, or a *portion* of the beef which has been used for soup, with two sous' worth of the poisonous liquid, *called* wine, sold in low shops. Such an amount of food for a working-girl is barely enough to sustain life; it is not enough to prevent the hectic fever which destroys so many young women; the *faim lente,* or slow hunger, the consequence of habitual insufficient nourishment.

The lowest possible figure for her expenses is set down thus, by Mlle. Pichard:

Rent	100 francs.
Food, at 65 centimes a day	219 „
Clothes, linen, shoes, &c.	100 „
Washing	15 „
Light	15 „
Fire	15 „
	464 „

The last items we should consider underrated.

* Mdlle. Lilla Pichard: 'Le Choix d'un État.' M. Jules Simon says 115 fr.

The Comte d'Haussonville fixes his calculation at a higher figure, and reckons for fire, light, washing, and small, unforeseen, but no less unavoidable expenses, 100 francs a year. The total would thus amount to 519 francs, which we cannot think exaggerated. A woman who works in her poor garret must have artificial light for many hours, and if her fingers are too much numbed by cold, the rapidity and quality of her work must suffer.

We have seen that the average earnings of a woman do not exceed two francs a day—730 francs a year, *supposing* that she works on Sundays, which is too often the case, and that work *never fails.*

Deducting Sundays and the great festivals, we find:

730	francs.
112	„
618	„

leaving a balance of 99 francs in favour of *possible* earnings over *unavoidable* expenses. But for this she must work hard, without any interruption, she must be incessantly employed, live miserably, and yet have perfect health and good eyesight; she must also be paid regularly two francs a day, and we have seen that too many have far less.

But in all trades, except in the miserably paid work for shops, there is a *morte-saison* of two to three months (seventy-six days without work). The year is thus reduced to 234 days of work, and the pay to 468 francs. She must therefore eat still less than the before-mentioned miserable fare, and yet she must not fall ill; she must never have the slightest enjoyment costing even a few halfpence; she must suffer cold and hunger and be miserably clad, the greatest of all trials to the born Parisienne. More than this, she must be a good and quick needlewoman.

But, as Monsieur Jules Simon states, the greater number are paid less than two francs a day; how do these live? The inferior workwomen get about a penny an hour, and spend threepence a day for their food; Monsieur Jules Simon declares that many women live on three half-pence of bread and three half-pence of milk per diem. What the lodgings of such poor creatures can be must be seen to be believed; narrow closets without a chimney, on the sixth or seventh floor, under the roof, with a skylight as the only means of admitting air, and a rotten partition as the sole defence against unruly neighbours; miserably cold in winter

and also dangerous to inhabit, the only means of warmth being the charcoal in the *chaufferette* (an earthen pot placed in a wooden box pierced with holes). In winter, the badly-fitted pane of the tiny window is a poor defence against the cold, frequently allowing even rain and snow to penetrate; but in summer the heat is frightful, and the amount of air admitted totally insufficient. We say nothing of the foul smells which pervade all the upper regions of Parisian houses, and which even at the Tuileries under the Empire were intolerable.

Can any one think of such an existence without horror? And let it be considered that these wretched women are surrounded by everything that can make life bright and attractive! There is not even that sense of the *unattainable*, which is a sort of restraint in many places. The craving for enjoyment, which is so natural to the young, and so overpowering in such cheerless lives, is easily satisfied; plenty would be within her reach if she had only the small sum to spare—which she has not. Then comes some opportunity offered—words exchanged—kind, good-natured, cheering words, to one weary of miserable solitude—a proposal to go somewhere and see something, like two friends—*en bons amis*. The consequence of such beginnings need not be dwelt upon. Then comes a comparatively happy time, with all made easy by a strong arm to help and good wages to enjoy. She could only be troubled by the reproaches of conscience; but the mere instinct of conscience, without that religious belief so persistently destroyed by all the decrees of the present Government—can easily be silenced. Yet she pleads for marriage, more as a guarantee of stability than for a more elevated motive; it is promised, but it is too much trouble, and is put off till the man gets tired of her, wishes for more liberty, or has another fancy. Then the horrible struggle begins again, with increased difficulties, and the wretched woman continues her downward course, till she reaches the lowest depths of vice and misery.

We have ourselves watched such instances, and we state the results of personal knowledge.

One poor girl, employed in a florist's shop, a fair maker of roses, but not first-rate, earned three francs and a half a day, with long intervals of *morte-saison*. She lived in what she called a *room* under the roof, on the seventh floor; it was a mere closet, filled by her bed, so that she could scarcely open the door wide enough to squeeze in between the bed and the wall. For this, unfurnished, she paid 120 francs a year. How

punctually rent must be paid is well known to all who have lived in Paris. On the 15th of the first month in the quarter, at noon, the money must be handed to the concierge. This duty is exacted with such rigour, that the necessity of paying the *terme* or quarter's rent is often brought forward as an excuse for robberies, and other offences. Of course, the poor girl of whom we now write had no fire or means of having one, and but little food. To procure that little she was led to make acquaintance with the mistress of a small "traiteur" establishment, opposite the house where she lived; who, with kind and good-natured intentions, told her to come in the evening and sit near the counter for the sake of light and warmth. Of course, customers spoke to her—of course, she made friends—who offered help.

She was wretchedly poor, for the girls who have been apprenticed to trades can do nothing else; she could make roses, but she could not thread a needle; no one wanted her roses then, and she wanted bread. The end need not be dwelt upon; she went the way of others—"comme elles font toutes," as the wife of a petty tradesman said to us, when enquiring for another girl in much the same position.

How many such instances might be quoted! They are found everywhere, even in positions of a higher degree; artists, musicians, governesses, pupils of the Conservatoire, having had prizes, who offer lessons for a franc an hour, and cannot get them. There are now six thousand teachers seeking employment in Paris, unable to get their daily bread, and so desperate as to be ready for anything, however bad.

And yet, the present rulers of France do everything to make matters worse. There were formerly many convents, where the Sisters sheltered those in such deadly peril; where they gave food, and procured help; awakening dormant principles and dormant faith; pointing to the better land promised to those who have suffered and struggled, rather than sinned. There are still a few such houses of refuge, but their number is being lessened every day and their doors closed. No annoyance, no vexation, no petty persecution is spared them; not one but will tell the visitor: "We cannot undertake such or such a desirable addition to our work, for we cannot tell how long we may be allowed to continue it." Philanthropy must repudiate religion, or it is not tolerated. But will philanthropy prove sufficient?

A. L. BICKNELL.

A CURIOUS POISONING CASE.

BY FLEUR DE LYS.

AUTHOR OF "A STRANGE JOURNEY," "MOLLY'S HEROINE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"I DON'T seem able to realize it," murmured a woman's voice aloud. "How wonderfully happy I am!"

Such a soliloquy naturally suggests the idea of a lovely girl, blushing under the spell which glorifies most young lives, for a brief space at any rate, when love answers to love, and a vision of future happiness rises like the glittering snows of the Alps out of the mists which hasten to blot them again from our straining sight. But the speaker was not lovely, nor save by a great stretch of courtesy could she be any longer called a girl. As for lovers, her most intimate male acquaintance was the middle-aged and very much married Rector of the inland country parish where she had come to live about two months ago, and whom she had then spoken to for the first time. At a little distance, however, it would have been easy to mistake her for a young girl, especially just now, when she actually danced round the rose-bushes, and then stopped with a guilty blush, wondering if the stolid Dinah were looking out of the kitchen window. She was dressed in a light summer cotton which fitted daintily to her slender figure, and a shady hat which concealed certain tell-tale lines on the smiling face with its still clear complexion and frank grey eyes. Not that any deception was intended. Miss Wood would have told you at once, if the announcement seemed called for—she had already told the Rector—that she was thirty-three years of age, though in her present expansive mood she would probably have volunteered the further information that she felt ten years younger than she did a year ago.

A year ago Miss Wood had filled the humble office of

companion to an exacting and querulous invalid whom she served with a cheerful patience which was the admiration of the said old lady's acquaintances, or the occasion for spiteful comment, according to the character of the commentator. It was easy for Miss Wood to put up with the old thing's temper, so many people said; of course she expected to come in for something handsome when her employer died.

It was very well for Miss Wood that she entertained no such delusions herself about Lady Bennett, the rich brewer's childless widow. Lady Bennett was found dead in her bed one morning, and the three or four connections who came to the funeral and looked askance at the companion (who stayed on because money was due to her and she had no home to go to), found that all her money was left to found a hospital in the town where her husband had made his fortune.

Miss Wood thankfully took the few pounds which were owing to her and retired to a gloomy establishment in London, where for a moderate payment she could be received until she could find another situation. Miss Wood had one great dread in her monotonous life, the dread of being incapacitated by age or illness before she should have laid by out of her little salary enough to maintain her till she died. She had nothing but her own exertions to look to; her mother and a little brother had died when she was ten, her father, a music-master, when she was seventeen, and not sufficiently educated to earn her own living in any way but the sad one of paid companion to people whose own relations will no longer tolerate them.

Miss Wood had been one month living on her own resources in London, and her slender store was so seriously lessened that she had made up her mind to take one of the situations where "a comfortable home" is all that is offered in exchange for services such as an upper servant expects to be well paid for rendering, and give up the attempt to make any provision for future needs. She was going out to answer in person one of these advertisements, when she found a letter lying on the hall table which no one had troubled themselves to bring up to her. And when she had taken in the sense of this extraordinary communication, she sat down on the bottom step of the staircase and burst into such tears as she had not shed since she had buried her youthful romance. Then, fearing she heard a step, she rushed wildly up to her own little garret, flung her bonnet to the further end of the room, and sank on her knees by the bedside.

No more struggling and self-repression, no more fear of the workhouse. She was a rich woman. That was how she put it to herself, and to the end of her days she felt herself a rich woman. But the plain fact was that a great-uncle, who had emigrated to America before she was born, and whose very existence she had forgotten till thus reminded of it, had died there unmarried some months before, and had left to the eldest living child of her father £7000 in English Consols.

Miss Wood at once proceeded to put into execution a day dream which she had cherished for years, without the smallest hope or prospect of ever being able to realize it. Some fourteen years ago she had gone with a Miss Disbrowe, her employer for the time being, to stay for a week with the clergyman of a certain little country village. It was the first time she had ever stayed in the country, and that week of kindness and sweet air, and all the beautiful sights and sounds of a warm June, had lived in her memory ever since. The clergyman then holding the living had a son of twenty, of whom great things were expected, and Miss Disbrowe, who was aunt and godmother to the said son, had conceived the idea that she might be able to to make something of him which would redound to her credit—"though poor Fanny did marry so much beneath her, and you never knew what would come of such marriages"—as she had observed in one of her bursts of confidence with her companion.

She had invited herself as soon as this idea occurred to her to the Vicarage in question, and with the somewhat insolent carelessness of her kind had said nothing about any one's accompanying her, so that when the party arrived and was found to include not only the maid whom Mrs. Weston had guessed that she must provide for, but a young lady of whom they had never heard, a quick look of dismay passed between the worn clergyman's wife and her eldest daughter. Yet they were equal to the occasion, and Miss Wood—then a pretty, blushing girl of nineteen, who had only been with Miss Disbrowe six weeks, never knew till years afterwards that she had been an unexpected and inconvenient guest; or that Alice Weston had slipped immediately out of the room to turn her own and her next sister's things hastily out of the room which they shared to make it ready for her. Miss Wood had never been in that village since, though she had seen a great deal of Walter Weston, and had kept up a fitful correspondence ever since with Alice, though she had not seen her now since her marriage some four

years back. She knew that Alice's father was dead, and that she should see no one but strangers in the village now; but she had always longed to live in the country, and though she had paid other country visits since then, her thoughts always went back to that clearing in the old forest, just large enough to let the sun shine from early morn till sunset on the little village, with its old grey church at one end and sleepy railway station at the other.

It was a natural clearing, a little bit of common breaking up through the trees, and full of ups and downs that could hardly be called hills, seeing that the highest of them was not fifty feet above the village green. It was three hours from London, inconveniently far to go and come back in one day when house-hunting was to be done, so Miss Wood, with a sense of such freedom and daring that she almost felt as if she must be doing wrong, packed a little bag and went down by herself to sleep at the nearest cathedral town. She had no shyness about going to an hotel, for she had gone abroad once or twice with Lady Bennett, and been expected to serve as courier. It was a bright day in May when she got out, the solitary passenger, at Brackenhurst, and set out for her morning's ramble in search of a cottage to let. Her money would bring her in, so she was told, a little less than two hundred a year, and after much calculation she had decided that she might fairly set aside £30 a year for house rent, or even £35 if necessary. For this was the one extravagance she intended to allow herself—a house of her very own. No more dependence on other people's whims and fancies, no corner of some lodging-house where £60 a year would have covered the entire cost of her board and lodging, no, even if she had to live on 15*s.* a week she would have a nice little house and garden, and keep it up comfortably.

And when in the course of her morning's ramble she came upon the most delightful little six-roomed cottage, with a sheltered garden which had a board "To Let," and a notice referring her to the one village shop for particulars; when further she had examined every corner in the three sitting-rooms, three bedrooms and all the little out-houses, and been told that the rent of this little paradise (which had been built in a fit of vain-glory by the local saddler, who had then discovered that he could not afford to live in it) was only £20 a year, she felt that a special Providence had guided her steps back to that particular village.

In less than a month she had settled everything, and furnished the cottage daintily from head to foot, feeling that she had a

right to expend in the extra prettiness which her soul desired the £35 which remained of the sum—not £50 altogether, which she had been able to put by during her fifteen years of service. Considering that she had not a relation, nor a really intimate friend in the world, a guest room would have seemed to most people an idle superfluity. But the larger of the three bedrooms, with its pretty outlook to the village church and the forest beyond, was furnished with greater care than any other room in the house, and looked almost as much like a sitting-room as a bed-room. One guest had already been there for a month, and Miss Wood was expecting a second next week.

"You see I don't want to be absolutely useless the rest of my life," she explained one day to the Rector's wife, with whom she was already on more confidential terms than she had ever been with any woman except Alice Weston. "I am afraid I still like being quite alone best, though some people told me I should be tired of it in a week. It is such a rest to live your own life and think your own thoughts, and to go in and out without consulting any one. But I don't want to be selfish, and I am *so* sorry for all the women who are still living the life I was so glad to escape from. There were still five in the home when I came away, and you don't know how trying that waiting and hopeless writing and walking is, and the feeling that what has taken you years to save for old age is slipping away all the time. And Miss Jones"—alluding to the visitor who had just left her—"was so unwell and her throat so husky, that no one would engage her. I was so glad to ask her to come down and stay with me for a month, and you see how well she got, and the very first person she went to see afterwards engaged her. Miss Edwards, who is coming next week, I only saw for two days before I came away, but I liked her, and she was going to take a very disagreeable kind of place with no salary, because she could not afford to stay long at the home. So I wrote a month ago and told her if she was uncomfortable to give notice and come and stay for a month with me, and we would try and find something better. I think I shall really enjoy *her* visit."

Mrs. Merryweather could not forbear a smile at the *naïveté* of the concluding remark. She could well imagine that Miss Jones had not been an exhilarating companion.

"How do you get on with Dinah Thomson?" she asked, alluding to Miss Wood's one small servant, who had been in the village-school up to the time of her promotion.

"Oh, very well," said Miss Wood with a pleasant laugh. "I have to do a good deal myself, of course, and look after everything. But she is willing and clean and good-tempered; and you can't expect more from a girl of thirteen."

She rose as she spoke, for the question reminded her of something that had to be seen to that afternoon, and took her way along the pleasant summer lane with a smile upon her face, which changed to a pensive look as she met the Vicarage baby, a lovely little girl of some two years, being brought in from her walk. She was devoted to the child, but the sight of it often reminded her that a house and a "home" of your own are two very different things.

Allusion has been made before to Miss Wood's youthful romance. It was dead now; it had lasted, as such romances often do, just long enough to spoil her chance of real happiness in life, and then died and left her heart empty and desolate. She was a brave little woman, though neither clever nor very wise, and she had long ago accepted her lot as an old maid, and determined to make the best of it. She knew it was her own fault. Long ago Walter Weston had amused himself during the enforced weeks which he had to spend occasionally with old Miss Disbrowe in making love to the pretty little companion, partly careless, partly confident that *any* sort of attention or notice must be a godsend to the poor little thing, and sufficiently in earnest to make his love-making dangerous to its object, though not enough so to endanger his own plans and ambitions. The girl believed in him implicitly, and thought she knew the reasons which kept him so long without asking any definite promise or engagement. She wove many happy fancies about the future, and was content in the present, poor little Anemone! She had almost forgotten now that she was ever called anything else but Miss Wood, even Alice Weston had never got further than Annie; though the pretty fanciful name which Miss Wood's mother had given her in recollection of a three days' honeymoon in the Devonshire woods, had for years been a secret pleasure to her. She had consecrated herself, as it were, to Walter Weston when she was only twenty, and the awakening had come very gradually. One winter, some three years after that visit, Miss Disbrowe had persuaded herself that her lungs were out of order, and had whisked off at a week's notice to Madeira, where they stayed six months. At the end of that time a gentleman, who had been out there on business,

and had been of some use to the two women concerning the difficulties of getting away from Madeira, came home with them on the same steamer; and on the last night of the voyage, when Miss Disbrowe had retired as usual directly after dinner, and her companion came wearily up on deck, she found Mr. White waiting for her. She never forgot that evening, the dark heaving deck, the red light in the sky of a departed sunset and the occasional roll of thunder. She wanted a quiet hour to think of Walter, but she was grateful to Mr. White, and unwilling to appear rude, so she had let him settle her comfortably in the most retired corner of the deck and sit down to talk to her. But when the next minute she found herself listening to such earnest pleading as she had never heard before, when she understood that Mr. White wanted her to marry him at once and begin a new life in his care, she rose up with a frightened cry—

"Oh, Mr. White, stop," she cried. "I did not know—you must not speak to me like that."

"You wear no ring," said White, hurriedly. "Oh, tell me—you will tell me—are you engaged?"

"Yes; no. Oh, I can't tell you truly," and poor little Anemone burst into tears. "I do belong to some one else," she sobbed piteously, as if it were a confession of guilt.

"I beg your pardon," said White gently. "I would not have said a word to grieve you if I had known." And somehow, though he would have gone away for fear of intruding on her distress, Anemone sobbed out a few words of explanation which he did not understand, and was comforted by him with stern self-repression.

He went away the next day, and she had never seen or heard of him since. But when some four years afterwards, a long period of silence and changed demeanour on Walter Weston's part was followed by the announcement—through Miss Disbrowe—that he was going to marry an heiress, pride helped the penniless companion to finish the work which Walter's shortcomings had begun. No one ever knew, not even Walter's sister, who was her only friend, what Walter had once been to her. She took the love for him out of her heart and buried it in the past, and turned herself resolutely towards the future. And if sometimes a thought of what might have been crossed her mind, if she had listened to the manly offer of heart and home that night at sea, she put it resolutely away. "It is my own fault," she said,

biting her lip as the Rectory baby passed her. "But at least I will not spoil the rest of my life by a third mistake, and I have much to be thankful for, far more than I deserve. Then as she came within sight of her own little home, embowered in clematis and roses, a smile of real content came over her face. "I don't seem able to realize it," she said. "How wonderfully happy I am!"

As she came beyond the rose-bushes on the other side of the high-grown hedge, which screened the lower windows of the house from the lane, her eye was caught by a box, apparently too large to go in at the little door, reposing on the walk in front of it; and a sound of voices proceeding from the open bow-window of her little sitting-room stimulated her curiosity still further. "Surely Miss Edwards has not arrived a week before her time," she thought, advancing quickly.

Dinah was standing with open mouth at the door of the sitting-room, and fell back with evident relief at her mistress's appearance. "Oh please m'm," she said, "there's two ladies and five boxes come, and I can't get one box inside nohow."

"But who is it?" said Miss Wood pressing forward. She felt as if it were all a bad dream the next moment when the grey curls and rotund form of Miss Disbrowe rose up from the sofa, and fell upon her with more effusive affection than she had ever shown in the days of their constant companionship. Miss Wood had not seen her since she had left her service some five years ago, when Miss Disbrowe had quarrelled violently with her for doing so, and talked loudly about ingratitude.

"Oh, my dear, how thankful I am to be here at last!" cried Miss Disbrowe. "I never remembered what a trying journey it was. I am so parched with thirst I've asked that little maid of yours to give us tea at once, but I don't think she seems quite to understand."

"I will get you some tea," said Miss Wood, amazed and annoyed, but instinctively hospitable. "I am sorry you did not let me know you were coming, it is a long way to go and come in one day."

"Oh yes, it would kill me," said Miss Disbrowe, fanning herself energetically. "I knew you would take me in, you were always such a dear girl. And if you knew the way I have been treated—insulted. I will tell you all about it by-and-bye. But Marston is put out because the house is so small—only a cottage after all—and she can't get my chief box in. Do, my

dear, go and see about it; you always were so clever about those things, and tell them to bring me some tea."

"But Miss Disbrowe," said Miss Wood, growing desperate with the emergency, and appealing partly to the strange maid, who stood up on one side evidently rigid with a sense of injury which she was too well trained to give utterance to just then—"But Miss Disbrowe, I am afraid there is some mistake. I should be delighted—" here a struggle between truth and politeness covered Miss Wood with confusion—"but I am afraid it is out of the question. I have only one spare room; it would be impossible to make you comfortable, and I am expecting a friend to stay with me."

"Oh, but you can easily put your friend off; I'm sure you will; you cannot refuse to take in one who was like a mother to you for so many years. I'll explain all about it when I am a little recovered, but I am not equal to any more discussions. Do, pray, go and see about things. Marston has been waiting this half-hour to know what she is to do."

"I think the best thing for me to do, ma'am," said the maid in tones of polite wrath, "will be to leave your service at once. This is not the sort of thing I engaged for, and if you don't think of returning to London, it doesn't seem to me that you will have room for or need of me."

This declaration produced a scene better imagined than described. Miss Disbrowe went into hysterics so plainly genuine, that neither of the two women could refuse to do all in their power to quiet her. When at length she was laid in a gasping condition on the sofa, Miss Wood left the room, followed by the still indignant maid, who promptly began to narrate her wrongs and her purpose of immediate departure. Poor Miss Wood felt stunned and bewildered. "I am very sorry," she said at length, in the gentle courteous tones which had mollified dozens of recalcitrant maids before. "I am afraid you have had a very trying time. But I am sure you will stay as a favour to me just this one night. I will make you as comfortable as I can, and you see I don't think Miss Disbrowe will be able to leave to-night. I assure you I would gladly think so if I could."

"Well, it's *very* hard upon you, ma'am," admitted the abigail more politely, "and since you put it in that way, I'll do my best this one night; but I do assure you I've been that put about and worried ever since I came to Miss Disbrowe, that I wouldn't continue in service with her, not for all the gold of the Indies."

Miss Wood took her up to the guest room, and left her to arrange her mistress's things for the night, while she herself went to make tea, and send Dinah up to make her own little room ready for the maid. "You must go down and sleep at home for to-night," she said. "Miss Disbrowe and her maid will be gone to-morrow."

She tried to say this decidedly, but her heart sank as she waited on her former employer, and listened to her explanations. Little by little she gathered the true state of the case; that Miss Disbrowe had given up her own home in London some six months before, and gone to live with her nephew and his wife, who were settled in London. That they had treated her shamefully—this was Miss Disbrowe's account of the matter—and that some worse quarrel than usual had brought matters to a crisis.

"I had heard of your good fortune and your address from Alice," she concluded, "and I knew I could always rely on *you*, my dear, and that there was no need to stand on ceremony. So I packed up my things and came straight off to you. It is a smaller house than I expected, but I have simple tastes. 'Better a dinner of herbs where love is'—you know the proverb, my dear. We shall be very happy together, and never will I speak again to that viper whom I have nursed in my bosom, nor any one belonging to him."

She had finished her tea now, and was leaning back on the sofa in full enjoyment of her wrongs. The sweet summer afternoon wooed Miss Wood out into her garden, and she felt as if she would give anything to escape from this nightmare of possibilities; but all she did was to say as bravely as she durst, that she would do her best to make them comfortable to-night, but that she was afraid it would be impossible to ask them to stay longer, as she had her own friend coming, and her means and room were both very limited. She almost expected another burst of hysterics, but instead of that Miss Disbrowe only laughed and nodded her head. "Yes, yes, yes," she said, "but I have arranged all that. The day before yesterday, when I decided what to do, I made my will—in *your* favour. Do you understand, not a penny of my money shall go to that viper—nor the insolent minx he has married. I have left all my money to you, so you cannot refuse the poor old woman a home for the short time she has yet to live."

Miss Disbrowe was sixty-five, and as strong and healthy as

any woman of that age could possibly be. Miss Wood, however, did not stop to discuss that question.

"I don't want your money," she cried desperately, "I have enough, thank God! and if I was as poor and friendless and unhappy as when I was your companion, I would not have your money. Let it go to your own people, when the time comes. All I ask is to be left in peace."

Then the hysterics came on with a vengeance, and Miss Wood, frightened and remorseful, said no more. When at length they got the woman up to bed, and left her surrounded by all the multitudinous appliances which she considered absolutely necessary for her health and comfort, Anemone herself went down to "do up" her kitchen, for Dinah had long since departed, and then went out into the warm, still night, and wandered about till sheer weariness drove her to bed, without having been able to form any definite plan of action for the morrow.

CHAPTER II.

It would be tedious to describe the next few days in detail. Miss Disbrowe declared herself too ill to travel, and refused to come downstairs, though she made elaborate toilettes in her room and ate very well. Miss Wood sent for the doctor, who lived in a larger village some five miles off; and though he consoled her by bluntly remarking that there was nothing whatever the matter with Miss Disbrowe, she had to pay the fee herself, as well as all the other expenses incident on her increased household.

"What *am* I to do?" she asked despairingly of her kind friends at the Vicarage one afternoon. "I can't send for the policeman and have her bodily turned into the street. And—and," she stammered, with a break in her voice, which was almost a burst of tears, "I shall be in debt soon, if this goes on long, and I have never been in debt in my life—never! I suppose I could sell out, or something," she added, with a wan smile, "but I don't know how, and it would seem so hard to have to do it for *her*. And then Miss Edwards is coming the day after to-morrow, and I won't—I *won't* put her off. I know what it would have been to me to be treated in that way. It won't be so comfortable for her, but I must ask her to share my bed."

"Surely, when she sees how extremely inconvenient it is for you, Miss Disbrowe will go then," said Mr. Merryweather; not very confidently, however.

"Oh, that won't make any difference, so long as *her* comfort is not interfered with," said Miss Wood, bitterly; then, with a repentant sigh, she added, "I am in a very bad temper, you see, and it is time I went away. I dare not leave the house now for long together. Dinah is not at all equal to the occasion, and I have a good deal to do."

"What can we do for her, Martin?" said the Rector's wife, as the slender grey figure went down the gravel walk. "If ever a woman wanted a man to stand up for her, she does, poor thing. Oh, Martin, one thing we can do—I know you won't mind. We can take in that Miss Edwards for a few days. I'm sure we are as well able to afford it as she is. Go after her quickly, there's a dear, and tell her to write to Miss Edwards to come here till Miss Disbrowe is out of the house. Get the girl's address, and I'll write myself as well."

"But, my dear," began the Rector, only to find himself gently pushed through the window, and his hat thrust into his hand.

"Yes—yes," said his more energetic wife, "you can go more quickly than I can. We'll talk it over afterwards, only don't let her miss the post."

The Rector's long stride soon brought him up to Miss Wood, and he discharged his wife's commission with more grace and readiness than might have been expected, considering certain circumstances which he had not been allowed to explain. To his surprise Miss Wood did not answer for a minute or two, and when he looked under her hat he saw that she was struggling with tears.

Full of compassion for the poor little harassed woman, he drew her hand into his arm with some cheery words of encouragement.

"Oh, Mr. Merryweather, you are both so kind," she said, with a pathetic attempt to speak firmly. "But it is not only of Miss Edwards I was thinking. Tell me—I am getting so puzzled about my duty—what do you think I ought to do? I *can't* feel as I ought to give up everything, to go back to the worst form of the old slavery which I thought I had done with for ever; as it would be if I let her stay with me. And yet she is old and unhappy, and she has come to me—and I am a Christian and have no home claims, no one else who really

wants me, except myself. I don't know what I ought to do. I have thought and prayed—it is that doubt which has kept me from writing to Mr. Weston to say he *must* come and take his aunt away. He doesn't know where she is, you know, and she has forbidden me to let him know. Do you think this sacrifice is really required at my hands, that it is a duty God has given me?"

The Rector was staggered for the moment by this view of the question, and he seriously questioned himself that evening whether it were a right impulse which made him answer as he did, or only the irresistible argument of tears in that gentle voice and in the wistful grey eyes which looked up to him with such confidence.

"I am sure it is not," he said hastily. "It is not the right kind of sacrifice—to make another person's selfishness the rule of your life. She is not your mother—she has relations of her own. Write to her nephew without delay—he will have a right to complain if you do not let them know where she is, under the circumstances. As far as I can judge, both he and Miss Disbrowe are as likely as not to turn round upon you afterwards, and accuse you of having tried to keep her here to your own advantage."

"Oh!" cried Miss Wood, as if she had been stung, "yes, I see; I will do it at once."

She was thinking of Miss Disbrowe's will, which up till now she had forgotten, having indeed scarcely taken Miss Disbrowe's communication about it seriously. But when she reached her little cottage another distraction awaited her. Dinah was coming down the stairs in a condition of heat and untidiness which distressed Miss Wood's fastidious eye at once, and her gentle reminder that she had always been told to make herself tidy in the afternoon, produced a storm. A good deal of it was scarcely intelligible to Miss Wood; but she hastened upstairs to find Miss Disbrowe reposing on a sofa fetched from the drawing-room, and placed by the window in Miss Wood's own bedroom.

"Oh, here you are at last," she said, as her ex-companion entered. "Yes, it is quite a surprise for you, is it not? I felt so much better, that I thought a change of room would do me good, and I dare not go downstairs yet. And do you know I like this room so much better, that I have made Marston change my things over. I knew *you* would not mind, but Marston has

been rather troublesome about it. I had to get that little girl of yours to come and help, as you were not here."

"I think," said Miss Wood with some dignity, and a good deal of repressed anger, "that it was scarcely worth while to change your room for so short a time. I told you, if you remember, that I had a friend coming to stay with me on Thursday, so I cannot ask you to stay longer."

What answer Miss Disbrowe would have made was never known, for at this moment Marston entered the room, fully equipped for travelling.

"There's your keys, ma'am," she said coolly, to Miss Disbrowe, "and now I'll be saying good-bye, as I've just time to catch a train that will take me to London to-night. It doesn't matter about the wages or the character, I've no occasion to trouble you. But this sort of thing is more than any woman who respects herself can be expected to put up with, so I'll wish you good-bye, ma'am."

She laid the keys on the table, and walked out of the room and out of the house. Miss Wood, following her with some intention of expostulation, saw one of the porters from the station wheeling away her box, and knew that further remonstrance was too late. She was so disgusted with the whole business that she felt inclined to leave Miss Disbrowe to herself, and perhaps it would have been the best thing. But her kindly heart and the long habit of years were too much for her. She went up to the usual scene of hysterical passion and selfish complaints, and post-time went by without either letter being written. Of course she had to supply Marston's place both night and morning, and it was very late before she was free to arrange her own things in the despised guest room, as Miss Disbrowe pertinaciously refused to return there. Miss Wood slept little that night, and finally decided on her course of action; but she said nothing more till the elaborate toilette was finished, and Miss Disbrowe's lunch had been brought up to her.

"After all," said Miss Disbrowe, when she had finished everything except her glass of whiskey and water, which she took "by doctor's orders," "I don't see that I need trouble myself so much about that ungrateful Marston. You really do very well, my dear! With a little practice I am sure you could do everything she did, and better too; and after all, a maid is rather in the way in so small a house—they are never satisfied!"

"Yes, this house is much too small for you," said Miss Wood

steadily, though with a beating heart. "And as Marston has deserted you, I will take you up to London myself, if you like, and see that you are comfortably settled. Shall I write for rooms, or will you go back to your nephew's? I am going to write to him to-day."

The usual scene of reproaches and refusals followed, but this time Miss Wood stood firm in spite of all the accusations of ingratitude and cruelty which made her wince, undeserved as she knew them to be. At length she felt that she could hear no more, and left the room in the midst of one of Miss Disbrowe's interminable sentences. She caught up her hat and made her way downstairs, feeling as if she were suffocating for want of air. As she went out, Dinah stopped her and asked if she could come back and sleep in her own room now, and, on her answer in the affirmative, remarked that she would go down and fetch her bundle back from her mother's. Miss Wood hastily assented, forgetting that Miss Disbrowe would thus be alone in the house, and escaped.

She walked along in a sort of breathless rush, with a longing to escape from every one. She soon left the village far behind, and plunged into the forest, where the coolness and silence of the green depths soothed her, and she began to walk more quietly, and take her accustomed pleasure in the beautiful surroundings. She flung herself at last on the soft deep moss and looked up between the trees, and would have been well content to stay there till sunset; but after an hour or so had passed since she left the house, the habit of consideration for others re-asserted itself, and would not let her rest. Dinah would very likely not be back in time to make tea, and in any case she had her letters to write.

So she left the wood and walked slowly back, feeling the strain of both mental and physical fatigue. She looked first into the kitchen, which was empty and cold. Dinah had evidently not returned. Miss Wood lit the "wheel," which was always ready for such emergencies, and put the kettle on and then went upstairs. After the constant stir of the last few days, the silence of the house struck her almost painfully; but she supposed that Miss Disbrowe must have fallen asleep. Her knock was unanswered, and she went on to the other room, thinking it a pity to disturb her till the tea was ready. Passing the door again on her way down, she fancied she heard a call from inside, and went in. But Miss Disbrowe was on the sofa as

she had left her, and apparently sound asleep. Something peculiar in her attitude struck Miss Wood with anxiety, and she went up to her side. There was no sound of breathing, and there was an unnatural look about the half-closed eyes. With a quick sense of alarm, Miss Wood called her loudly by name and touched her hand. It was stone cold, and even as Miss Wood gazed upon her with growing horror, something fell from the table which her hasty movement had upset, and rolled out into the sunlight. It was an empty laudanum bottle, and within reach of the dead woman's hand lay a medicine glass, wherein a few of the fatal drops yet remained.

Miss Wood did not faint nor cry, but stood rooted to the ground, dumb with horror, while a flood of speculations and recollections rushed over her. She was roused from this trance by the sound of a voice calling her from below—from another world it seemed to her, the bright imperative voice of the Rector's wife. She moved instinctively to obey the call, then, struck by a fresh thought, she stooped and picked up the tell-tale bottle, and thrust it deep into her pocket. She caught up the glass also, and looked out of the window. There was no one in sight, and she flung the empty glass as far as possible among the shrubs. Then she went downstairs.

"Oh, here you are at last," said Mrs. Merryweather, who stood on the threshold of the open door. "I began to think there was nobody at all in the house. Have you really got rid of your incubus at last? Good gracious, my dear! what is the matter?"

"She is dead," said Miss Wood, facing the new-comer with a face blanched to the lips, and wild staring eyes.

"*Dead!*" repeated the other, with shocked amazement. "I did not know she was really ill. How terrible! When was it?"

"Just now," said Miss Wood, steadying herself by the hand-rail, and speaking with difficulty.

"Just now—and you were all alone! Has Dinah gone for the doctor, or has he been? Was it a fit? Oh, you poor dear, you are ready to faint! come in and sit down. Cannot I do anything?"

"No, no one can do anything—it is too late. Oh, what have I done?" and Miss Wood sank down on the chair to which her friend had guided her with a bitter cry.

(To be continued.)

THE LYCEUM 'RAVENSWOOD.'

LIKE all Mr. Irving's dramatic ventures, the recent production of 'Ravenswood' has had to run the gauntlet of prolonged comment and criticism. With the possible exception of 'Faust,' there was no piece which was more eagerly anticipated, none which has been more lavishly canvassed. Amidst the general chorus of praise there have been one or two dissentient voices—notably in the smartly-written weekly periodical which emanates from over the border—but on the whole the lessee of the Lyceum must feel that the public estimation of his latest effort is almost unusually favourable. When 'Faust' was produced, there were not a few who grumbled at what they called "the desecration" of Goethe and his immortal legend, and murmured some scoffing criticisms that Nüremberg had been turned into an occasion for pantomime. In the present instance hardly any one hints at the violation done to Scott. If critics wish to express their dissent, they confine themselves to small allegations—such for instance, that Lucy ought to have been allowed to go mad, in order to stab her "bonny bridegroom" and save the Master of Ravenswood the disagreeable necessity of despatching his rival before his own immersion in the Kelpie's flow. One or two tears have been shed over the exiguous proportions to which Caleb Balderston's humour has been reduced on the stage: but we believe that there are many ardent lovers of the Wizard of the North, who rejoice over the incense which is burnt to his memory every night at the Lyceum.

In point of fact, 'The Bride of Lammermoor' lends itself admirably to dramatic treatment, if only its essential element be rightly apprehended and made dominant. It is, indeed, a drama, but not so much of a romantic, as of a Greek type. The central character is a doomed man—one born under the power of that Nemesis, Adrasteia, or Atê, whose mysterious workings had so strange a fascination for Æschylus and Sophocles. The tragedy in which the hero is involved is not one which is the

proper outcome of his own actions any more than of his own personal characteristics. It has all been written down long ago in the chronicles of Fate, and the merciless daughters of Necessity have woven it into the threads of a human life without regard to purely human elements of merit, or conduct, or character. The last Lord of Ravenswood is not, like Macbeth, the victim of his own malignant ambition, or, like Hamlet, cursed with a nature which is for ever substituting words for deeds. Edgar is a proud, gallant, straightforward gentleman, who is foredoomed from the outset by external agencies which have shaped his career without consulting him. He is a Prometheus who has to hold his head up in proud isolation though he knows that he has no chance against the eagle of Zeus: he is an Ajax who always bears within himself the sense that whatever may be his merit, he is bound to be worsted and to kill himself: he is an Œdipus, on whom the Divine finger has been laid and who is predestined to err and to die. There is hardly any figure in modern literature which is framed so entirely after a Greek mould, and it is difficult to recall any romance which breathes so much of the spirit of classicism. When a Greek play is performed before a modern audience, the average spectator is struck by the statuesqueness of the figures. There is so little mobility, so little play or development of character, as though the fixed expression of the mask, through which the ancient actor spoke, was the true emblem of a typical and unchanging nature. And so far as the characters of a Greek tragedy were puppets in the hands of Fate, the dramatist was right in giving them a *rôle* so simple and so typical. His plays dealt with a recognised cycle of myths, which may have been originally parables of Nature, but which had been moralised into didactic apophthegms; the usual lesson was to avoid ὕβρις and worship the Gods, or sometimes more plainly as Socrates put it, to bow before Adrasteia. Where the characters become more human and complex, it is only because genius will burst all such self-imposed fetters, and Agamemnon is a weak erring man and Clytemnestra a bold and daring woman, so far as the inspiration of Æschylus cannot help converting his masks into warm and breathing flesh.

Something of this statuesque character clings even to Edgar of Ravenswood, and gives him only a half-human air. He is a mysterious personage who lives in a mysterious castle, haunted with the voices of the wind and sea and the ghostly echoes of departed greatness. There are crones and hags who repeat

their weird rhymes about him, and a Mermaiden's Fountain, whose waters are instinct with ruin for him and his. There is, as in Hamlet's case, a mission or penalty laid upon him to avenge his dead father; and a proud melancholy marks him for her own as the last of a dying race. But where the Greek dramatist would have been content to dip his brush in sombre hues and leave the tale of unrelieved gloom as he found it, the modern craftsman knows how to throw a ray of spontaneous humour across a scene, which is in one sense lightened, in another made darker, by the contrasting sunlight. There is no such figure as Caleb Balderston in Hellenic tragedy—for one reason because humour as distinct from wit is a gift of modern literature. There is indeed a comic watchman in 'Antigone' who talks as though Sophocles was intending to make his spectators laugh through their tears; but though he is possibly funny, and his witticisms are certainly somewhat dry and jejune, he could hardly be called humorous. Of all the wonderful things in the wonderful tale of Scott, nothing is more astonishing than this masterful creation of Caleb Balderston. Lockhart tells us that Scott wrote, or rather dictated, the 'Bride of Lammermoor' in the midst of an agony of pain. His secretary sometimes begged him to desist from a task carried out under such difficulties. Yet the issue was the construction of a character, perhaps more famous for its pure mirthfulness and rollicking sense of humour than any in the picture-gallery of Scott. And it is Caleb Balderston—who has given Lucy Ashton one of the brightest occasions for mirth in the gloomy hall of Wolf's Crag—who finally with pathetic reverence rescues from the quicksand the raven's plume, the last memorial of his ill-fated and dearly-loved master.

The scenery is in fit keeping with the romance. Very likely Scott imagined his Wolf's Crag, though, as he says himself, it has been identified by some lover of locality with that of Fast Castle. "The author," he continues, "is not competent to judge of the resemblance, having never seen Fast Castle, except from the sea." A writer* who has seen it from the land gives of it a description which may fitly be compared with that of Scott. "From the sea, says Sir Walter, it is more like the nest of some gigantic roc or condor than a dwelling for human creatures, being so completely allied in colour and rugged appearance with the huge cliffs amongst which it seems to be jammed, that it is difficult to discover what is rock and what is

* "Leaves from a Note-Book." *Macmillan's Magazine.* October, 1890.

building. It looks much the same from the land, perched on a little promontory half way down a steep cliff, the upper part of which is covered partly with heather and partly with a scanty crop of oats. From the land side the only access is by a natural bridge of rock than can never have been more than a few feet wide, and is now so broken that it needs a strong head and a firm step to carry the curious visitor across when the waves are roaring on either side of him a hundred feet or more below . . . . How they brought their horses in and out, or where they stabled them is a mystery . . . . But how it was built at all is a stranger mystery still; how the materials were conveyed there, how the foundations were laid. The walls rise almost everywhere sheer from the rocks, which, in their turn, slope almost sheer to the sea. It must have been piled, one fancies, not by the hands of giants, but of spirits, and of monstrous evil spirits too." It is this grim castle which is represented in the admirable scene in the first act of the play, although the clever artist, Mr. Hawes Craven, has represented it—as indeed Scott puts it—at the top of the precipitous crag, and not half way down; and it is here that the last lord of Ravenswood finds a highly appropriate home.

In dealing with such a character as Edgar the difficulty of the actor is obvious. He must carry about with him the presentiment of Nemesis, and still be a gallant, courteous, and wholly masculine gentleman. He must not be too much bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh; nevertheless, he must own the human weakness of falling in love with Lucy. He must be the child of mystical prophecy, the victim of doleful spells; and through it all show sufficient contempt for superstition as to forget his father's vengeance in his passion for his affianced bride. But what would be arduous enough for most characters, Mr. Irving's picturesque personality enables him to carry through without effort. The first act, which passes in the Chapel Bounds, where they are bringing his father's corpse to its burial in a wild and desolate scene amid the flare of torches and the gleam of swords is one of the finest prologues to a gloomy story which the modern stage has seen. It is fashioned after the semblance of that magnificent opening of Hamlet's tragedy on the castle walls of Elsinore, or the weird commencement of Macbeth's ruin on the blasted heath. Annie Winnie and Ailsie Gourlay discharge the task of the witches, and are brought on the stage at a very early period, as though at once to convey to the spectator the

idea that he is face to face with destiny. Indeed it might have been better to have made them the first personages to enter the scene, unless this might be thought to bear too close a resemblance to Macbeth. When she does appear, however, Ailsie Gourlay at once arrests the attention, which all her subsequent entrances only serve to deepen, and a character which, in other hands, might have become ludicrous, is played by Miss Marriott with rare force and elocutionary skill. Throughout the whole of this first act Mr. Irving is admirable. His gloomy, abstracted air, his prayer in solitude over the bier, his fierce oath to avenge his father, the forced self-control with which he receives the interruption of the soldiery and the fiery indignation with which he subsequently prepares to resent it—sometimes evoking memories of his Hamlet, though a Hamlet of a more masculine and less meditative character—these and numberless other touches of dramatic suggestion which Mr. Irving knows well how to bestow, complete a picture which does not easily fade from recollection. Some lovers of Scott may perhaps find fault with the introduction of Sir William Ashton and his daughter within the Chapel Bounds: but this is clearly advisable for stage purposes; and when Edgar's wrath is momentarily quelled by the intervention of Lucy, it enables the dramatist to bring down the curtain with fine effect on the words which serve as motto for the Ravenswoods, "I bide my time."

Unfortunately the second act does not keep at this high level of interest. The scene which is enacted in the library at Ravenswood is much the weakest in the drama, partly because the Master is compelled to play therein the somewhat ignoble part of bursting into the Lord Keeper's apartment and challenging to mortal combat a man so much older than himself; and partly because the sight of Lucy Ashton's picture supplies rather a weak and inadequate motive for the cessation of the desire for vengeance. Nothing need be said of the episode of shooting the wild bull which caused some unfortunate merriment on the first night, because Edgar now rushes from the room to perform the heroic act and does not discharge the gun from the window. Inasmuch, however, as Ravenswood must somehow or other, be made to rescue Lucy in the way described by Sir Walter Scott, it would have been possible surely to utilize this awkward incident of the daughter's peril from the bull, in order to interrupt the imminent conflict between the Master and the Lord Keeper; and thus the melodramatic pause and catching at the heart on

the sight of Lucy's picture might have been avoided altogether. Be this as it may, the fortunes of Edgar and Lucy become from this point intermingled, and it is impossible to speak of Mr. Irving's acting without reference to that of Miss Ellen Terry.

Lucy Ashton, in the 'Bride of Lammermoor,' can hardly be described as an interesting character. She is tender, pleading, lovable; but she belongs to the weak and yielding order of heroines, who accept their fate with due submissiveness, and do not attempt to mould it with their own hands. No doubt it is necessary that she should be made of such fragile elements to serve as an effective contrast to the imperious character of the Master. Something, however, is lost, some indefinable qualities of poetic interest and pathos; we wonder how it was that she could ever have captivated the gloomy pride of a Ravenswood; we sometimes wish that she could have offered a little more resistance to the cruel persecution of her mother; perhaps even we find it difficult to understand how so pliable a nature could, even when distraught with terror and madness, have tried to murder Hayston of Bucklaw her "bonny bridegroom." It is true that it is pathologically the case that when a person loses his senses, he or still oftener she, becomes the direct antithesis of the former self; and thus a pure-minded Ophelia is made in her madness to use language of astonishing coarseness. Yet from the point of view of art and not from medical science, it is not unnatural to wish that Lucy Ashton had been made of sterner stuff. Dramatically speaking —especially when the scene is laid on the Lyceum stage—a robuster heroine is still more desirable. To some extent, Mr. Herman Merivale has allowed such a change to take place. It is for this reason among others that he brings Lucy into the first act and makes her save her father from the wrath of Ravenswood; and for a similar purpose, probably, a scene is introduced in the second act where the Lord Keeper is cajoled by the mingled firmness and *espièglerie* of his daughter. Nevertheless, through all the earlier portion Miss Terry is, as it were, dancing in fetters; the character is too colourless to give her much opportunity. Even in the beautiful picture at the Mermaiden's well, where Mr. Irving plays the lover with a graceful gallantry which many young gentlemen on the stage might envy, Miss Terry is forced to play the *ingénue*—a beautiful and charming Beatrice, it is true, but a Beatrice without that wayward and adorable temper which distinguishes the

beloved of Benedick. When the opportunity comes at length in the fourth act, and Lucy, betrothed to Bucklaw, is confronted by the wronged and furious Edgar, Miss Terry has her chance and uses it with all her wonted skill. Nothing more heart-rending can be conceived than the gesture of blank despair with which Lucy Ashton discovers that the necklace and ring, the sole remaining token of her earlier happiness, have been torn from her neck; indeed, all her movements throughout the betrothal, the stupor of her resignation, the pleading to her mother, the wild and hysterical burst of laughter, the utter speechlessness before her lover, and the final collapse with a flickering return to reason before she dies, all arrest and deserve the closest attention. And here too Mr. Irving is at his best. With a weak and worn voice, attesting to recent illness and mental anguish, he combines the nervous energy and quenchless fire of a determined man. "There is ill-luck, I think, in whatever belongs to me," says Scott's Ravenswood at a very early stage of the romance. One sees its final consummation here. The man is haggard and mortally ill, stricken to the heart with the memory of the lost love and the bitter perjury of a sacred trust; the hand of fate has at last grasped its prey and we know that the final scene is near; but through it all there is the indomitable will which knows not how to yield and the masterful manhood which must by race belong to the last Laird of Ravenswood.

Mr. Merivale's play is so dominated by its central figures that but little room for activity is given to those other personages who fill so many pages in Scott's romance. We have already noticed what a shadow of his proper self is the Caleb Balderston of the drama. As a matter of fact his few speeches are so deprived of their racy flavour, that when his celebrated account of the effects of the thunderstorm on the projected banquet in Wolf's Crag is delivered, there is hardly enough excuse given for Lucy Ashton's peals of laughter. Miss Terry's laughter is indeed most contagious, but we laugh rather in sympathy with her than because the aged servitor has said one of his innumerable good things. Mr. Mackintosh—a clever actor—did what he could with the scant opportunities allowed him and he got his reward at the end of the play. Nevertheless, the Caleb Balderston, whom we know and love, a character that bears the most distinctive impress of the creative genius of Scott, finds no real embodiment in the play Nor can much be said for the representative of Sir

William Ashton, who is by no means at home—as much through the dramatist's fault as his own—in the part of that somewhat wily and insidious statesman. Hayston of Bucklaw, on the other hand, is finely played by Mr. Terriss with much martial spirit and vigour. What, however, can we say of Lady Ashton? She comes of the haughty race of the Douglas; a lady, as we are apt to suppose, of dignity, cruel, indeed, inasmuch as she is one of the evil agencies of the play, but still with a stately and imperious grace. And this Scottish dame, who rules her husband and her daughter with a rod of iron and decides the destinies of her family as she wills, is represented by a broad and buxom figure which neither in voice nor manner gives any hint of mastery or despotism! She is brought in—awkwardly enough—at the mermaiden's well in the third act and it is there that she is made to dismiss Edgar from his ancestral home. We could have borne, however, this incongruity, if only she had given us any semblance of the Lady Ashton of the story. As it is, the mother who goads her daughter to madness is a wholly unimportant character, and we feel more than ever grateful that the Ailsie Gourlay, who hovers like an evil spirit over the scene, is so strongly and consistently played.

All the last scenes, with their constant change and their rapid action, are in the highest degree effective. As the dramatist has, perhaps wisely, shrunk from making the Bride of Lammermoor attempt to murder Bucklaw, Edgar has to kill him after a fierce duel at the sea coast. Then the Master of Ravenswood disappears from the stage in order to ride wildly back and "woo a dead maiden to be his bride;" and the *dénouement* comes. It is indeed a wonderful picture, all the more pathetic and striking because of its simplicity and the entire absence of melodramatic effect. "The sun had now risen," says Sir Walter Scott, "and showed its broad disk above the eastern sea." In the foreground there is a wide reach of sand across which the advancing tide is hurrying, and on the edge of the waves which are rippling up to his feet, all gilded in the sunrise, is the solitary figure of Caleb Balderston, as he bends to pick up the sable feather, the one and only vestige of his master's fate. For his steed had been stabled in the Kelpie's flow, and his name had been "lost for evermoe."

W. L. C.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

ALPHONSE KARR—NOTES FROM PARIS—NOTES FROM RUSSIA—THE EDINBURGH EXHIBITION.

ALPHONSE KARR.

So many foreign authors enjoy an English reputation and popularity not inferior to those which distinguish them in their own land, that it is somewhat remarkable that the works of that most genial and broad-viewed Frenchman, Alphonse Karr, should be so little known. Gossip and gardener, some call him; fisherman and fictionist, others style him. But rarely he obtains the title he justly merits—that of poet. Dumas said of his works that, "truth shone from their pages as a fair countenance seen through a gold-embroidered veil," and of the man himself he said, "Alphonse Karr, that singular genius, who can give to truth all the charms of paradox; that truth which in the hands of others is bare and dry as a chip." His lively wit is directed pointedly but kindly against the failings of mankind, to quote his own words—

> "De leur meilleur côté tâchons de voir les choses :
> Vous vous plaignez de voir les rosiers épineux ;
> Moi, je me réjouis et rends grâces aux dieux
> Que les épines aient des roses."

But for hypocrisy and shams of any sort he has the greatest intolerance, and never fails to attack them with all the weapons a writer can command. In France he has a high reputation as a man of *esprit;* in England his polished language is given in many standard works of education as a sample of all that is most refined and poetical in French literature.

Alphonse Karr's father, a German musician and composer, whose father had been chapel-master and friend to a German prince settled in Paris in 1802, destined his son for the scholastic profession, and his earliest appointment was that of tutor at the Bourbon College; but his irregular mode of study soon proclaimed his unfitness for the post. His inspector was convinced from the breathless silence with which the students received his discourses that something was wrong, and listening one day at the keyhole while Monsieur Karr was delivering some remarks on Voltaire, and promising his pupils further enlightenment on him, the enraged inspector rushed into the room, and hurling the epithets of "Republican" and "Atheist" at the young man's head,

insisted upon his tendering his resignation. His father's anger was roused at this, and Alphonse left the paternal roof—penniless. He went to live in a garret, and turned to literature. His first venture was a set of verses published in the *Figaro*, of which he later became editor.* The then editor wrote to him to say he considered his poetry charming, but that he dare not for the life of him print more of it in the *Figaro*, and begged him to send some prose. This he did, and soon all Paris was criticising 'Sous les Tilleuls.' The author was only twenty-three, and the two passions which are said to have inspired it are Romanticism, then first beginning to take root, and an unfortunate first-love episode. Of those days, Monsieur Karr tells something in 'Roses Black and Roses Blue;' and he also alludes to them in a work of much later date on fishing. Fishing, by the way, was one of the hobbies of this strange man; in his later years, in his quiet little home by the blue waters of the Mediterranean at Saint Raphael, he always dressed as a fisherman, and nothing delighted him more than to be mistaken for one. Frequently he would be asked by strangers where Alphonse Karr was to be found. His last book published this year, 'La Maison de l'Ogre,' ends thus, "Agréez avec mes remerciements, mes cordiales civilités et une poignée de main encore assez solide *du pêcheur et du jardinier.*" He was always eccentric in dress, for in his younger days he sometimes affected the garb of a Turk, sometimes that of a Mandarin. Out of doors he wore a long coat and much leather, looking like a professional rider.

At one time he kept as a pet a tame hyena, the terror of the printers' devils, who refused to carry his proofs to and fro. So the hyena was dismissed, and a magnificent Newfoundland dog and a negro servant, of whom he used to tell many strange stories, replaced him. Then came his editorship of the *Figaro*, and his unhappy marriage; before the end of the first year a judicial separation took place. His next literary venture was a romance of lost illusions, which is thought to be autobiographical. It was entitled 'Le Chemin le plus Court.' I think it is in this work that Karr draws a portrait of his father. Under the collective title of 'Ce qu'il y a dans une Bouteille d'encre,' several romances were brought out at intervals. The best of these is undoubtedly the translation from the German, 'Am Rauchen.' Before the publication of this collection, Alphonse Karr embarked on the stormiest voyage of his literary career; he brought out the first number of *Les Guêpes*, a newspaper—critical, literary, and social—edited and written solely by the author. For many years this waspish periodical was carried on by fits and starts. At one time he spread a report of his death, as he thought perhaps it might give an impetus to the sale of his books. Many were the adventures his dangerous magazine led to; one lady, whose gift of letters he spoke of disparagingly, considered that she had been so insulted that she even threatened the editor with a knife. Long afterwards, in the peaceful hours he spent at 'La Maison

* In 1835.

Close,' * he used to delight in recalling his journalistic days. He would tell you, if you had the good fortune to visit him in his beloved floral home, that an English critic once said of him, "Karr is a good-natured and ingenious Frenchman, softened by gardening and Germany, but not the genius of a new party in Revolution time." "That was because of the journal I started at the time of the Revolution of '48," the old gentleman would add. "In spite of its motto, 'Bonne foi, bon sens,' and of my illustrious contributors, amongst whom were Théophile Gautier and Léon Gozlau, it was a failure—a beautiful dream, *mon ami:* a dream of patriotism, of faith, and of reason." To hear Monsieur Karr talk of his garden and his flowers was delightful. He has been called the Richard Jefferies of France, and he loved his garden as Gilbert White loved Selborne. His novels, which were once so much in vogue on the Continent, are now almost forgotten, but his wholesome ideal, 'Voyage autour de mon Jardin,' will always live. It is truly the classic of horticulture. You cannot turn to one of its pages without lighting upon some poetically-conceived idea of a flower or a tree. He loved them all. Hear his ideas on roses: "I am passionately fond of roses, but I don't like to talk about them. The poor roses have been so abused. The Greeks said five or six pretty things about them. The Latins translated these and added to them three or four of their own. From that time the poets of all countries and all ages have translated, copied, and imitated that which the Greeks and Latins said, without at all lightening our love of the flower by any fresh colouring. They have even continued to call the month of May the month of roses, without reflecting that roses blossom earlier in Greece and Italy than in our lands, where almost all roses wait for the suns of June to expand their beauties." In many such remarks as these he shows his intense love for these tender children of nature. The professional horticulturist comes out in the following: "Amateurs love only rare flowers, and their love is not to see and breathe them, but to exhibit them, and their delights consist much less in possessing certain flowers than in knowing that other people have not got them. So they make no account of all those rich and happy flowers that the good will of God has made common, as He has made common the sky and the sun." Of orchid-growers he had the greatest contempt. He could see nothing to admire in these often grotesque exotics produced at so much cost. Lilacs, roses, violets, and forget-me-nots, which he always spoke of by their German name, and many other homely flowers bloomed all through the year in his lovely wilderness at 'La Maison Close.' Somehow whenever one entered that garden, so prodigal of Flora's treasures, one seemed to feel that the owner of it all believed in the creed which Wordsworth has so beautifully expressed:

"'Tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes."

* The name he gave to one of his works.

As a rule he worked all day in the garden, revelling in the sunshine, and enjoying the soft musical murmur of the Mediterranean, which washed the shore just behind the house. He went to Nice occasionally, always donning on these occasions a black velvet coat, and substituting boots for the *sabots* of ordinary use. He never wore stockings, an omission which scandalized many visitors and some of the inhabitants. Of women in general, and English women in particular, he was an ardent admirer; although many of the most sarcastic passages in his works refer to the fair sex. For instance, in that strange book, 'Les Bêtes à bon Dieu:' "En effet," he says, "il est incontestable que pour les femmes le mot *vieux* est la plus énergique expression du dédain et même de la haine; il faut voir avec quelle grimace et quel accent elles disent, 'une vieille robe, un vieux chapeau.' Pour elles, dans leur grammaire, qui a beaucoup d'idiotismes et de sous-entendus, vieux est le superlatif de scélérat." Then, on the other hand, in some of his less bitter moments, when he lets his thoughts come freely, he pays the best of homage to women when he speaks of love. An epitome of the tender passion may be found in the lines at the end of the letter which finishes his novel 'Sous les Tilleuls'; the letter addressed to "Madame ——, *née* Camille:" "I am yours, and your name will be found at the head of all my works, good or bad, praised or condemned, as it has been at the bottom of all my actions, of all my wishes, of all my fears when I had fears, and of all my undertakings when I had the strength to undertake them." The whole gamut of human affection is run through in these few lines.

As a journalist Karr was the most pungent of critics, the most brilliant of *raconteurs;* as a dramatist he was not quite a success. Only two plays of his achieved any popularity, 'Les Roses Jaunes,' and 'La Pénélope Normande,' both performed in their day at the Comédie Française. It has been suggested that it would be be a fitting tribute to the author's memory if the *sociétaires* of that establishment were to revive these two pieces and devote the proceeds of the performances to those whom Monsieur Karr has left behind, and who apparently stood in need of him at the time of his death. He was engaged upon a series of very *piquant* articles latterly which he was publishing in the *Figaro.* They were under he heading of 'Histoire Naturelle de quelques petites Bêtes et des Hommes qui leur ressemblent.' Strange that his earliest and his latest efforts should both have been for the same paper. He took the very liveliest interest in the *Figaro,* and all through his life he continued to contribute to it, only refraining during the time of the Empire, as his hatred for Napoleon was so strong that he refused to write for a single French paper whilst he reigned. For twenty years Monsieur Karr made his home in Nice; a large share of the popularity of that town is due to his writings, and to the many friends he gathered about him there. He is buried in St. Raphael, near the blue sea he loved so well. His is the first grave to be made in the new cemetery

which was only opened on the first of this month. The poor around that "earthly Paradise," as he styled St. Raphael, will probably mourn his loss more than any of the brilliant *coterie* who surrounded him in his celebrated days. To them he was never the witty originator of *Les Guêpes*, or the author of such and such works, but the friend who found his greatest joy, like themselves, in the purest things of this life and the fairest sides of Nature.

Notes from Paris.

The universal subject of conversation, both in Paris and the Provinces, is at the present time the Boulangist conspiracy, as revealed by the recent communications to the papers. There can be no doubt that the result is disastrous, with regard to the Royalist cause. The Comte de Paris has made a great and perhaps irretrievable mistake in allowing his name to be mixed up with such a series of disgraceful transactions. He has honestly and honourably acknowledged his participation; had he gone further—had he plainly admitted that he had been duped—some credit might have been allowed to him on the score of magnanimity; but his unfortunate sentence declaring that he had turned against the Republic the arms which she had herself provided, has shocked all parties. The chivalrous feelings of the old aristocracy recoil from such an apparent admission that the end justifies the means, with the result of a violent re-awakening of the old hatred against the Orleans family, so unwillingly quelled hitherto by the necessity of following Legitimist principles, and of accepting the King *de jure*, after the death of his predecessor.

Had the unfortunate Prince Imperial lived, half the Legitimist party would have joined the Imperialists on the death of the Comte de Chambord, sacrificing even *le principe* to the hatred felt towards the Orleans family. But no Bonaparte Prince was then sympathetic, or even admissible in the eyes of those struggling *pro aris et focis*. The Orleans princes of the present day had done no wrong, and there was really no one else to choose. But it remained still a matter of resignation, not of enthusiasm.

And now, these lukewarm adherents are informed that the Pretender, accepted only as a necessary evil, has leagued his cause with that of the most unprincipled adventurer of the present time, that he has stooped to bribe the man by whom he was expelled from France—a man whose utter want of truth and honour was sufficiently proved in his dealings with the Duc d'Aumale. Further, that the money spent in such transactions was not his own, which he was far too prudent to risk, but that of a woman—a devoted but infatuated lady of high rank. And whilst accepting from her liberality the large sum of £120,000 to be squandered thus, it never occurred to his mind that to draw Boulanger into the Orleanist camp would be like bringing the wooden

horse within the walls of Troy. Was it likely that, if Boulanger became master of the citadel, he would hand the keys on a velvet cushion to the Comte de Paris?

So much has been said of the Duchesse d'Uzès in connection with this most unhappy affair, that a few particulars concerning her may not be unnecessary to clear up some points, and perhaps remove erroneous impressions.

The Duchesse d'Uzès is one of the most prominent amongst Parisian leaders of fashion. By birth she is a daughter of the illustrious line of the Dukes de Montemart; her mother was Mademoiselle Cliquot, daughter of the famous "Veuve Cliquot," celebrated for the champagne brand bearing her name. In addition to the fortunes of Montemart and Uzès, she has, in her own right, the enormous wealth of the Cliquot inheritance. The Duc d'Uzès, moreover, has precedence over the whole French nobility as first peer of France, according to old Court usage; consequently the Duchesse d'Uzès, being the mother of the present Duke, and enjoying all these combined advantages, holds an exceptional position. She is said to have her peculiarities, to be rather "fast" and eccentric; but at the same time she is considered to be a most excellent woman, wholly worthy of esteem and even admiration. Her charities are almost boundless, and are not limited to gifts of money; the Duchesse, herself, visits the poor and personally attends to their wants. She is a member of the admirable society of ladies called "Dames du Calvaire," who attend the "Infirmary for Cancerous Diseases," and on stated days she goes there to dress the horrible wounds of the poor patients, which she performs with such adroitness, that all beg for her especial care. Her delicate fingers are as firm as steel, and can roll a surgical bandage, or fasten it on a wound, as readily and successfully as they can rein in a restive horse, for she is a first-rate horsewoman. The merit of such acts is all the greater, that the taste of the Duchesse d'Uzès would lead her far away from such scenes of suffering; she delights in field-sports and open-air exercise; she also has a keen enjoyment of intellectual and artistic pursuits, whilst her great wealth enables her to gratify every wish.

With her ardent and enthusiastic nature, there is nothing surprising in the fact that she was caught by the glamour surrounding General Boulanger, and that her vivid imagination should have seen in him a fictitious hero, endowed with gifts which he never possessed. She became one of his most openly declared partisans, and lived in the delusion that she could raise him to the pre-eminent position which she believed that he fully deserved in return for devotion to the Royalist cause. According to her view all must be right in the King's service, and she felt no more scruple in winning over a soldier to betray his allegiance, than did Flora McIvor in the case of Waverley. The honourable feeling which induced Marshal MacMahon to refuse an interview with the Comte de Chambord, as being contrary to his duty, would only awaken indignation in the mind of the Duchesse d'Uzès. Like most women,

blinded by the contemplation of a single star in the wide range of the heavens, she saw nothing that could intervene, in rightful opposition, though in Boulanger she thought she had found an instrument ready to her hand. Proudly conscious of her own high position, she considered herself sufficiently raised above the crowd to care nothing for their criticisms; and she publicly gave Boulanger her support, by wearing his emblematic carnations in conspicuous fashion; but if, as he now says with characteristic audacity, they were "not mingled with the royal lilies," this was only due to the impossibility of revealing her secret plans, which would thus have become apparent to all, and were already suspected by many.

The repulsive coxcombry with which Boulanger has asserted that the Duchesse d'Uzès had no object in view but *himself*, proves once more what few people doubted—that he has no idea of the feelings of a gentleman; but the question itself is fully settled by the proofs brought forward of the understanding between the Duchesse d'Uzès and the Comte de Paris, with the offer made to *him in person* of the three millions of francs (£120,000) which she so generously, but so unwisely, squandered in the Boulangist intrigues, for the sake of the Comte de Paris, or rather, for the sake of "the King."

It is impossible not to regret that no official mention is made of any sum sacrificed by the Comte de Paris himself; for, right or wrong, public opinion in France attributes to the Orleans princes the virtue of economy—practised to its utmost extent. A great French writer said to us recently, with much bitterness: "If the Comte de Paris had to pay for a special train to fetch the crown of France, he would shrink from the expense." The Comte de Paris might be thoroughly justified in the view that the crown of France, under present circumstances, would not be worth a special train; still the impression is an unfortunate one, and the more so as the French lower classes have never forgotten or forgiven the claim of the Orleans princes for the restoration of their property (confiscated by Napoleon III.) at the time of the country's greatest distress. Forty millions of francs to be paid in addition to the crushing war indemnity, besides all that had gone before, and when the coffers of the State were empty. "La France agonisait, et ils lui ont mis le couteau sur la gorge," is commonly said in their imaginative and rather theatrical language.

At the present time what can have been the motive prompting such revelations, when the Boulanger meteor was so completely extinguished that no one thought or cared about the former popular hero? As a satirical song says:

> "Il ne lui reste plus que sa barbe—si blonde,
> Et son cheval—si noir!"

Why then rake up old stories, and bring a forgotten name before the public for the sole purpose of splashing it with mire, of which there was quite enough already?

Why? Because the unfortunate connection of the name of the

Comte de Paris with that of the adventurer was expected to cause a reaction against the popularity which had been reached by the Duke of Orleans? It is generally believed that there has been a settled plan to injure the Orleanist cause as far as possible, and especially to bring about the evils of division, by setting up the son in opposition to the father, which had already proved so fatal to the Bonapartists. It is to be hoped that the good sense and good feeling of the Duke of Orleans will enable him to avoid the snare. At all events, the decision to go off to the United States till all blows over was a wise one. It would be still wiser on the part of the Comte de Paris to abdicate his rights in favour of his son, for he is liked, and the Comte de Paris *is not.*

NOTES FROM RUSSIA.—PERM.

The town of Perm, though far inferior in dignity of aspect, commercial importance, and natural beauty to Nijni-Novgorod, Kasan, and other towns on the Volga, is not altogether devoid of life and interest. Situated on the elevated left bank of the "mother river," as the peasants call her, it commands a homely but pleasant prospect, extending over fifteen versts of the ancient land, "Biarmy," with its old-fashioned churches and houses.

In Perm you will still see the old-fashioned vehicle of fifty years ago, called *leeneyka*, the most atrociously uncomfortable contrivance that was ever devised for mortals to sit on, especially for ladies. As the seat is long, high, and narrow, men can sit astride; but the unfortunate women are obliged to sit sideways, with their legs dangling helplessly down, if they do not happen to be long enough to reach the foot-board. Having no support for the back, they can keep their equilibrium only by sitting in the modern *causeuse* fashion, and linking their arms through, as in country-dances. If a lady sits alone, she clutches hold of the driver's woollen sash, with which he girds up his long loose caftan, and is jerked and jolted along over the rough, uneven, round stones, in mortal terror of being thrown off every minute. Strenuous efforts are, however, being made to pave the town in a more European fashion, and to replace the traditional, ugly, yellow-washed, one-storied houses, with the *mezzonine* and seven windows in a row, by handsome, well-built, two and three-storied stone houses, with stronger and more durable locks and hinges. Several new squares and the long boulevard, extending right through the town, with the numerous large, shady private gardens, lend an air of cool, green freshness to the otherwise dusty, ill-kept streets.

The climate is not exactly a desirable one, for the winters are bitterly, cuttingly cold, and the heats of summer almost intolerable; however, the yearly statistics show the mortality is comparatively small and epidemics almost unknown. No fruit of any kind ripens here, not even the common Russian apple; the Permites have to content themselves

with the wild woodberries, which grow in great profusion and of every possible variety all over the extensive forests. When boiled down they make excellent preserves, especially *broosnecka*, a small, red berry, with a slightly acid taste, but delicious flavour, which, boiled with apples (and left in the jars for several weeks), makes an excellent salad to game, and is invariably served, all the winter through, with roast "riabckick," the staple game of the Russian forests. The flesh of this little bird is most delicate—eaten cold, with salted Russian cucumbers, it is also excellent. There is not the meanest "trakstir" (eating-house) or railway station where this universal dainty cannot be obtained. Apropos of railway stations, those who have *not* travelled through Russia cannot form any idea of the ease, comfort, cleanliness and space of the railway cars, as well as the stations all along the lines, to the very remotest nooks and corners of this vast Empire. The stations are for the most part large, commodious, handsome stone-buildings, where you find all the accommodations and even luxuries of the best hotels.

The Edinburgh Exhibition.

The International Exhibition is as overflowing with tourists as are the streets and the stations. It has plodded the dreary way of all international *local* exhibitions all through the wet summer, and has, we fear, little chance of commercial success. The pictures—in contrast to the Exhibition of four years ago—are poor as a collection, though there are a few honourable exceptions, notably Watts' pathetic picture of "Paulo and Francesca," ever clinging together, and ever swept onwards by the relentless wind, after that most powerful and dramatic of scenes from the "Inferno" of Dante. Mr. Watts has succeeded in conveying most eloquently the impression of the weak, helpless clinging of the woman—wistful and beautiful and tender—and the protecting care of the man; which has just a touch of the weary endurance of that ever-clinging burden, in it, to add to its terrible pathos.

The manufactory on the premises of that genuine and most artistic of articles, Venetian glass, is a great addition to the attraction of the Exhibition, and a novelty in this country. What a marvel of beauty the iridescent colours and shapes of this glass, with its exquisite inequalities, can become under the hands of these rough Italian workmen! And with what despair we think of the clumsy, inartistic performances of our own artisans, exhibited in the Artisan Section fifty yards away, as contrasted with it! Not that the productions of the latter are lacking in solid qualities, but the light artistic temperament which is the body and soul of the one, is non-existent in the other.

These exhibitions are no doubt of great value to the rising engineers and men of practical science in our midst, and the present exhibit of electric machinery and other inventions upholds well our character as an English nation for mechanical genius.

OUR LIBRARY LIST.

BACON'S ESSAYS. Edited by S. H. REYNOLDS. (*Oxford: Clarendon Press.*) It would be difficult to find a more beautiful specimen of printing and binding than this new edition of 'Bacon's Essays,' which does credit even to the Clarendon Press. The book would have been still finer if the margins were a trifle wider. As to the edition itself, Mr. Reynolds has given us everything that could be desired, and a little more. By this excess he injures his work. Each essay is provided with notes explaining the difficulties of language, and followed by other notes which illustrate the text and explain the sources of Bacon's knowledge. These illustrations contain an abundance of useful and curious information, compiled with great care and erudition; and while the man of learning will like to have them, the reader who cares for the text rather than the comment can take what he needs. But Mr. Reynolds' notes on the language are often quite superfluous; he thinks that every page bristles with difficulties, and he has certainly given excellent notes on all the difficulties that exist. But who needs an explanation of "importeth exceedingly," or "practice" in the sense of "trickery"? The editor in several places gives the corresponding Latin version with some effect, but here again the note is only of interest to the Latin scholar. The fact is that this portion of the notes is too extensive for merely understanding Bacon, and too little for a regular study of the language. Mr. Reynolds' introduction is commendably short, but is full of just remarks. About 'Bacon's Essays,' as the Knight says in 'Alice,' "there's little to relate."

LIVES OF THE NORTHS. By ROGER NORTH. Edited by AUGUSTUS JESSOPP. (*Bell.*) In 1887 Dr. Jessopp published for the first time the autobiography of Roger North, the author of the '*Examen*,' and this reappears here as the third volume. The first two volumes contain the lives of his three brothers, the Lord Keeper Guildford, Dudley North, and Dr. John North, who was Master of Trinity, Cambridge. It must be a rare thing to find the lives of four brothers related with this fulness; at any rate, they make up a work of the highest interest, which ought to be widely read. Roger

North's style is delightful in its freedom from constraint, its raciness and masculine vigour, its air of the man of the world. His profound belief in the virtues of his brothers and himself is charming, but we imagine that it is not to be accepted without caution. Decidedly the most interesting of the lives is that of Dudley North, who is also by far the most famous of the brothers. Every reader of Macaulay knows of the Turkey merchant who in the end of the 17th century was a free-trader, and held perfectly clear and just views on the nature of the currency, anticipating the doctrines which afterwards secured Charles Montague his fame. The account of his life in Turkey and his subsequent career in England is a very interesting story. All these volumes have excellent engravings prefixed. Dudley's face speaks with intelligence, and with something of that craft with which history credits him. The Lord Keeper Guildford was a very successful lawyer, who managed to win Court favour, and rose rapidly in his profession. Roger, being a lawyer himself, dwells with loving care on all the legal details of his brother's life. Every lawyer will be interested in reading a history of the 17th century, which many a successful barrister must repeat nowadays. The Lord Keeper is, however, not a very attractive personage, and no one will feel inclined to share his brother's enthusiasm. But this life is full of other dates for the history of the reign of Charles II. In his autobiography Roger gives an exciting account of the fire in the Temple, when no water could be got on account of the frost, and to prevent the spread of the fire the houses around had to be blown up. But no short notice can exhaust the interest of these volumes.

The same publishers have also produced a new edition of 'Johnson's Lives of the Poets,' in three volumes, carefully edited by Mrs. ALEXANDER NAPIER, with an introduction by Professor J. W. HALES. The work forms a part of the excellent "Bohn's Standard Library."

HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By SPENCER WALPOLE. (*Longmans.*) The third, fourth, and fifth volumes of this new edition have now been produced, containing the history from the battle of Waterloo to the year 1841. The chief topic of the third volume is the passage of the Reform Act of 1832, while the fourth is occupied with the closing years of William IV., the decline and fall of the Whigs, and a review of the foreign policy and internal condition of England. The fifth volume narrates the Repeal of the Corn Laws, and the return of the Whigs to power. The work is not written in the most entertaining style, but the history itself is of more than ordinary value and importance.

CARDINAL NEWMAN. By RICHARD H. HUTTON. ENGLISH LEADERS OF RELIGION. (*Methuen.*) The appearance of this book

(inaugurating a new series) so soon after Newman's death is only an accident, fortunate for the publisher, but implying no haste on the part of the writer. Mr. Hutton's intimate scholarship, his evident pains to be impartial, the vigour and independence of his own judgment, make his study a valuable help to understanding Newman. He had a difficult task, and he has acted wisely in restricting the biographical element as far as possible, so as to avoid all attempt at competition with the 'Apologia.' Even as it is, the remembrance of Newman's own history of himself is perhaps accountable for the apparent dulness of the earlier part of the work, though it must be confessed that Mr. Hutton's style is never simple or attractive. Mr. Hutton is chiefly concerned to insist on Newman's genuine and passionate faith, as against the notion which is widely held that Newman was at bottom a sceptic, and only by force of will, or, as some have thought, want of will, kept himself true to religion. The observations which Mr. Hutton makes on this subject seem very just, as also does his general criticism on Newman's mode of thought—that he undervalued, in comparison with the force of tradition and authority, such evidences as exist for the leading ideas of Christianity in the actual experience of each individual man. The most interesting portion of the book is that which describes Newman's work subsequent to his entering the Church of Rome, and the chapter which analyses and comments upon the "Development of Christian Doctrines." By entering on this chapter somewhat into detail, Mr. Hutton is able to do more justice to the character of Newman's mind than the plan of such a small book as this in general allows. The print of the Cardinal at the beginning of the book is exceedingly poor.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER. By Sir William F. Butler. English Men of Action. (*Macmillan*). This is a most vivacious and fascinating biography, which will doubtless make the story of Napier better known that it is at present. The beautiful Lady Sarah Lennox, whom George III. wished to make his wife, has the greater distinction of being the mother of Charles and William Napier. For a man whose whole genius was for action, whether in the field or in office, Charles Napier's life was strangely restricted. He did excellent service in the Peninsula and as Military Commander in the Ionian Isles, and subsequently, as Commander in the North of England, he tried to pacify the Chartist agitation, as far as the Government incompetence would allow. But his energies never obtained full scope till he was appointed to the command in Scinde when he was over fifty. Sir W. Butler's own "joy of the battle" has made his account of the battle of Meanee, by which Napier subdued the province, as good reading as the earlier account of Corunna. The writer passes over lightly the controversy about Napier's actions in Scinde, and also the struggle with Dalhousie, which led to Napier's

resignation of the office of Commander-in-Chief, to which Wellington appointed him after Gough's disaster in the Punjab. It is difficult, except for experts, to come to a right conclusion about events in Indian history; but whether Sir W. Butler's view is right or wrong, his book is excellent reading.

SWITZERLAND. By LINA HUG and R. STEAD. (*Story of the Nations Series. T. Fisher Unwin.*) We do not know how the two authors have divided the labours between them; but a delightful and constantly recurring enthusiasm for everything Swiss leads us to suspect that the greater share of it must have been assigned to the lady. However this may be, at least it is certain that the result of their joint effort is a very careful and excellent piece of work, and we doubt whether any volume of this admirable series is likely to prove more generally interesting. With the vexed question of the authenticity of the early Swiss legends of Tell and of Winkelried this book does not pretend to deal exhaustively. The evidence for and against is, however, very clearly suggested in a sentence or two, and the stories themselves give a life and vigour to the narrative which we could ill afford to spare. Admirable too is the clearness with which the development of this most instructive of European constitutions is described, and the chapters dealing with this aspect of Swiss history are the most valuable in the book. Perhaps the nationality of at least one of the writers is answerable not only for the Swiss enthusiasm but also for the curious uses of certain English words, which, as on pages 38, 157, 191, 195, disfigure an otherwise excellent piece of writing. And we hope that before a second edition appears the author will take some steps to diminish the somewhat excessive number of printer's errors, which a careless correction of proofs has allowed to remain.

KIRSTEEN. By MRS. OLIPHANT. (*Macmillan.*) The weary waste of novelistic literature has but few oases. It is all the greater pleasure, therefore, to find some such resting-place and refreshment, even for the most jaded explorer of the realms of romance, in the pure, bright, healthy story which Mrs. Oliphant has just published. Kirsteen (a pet name for Christina) is a loyal, quick-tempered, but thoroughly lovable girl, whose home is in the wilds of Scotland, and whose varied fortunes and reverses are supposed to have taken place some seventy years ago. How she plighted her troth in girlhood and kept it loyally, how she left her home and came to London to be a dress-maker; what was the end of her romance, and her experiences in the Metropolis—all these things we shall leave the reader to discover for himself, only promising him that he will find in 'Kirsteen' one of the best books which Mrs. Oliphant's fertile pen has within recent years produced. It is not a study in psychology, we acknowledge with thankfulness, though it has some keenly drawn

characters—the work of an artist, not of a scientific analyst: nor yet does it in any fashion touch on disputed points in theology, of which possibly even a metaphysically-inclined public is getting a little weary; but it is just a story which interests us, and which is uncommonly well written; a literary anodyne—and something more. The opening scene of Kirsteen in her Scotch home is as pretty as Mrs. Oliphant can make it; and though the heroine's piteous little romance ends at the beginning of the third volume, he will indeed be a hard-hearted reader who will let his interest flag before the last page.

PEARL POWDER. By MRS. ANNIE EDWARDES. (*Bentley.*) This is another pretty story, contrasting both in kind and subject with the novel which has just been reviewed, and considerably inferior to it in literary power, but by no means an indifferent piece of workmanship, and decidedly interesting. Those who have read 'Archie Lovell' and 'Ought we to Visit her?' will know what to expect from Mrs. Edwardes—a tale told in easy garrulous style, with a graceful gallantry of its own, not unlike that of the mysterious Mr. Liston who figures so largely in these pages. The scene is laid in the times of which Pepys kept his entertaining and scandalous Diary, and a capitally drawn old lady, Lady Joan Carr, with her artistic complexion and no less artistic card-playing, is the best and indeed the only representative of the society to which the title of "Pearl Powder" is applicable. The interest of the book centres, as we have hinted, round a so-called Mr. Liston, whose brother is a highwayman, and whose guests include the notorious "Hell-gate Lord Harrington." Philippa Harkness has her fortunes closely intertwined with those of the ambiguous gentleman aforesaid; but how Mrs. Edwardes, having made her charming heroine deeply in love with the romantic and handsome stranger, could then allow her in middle age to wed with the commonplace Oliver Arden, we do not profess to understand. No doubt it is what she would have done in real life, but that can hardly be termed an excuse.

IN LOW RELIEF. By MORLEY ROBERTS. (*Chapman & Hall.*) This is a decidedly clever and attractive story. It is one of those which Darwin would not have read, for it ends unhappily; but it should be read. Mr. Roberts calls his story a "transcript of Bohemian life," and if it is faithful, and there are many indications that it is, it presents that life in a very fascinating shape, even though shadowed by tragedy. There is a model, with the beauty and the virtue of a "blessed damozel," who loves and is loved by one of her patrons, and who becomes also the passionate adoration of the hero of the book, a reckless, lazy, improvident literary man. The latter loses her in the end, but the contest

between the two men gives rise to many striking situations. Both the rivals are drawn with much truth to human nature, and there are places in which the story touches the deeper springs of tragedy. If there is a suspicion of exaggeration about the book, that may be only an evidence of its truth to the kind of life it is describing.

A MARKED MAN. By ADA CAMBRIDGE. (*Heinemann.*) When are we to have a truce from sceptical novels and the clergyman who renounces his orders? In Miss Ada Cambridge's book not only does this sadly familiar figure re-appear, but we have also the clever undergraduate who cannot conscientiously enter the Church, and who in after life shows his colossal intellect by reading Mill's 'Political Economy' to his daughter, contrasted with the orthodox and ridiculous clergyman with no intellect at all. All this is wearisome enough, but still we might have managed to take a faint interest in the undergraduate grown older if only his colossal intellect had been balanced by even a moderate amount of moral firmness and unselfishness. The first volume, which concerns his hasty marriage with a village maiden and equally hasty disillusionment, is the best part of the story. But his hysterical raptures when, after thirty years' of endurance, a kind fate steps in and relieves him of his wife, are as repulsive to us as they were to his daughter. It is difficult to believe in his unselfish devotion to his old love, Constance Bethune, when he disturbs her dying moments by "crying over her with that terrible howling cry," like "a wild beast tortured." A few grains of humour would have saved the authoress from the bathos of allowing Richard's daughter, in his own extremity, to refer him to "Arnold's paper in the Fortnightly," as it would have saved her readers from so many people who cling to one another and doubt about immortality. But we have almost ceased to look for this saving grace when it is a question of advanced views and serious convictions, more especially perhaps when the writer is a woman.

THE MOMENT AFTER. By ROBERT BUCHANAN. (*Heinemann.*) Were it not for the name upon the title-page we should have unhesitatingly assigned 'The Moment After' to some tyro in fiction, seeking to reproduce the sensations which he had experienced when under the influence of laughing-gas. It would have been a matter for regret that his immature efforts should have seen the light; but what are we to say when we discover that it is Mr. Buchanan who has been guilty of this literary crime? Only the most devoted of admirers would venture to suggest that this book will add to his fame. At best it is a patchwork, following out, so far as we can see, no particular design. When we have struggled through the story, which is only too obviously put together in a somewhat clumsy fashion to serve as an introduction

to the description of the other world, we come to a wonderful jumble of dancing stars, whirling heavens, flying sands, and ceaseless chasing after objects which ever vanish from our grasp. This does not fill us with awe and terror; it merely reminds us of a commonplace nightmare, or, as we have said before, of the sensations generally associated with the dentist's chair. We do not think that the actual details of an execution are a proper subject for fiction, and we strongly object to the misleading picture which Mr. Buchanan draws of an utterly impossible Home Secretary. It is to be hoped that the author himself intended this for a work of pure imagination. There is a certain force about the Epilogue—to our mind the only readable chapter in the book. Self-restraint of its style makes us the more sorry that Mr. Buchanan has not seen fit to exercise more of that admirable quality.

COME FORTH. By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS and HERBERT D. WARD. (*Heinemann.*) It is a bold thing to attempt to improve upon the beautiful story of Lazarus, and we cannot congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Ward upon the result of their efforts. They have given us a romance of Jewish life at the beginning of the Christian era, into which many scriptural figures are introduced. Lazarus, the hero, is in love with the beautiful daughter of Annas, the High Priest, and he is represented as wavering in his allegiance to the central figure of the Gospel narrative, who is brought in to save Lazarus and the beautiful Zahara at every crisis of their fate. The story culminates in the raising of Lazarus; but the treatment falls lamentably short of the dignity of the subject. To write in short fragmentary sentences is not to write forcibly; but it is the authors' only resource when an extraordinary effort is required. They deprecate the charge of want of reverence; but we fear that some episodes, especially that of the walking upon the sea, will have a painful effect upon religious susceptibilities.

"ALAS!" By RHODA BROUGHTON. (*Bentley.*) This book marks in our opinion a distinct departure both in style and story from Miss Broughton's usual manner. Its heroine, alone perhaps of all the characters, keeps something about her of this authoress's delightful girl type, in which simplicity of heart and guilelessness of nature are the most prominent characteristics. Of course, we still have the well-beloved sisters—no novel of Miss Broughton's could be without them; but they are not the same sisters who have run through some five or six of her other volumes, and here, they are admirable character studies. In drawing one of them, the authoress has done real service to healthy humanity by her well-deserved attack upon the hysterical lady of the nineteenth century, who passes her life in taking her temperature, studying her prescription book, bidding

her relatives good-bye, and of anticipating operations with joy! "We all have our Blue Roses, and to 'undergo operation,' as she technically terms it, is Sybilla Wilson's Blue Rose." Cecilia Wilson, the second sister, is an equally amusing sketch, recalling perhaps a little some of the girls of the garrison town in 'Joan,' with her mania for flirtation and being engaged; which engagements, however, never go further than the purchase of a drawing-room grate, and the reception of parcels of wedding-cake from recent suitors married to others. And then we have Amelia, the third sister; poor, patient Amelia, with her "affection so high and tender and selfless, as to remove her love out of the category of the mortal and the transitory," is one of the most pathetic of Miss Broughton's many pathetic figures; few people will be able to read her renunciation of Burgoyne, or the account of her cheerless illness and death "just as she was beginning to be so happy," without that choking sensation which is true love's best tribute. The men in this book afford a curious record of the march of time and types, when one contrasts them with the "Guy Livingstone" imitations of this writer's earlier work. These men are, as children say, "real live" men; not distorted, would-be heroes. But there is a still more remarkable change in this book, looking back upon others by this authoress, than any we have touched upon, which was, at the same time, to a certain extent foreshadowed in 'Dr. Cupid.' Scepticism and cynicism regarding religious and sacred things Miss Broughton has for some time put aside, but 'Alas!' sees the dawn of a new reverence attached to them, in which her great descriptive and imaginative powers have already found fresh field for some most beautiful and thoughtful writing. Such a passage as that regarding the Cardinal's tomb in the beautiful hillside Church of Florence would have been impossible to the Rhoda Broughton of our youth.

MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1890.

THE TRUTH ABOUT GREECE.

I HAVE followed with much anxiety the course of the last events in Greece, and read with close attention the intelligence and comments published in the English newspapers on the issue of the recent elections. All leading journals have expressed not only their surprise, but even their dissatisfaction at the inconsiderate and ungrateful conduct of the Greeks towards their great, prudent, patriotic, and successful statesman. "It is indeed," they exclaim with a certain indignation, "a new proof of the fickleness, foolishness, and unthankfulness of the Greek people to disregard the great services and high merits of a statesman who has managed the affairs of the State with great skill and success —the proverbial policy of Fabius—and saved Europe from complications and troubles. Mr. Tricoupis," they proceed further, 'was the only man of character and superior cultivation who drew the Greeks away from a policy of provocation, and devoted their attention to internal development and financial reform."

This is the tenor of the eulogy which is still being lavished unanimously upon Mr. Tricoupis, and this feeling seems to prevail in nearly all European countries, not excepting even Turkey. Indeed, the complimentary language held by the Turkish authorities and journals towards that statesman of Greece is most remarkable, nay, unprecedented. Now I admit freely that all these high compliments may be just and deserved from the point of view of European interests. But Mr. Tricoupis is not the Minister of Europe, he is the sworn Minister of Greece and her interests, and this distinct responsibility implies that in justice he must be viewed from a Greek point of

view, just as British Ministers are looked at from the side of British interests. This being so, I ask would any Englishman feel proud or satisfied if similar compliments were lavished on their Prime Minister from all foreign quarters and neighbours? I repeat, suppose that the British policy, internal, as well as foreign and colonial, was unanimously and highly approved by all foreign statesmen—including the Russians—would any Englishman feel flattered and proud, or would they rather feel uneasy, and look suspiciously at the Minister? I am sure that this very applause on the part of the foreign nations would arouse the British nation against their Government.

It will be replied, I know, that Greece is not Great Britain, but that she is a little State, entirely dependent on the favour and support of the European Powers. Quite so. But it is equally true that no State in the globe, be it strong or weak, has ever received a reward or satisfaction because she behaved quietly and prudently. This might be the case with a school-boy, but never with a State. History nowhere records a similar case. On the contrary, Greece was set free, because she revolted; she was given the Ionian Islands, because she agitated; she received Thessaly, because she threatened European peace.

The history of Greece is applicable to all countries. In fact, I do not know of any State, great or little, that ever received redress because she looked peacefully after her own internal affairs, or—as the phrase now runs—because she followed "a prudent policy." Roumania, Servia, Montenegro, Bulgaria, all these little States confirm my assertion. It is only through this active and threatening policy—at the proper moment—that they have—and expect still to have—their claims satisfied. My argument will, no doubt, appear revolutionary and selfish, perhaps even impertinent on the part of an insignificant nation; but Greece was created through this policy, and expects further to have her claims satisfied through the same method. Of course she must not plunge herself into a headlong and foolish policy; but as she cannot, single-handed, begin a quarrel with her usurpers, no opportunity must be left to slip. Those Greek statesmen who profess that Greece will soon be able to carry out a great war with her formidable neighbour, deceive themselves and others. This absurd idea has been haughtily professed by Mr. Tricoupis for the last seven years, and gained great popularity; but cool and practical reflection always led to great doubts.

A little State like Greece would be far happier if she had no external policy whatever, but devoted herself to internal development. She would be relieved of the burden of keeping a regular army and navy. But unhappily for the little kingdom, five out of six millions of Greeks being still under Turkish rule it is impossible for her to shut her eyes and ears to the complaints, appeals, and lamentations reaching her daily from all parts of Turkey. She cannot refuse her sympathy and assistance to this majority of her most devoted subjects. This circumstance encumbers the Greek Government with constant liabilities and difficulties of a political nature; but at the same time it must be pointed out that this numerous Greek element, devoted as it is to Greece, and scattered round in the dominions of the Sultan, is a most powerful weapon which, dexterously manipulated, is equal to ten times the Greek army and navy. How many difficult questions between the two neighbouring States have been settled to the full satisfaction of the Greek Government, and how many more political advantages of great importance might accrue to Greece without any material sacrifices, are secrets known to every Greek statesman.

But it is not my intention to enter into the discussion of the general policy of Greece. My object is to submit some observations which may illustrate the state of things in my country, and thus endeavour to enlighten public opinion in this country with regard to Mr. Tricoupis' character and policy. He is no doubt a very remarkable man; we all agree on this point. At his first appearance he commands respect. When you stay before him —he rarely sits—you are deeply impressed. His stern look and imposing appearance are very telling. This is the first and most impressive of his qualities. On the other hand, he possesses the gift of vigorous eloquence in a remarkable degree. Another rare and most powerful attainment must not be lost sight of: he has a fascinating sister, who is one of the most gifted women in Greece. Having no family cares—for she has no near relation but this one brother Charilaos—she is entirely devoted to him. She is a great psychologist, and has a wonderful memory for names and facts. The assistance lent by this marvellous helpmate to her brother Charilaos is simply immense. It is a very difficult matter to decide whether Mr. Tricoupis' long maintenance in power is due more to his personal ability than to his sister. Those, however, who are familiar with the *rôle* which women play in continental politics will not feel surprised at my

maintaining that if Mr. Tricoupis' reputation is chiefly due to his abilities, his popularity at least may fairly be ascribed to his marvellous sister.

But let us consider both together. Their father having been a long time Greek Minister in London, they were both educated in the English metropolis, and speak English remarkably well. They know English life, customs, principles, and weaknesses; when they receive an English visitor they assume English manners; they speak of British liberties and principles, and assume the appearance of being the promoters of British civilization and influence. They explain anxiously their strenuous efforts to reform and develop the financial condition of Greece; they never fail to hint *confidentially*, that all these superhuman efforts are directed exclusively to a great national scheme. This secret but well-meditated plan, if carried out, is sure to surprise the world, and create, with God's help, a great and powerful Greece. They go even so far as to hint that this great scheme is on the eve of execution, and any impediment put in the way, unconsciously, or out of opposition, is in this critical moment simply an act of high treason to the national interests.

This is the tenor of the language held by Mr. and Miss Tricoupis to their foreign interviewers. It is not astonishing, therefore, that such serious and solemn language, coupled with immense attention, complaisance, and favour, all deeply impress strangers, who have no more occasion and time to ascertain facts and undeceive themselves. I am not exaggerating, nor is it my intention to discredit Mr. Tricoupis in favour of any other man. I simply wish to go to the bottom of the facts and explain the secret of his popularity abroad. And in order to reveal the whole secret, I may add that all intelligence about Greek concerns and politics which reached this country during the last four years emanate, directly or indirectly, exclusively from Mr. and Miss Tricoupis, for no colleague or subordinate acquainted with his schemes, is authorized to speak of them.

Mr. Tricoupis' language to the Greeks was, of course, vague, but also high-sounding. When he pleased to receive them, he represented Greece to be in the last stage of preparation to grapple with the Turk, and set free with one stroke all Greeks still under the Sultan's rule, from Asia Minor to Crete. These utterances assumed a more lofty tone when he received men of inferior class or intellect, and this was the case, in his appreciation, with all his Greek visitors. I remember him well, just a year ago,

declaring to me and some other fellow-visitors, that the Government was already in a position to put in the field, with a few days' notice, 130,000 men. We all know that he was unable to parade 5000 soldiers at the arrival of the German Emperor, and that he could not, even to-day, oppose 13,000 men to a threatend invasion of the country. But this is not all. In his receptions and utterances he assumed a high and imposing air, talking of his diplomatic connections abroad, and representing his European colleagues as if they were all his intimate friends and admirers. On the other hand, his close connection with some European representatives at Athens, and his marked intimacy with the King, pointed to the evidence of his commanding position in the European Cabinets. He organized royal festivities on the occasion of the Greek Crown Prince attaining his majority. He celebrated with great pomp the twenty-fifth anniversary of the King's accession to the throne; he contracted a match between the Greek Crown Prince and the sister of the most powerful Sovereign in Europe — the Emperor of Germany. This variety of extraordinary coincidences, coupled with the constant praises lavished on him by European journals, so much impressed public opinion in Greece, that nearly all Greeks, whether free or still under the Sultan's rule, felt relieved to have] found, at last, in Mr. Tricoupis the longed-for man, who would not only rescue their country from ruin, but aggrandise and glorify it. There was a time of such fascination of public opinion about Mr. Tricoupis that the Greeks would not have forgiven any one who had the audacity to compare their unique Prime Minister to any European statesman even of the first rank.

These illusions could not last long, particularly in an excitable country like Greece, where, besides, important events and complications with her neighbour are of daily occurrence. The unfortunate Cretan question had already assumed a burning character. Mr. Tricoupis having really believed in his commanding authority in Europe, despatched a circular note to the Powers, calling authoritatively upon them to settle the Cretan question, otherwise he would be compelled to take the task upon himself The common people, on the one hand feeling confidence in the long professed readiness of the Government, and, on the other being convinced of the commanding position of their Premier in European Cabinets, seemed exulting at the happy contingency which was going to cause at least Crete to be delivered over to

them. This highest climax of national emotion and expectation did not last long. Mr. Tricoupis received from Europe a sharp rebuke for his impertinence; the subsequent arrival at Athens of the German Emperor, conveying his sister Sophia to our Crown Prince, caused Mr. Tricoupis more painful disappointments. Neither His Imperial Majesty nor any dignitary of his suite paid any attention to him, nay, they ignored him deliberately, while other Greek personalities of inferior standing were favoured with marked attention. These grave incidents threw a glaring light on the political state of the country. They opened the eyes of the public and exasperated Mr. Tricoupis. The next meeting of the Chamber revealed the whole business. No army, no navy, no money in the public treasury, and besides, Europe more than ever hostile to Greece. Mr. Tricoupis being interrogated on his policy, evaded all clear answer to the various questions by alleging that they were still pending, or constituted the secrets of the Government.

The Opposition, however, had been previously supplied with sufficient information from foreign sources, and particularly from the English Blue-book on the Cretan affairs. They attacked vigorously the policy of the Government, both internal and foreign, and denounced its conduct on the Cretan question as most unpatriotic. Mr. Tricoupis being highly annoyed, uttered bitter recriminations against the Opposition, and grossly insulted Turkey, whose very friendship and favour he had hitherto courted. The consequence of these grave incidents was obvious; a consternation among the Greek people, and hard blows as answer on the part of Turkey; Crete received still more severe chastisement from Shakir Pasha; the Greek language became the object of general persecution in the Ottoman Empire; Greek schoolmasters were arrested and transported to Central Africa, where many of them have already perished; the Greek Church received the severest blows within the memory of man; indeed, its very existence is still threatened unless Russia should interfere energetically on its behalf. But this is not all. In order to realize fully the extent of the political disaster, let us look round. While "prudent" Greece was never before in so sorry a plight, all other minor States round her are infinitely better off. "Imprudent" Bulgaria is going fast ahead, to the detriment of vital and national Greek interests. The Armenians show, for the first time in modern history, signs of life; I am sure they will

ultimately get some sort of self-government. In face of these alarming events Greeks were told to keep cool and have confidence in Mr. Tricoupis. He has a "great plan"; suffering Cretans must not frustrate it through their imprudence; he is watching for them; they must have patience for "three months" and then again "for another three months, after which they are going to be relieved through a master stroke." This had been invariably Mr. Tricoupis' language and demeanour to the Cretans for the last twenty months. I will endeavour to examine this question from a practical point of view. We have on the one hand Mr. Tricoupis, a "prudent" statesman of superior education, speaking English and French fluently, a "Fabius," as he has been styled—of determined character and vigorous eloquence—to say nothing of his wonderfully gifted sister. On the other hand we have Mr. Stambouloff, a "restless" agitator of inferior education in every point of view. Which of these two statesmen is more practical, more patriotic, and more successful? I am sure the universal reply will be in favour of Mr. Stambouloff. So is mine, and so has been that of the Greek nation at the recent elections.

This is the foreign policy of our celebrated and universally admired statesman. A few more observations on his internal policy may suffice to complete the sketch of the "great man." While he speaks exuberantly of European institutions and English liberties, he is undoubtedly the most authoritative ruler in Europe. His will is above all law. Whenever he happened to be questioned on some political or administrative measure, or on some illegality committed by a subordinate agent of his, he invariably evaded all answer by attacking his questioner and recriminating his predecessors. His regular reply was this: "The Government being responsible for their own acts, they must be left free from any interference and molestation; they have the right to act as they please and whenever they choose." This sounds fair and right, but at the bottom it is a fallacious and unconstitutional procedure. Nobody ever denied the responsibility of the Government, but the nature of a parliamentary house implies the right of control. If a Prime Minister, as long as he is at the head of affairs, refuses to give any explanation to the Parliament on a question, and even abruptly and indignantly rebukes his questioner, how can public opinion be enlightened? But I must state here distinctly that Mr. Tricoupis objects absolutely to the public expressing any

opinion. His favourite and invariable reply was that "his Government does not allow themselves to be led or influenced." Well, under these conditions, where have his professed constitutional principles and liberties gone? Is his policy and administration to be a mystery to the nation until he is turned out of office? But then, if he is found guilty of some grave illegality or even treason to the national interests, what satisfaction can the country derive from such responsibility? He might be strongly rebuked, imprisoned, or even hanged, if you like, but any such penalty inflicted on him would be of no profit whatever to the wronged country.

There remains the point of his celebrated financial ability, on which there seems to be a universal agreement abroad. I am very pleased to see the credit of my country raised so much in the estimation of foreign capitalists. My pleasure, however, is greatly marred by the conviction that this is not the true state of the case. I am not going to enter into the complicated and dry details which would occupy a great amount of time and of space in these pages. I shall simply confine myself to the remark that Mr. Tricoupis' financial skill has been a dexterous manipulation to the effect not of reforming the financial system, but simply living from hand to mouth. During his recent administration the public debt has increased by one fourth, while on the one hand the taxes have been nearly doubled, and on the other, the strength of the army has been reduced to an unprecedented minimum. The Greek people suffered the hard burdens laid on them with a creditable self-denial, because they were impressed with the conviction that all these sacrifices were utilized to the recovery and organization of the national resources, and the serious preparation of the country to meet successfully any eventuality. There was a class of people who went even so far in their simplicity as to stick to the old dream of a glorious Greece, with Constantinople for its capital. All these expectations have been cruelly destroyed.

My reader may interrupt me here by putting the natural and very plausible question: "If Mr. Tricoupis was really injurious to the interests of his country, why was he tolerated so long a time? how can you explain why he was not turned out of office long since?" I shall try to explain this curious circumstance. I shall not speak again of his remarkable abilities, nor of the influence of his marvellous sister, though these qualities account considerably for the fact. I shall remind my reader of a

very important circumstance. Mr. Tricoupis' triumphal accession to power was due not really to his previous popularity; it was practically due to the disgraceful and disastrous close of Mr. Deliyannis' administration; a bitter lesson, which was still too fresh in the memory of the Greek people. This circumstance was an immense advantage to Mr. Tricoupis over his adversary. Another point is still more important, as it throws, at the same time, a strange light upon Mr. Tricoupis' methods of internal administration. If I should be asked to put it in two words, I should look vainly for them in a constitutional and liberal vocabulary, like that of Great Britain.

But the secret requires a satisfactory explanation, for it might be of use even to English statesmen. Some of my readers know that the whole population of Greece is undoubtedly far more personally concerned in politics and public affairs than any other people in the globe. They are divided into two distinct parties—that in power, and the opposition. Mr. Tricoupis, having succeeded to office after his predecessor's crushing defeat, deemed the moment very opportune to secure his position for a long period. He reduced the number of the troublesome deputies, and directed his attention to the organization of his party in a spirit unprecedented in Greek politics. His first duty was to select his agents and subordinates among the most bitter enemies of his predecessor, and his own most devoted partisans. Moreover he let them understand clearly that they had nothing whatever to fear, with regard to their posts, from an interference on the part of unfriendly deputies as long as they served him faithfully. They should be protected against any intrigue and attack, provided they proved devoted servants to their master. This new principle of serving one's chief, and not the State, having taken root in the hearts of Mr. Tricoupis' regiments, every employé strove to prove the most zealous of his agents. Those who gave the most and best proofs of ability and skill in promoting the influence of the Government were generously remunerated, while a merciless fate threatened any functionary, high or low, who might be found to sympathise with the opposition. Under these circumstances, their functions and duties were clearly prescribed. They had to serve, not the State, but the person of the Prime Minister, by promoting his influence to the best of their abilities. They were not expected to report to him on the despatch of public service; but to procure him valuable information on party concerns. He never consulted them, not

even his colleagues. His will being stronger than reason, he objects to discussion, and forbids contradiction. The only right he admits is to keep him informed of all occurrences. This being so, the numberless regiment of public functionaries were converted into personal agents of the Government, either as open propagandists or spies. No wonder, then, that this system of absolutism gave Mr. Tricoupis the popular name of "Mongol" and "Petroleum." On the other hand, it was natural that every employé, from his colleagues down to the lowest schoolmaster or usher, being an absolute ruler in his province, a régime sprung up, which led to great abuses, and called forth loud complaints. But Mr. Tricoupis, being firmly convinced of his own impeccability, could not, or would not, admit the possibility of his subordinates disregarding their duties, and abusing the public authority entrusted to them. This resolute protection of his agents, at any rate stimulated naturally their zeal to personal devotion, while the public service was entirely neglected.

While I am writing these lines I do not lose sight of a very important point. I anticipate that my reader, prejudiced as he may be in favour of Mr. Tricoupis, will entertain some doubt as to the veracity of my statements. He will in all probability accuse me of exaggeration and search the clue of my object in some personal motive. I repudiate all such imputation. I *can* state without fear of being contradicted, that I have always shared the illusion of my countrymen in the zealous admiration of Mr. Tricoupis. On the other hand, I know Mr. Deliyannis too well to expect him to rescue my country from her present difficulties. His weakness and irresolution are proverbial; in contradistinction to his adversary he has no force of character nor energy; he is entirely wanting in commanding authority over his subordinates; in short, the nation does not feel confidence in the man, as was the case, for a time, with Mr. Tricoupis. But for all this, I must acknowledge many valuable and counterbalancing qualities: he is a very honest man; he is scrupulously law-abiding; he is certainly not less intelligent than Mr. Tricoupis; he has a vast experience of administration; as a speaker he commands also an uncommon fluency, though certainly not the vigour of his antagonist. But above all he possesses a very praiseworthy quality; he is not fastidious nor self-opinionated. Being conscious of his liability to error and dreading responsibility in all important questions, he selects his colleagues

among the most capable and experienced men of his party. Thus under Mr. Deliyannis we have a ministry and a ministerial council, whereas under Mr. Tricoupis' administration we have one man to decide upon all internal and external matters. The latter statesman is, indeed, inclined to select as colleagues those men whose mental faculties and character may be a guarantee for his present and future absolute rule. They are simply nominal chiefs over their departments, and have neither will nor opinion; they must refer the smallest possible matter to their chief for approval; they are not entitled or able to give you any information whatever; you must go to Mr. Tricoupis himself, the absolute ruler, the all-adviser. Their allegiance to him goes so far as to submit to him the correspondence of their office often before they read it and to expect his orders. Under these circumstances no man of *amour propre* and independent character or superior ability is anxious to serve under Mr. Tricoupis or support him. The reason is obvious. In this and all other countries access to public office implies the idea of developing new characters and raising talented young men to political prominence. Under Mr. Tricoupis' administration, all these officers sink to insignificance.

With Mr. Deliyannis in power the case is very different. Being conscious of his incompetence to dispose of all questions, as I have already observed, he seeks out the fittest men of his party and leaves to them full liberty of action and independence in the execution of their ordinary duties. This is naturally a strong inducement to able and ambitious young men to join Mr. Deliyannis' party; it offers them an opening to rise to prominence. This fact accounts also for the appearance, just now, of a new party leader, Mr. Rallis. This young politician had been an insignificant agent of Mr. Tricoupis. He withdrew from him and joined Mr. Deliyannis. Now, having acquired sufficient experience of public affairs, and self-confidence, he has seceded from his chief and formed a party of his own. He is a quick politician, a vigorous speaker, and a man of undaunted courage and energy. Two more young men under Mr. Deliyannis' leadership show signs of independence, and may soon rise to prominence. These are, in my opinion, tokens of a more hopeful prospect for the country. The nation has been long ruled by the two old political leaders, and it has been disappointed in both. We cannot borrow statesmen from abroad, as we do generals, admirals, and other functionaries

from France. Let, then, new men come to the front. The moment is not unpropitious. For I venture to disagree with those alarmists who foreshadow in the change of the Greek Ministry new complications. On the contrary, I feel sure that the political situation created by the policy of the late Government and its overthrow is the very best guarantee, for the time being, of the public peace in those parts of Europe. This important assertion on my part may be disregarded as irresponsible and rash; but I can give my reasons for it. The right moment for action or agitation on the part of the Greek Government is over; the Greek army is reduced to its lowest possible peace-footing. The navy will assume some importance only when the new three ironclads, which are constructed in France, shall be ready; the resources of the country are literally exhausted; the ministers of the new Government, however patriotic they may be, are forced to accept accomplished facts, and they will be justified in adopting this prudent policy by the consideration that they are not responsible for this disgraceful state of things created by their predecessors. Their patriotic duty will be to ask for some redress in a peaceful way. Mr. Tricoupis, on the contrary, having committed the honour of the country and pledged himself to the nation, was bound to venture all, sooner or later.

I conclude this article with the assurance that I have tried to represent Greek statesmen and politics in their true light. My statements and views may displease many of my countrymen, and especially Mr. Tricoupis' adherents and admirers, whether Greeks or foreigners. Others may impute to me the charge of exaggeration. I do not pretend to have converted anybody, nor do I wish to influence those whose judgment and conviction is founded upon facts. My object was to state the truth and try to enlighten public opinion in this country. I felt in duty bound to do so, because I have been long labouring under a painful feeling. I saw clearly that public opinion in this and other European countries was so prepossessed with regard to some Greek statesmen, that the esteem and admiration attributed to one single man could not be counterbalanced by the merits and qualities of his whole nation. This is very unfair, for whatever and however many might be the faults of the Greek nation, the fact that it has tolerated its unscrupulous statesmen so long a time, and supported their alleged great schemes with true devotion, self-denial, and heavy sacrifices, is the very best and

unmistakable proof of its loyalty, patience, seriousness, and patriotism.

And now, I may venture a final remark to my English readers. Let Greeks manage their own affairs. Whether they have done well or foolishly to change their Government, it is an irrevocable verdict of the whole nation; I think that it is rather unfair to reproach and openly blame a nation for taking a measure which suits their purpose. Such an attitude adopted on the part of Englishmen, though no doubt sincere, on the one hand stimulates the vanity of their patronized man, and on the other, it is calculated to cause considerable mischief. It produces a very unpleasant feeling among the Greek people and estranges its sympathies. I am well aware that England needs no Greek sympathies, still I doubt whether it would be the best English policy to embitter the new Greek Government and its supporters—the large majority of the Greek nation—and thus throw them into the arms of other powers. France has done decidedly less than England for the regeneration and aggrandizement of Greece. Yet she enjoys undoubtedly more popularity than England in Greece. The reason is not far to seek. French statesmen and journalists have been always careful to use courteous and benevolent language towards the Greeks, and thus succeeded in keeping up a friendly feeling between the two nations. The Greeks are a very impressionable people, and look for the favour of stronger nations. Any people who understand how to flatter their *amour propre*, not only secure their gratitude and devotion, but may also derive a material benefit from them. This is exactly the case with the French, simply because they address them with pleasant words. Besides their commercial interests, they draw a considerable amount of Greek money by offering loans to the Greek Government, generals, admirals, engineers, and a numerous staff of other employés, who come to Greece under the avowed pretext of reforming or organizing her domestic affairs. Now, let us examine the question with regard to English policy. England, who is more than any other power entitled to Greek gratitude, manages to estrange all sympathy of the Greek people because of her ungentle demeanour. It is to England chiefly that Greece owes her very existence and present territories. The naval battle of Navarino, which brought up her independence, was fought under the command of an English admiral—Sir Edward Codrington; she received the Ionian Islands from Great Britain; Thessaly

was handed over to her chiefly through British influence; well for all these benefactions Greek gratitude and sympathy are estranged through the careless and unconcerned attitude of leading Englishmen and journalists. This is the principal cause of Greek disaffection towards England, and the present case confirms fully my assertion. By patronizing Mr. Tricoupis, who, after all is one of the many Greeks, and at the present moment a very unpopular person, English journalists and politicians do not certainly promote British interests. Whereas by admitting the fair assumption that other Greeks, besides Mr. Tricoupis, may prove equally prudent, patriotic, and useful to their country, they do not hurt the sentiments of the Greek nation and they do establish a friendly feeling between British and Greek people: such a feeling once established, would lead to the promotion of the political, commercial, and material interests alluded to. Moreover it would greatly benefit the numerous British travellers through Greece, for it would prepare for them the ground for a more friendly and hearty welcome and hospitality on the part of the Greek population, both in Greece and Turkey.

PROF. A. N. JANNARIS.

MARCIA.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "THIRLBY HALL," &c.

CHAPTER XLV.

"WORSE THAN AN ASS."

THERE is, no doubt, a certain bitter sweetness in giving up all that we value for the sake of those whom we love; but it must be confessed that the bitterness predominates largely over the sweetness from the moment that we begin to suspect them of being unworthy of such a sacrifice. In reality they must always be so, because the worthy people will not accept sacrifices: still self-deception upon the point is not impossible. Unluckily for poor Willie, it had become so in his case, and without saying to himself in so many words that his mother's love for him was of a purely selfish order, he nevertheless knew the truth. Looking forward into the future, he could discern no prospect of compensation, nor any object that seemed much worth living for, except indeed his profession; and the profession of a soldier in time of peace cannot be counted as a very exciting one. It only remained for him to submit to his destiny with courage and resignation; to submit to it cheerfully was, he felt, beyond him.

It has been said that he had at last begun to feel a little hopeful with regard to Lady Evelyn. Nothing verbal, it is true, had passed between them of a nature to justify hope; but he had made tentative advances which had not been repelled, and once or twice, when their eyes had chanced to meet, he had fancied that he saw a look in hers which had not been there before—although, of course, he might have been quite mistaken. Well, at any rate, there must be an end of all that now. Whatever his chances might have been, he had deliberately parted with them, and there was no other course open to him than to part also with her. He must make some excuse for leaving

Torquay as soon as possible, since it was no longer in his power to associate with her upon a footing of mere acquaintanceship, nor permissible for him to associate with her upon any other footing. Meanwhile, he resolved that he would avoid seeing her at all until he should have received his uncle's reply to the communication which he now sat down to write.

He could not, even if he had wished to do so, have concealed from the head of the banking firm so important a circumstance as that he desired to sell out £4000 forthwith, and he thought it best to despatch a private letter to Sir George as well as a formal notification of his requirements to the bank. He said what he had to say simply and without any attempt at excuse or apology; for his uncle, as he very well knew, would consider his action hopelessly inexcusable. It was not even worth while to state his motives, the cogency of which could never be rendered manifest to a sensible man like Sir George. As to the results which would follow, Willie did not feel the slightest doubt. It was all very well for his mother to smile at the threats of a man who had no heir and would be puzzled to find one, but, as a matter of fact, Willie knew his uncle to be *not* only obstinate but conscientious. There were many points upon which Sir George might be opposed and vanquished; but with regard to the custody of his money and the performance of what he believed to be his duty he was certain to be immovable.

The ensuing day was a very long and very sad one for our poor hero. He had, as was only to be expected, slept little and was feeling wretchedly ill; he would not go to Malton Lodge, he did not know how to occupy himself, and he was bound in honour to keep up appearances as far as he could before his mother, who evidently thought that he was repenting a little of his generosity. However, he was under no such obligation to his step-father who had the bad taste to be profusely grateful to him.

"Really, it's uncommonly good of you to help us out of this mess, my dear fellow," said Archdale, "and you may be sure that you will get the interest of your money regularly until I can scrape together enough to clear off the debt. I don't think you will be put to any serious inconvenience about it; still you have done me an immense service, which, I assure you, I shall never forget."

"I lent the money to my mother," answered Willie shortly.

"Yes, yes, I quite understand that. Only it was my fault that your mother had to ask you for it, you see."

"And I quite understand that," said Willie. "You have nothing to thank me for; so we needn't say any more about it."

But Archdale, thinking it a pity that this timely advance should be a cause of ill-feeling between him and his benefactor, persisted in saying more. "Situated as I am just now," he explained, "it is a matter of sheer necessity for me to raise £4000 somehow or other, and you know—or perhaps you don't know—I'm sure I hope you don't—that applying to the Jews is a horribly expensive way of doing business. The only thing I am sorry for is that, according to your mother, this may get you into trouble with your uncle. But, after all, I don't think he can grumble very much. It isn't as if you had taken to betting or gambling, as most young fellows with your expectations would do."

"My uncle will undoubtedly cut me out of his will," answered Willie. "I shall have enough of my own to live upon, but I shall not be able to afford any more loans. Perhaps it is as well to tell you that at once."

And, having imparted this agreeable piece of information, he left the room.

"That young man," mused Archdale, after he had gone, "has no sort of urbanity. What is the use of saying nasty things to a man who is trying hard to be civil to you? Well, I've done my best to conciliate him, and if he won't make friends, why, he must do the other thing: as he justly remarks, it isn't I who owe him any thanks. As for old Brett's cutting him off with a shilling, I expect he knows as well as I do that there's no fear of that."

But Willie, knowing Sir George a good deal better than Mr. Archdale did, was not in the least surprised when, by return of post, a letter reached him from Blaydon Hall in which he was given plainly to understand that he must expect no further favours from one whose wishes he had chosen to set at nought.

"Your instructions have been acted upon," Sir George wrote, "and in a few days' time the sum which you propose to hand over to your mother will be placed to your credit. Since your determination has been made with a full knowledge of its necessary consequences, I shall not waste time by reproaching you. I will merely mention that I shall this day sign a fresh will, in which your name will not appear. It would be idle to pretend that the news of your folly—and, I must add, your ingratitude—has not come upon me as a severe blow; but I

must bear it as best I may. I trust that Lady Evelyn Foljambe, whom you appear willing to resign without a struggle, will think, as I do, that she is well rid of so weak-kneed a lover.

"There was some talk, I believe, of your coming here again before Christmas, but under all the circumstances I will ask you to consider that engagement cancelled. Your aunt, I am sorry to say, is once more seriously unwell, and I wish to spare her the distress of hearing that you have ceased to be what we have always hoped that you would be, namely, our successor here, and, to all intents and purposes, our son. This I could not do if you were in the house. I have nothing more to say. Your mind is made up, and mine, as you are aware, was made up long ago. We need not quarrel over it; but it will be obvious to you that our relations must henceforth be of a far more formal kind than they have hitherto been."

That much was certainly obvious, and Willie could not take exception to the terms in which his uncle's more or less valedictory epistle was couched. It was as unequivocal as he had expected it to be and a good deal more temperate than he had ventured to anticipate. And now, since everything was settled beyond recall, he thought there would be no harm in his walking as far as Malton Lodge. He could not tell Lady Wetherby in plain language that he had withdrawn the pretensions of which she had been informed; but he owed it to her to make the fact apparent, and this might easily be done by a casual mention of his intention to exchange into the linked battalion of his regiment, which was quartered in India.

Towards dusk, therefore, he set forth to acquit himself of his duty, fighting his way against a south-easterly gale and a cold, driving rain. Torquay, notwithstanding the high character that it bears as a health resort, is not exempt from occasional south-easterly winds, and no Englishman requires to be told what a combination of south-easterly wind and wet weather means. One does not often meet with people who want to go to India; but under such horrible atmospheric conditions even a man who proposes to leave his heart behind him may feel that Asia possesses certain advantages over northern Europe. Willie was not quite philosophical enough to take that view, yet he was rather glad that the world looked so utterly dreary and woe-begone that evening. Sunshine and a blue sky would have been intolerable.

The ladies were, of course, at home. He found them, as he

l expected to find them, drinking tea before the fire, and they lcomed him all the more warmly because, as they declared, :y had given up all hope that anybody would be charitable ɔugh to enliven their solitude on such a day.

"What have you been doing with yourself all this time?" :dy Wetherby inquired. "I'm afraid it is hardly necessary ask though, for I can see by your face that you have been ill ain. Have you any business to be here now, I wonder?"

"Oh, yes," answered Willie, with a somewhat forlorn smile, r he was thinking that if Lady Wetherby knew all she would : decidedly of opinion that he had no business in her house. There is nothing particular the matter with me; only I am eling a little seedy to-day."

"Who wouldn't be in such weather?" exclaimed Lady velyn. If one must needs be soaked to the skin and chilled ɔ the marrow of one's bones, surely one might as well be ollowing the hounds in one's native county."

"I suppose you will be in your native county before the ıunting is over," said Willie interrogatively.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Not until after Christmas, anyhow, and even then I don't know. It depends upon mamma, who is hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt or the wind and dust of the Riviera. But I live in hopes."

This was perhaps as good an opportunity as another for announcing that soon after Christmas he himself would in all probability be on his way towards a sunnier clime; but Willie did not profit by it. He was afraid of being catechised, and thought it would be wiser to defer his statement until the last moment. So he swallowed the tea which was poured out for him, and talked and was talked to for a time, though what the subjects conversed about were he would have been puzzled to say afterwards.

The entrance of an old woman, enveloped in furs, who, by her own account, had braved the elements in order to make sure of finding dear Lady Wetherby at home, necessarily threw the responsibility of entertaining him upon Lady Evelyn, and she proceeded to do so by retiring to the other end of the double drawing-room and making him a sign to follow her. A few days before he would have been overjoyed by such a mark of favour, but now it only made his heart ache the more. What could he say to her? All he knew was that he was in duty bound to avoid saying too much.

As it happened, things were made comparatively easy for him; for Lady Evelyn, after some further disparaging criticisms upon the climate of the West of England, asked him whether he expected to be quartered much longer at Plymouth, and as that was a question to which he would have to give a definite reply before quitting the house, he did not see his way to evade answering it at once.

"The regiment will be there for another year most likely," he said, in as unconcerned a voice as he could command, "but I don't think I shall remain with it. I want to exchange to India if I can."

There was no lamp in the room where they were seated, and Lady Evelyn was shielding her face from the fire with a hand-screen, so that it was impossible to see how she was affected by his words, though he stole an eager side-glance at her as soon as they were uttered. It must be owned that he was a little disappointed by the perfect indifference with which she returned—

"Really! Will you like that better than England, do you think?"

"In some ways, I dare say," he answered. "Of course, one is sorry to leave one's friends."

"Oh, you will make new ones. Your mother will be sorry to lose you though. And what about your uncle—does he approve?"

"I don't suppose he will object; but I haven't consulted him. I'm not bound to consult him, you know."

"I thought he was rather under the impression that you were; but old gentlemen are very liable to be under mistaken impressions of that kind. When do you propose to start?"

To an experienced student of women, like Cecil Archdale, this assumption of nonchalance would have appeared decidedly overdone; but it was quite artistic enough to deceive Willie, who accepted it as a convincing proof that his half-formed hopes had been built upon sand and who was scarcely as glad of that as he ought to have been. He explained that exchanges could not be effected at a moment's notice, and that there was little likelihood of his getting away from England before the spring, but that, as he had various arrangements to make, he would probably rejoin his regiment very shortly.

"So that we shan't see much more of you, I presume," observed Lady Evelyn cheerfully. "Well, I hope you will

enjoy yourself out there and have plenty of pig-sticking. If I were you I should make a point of going to some place where there are pigs to stick."

She went on chatting about Indian field sports and other kindred topics for ten minutes or so, after which the old lady in the next room took her departure, and Willie rose to do likewise. He did not inform Lady Wetherby of his plans, knowing that she would hear about them presently from her daughter, so that his leave-taking was only such as is customary between people who expect to meet again on the morrow.

Nevertheless he had almost made up his mind that it should be final. When he was once more out in the wind and the rain, he said to himself that it would be wiser not to risk a second visit to Malton Lodge. Lady Wetherby might, and very likely would, ask for explanations which it would be painful as well as useless to give, and Evelyn, it was very plain, would not trouble her head about him after he should be out of sight. He must get the doctor's permission to return to duty, or, if that could not be obtained, he must invent some pretext for running up to London.

It was now quite dark, and he would have passed without recognising a solitary pedestrian whom he met breasting the hill which he was descending, had not that individual hailed in Mortimer's voice—

"Hullo, Brett! It *is* Brett, isn't it?"

Willie took his friend's outstretched hand. "What in the world has brought you here, Mortimer?" he asked. "I thought you were never coming to Torquay any more."

"Well, so did I," answered the other, with a laugh; "but I went off in such a hurry that I left some things behind me at the hotel, and then there were some bills that I forgot to pay, and—and so I thought I would just run down for a couple of nights."

But perhaps he felt that this was really too lame an explanation to pass muster; for he added, with another apologetic laugh, "Well, the fact is, I wanted to have a last glimpse of—of you all. Between you and me, old man, I find that shooting won't do—I must get out of the old groove altogether. So I've made up my mind to go round the world, and I expect I shall be away for at least a year. Now, tell me, is everything settled between you and Lady Evelyn?"

They were standing in the middle of the road, exposed to the

full fury of the weather; but hard by was one of those flights of steps, known in Torquay as "slips," which enable foot-passengers to scale the many hills in a somewhat shorter space of time than is required by vehicles, and which are usually flanked on either side by the high walls of adjacent gardens. Into the comparative shelter thus afforded Willie now drew his friend, and there briefly related how all his hopes had come to shipwreck. There was nobody in the world except Mortimer to whom he could speak so openly, and it was in some sort a relief to him to be able to tell the whole truth. But if he expected comfort or sympathy, he mistook his man.

"I must say, Brett, that I think you have been worse than an ass," was Mortimer's comment upon his narrative. "If you had been content with ruining yourself, you would have been only an ass, I suppose; but what right have you to throw over a girl whom you profess to love? You can't really care very much about her."

"You don't understand," returned Willie. "I haven't thrown her over, she wouldn't have taken me under any circumstances."

"How do you know that? Have you asked her?"

"No; but it isn't always necessary to ask—you yourself admitted that before you went away."

"One can't be sure of anything without asking."

"Well—why don't you do it, then?"

"Upon my word, Brett," answered Mortimer, after pondering for a few seconds, "I think I will. I'm sure I don't know whether you're mistaken or not about Lady Evelyn's feelings; but any way, it seems to me that you've chosen to put yourself out of it. Neither her mother nor Wetherby would allow her to marry you upon your present income, and I agree with you that you couldn't make such an offer to her. So I don't see why I shouldn't try my luck. I can but fail after all."

He was, no doubt, fully entitled to try his luck upon a forlorn hope; and forlorn hopes, as has been proved again and again, often turn out successful. To be sure, he had heard with his own ears what had sounded like an unequivocal avowal on Lady Evelyn's part of her love for Willie Brett; yet in moments of excitement people sometimes say things which they do not mean. Moreover, the pain of separation from her had abated something of his pride; so that he would now have been thankful to be accepted, even though it should be for reasons which he had once declared insufficient to satisfy him.

He met with no opposition from Willie, who wished him good-night, but could not find it in his heart to wish him good luck. So these two friends went their several ways, each of them, naturally enough, feeling a little disappointed in the other. Willie, as Mortimer had truly said, had been worse than an ass, while Mortimer had perhaps taken a somewhat mercenary and commonplace view of a cruelly hard case.

CHAPTER XLVI.

LADY EVELYN DISGRACES HERSELF

When Marcia was informed—for there was no possibility of disguising the truth from her—that Sir George Brett had proved as good as his word and had disinherited his nephew, she entrenched herself in a position of obstinate incredulity, whence she was not to be dislodged by any efforts on Willie's part.

"Oh, he may say this, that, or the other," she declared; "it doesn't by any means follow that he will do what he says he will do. You may hold a pistol to a man's head and shout out 'Your money or your life!' but if you can't frighten him and can't get his money, you won't run the risk of shooting him. George has always been a bully. When he finds that bullying won't help him with you, he will surrender for his own sake, if not for yours. He can't do otherwise, because he can't discover anybody to replace you."

This attitude of Marcia's had the convenience of relieving her from any pangs of conscience; but, to do her justice, she did not knowingly adopt it on that account. She was persuaded that Sir George would come round in time, and as for her son's abandonment of the hopes he had cherished, she really could not see that that was a subject for regret. He had not intended to breathe a word to her about those hopes; but it is needless to say that she extorted a full confession from him with very little difficulty, and, having done so, she did not fail to point out to him how undeserving of any honest man's love a girl must be to whom that love could not so much as be avowed without a simultaneous production of vouchers to show that he was wealthy as well as love-sick.

Willie did not argue the point, he confined himself to a statement which could not be disputed—namely, that whether

Lady Evelyn was deserving or undeserving, he loved her. That was why he must leave Torquay, and that was why he had determined to exchange to India as soon as might be. Marcia, however, would not hear of either of these projects. The question of India she was content to leave in abeyance, reserving it for future discussion; but to her son's leaving her in his present weak state of health she could not and would not consent. The end of it was that, for the sake of peace, he agreed to remain where he was a little longer. When all was said, it did not so very much signify. Probably he would see little or nothing more of Lady Evelyn. Besides, it would not matter if he did, supposing that she accepted Mortimer, which he was now inclined to think that there was every chance of her doing.

During several days he vainly awaited news of his rival, who, he thought, would surely have the common humanity to communicate with him, and at length he could no longer resist setting forth upon a round of inquiry to the various hotels. His curiosity was gratified at the first of these to which he applied, where he learnt that Mr. Mortimer had left Torquay on the previous morning. That might be taken as tolerably conclusive evidence that Mr. Mortimer had been dismissed. Perhaps it was selfish and ill-natured to rejoice, but he could not help rejoicing; and indeed he was able to say to himself that he had a right to do so, since he was persuaded that if Lady Evelyn had consented to marry Mortimer it would not have been because she loved the man. And, on his return home, his mother had a piece of intelligence to impart to him which raised his spirits still farther, although he hardly knew why it should.

"Laura Wetherby has been here," Marcia told him; "she came to say good-bye. It seems that they have decided all of a sudden to go off to Cannes for the winter. I don't know what has come over Laura, but she isn't at all what she used to be. Her manner was very cold and disagreeable this afternoon, and when I asked her what was the matter she wouldn't tell me. I could guess, though, as soon as I heard that Mr. Mortimer had been here and had gone away again. That girl has been a little too clever, and between two stools she has fallen to the ground. I would give something to see her face when you take leave of her and omit to give her the option of rejecting you. Because of course you won't give her the option. Just now you are by way of being a poor man with no expectations, and I presume

you won't be quite so ridiculous as to lay your poverty and your blank prospects at her feet."

"I shall not do that," answered Willie curtly. "I shall not even take leave of her. I did take leave of them after a fashion the other day, and I don't care to go to Malton Lodge again."

"Well, I think you will have to go," said Marcia, who felt that he might safely be allowed to do so and was anxious to insure the discomfiture of Lady Evelyn. "Laura made me promise to send you to tea there; apparently she thinks that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Poor Laura! I am really sorry for her, though she richly deserves to be put to confusion. I could see that she was anxious to impress upon me how very condescending it was of her to consent to a match between her daughter and my son. And it so happens that not even a threat of rushing off to the South of France will secure my son for her."

Willie glanced at the clock and got up. It would be better to incur such suffering as might have to be undergone in the course of a last interview with the girl whom he loved than to listen any longer to that kind of thing. Besides, foolish though it might be to wish for one more sight of her face, he did wish for it. So, shortly afterwards, he was shown into the drawing-room at Malton Lodge, where he found Lady Wetherby alone.

She rose at once and held out her hand, looking at him with kindly, sorrowful eyes. "I am so glad you have come!" she said. "It was good of you to grant my request, because I know you would rather have stayed away. But I felt that I couldn't bear to leave Torquay without telling you that I admire and respect you, though I can't think you wise."

"You know all about it, then?" said Willie.

"Yes, Mr. Mortimer told me. He proposed to Evelyn the day before yesterday and she refused him. I am sorry for it, because I like him and I don't think she will easily find his superior; but if she doesn't care for him, there is no more to be said. Perhaps you are his superior in some ways—only, you see, you have made yourself impossible."

"I couldn't do otherwise," said Willie.

"Well, I don't know; it seems to me that it was a tremendous sacrifice to make for a very doubtful advantage. Nevertheless, I am not so insensible but that I can admire you for making it. My admiration isn't of much use to you, though, is it?" she added, with a compassionate smile.

"Yes it is," returned Willie; "it is a very great comfort and happiness to me to know that you understand. The sacrifice isn't quite so tremendous as it looks either. All I have given up is the succession to my uncle's property, which I didn't particularly care about."

"Haven't you given up rather more than that?"

"No; because I know now that I am nothing at all to Lady Evelyn and that I never could have been anything. I dare say she has told you that I am going out to India. I mentioned that to her the other day, and I suppose I hoped that she would be a little bit sorry. But she didn't care in the least; she only recommended me to go to some place where plenty of sport was obtainable. Well, of course she wouldn't have spoken in that way, if she had ever thought of me otherwise than as one of the nonentities whom she is accustomed to meet and forget."

Lady Wetherby may have held a different opinion, but it was obviously out of the question for her to contradict him. From the highest of motives this noble, but misguided young man had seen fit to cut his own throat: what good purpose could be served by suggesting to him that if he had abstained from that fatal act he might have had a happy life? So she only looked regretful and held her tongue, and perhaps wished that he would go away.

He was about to do so when Lady Evelyn's entrance obliged him to resume his seat for a few minutes. At least, he said to himself, that politeness compelled him to submit to a brief and painful ordeal, though in truth he would have suffered a good deal more pain rather than forego it. As it happened, he was not detained long. He had the pain and the pleasure of looking at Lady Evelyn, but it was little that he heard of the sound of her voice, for she was unusually subdued and scarcely addressed half-a-dozen words to him. He surmised that she knew all, that his presence was somewhat embarrassing to her and that she would be glad to get rid of him. Therefore he soon rose to say farewell—a ceremony which was accomplished after an unemotional fashion which Lady Wetherby thought creditable to all concerned. Presently it was all over; he was out of the house, and he felt, as he walked slowly away, that the curtain had fallen finally upon the romance of his life.

However, he had not taken many steps before he was called by name in a voice which he had not expected to hear again, unless it might be in his dreams.

"I forgot to tell you," Lady Evelyn said, when she caught him up, "that the garden gate is locked; but I have the key here, and I can let you out that way, if you like."

He made some stupid reply to the effect that he was sorry to give her so much trouble. He hardly knew what he said; for he was a good deal perturbed and taken aback. Somehow or other, he felt sure that this offer of providing him with a means of exit for which he had not been making was only a pretext, and that she had something particular to say to him. Nor was his intuition at fault, as her first words proved.

"Mr. Brett," she said, while they were walking down the steep path which led through the garden, "I want to know why you are going to India?"

He glanced quickly at her; but the light of a watery November moon betrayed no secrets, and he could not tell whether her question was prompted by mere curiosity or by some kindly suspicion of the truth. "I think you do know," he answered at length; though he felt that he had no business to make such an answer.

"Do I?" she returned. "If I do, it is only because I heard something from Mr. Mortimer which I did not wish to believe."

"I am sure of that," said Willie; "I was sure that, if you ever heard of it, you would be sorry for it. But it is true, and it can't be helped, and it is no fault of yours—or of mine. After all, I think I am rather glad that you know. It isn't as if my love for you could cause you the smallest annoyance or discomfort. We live in such different worlds that you are very unlikely to come across me again or even to hear my name mentioned, and I suppose it isn't an insult to love you, though perhaps it would have been rather absurd and impertinent to tell you so. That is, if I had told you with any idea that my love could possibly be returned."

"Is that genuine modesty or only a conventional way of speaking?" Lady Evelyn inquired. "I certainly didn't gather from what Mr. Mortimer said that you were so humble as all that."

"I don't know what Mortimer may have told you," replied Willie; "but I dare say I can guess. He told you, perhaps, that if I had been a rich man I should have summoned up courage to ask you to marry me, but that I couldn't ask you when I found out that I should always be poor. Was that it?"

Lady Evelyn made a sign of assent.

"Well," resumed Willie, "I can't deny that it was so. My uncle encouraged me, and so did Lady Wetherby—or at any rate, I thought she did. And sometimes you yourself said things which of course you didn't mean to be encouraging, but which I was blind enough to fancy so. . Do what one will, one can't give up every shred of hope until one has some decisive proof that hope is ridiculous. I quite understand now that it never entered into your head to think of me as you thought of Mortimer."

"No; I have never thought of you in that way," the girl replied. "I suppose your notion of the way in which I thought of Mr. Mortimer was that, taking him all round, he was too eligible to be lightly rejected. All the same, I did reject him, you see. There is no harm in my mentioning that, because I know you were in his confidence, and you must have understood why he went away."

"Yes, and Lady Wetherby told me too. I never believed that you cared for him, but I did think that you might consent to marry him, because several times you spoke to me as if you would. I am much more glad than sorry that I did you an injustice."

"Oh, you did not do me an injustice; I seriously contemplated marrying him at one time. Only, as I am not going to marry him, notwithstanding all the inducements that he has to offer, I think you might give me credit for being a little less greedy and selfish than you make me out."

By this time they had reached the gate, upon which Willie dropped his elbows, gazing down at the bare branches of the trees beneath and the moonlit expanse of sea beyond. He said, "I didn't mean to call you selfish or greedy; of course, I know that you are neither the one nor the other. But to some people, I suppose, money is just as much a necessary of life as food and fresh air are to me. Your mother told me just now that I had made myself impossible, which is perfectly true. Well, you see, Mortimer was possible; and I think you liked him without loving him."

"What constitutes impossibility?" Lady Evelyn inquired. "I admit that it is impossible to marry upon two or three hundred a year; but if you hesitate to ask any one whom you love to marry you upon what you have, that can only be because you think she wouldn't consent to do without luxuries for your sake."

Willie started and turned round, so as to face her, his eyes dilated with wonderment and interrogation. But she did not flinch from his scrutiny.

"I mean it," she said. "That is what I understood from Mr. Mortimer, and that is what I was so sorry to hear. I hoped that, if you cared for me at all, you would have had a rather better opinion of me than that."

And, as Willie was evidently too much astonished to make any rejoinder, she went on presently, with a little burst of laughter which was not very far removed from tears: "Oh, how stupid you are! Everybody knows, except you; and now I have had to disgrace myself by running after you and entreating you not to desert me! It would have served you well right if I had let you go off to India; only—only then I should have punished myself rather more than you, perhaps."

Are there really people who like to read letters which are not addressed to them, to listen at doors and to peep through key-holes? It is said that there are, and the assertion may be true; but the readers of this narrative shall not be insulted by the suggestion that any of them can belong to that most ignoble species. The mutual avowals of two young lovers are beyond question charming, beautiful, and as nearly divine as anything in this fallen world can be—but to appreciate them it is necessary to be one of the lovers. We do not wish to overhear what our neighbours may have to say to one another upon such occasions. What is certain is that they always take an unconscionably long time about repeating phrases which ought to be stale, but never will be stale so long as the course of Nature continues to run along its appointed track.

It is natural to love, it is natural to think nothing of sacrifices incurred for the sake of those whom we love, and surely it is unnatural to marry from any other motive than love. This was what Evelyn Foljambe succeeded in impressing upon Willie Brett when he dwelt upon the hardships of a soldier's life and contrasted it with the mode of existence which he presumed to be essential to members of the aristocracy and plutocracy. If she didn't mind being comparatively poor, and if he didn't mind, what could other people's definitions of an impossible match signify to them?

And if anybody is disposed to sympathise with poor Lady Wetherby, who was well aware that her daughter had gone out, and who was in a fever of doubt and anxiety all this time,

it may be acknowledged that his sympathy is not bestowed unworthily. Lady Wetherby had tried to do her duty; she was old enough to know that love-matches do not invariably bring about contentment, and she hoped that so honourable a young man as Mr. Brett had proved himself to be, would feel bound to refrain from the declaration of sentiments which he had no right to declare. However, she had taken no account of the quandary in which an honourable young man who has had a declaration made to him may find himself; so that she felt entitled to be very angry when at length Willie and Evelyn re-entered the drawing-room, looking somewhat guilty, yet by no means ashamed of themselves.

CHAPTER XLVII.

MARCIA DECLINES TO JUMP.

It is all very well, and perhaps it is quite legitimate, to be angry with two young idiots who, ignorant of the changes and chances of this transitory life, are bent upon linking their fortunes, or absence of fortunes, together for no better reason than that they have fallen in love with one another; but what is the use of picking even a legitimate quarrel with human nature? We cannot alter it; we cannot make young people old or fools wise, and some of us are not altogether convinced that such a process would be salutary if we could bring it about. Lady Wetherby said everything that a sensible, practical, middle-aged woman could say. She began by scolding; then, growing cooler, she pointed out some of the inevitable consequences of marrying upon a small income; then she dwelt upon the fact, which could not be denied, that there is a vast difference between romance and reality—and it is needless to add that she might just as well have held her tongue.

"We know all that, Mamma," Lady Evelyn said meekly; "we are aware that we are going to behave in a most senseless way and that all our relations will point the finger of scorn at us. But the worst of it is that we don't care a bit."

And then, after some further interchange of arguments, which could only be called arguments in so far as that they were couched in argumentative forms, Willie put in his word.

"Lady Wetherby," said he, "how would you yourself have

acted if you had been in Evelyn's place, or in mine? My firm belief is that you would have acted exactly as we have done."

"Then all I can say is that you little know me," returned Lady Wetherby, with some asperity. "I don't know so much about Evelyn, because of course excuses ought to be made for girls who—who—in short, for girls of her age; but I must say that your proper course was as plain as anything could be, and I quite thought that you realised it. I never was so taken in by anybody in my life! Didn't you tell me in so many words that you recognised the impossibility of coming forward under the circumstances, and that you were going off to India without loss of time on that very account?"

"He really was going," Lady Evelyn interposed before the young man could make any reply; "he had taken all the first steps, and he would have taken all the rest if I hadn't rushed after him and caught him by the collar. I alone am to blame for this scandalous business; and, as I said before, I don't care a bit. Now, Mamma, what are you going to do? I know what you can't do; but I should like to hear what you think you can."

"I can refuse my consent," answered Lady Wetherby feebly.

"Oh, but you won't. You would never do such an unkind thing as that—especially if you were brought to see, as you very soon would be, that it would be useless as well as unkind. What you mean is that you are bound to protest, and we fully acknowledge that you are. Well, you have made your protest now, and I suppose Wetherby will make his."

"There can't be the shadow of a doubt that he will."

"Quite so. After which, you will all of you have to make the best of what can't be helped. Only it would be much nicer and much more like you to give in with a good grace at once. At the bottom of your heart you are on our side already—you know you are!"

Perhaps she was; perhaps ninety-nine people out of a hundred are, at the bottom of their hearts, on the side of imprudent lovers, although, for obvious reasons, they ought to hesitate before saying so. Lady Wetherby, at all events, ended by saying so. She could not approve of her daughter's marrying a poor man; yet she could not help being glad that her daughter was capable of such folly. Besides, when she had struck her colours and when the question of ways and means had been brought up for discussion she was able to console herself with

the thought that Evelyn, after all, would only be comparatively poor. She herself would for the rest of her life be rich; she could easily make the young couple an allowance and lay by enough to leave them a substantial sum when she died. Moreover, it was difficult to believe that Sir George Brett's obduracy would prove invincible.

And thus, when Willie went away, with a heart full of joy and thankfulness, he was able to say to himself that his future mother-in-law was one of the best and kindest of women. It is not everybody who can think of his mother-in-law in that way, and our hero cheerfully acknowledged his great good luck. To be sure, he might, if his temperament had been less amiable and his spirits less high, have reflected that, by way of compensation, he was not precisely lucky in his mother; but of course it never occurred to him to admit that ungenerous thought. Indeed, he went so far as to count in advance upon his mother's sympathy—which was certainly somewhat over-sanguine on his part. He reached home only just in time to dress for dinner; so that his first opportunity of imparting the great news to her came later in the evening, when her husband, who had been virtuously employed all day in making studies for a new picture, started for the club to enjoy a little well-earned relaxation.

"I hope," Marcia began at once, "that Laura and Lady Evelyn kept their tempers with you. They must have been furiously angry, I know; but they would probably have sense enough to see that they couldn't show their anger without being ridiculous. I wonder what they are saying about you now."

"Nothing so unfair as what you are saying about them," answered Willie, the colour mounting into his cheeks for a moment. "You don't understand them one bit, mother."

Marcia smiled. "I flatter myself that I understand them pretty well," said she. "Not being in love with the girl, I can form a rather more impartial opinion of her than certain other people can; but I won't vex you by repeating it. As for Laura, I don't forget that she was my best friend for a great many years. She has her little failings; still I would rather not dwell upon them now that she is about to drop us for ever. Because I am very sure that that is what she is going to do."

"No, that is just what she is not going to do. It has all come so suddenly and unexpectedly that I can hardly believe it is true; and I am sure you will hardly believe it.

All the same, it *is* true. Evelyn has promised to marry me, nother, poor as I am, and Lady Wetherby has given her consent. Now, what do you think of these two worldly-wise people?"

What could Marcia be expected to think of worldly-wise people who were exhibiting themselves in so much more generous and unselfish a light than she herself was doing? She turned pale and bit her lips with vexation; she made a gallant effort to congratulate Willie and to assure him that if he was happy she was satisfied; but her congratulations had no ring of sincerity, and her dissatisfaction was not to be concealed. She was obliged to say at last that Laura Wetherby's generosity was perhaps not quite as striking as it might appear.

"You see, my dear Willie, she must know perfectly well that all this talk about your being a poor man is really nonsense. George wouldn't have disinherited you in any case, and as soon as he hears that you are going to marry an earl's daughter he will hasten to show that earls and countesses can't outdo him in magnanimity. The whole thing is a farce. However, I don't want you to think me unkind. What must be must, and I will try to like Lady Evelyn for your sake, though I am afraid she will never like me. Only I can't pretend to be jubilant or to be grateful to her for her condescension in accepting you—*faute de mieux*."

If Willie had not possessed one of the sweetest dispositions that ever mortal man was blessed with, he would have lost his temper and told his mother some wholesome truths. He did neither the one nor the other; but he was hurt, and could not speak as he would have liked to speak. One may make great allowance for the jealousy of those who love us; yet it is scarcely possible to conciliate them while jealousy distorts their whole mental vision. He could only trust to time for the bringing about of a happier state of things.

Lady Wetherby, who called on the following day to talk matters over with her old friend, was a good deal less forbearing. Lady Wetherby (and small blame to her!) thought that she was behaving very handsomely, and had been prepared to receive such acknowledgment of her handsome behaviour as was her due; so that it was not a little provoking to her to find herself confronted by a grumbling, disconsolate woman, who would say no more than that she was resigned to the inevitable.

"Oh, I thoroughly understand that from your point of view

the match isn't exactly a desirable one, Laura," Mrs. Archdale was pleased to admit; "but that doesn't make it a desirable one from mine. It isn't only that Willie is much too young to marry, but I know perfectly well that in giving him up to your daughter I am giving him up altogether and finally, because she has never made any secret of her aversion for me. Naturally, I don't enjoy that prospect."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Lady Wetherby. "Evelyn has no more feeling or aversion for you than I have, and men who can afford to marry always do marry sooner or later. The sooner the better, I should be inclined to say. And I must confess I think that a mother who was really fond of her son would be only too delighted to hear that he had been successful with the girl upon whom he had set his heart."

"Oh, yes, that would be your way of looking at it no doubt. It is the usual and conventional way. But I suppose Willie has been more to me than most sons are to their mothers. I have been parted from him all these years, and now, just when he seemed to be coming back to me again, I must lose him—and for ever! There is no help for it; he obeys his natural instincts, and I am not entitled to complain. Only you must not ask me to jump for joy."

"I'm sure nobody wants you to jump, Marcia," returned Lady Wetherby, losing all patience; "if anything in the world is wanted of you, it is only that you should try to realise the existence of other people, whose happiness is probably as important to them as yours is to you."

Marcia melted into tears. "Happiness!" she ejaculated—"happiness and I parted company a very long time ago. It seems to me that everybody has entered into a league to make me appear odious. That has been George's and Caroline's object all along, and certainly they have managed to achieve it. It looks as if I had extorted money from Willie and had caused his uncle to cast him adrift; it looks as if I were opposing his marriage, and as if I didn't care what became of him so long as I could keep him with me for the rest of my life. Yet none of these things are true. Was it to please myself, do you think, that I surrendered him to the Bretts? Was it to please myself that I asked him for a loan of a few thousand pounds? And should I have done such a thing, even to save Cecil and myself from ruin, if I had not been as certain as I sit here that George's menaces were mere idle vapouring? But I suppose it is useless

and hopeless to undertake my own defence. All my life long it has been the same story; my mistake has been in loving those whom I have loved too much. If I had been ordinary and reasonable and commonplace, as—as most people are, perhaps—I shouldn't be so miserable now."

She really was miserable. Lady Wetherby, notwithstanding some pardonable irritation, perceived that, and was not cruel enough to point out what she perceived quite as clearly, namely, that Marcia did not so much as understand the meaning of love. There are plenty of human beings whose passions and affections, strong though they may be, are purely subjective in nature, and any endeavour to convince such persons of selfishness would be as futile as the attempt to persuade a man with no musical ear that there is an excruciating difference between G natural and G flat. It was somewhat trying to be compelled to take up an apologetic tone instead of nobly disclaiming all desire to be met with apologies; but Lady Wetherby was a most good-natured woman. She admitted that Marcia's life had not been a fortunate one; she declared that there should henceforth be no question of separating her from her son; and she agreed—although she was by no means convinced of that—that Sir George Brett was sure to "come round."

Willie, who knew his uncle, was very certain that Sir George would do no such thing, and very anxious that no mistaken hopes should be entertained by Lady Wetherby upon the subject. "Of course," he told her, "I shall write and announce my engagement to Uncle George, and he will be delighted to hear of it. By return of post I shall get a letter to say that, under all the circumstances, he is willing to give me one more chance, and that if I will promise and vow never to lend my mother another penny, he will overlook my past disobedience. But I can't make such a promise, and he won't be contented with anything less."

"Oh, well," said Lady Wetherby, laughing and shrugging her shoulders, "since you are both so obstinate there is nothing to be done with you, I'm afraid. Still, I trust you will bear in mind that for the future there will be at least one person who will have more claim upon you than your mother."

Willie nodded. "I can't give what I haven't got," he replied, "but, indeed, I don't think my mother will ever apply to me again; only I mustn't bind myself to let her starve, you see."

He despatched his communication the same evening; but

before there had been time for him to receive an answer by post, a telegram reached him from Sir George which threw his present affairs into the background for the time being—

"Your aunt is dying, and wishes to see you. Come at once."

When this summons was shown to Marcia she smiled sceptically, remarking, "If Caroline had died every time that she has been dying in the last twenty years or so, she would be a great deal more dead than Queen Anne by now. George's telegram, being interpreted, only means that he is going to haul down his colours."

But whatever the meaning of it might be, it could not be disregarded, and Willie, after hastily packing up a few clothes, took the first train for London.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

SIR GEORGE'S LAST CONCESSION.

Ever since the days of Æsop, and doubtless during the many centuries which preceded the birth of that moralist, people who have fallen into the habit of crying "Wolf!" have had to suffer the penalty of being disbelieved when the wolf has at length reached their door, and Marcia had every excuse for surmising that her sister-in-law was no nearer death now than she had been a dozen times before. Nevertheless, Lady Brett's doctor could have told her that for some time past his patient's life had not been worth a year's purchase.

Willie, who was more or less aware of this, did not share his mother's incredulity, and, as he journeyed towards London, his soft heart was full of sorrow, in which there was a touch of quite uncalled-for remorse. In reality his conduct as a nephew had been irreproachable; yet it was natural enough that he should accuse himself of ingratitude, for his aunt had certainly been fonder of him than he had ever been of her. Nobody, perhaps, could have contrived to be very fond of Lady Brett, whose defects were of a kind more repulsive to ordinary human nature than those of less deserving persons: it is, no doubt, far easier to sympathise with an interesting sinner than with a dull and self-righteous saint. But characters are, for the most part, created by circumstances, and she might possibly have been an

altogether different woman if her parents had not happened to be narrow-minded, bigoted people, or even if she had had children of her own. At any rate, she had been a good friend to Willie; she had more than once averted collisions between him and his uncle, and it grieved him to think that he must disappoint her upon what might very likely prove to be her death-bed by refusing to grant the request which he was pretty sure that she intended to make. Although he could not promise to abstain from aiding his mother in the event of her becoming destitute, his common-sense told him that the exaction of such a promise was not wholly unjustifiable.

As matters turned out, however, he was spared any pain that his aunt could have inflicted upon him; for when he arrived at Blaydon Hall, the butler, who admitted him, shook his head and said—

"You're too late, Master Willie; her ladyship passed away quite quiet and easy soon after the middle of the day. We none of us thought the end was so near; but the doctor he told me the wonder was she'd lasted so long. I wish you could have been here yesterday, sir."

"I am very, very sorry," said Willie, truthfully enough. "I had no idea that she was dangerously ill until I got my uncle's telegram, and then I started by the first train. How is he, Benson?"

"Well, sir, he do seem to take on more than I should have expected," answered the man candidly. "Sir George was never one to show much affection, not so far as words go; but he's always been what I call a domestic man, and I dessay he feels terrible lonesome now. I hope you ain't a-going to desert him in his old age, Master Willie—if you'll excuse the liberty of my saying so."

Benson, who for many years past had been accustomed to take any liberties that he saw fit to take with the heir-presumptive, was evidently aware of the existence of strained relations between that young man and the head of the house; still it was impossible to discuss these with him, and Willie made no reply.

"Do you think my uncle would like to see me?" he asked, after a pause.

Benson said he would inquire, and, having done so, presently returned with an affirmative answer. "Sir George is in the libery, sir. He ain't had nothink to eat since breakfast, and

he won't give no orders; but if you was to tell him you was tired and hungry after your journey, maybe he'd take some dinner with you. Come to his time of life, 'tis foolishness to go to bed upon an empty stomach, you see."

Willie found his uncle looking very old, shaken and subdued. The butler's description of Sir George was as accurate as the descriptions which servants give of their masters generally are: he was not a particularly affectionate man, but he was essentially domestic, and he fully realised that his wife's death had left him alone in the world. However, he had nothing to say about that aspect of the blow which had fallen upon him, nor did he make any allusion to the news of Willie's engagement to Lady Evelyn Foljambe. He was an old-fashioned Philistine of the evangelical variety of that species, and probably he thought that at such a time it would be indecent to do so. For the same reason, no doubt, he was sitting with the family Bible open upon the table before him, and from it he quoted certain passages which seemed to be appropriate to the occasion. Willie could not persuade him to enter the dining-room; but he consented, by way of compromise, to have some food sent in to him upon a tray. He then thought it necessary to mention the arrangements that he had made with the undertaker and the date which had been decided upon for the funeral: after which he expressed a wish to be left alone.

During the next few days Willie saw very little of him, but gathered from some hints which he let fall in one of their interviews that he desired to maintain a sort of truce until Lady Brett's remains should have been deposited in the churchyard, and the blinds at Blaydon Hall should have been once more drawn up. He gave it to be understood that, after that, it would be his duty to deal briefly with matters pertaining to this present world.

And indeed it must be confessed that he lost no time in discharging that duty. When the last rites had been performed, and when the few persons who had been invited to attend them had gone away, Sir George drew his nephew into the dark little room which he called his study, and having requested him to take a chair, began—

"I have a proposition to make to you, Willie. I make it, I will own, with some degree of reluctance; but I make it in deference to the wishes of one whom we have lost and who was dear to us both. Your poor aunt urged upon me repeatedly

that I should, at the price of a sacrifice which she considered that I might easily make, reinstate you upon your former footing, and I am not concerned to deny that the sacrifice suggested is in itself comparatively trifling. To the principle involved I cannot but object; still, since I have resolved to make this last overture, it would be superfluous, as well as ungracious, to dwell upon that. In a word then, I propose for the future to pay your mother £1000 a year and to leave in the hands of trustees a sum sufficient to produce the same annual amount for her benefit. On her decease this amount would cease to be payable, because I really do not see why I should provide for Mr. Archdale. In return I will merely ask you to give me your word of honour—which I know will be kept—that your mother shall receive no more gifts or loans of money from you. If you agree, I will gladly make such provisions for you and your wife as I told Lady Wetherby that I would make; but if you decline, I must wash my hands of you. I shall then have done all that your aunt's kindness prompted her to wish that I should do."

Now this was undoubtedly a generous proposal, and Willie understood that its generosity was not of a pecuniary kind alone; yet he was less sensible of that than of what seemed to him to be the insulting assumption that his mother could be and must be bought off. In her name as well as his own, he gravely thanked his uncle, but made so bold as to assert that she would not accept the bribe held out to her.

"She will accept it," returned Sir George, with calm confidence, "unless she thinks that she may do better for herself by refusing it. In all probability, however, she will not care to play so risky a game. The question is whether, if she does accept, you will make the promise that I ask for."

"Oh yes, in that case I would make the promise," answered Willie, "but I don't think the case will arise. If you would only believe it, Uncle George, money isn't the first and last consideration with everybody. Look at Lady Wetherby for instance—you'll allow that she has proved herself to be disinterested."

Sir George smiled. "My dear boy," he answered, "I have no quarrel with Lady Wetherby, who, I daresay, is as disinterested as she can afford to be; but I doubt whether she or your mother gave me credit for having strength of mind enough to keep my word. Well, they were right, you see; although I

should certainly have kept it if your aunt had not interceded on your behalf."

Sir George, it may be, was not very sorry to be provided with so good an excuse for doing a foolish thing; but Willie, as will be understood, had no great desire to become a rich man upon the terms proposed. Personally, he did not care very much about riches; he had obtained all that he asked of Fortune in the knowledge that Evelyn loved him for his own sake, and naturally he could not wish his mother to justify the cynical estimate of her upon which Sir George's suggestion was based.

"What are Lady Wetherby's plans for the winter?" his uncle asked presently. "Didn't you say something in your letter about her going to the South of France?"

"Yes," answered Willie; "but she has postponed her departure for the present. Indeed, I am not sure that she hasn't given it up altogether."

Sir George laughed. "I see. And perhaps for the same reason you may have given up the idea of going to India. Well, I hope you will give up the army also as soon as things have been definitely settled. You can't drag your wife about from one garrison to another; and, if she will consent to it, I should like you to consider this house as your home. I don't think you will find me much in your way. However, that must be a matter for your decision and Lady Evelyn's; I only ask you to take pity upon a lonely old man as often as you can."

Willie expressed the gratitude which he honestly felt; yet it was with little expectation of being able to accede to his uncle's request that he returned to Torquay the next day. On his arrival he drove straight from the station to Malton Lodge, because he was not only eager to see Evelyn, but thought it would be desirable to take counsel with her before making the formal proposition to his mother which he was bound to make. If, however, he was secretly anxious to hear his view of that proposition confirmed by his betrothed he was disappointed; for Lady Evelyn at once confessed that Sir George's offer did not strike her as being in any way outrageous.

"He means to be generous; and I must say that I think he is rather generous," she remarked. "I don't see why Mrs. Archdale should take offence at his offer."

"Wouldn't you take offence if such an offer were made to you?" asked Willie, a little reproachfully.

"I don't know what I might or might not do if I were in

Mrs. Archdale's place—I can't quite imagine myself in her place," answered the girl. "Only you mustn't be shocked and disgusted if she decides that a thousand a year in the hand is worth a good many thousands in the bush. Most people are of that opinion, you know."

"But most people," Willie urged, "wouldn't like to be treated as one treats an importunate beggar or an unbroken dog. Offering an annuity in that way is very much the same thing as saying, 'Take that and hold your tongue!' I hope my mother will refuse it; and I think she will. Shall you be sorry if she does?"

The girl looked at him in an odd, half-compassionate way, but with a great deal of love and tenderness in her eyes. He seemed to her to be so good and so simple, and to have so very slight a comprehension of the despicable race to which we all belong.

"My dear," she said gently, "nothing that pleases you will ever make me sorry. Do you think I am afraid of being poor? I wish I could have the chance of proving to you that no hardships could ever seem like hardships to me so long as we shared them. But I shall not have the chance, because we are not going to be poor at all. Do you know that Wetherby has written in the kindest possible way about our engagement, and that he proposes to make magnificent settlements on my behalf? He says that if you are half as good a fellow as you used to be, he would rather have you for his brother-in-law than any other man in England. Well, of course, I don't know what you used to be, but it seems to me that you are good enough now to deserve the settlements. And perhaps, after all, I am wrong and you are right, and this world isn't quite the wretched hole that I thought it was."

"I only wish everybody in the world was as happy as I am!" ejaculated Willie. "My mother isn't, and I am afraid she never will be; but that is hardly her fault. The world hasn't treated her very well, you see."

"Her daughter-in-law is going to treat her well, at all events," Lady Evelyn declared, for she could guess that that was what he wanted her to say. "Hitherto we haven't hit it off very successfully; but that is because I haven't tried. I am going to try now."

With that encouraging assurance to comfort him, Willie went on his way by-and-by, and if the promptitude with which he

communicated it to his mother was no great evidence of tact, some allowance may surely be claimed for a lover who honestly believed that every sentiment uttered by his beloved was worthy of the most enthusiastic admiration. Marcia, as may be supposed, thought differently. She tossed her head and said that she really had no ambition to be patronised by Lady Evelyn.

"Since she is to be your wife, I must make the best of her. We shall not quarrel—I hope we are neither of us quite silly enough to do that—but it would be ridiculous to pretend that we shall ever be upon affectionate terms. Indeed, it is not likely that we shall often meet."

As for Sir George's proposition, she scouted it with all the indignation that her son could have desired. It was a gross insult she affirmed—the last of many which had been addressed to her from the same quarter. Of course, its sole object was to produce an estrangement which Sir George had been labouring through all these years to bring about, and she begged that Willie would write an emphatic refusal in her name on the morrow.

Nevertheless, when the morrow came she withdrew her refusal. She had talked matters over with her husband in the interim, and he had persuaded her that she was not only entitled, but bound, for the sake of both her children, to accept this shred of a large fortune which would otherwise go a-begging. Archdale was fully alive to the meanness of an offer which, in the event of his wife's premature decease, would throw him once more upon his own resources; but he pointed out that it would be both ungenerous and useless to deprive poor Willie of his inheritance, saddled though it was with conditions which never ought to have been imposed upon him. So, for Willie's sake, Marcia consented to pocket her pride and the money. She said she had never yet hesitated to make any sacrifice for Willie's sake, and it was too late in the day to begin now.

It may be strange, but it is certainly fortunate, that her son was able to believe in her sincerity. As she predicted, he has not seen a great deal of her since his marriage; for the Archdales have once more made their home in Italy, and at Blaydon, where the young people spend a good part of their time, they could scarcely be made welcome guests. However, they were good enough to spend the whole of the last season in

Willie's London house, and there seems to be every probability of this becoming an annual custom. Archdale's resolution to work hard has not as yet borne much fruit; but he says with truth that he has always been a slow worker, and adds that he owes it to himself, as well as to the purchasers of his pictures, to eschew haste. Marcia and Lady Evelyn are as good friends as their respective natures will allow them to be, which, to be sure, is not saying much. Yet their respective natures have, according to their respective ways, one point in common; and if between them they have not yet managed to spoil Willie Brett, that is only because he is one of those rare human beings whom it is impossible to spoil.

THE END.

THE STREETS OF LONDON.

How little we know of this great City of ours, and how much there is to know! In its streets is to be seen everything that is beautiful and hideous, everything that makes us think well of humanity, or bids us despair of the future; everything that gives us heart to hope, or sends us to cultivate our garden of pessimism in bitter disregard of others and their bitter fate. Here life runs the fastest and fullest; we are nearly for ever at high tide; it is the apex of the pyramid of life, the culmination of the work and thought of infinite ages; all that has been done has here its visible signs, all that is to be done lies dormant and seedlike within this City's boundaries. No Babylon, no Nineveh, no Jerusalem, and no Thebes Hecatompylus can surpass it for strength, majesty or holiness, and yet it is weak, ignoble, diabolical. It represents humanity with all its powers, with all its failings, with all its possibilities of loveliness and horror.

And for ever the flood of life pours through the veins and arteries of London: each human being like one corpuscle of blood, like a mere molecule that composes a huge crescive, shapeless organism. Our London is not beautiful, rather is she like a lichenous growth that spreads over and eats into the land, but in her mere vast bulk she is wonderful. The City lacks the deadly regularity of a cold beauty and the voluptuousness of a warm loveliness, yet though she be no Cleopatra she has infinite variety for ever, and never stales. Though we spend a lifetime in the task, we shall never know her wholly, there is for ever a beyond to tempt us forward. For London and the streets of London, filled as they are with the gatherings of a world, are more a type of Eternity than the globe itself; the very travellers who have found the world small, find this world of houses every day larger, not only by actual increase, but by that better knowledge which owns true knowledge impossible. One man may never compass her; his years and vision and receptivity fail

him; he is stunned as much by her mysterious silence in the lawn, as by the roar that marks her great life at noon.

Let it be said that our City is not so beautiful, so regular, so metropolitan as Paris, Brussels and Vienna. We include them all, even when they wear their best garments and exhibit themselves to the world. There is every day of the year a more wonderful Exhibition in London. The crowds themselves are an extraordinary sight; and to that add the traffic, the riches, the beauty, the horror, the vice and misery. There is a beauty show every fine day in a world of streets, there are morbid museums of debased types in every court. From one point of view London is an Inferno, ninety-nine circled to a centre of unsurpassed wretchedness; from another it is a paradise and a very heaven.

It is a cosmopolitan city, though it be insular. At Charing Cross is the centre of the Universe, the maximum flood of existence. It is a maelstrom, a whirlpool, it draws its floods from all countries. In the Strand we may see all nations, if we have eyes that do not grow too tired to discern the differences of race; we may see men from the Orient, from the Occident, and from all countries in between. There are quarters, many streets, of Paris, of Germany, of Italy; it would not be hard to find specimens of the remotest south, of the extremest north; Persia and Africa send representatives to this great Congress which shapes the destiny of the world. We speak all tongues, and the roar of Babel which we ourselves do not understand, means much in the present and more for the times to come. So London has a beauty and a significance of its own: it is, with all its faults, the vastest expression of northern civilization, the most complete epitome of things, thought and philosophy the world can show. For we the dominant, or to be dominant race of the world, have made it, and it is the clumsy but true expression of ourselves.

Yet is not London beautiful even in the artistic meaning of the word, divorcing it from all inward and outward concretions of morality or teaching? The very smoke we abhor which makes it the most sooty city in Europe, save one or two more northern homes of manufacture, softens the hard outlines of much ugly architecture, and added to the ever-present mist from the river draining the clay on which it is built, lends a charm of atmosphere that many, and indeed most other cities lack. Oxford Street is not beautifully conceived nor beautifully built,

yet when the red setting sun pours down upon it from the west, it makes the common-place common no longer; the jejune architecture takes on colours that glorify it: the poor human crowds become less pallid and careworn, receiving something which lifts them for one moment and makes them less debased than when the more searching light of noon shows them in their nakedness, or the flickering gas just reveals them as flitting ghosts.

Oxford Street, or Oxford Street continued through Holborn, Newgate Street, Cheapside, to Whitechapel Road, Mile End Road, right on to Bow, is the most representative and inclusive line of communication in the world. It is essentially a middle-class line, at parts it is even bourgeois, here and there vulgar, now and again it is most intensely business-like. It takes in everything below the upper and above the lower classes, except perhaps the bureaucracy and Bohemia which belong to neither, nor, properly speaking, to the middle classes who throng this middle-class thoroughfare.

For all the classes have their own streets which suggest the divisions and demarcations of our society. If Oxford Street is middle class, Piccadilly is aristocratic. Edgware Road is typical of the artizan class, the New Cut of the lowest kind of worker and rough combined, and in the purlieus of Westminster or Clare Market, without going further East to the dens and courts about Leman Street or the Highway, can be found roads which in a state of utter solitude would declare what unspeakable refuse of civilization has inhabited them.

There are many odd things to be noted about these streets, the strange differences between Piccadilly in the morning and Piccadilly at night, between high-class respectability and high-class ruffianism. Then look at the Regent Street of the afternoon and of the evening. Sunday again changes the look of Oxford Street. On that day few people walk on its south side, for some reason the north side is preferred. Then the Saturday night aspect of Euston Road, when it almost ceases to be respectable and is fetid with foul odours. And of course the New Cut on that day roars with flaming naphtha and bellowing costermongers. And as to Piccadilly, who shall describe it except before a Royal Commission, or in the pages of a novel to be by preference published in France?

How many people ever think of the vast brain and body waste which has gone to conceive and build up, and which is still

necessary to keep together this mighty maze and reticulation of streets, this hive, this spreading fungus of a city? The concentrated experience of mankind is here concrete, its knowledge has flowered in things beautiful and ugly, in vile and wonderful things like orchids. It is said that a witty atheist once went to a show of these monstrosities of flowers and came away perfectly convinced of the existence of a —— devil. If some planetary being dropped into the worst parts of London, the sight might set him reviewing his philosophy, so like it is sometimes to that huge fleshly-tainted malodorous flower, named after Sir Stamford Raffles, that grows in the forests of Borneo.

To say nothing of the architecture, which is by no means as a whole so bad as many make out, even when compared with better things in France, the streets of London are the result of enormous labour and thought. There is a perfect literature of their construction, with books of biography containing the life-work of men such as Telford and Macadam. The mechanics or statics of our pavements are a thing of modern growth. Before 1840 there were no granite pavements. The first was laid by an engineer, named Walker, over Blackfriars Bridge in that year. Wood pavements, which we are accustomed to look on as later introductions, were really anterior and first used in 1839. Asphalt, which covers so much of the City, was first laid down in Paris in 1854. Not till 1869 was it used in London.

Those who drive about London have many different opinions on the subject of pavement, and any day we can hear diverse authoritative statements as to the relative safety of the different roadways. Some very curious statistics were collected in 1873, however, which seem to give the palm to wood. During a series of days, selected respectively as dry, damp, or wet, observations of the number of falling horses were taken at various points in the City. It was found that a horse might be expected to travel 132 miles on granite, 191 on asphalt, 446 on wood, without falling. This was the result of striking an average of wet, damp and dry days, for the effect of the weather was remarkable. For instance, granite is most unsafe when dry, then a horse cannot be insured against a fall for more than 78 miles; when damp, the footing is more secure, and the figures rise to 168, and when thoroughly wet they reach 537. Thus in wet weather granite is nearly as safe as wood when dry, on which horses can travel safely for 646 miles. Wood is most unsafe when damp, for then the distance falls to 193, though when wet the figures rise again to 432.

Asphalt is decidedly the most risky of all, for even when dry the estimate of an insured distance is no more than 223 miles, and when damp and wet, 125 and 192 miles are set as a limit.

In every observation it was found that accidents, when they did take place, were less harmful on wood, while asphalt proved even worse than granite, by the completeness and heaviness of the falls.

Although London street pavements are even now in a state of evolution, it seems evident that wood is gaining the day, and that the time is not far distant when Swedish or Memel pine will cover every road in the busier parts of the town.

These few notes may be interesting, as indeed I think they are, though personally I abhor material statistical facts, yet it is more the aspect of the filled streets which appeals to us all. Regent Street in the afternoon, Fleet Street in the morning, the Strand by night, filled with colour, with business, with pleasure-seekers, and those who live on the pence dropped from the rich man's hand as he drives away from the theatres; the outside aspect of the places of amusement when they are thronged and turn away applicants by hundreds; the chatter and hum of broken yet continuous talk, the *frou frou* of trailing garments, the half-heard appeals to charity; the innumerable demands and supplications to store one's pockets with sufficient vestas to start a small match shop; the clatter of traffic which afar is almost like a wild beast's growl; all these make up a phantasmagoria, a pantomime, a *fantoccini* show, and all free, free to every lady and gentleman who will kindly walk up and view monstrous unimaginable London—which is guaranteed to surpass in every particular any other booth in the great world's fair, whether labelled Paris, Pekin, San Francisco, or St. Petersburg.

Why, nowadays on our hoardings, in spite of the frightful things which deserve penal servitude, much better art is to be seen than adorns half the walls of the Royal Academy; commercialism has its way and actually gets good stuff for money down in order to advertise innumerable detergents for a city that will take much cleansing, and whose river, in spite of sanitary precautions, still suggests Coleridge's view of Cologne,—

> "The river Rhine, it is well known,
> Doth wash your city of Cologne;
> But tell me, nymphs, what power divine,
> Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?"

Decidedly our hoardings and wall spaces are a great feature of

London and fortunately grow every day more artistic. One who is, to speak vulgarly, "in the know," may walk along the streets and point out posters by this man who is not so well known as he should be, or by that man who is better known than he deserves to be, and give the names of a score of rising artists who have found the advertising of others a means of livelihood for a while at least. And even the designs of ignorance may be instructive to some of the passers-by, and reveal to the incredulous in the art world that there is, in the apparent lowest depth of academic incapacity, a deeper still.

One thing in the streets of London must not be overlooked, and that is the peripatetic music. I know that there are few among the tribe of which, in Homeric language, I boast myself to be, that do not loath the street-organist, whether of home growth or foreign importation, but I must confess that since the improvement in the organ they use, I have very great delight in them. I am not alone either. I know a literary man of considerable repute who even goes to the length of bestowing small coins of the realm on the impecunious Italian who solicits coppers so anxiously and amiably. Without going so far as that, I never abuse them, nor desire a policeman to remove them from my street, which ever and again they enliven with some air of Verdi, which recalls evenings at the opera in London, Melbourne, or San Francisco. It does not matter to us if the grinder forth of melodies which are a little worn and *passé* is rather a ruffian when at home on Saffron Hill, the Italian province of London, for he enlivens the dull atmosphere during a few moments by playing correctly and in time a tune which the young lady next door has been murdering for an hour on a long-suffering tuneless slave of a piano. I am inclined to wish the organ-grinders well, and trust the County Council will not imitate the Neapolitans and suppress them by any stern and ill-advised edict. As well might one suppress the ice-merchants. If they do, let them see to it that they supply good music and first-class ices to the London populace both in the streets and the parks.

When I began this article, I intended to give it the title of "The Streets of London"; but I was told by certain awe-struck individuals who heard me mention the topic that I could not do it under a volume. Certainly the subject appeared large. At present it appears even larger, for I have taken all London for my province! If time and my editor would be kind, I foresee I should include the suburbs, and then further dilate on the

beyond, which will in all likelihood one day belong to our town. I might eventually include Oxford and Cambridge as London districts, and make it double and trebly a city by taking in Canterbury and St. Albans.

When those days come, as they must unless our civilization cracks and caves like an ill-built house, we may include within our boundaries much pasture and arable land, and, like ancient Memphis, have sufficient within walls to keep even so huge a city six months without starving. We may congratulate ourselves now on having parks such as no other city in the world has. Many places on the Continent have greater spaces beyond their limits, but our parks are in the very midst of our brick wilderness. Nothing can give the stranger to London a better notion of its vastness than to explain to him that he can take a four-and-a-half mile walk over green grass in the middle of London, starting from the north-west corner of Kensington Gardens, and ending at Birdcage Walk. A story is told of an insubordinate Indian Rajah who was staying somewhere near Notting Hill and wished to view London. Accordingly he ordered a carriage and commanded the driver to go right through the town. Before he reached the City proper he once or twice inquired if the end was near at hand. On being told that that was only the beginning, he thought better of his proposed journey, and remarked, as he drove back, that if Her Majesty the Queen owned many such cities it would be no more than simple wisdom on his part to remain an obedient subject. Had he been driven round the great oblong of park space instead he might have had a pleasanter and equally convincing proof of the greatness of a city which had such a playground in its very midst.

I remember well my own first impressions of London. Though a Londoner born, I never lived in it until my return from Australia. The two or three passing visits I paid it in my early childhood left nothing more than a confused and fearful memory of the horrors of crossing Cheapside. I considered, as was indeed only proper and child-like on my part, that my father was a man of immense resources and courage to enable him to cross the terrible gulf which lay between gutter and gutter. I can recall dimly a certain ancient chop-house in the neighbourhood. I remember the clockmaker's house of mystery where notable and awe-inspiring figures struck the time of day in view of a populace careless of such miracles: there is yet in

my mind a vast and tremendous St. Paul's Cathedral, replaced of late years by a mere pigmy, which grown Londoners ignorantly regard as authentic; but beyond these impressions, and one stronger yet, of the great square of Christ's Hospital, I recall nothing. Now, indeed, I regard that last memory as one of the most valuable in my childhood; it links me in a strange brotherhood with Charles Lamb and Coleridge, for, though it was but for an hour in an unknown year, I, too, looked on that same vast square, and stood in the corridors with something like the same fear of my own species, that must have made Lamb wish himself dead before his mates began to know and love his gentle nature, which no adversity could render hard or bitter.

But when I came back as a man I found London still gigantic —more gigantic than anything I had seen, more a type of the infinite and unknowable than the long grey plains of Australia, or the furrows of the illimitable, wrinkled, ancient sea. I entered it as it should be entered, by the gates of the river, and for three days I did not venture West. It seemed as if Sailor-town was itself inexhaustible in miracles; Ratcliffe Highway, with all its legends repeated so often in the foks'le on our way home; Wellclose Square with its dingy church; Tiger Bay, of ferocious reputation; the North-west Passage as perilous in some ways as the Arctic Sea from which it took its name; all these were at first more than sufficient for my imagination, and though my friends lived West, I felt that the West was so far away that I might be excused for lingering where I was and delaying to visit them. But at last I got as far as the Strand, feeling my way like a pioneer, cautious and enquiring. And there! no Londoner can tell my sensations. I cannot tell them myself. I came to London's heart and was appalled. Is it any wonder that this City fascinates and destroys those it lures? It is a home of magic, a haunt of mystery, a strange wilderness of enchanted caves and dens; a place of oracles, of false and true gods, of all things dreamt of or imagined under the sun or under the dun skies which shroud it from the eye of heaven.

I begin to perceive at last that my friends were quite right. I do know somewhat of London, more perhaps than many men, and could relate strange adventures in strange places: yet in spite of my knowledge, London and the streets of London are too much for me. I begin to perceive a volume and again a volume, or even more, like the young lawyer, who asserted that in a certain house "the chimney poured forth volumes, nay

whole encyclopædias, of smoke." I foresee so much that I tremble, an ordinary Dictionary is nothing; Johnson and Littré seem almost contemptible; even a national Dictionary of Biography appears a mere trifle to the condensation of London into some ten pages only meanly adapted for the accommodation of four hundred and twenty words apiece, words too which cannot, even with Lewis Carroll as an authority, be paid extra on Saturday for doing more than their usual duty. I intended to say so much and can say so little; I fail, not from lack of material, but from an overplus. I have enough statistics to suffice for an annual budget; enough comment for the speeches made therein; but as it is impossible to get the contents of a quart pot into a pint, *à fortiori* it is impossible to cram infinity into a finite portion of a finite publication. *Veni, vidi, victus sum!*

Perhaps this is the main reason we Londoners love our City. She has overcome us so entirely, subdued us so utterly that we are glad to surrender to her power and be obedient slaves. Two weeks ago, when I returned from Antwerp and drove from Cannon Street in the early dawn of a day of rain, I chuckled with a kind of pride. I had seen Brussels with its regular streets; for the first time I had been staying under the carillon chimes of Antwerp; I had visited Bruges; but I felt that London included them all. Though the dawn was cold and heavy with rain, though the grey streets were deserted by sleeping humanity, I rejoiced at the mere beauty of this city. I am ready to sign an affidavit to the effect that Sloane Square and the King's Road, Chelsea, if looked at in the proper way, are quite as beautiful as the ancient parts of the city on the Scheldt, and that much-praised Bruges is not to be compared with a score of London streets. And if this seems extravagant, I will say further that there is a city, in our City that few men know, which for strange quiet charm and poetic feeling has few equals in the world. It is that undiscovered unknown country east of St. Paul's, when the summer sunlight pours quietly in streets wholly deserted for the few short hours of the day that divide the work which makes London the centre of the world.

MORLEY ROBERTS.

THE CALPE HUNT.

NEEDLESS to recall the train of circumstances which took me to Gibraltar not very long ago. Perhaps the most important were that fog, frost and snow before Christmas had included me among the victims to our British climate, and I had been told that, if I did not wish to go on coughing till the bitter end of spring, I must take a sea voyage and visit some land where influenza is an unknown word, and the local ailments do not include bronchial troubles. Suffice it that on a bright January morning I was landed at the Ragged Staff, and that, having heard many accounts of fun with the Calpe hounds, I had boots and breeches in my portmanteau.

All visitors to the Rock go through the same routine of sight-seeing, and the objects of interest have been described by so many, and seen by so many more, that I need not add myself to the number of scribblers on the subject. Besides doing a tourist's duty, quarters to be taken in the Royal Hotel, name to be written in the Governor's book at the Convent, old friends to be looked up and new ones to be made, filled my first days, and I did not come to consider the question of sport till after the arrival of another Eastward-bound steamer, which filled the little town with its quota of visitors for a day, and made me feel quite like an old inhabitant.

Before attempting to see the Calpe Hunt in all its glory in the chase, let me record a walk with a kind cicerone to the North front on a bright afternoon to see the hounds on the flags and the horses in the stable. As we pass down the main street to the Landport Gate, we meet the mixed population of the Rock, whose various characteristics make such an impression on the stranger newly arrived from England. Stately Moors in picturesque costumes; Jews of unmistakable types; forbidding-looking Spaniards; graceful women, whose coquettish black mantillas

ought to shade pretty faces, but too often only fulfil their promise to the extent of disclosing the gleam of a pair of bright black eyes, while the Spanish soldier on leave from Algeciras, and the cocked-hatted "Guardia Civil" from Campamento, jostle the trim English rifleman and stalwart garrison gunner on the footway.

We leave the guarded sallyport behind, and as we issue on the low sandy isthmus that connects the Rock with Spain, we turn and see the great, grim battery-crowned cliff, 1400 feet high, its face pitted here and there with the lines of apertures, which mark the embrasures of the famous galleries. The ancient Moorish castle, sole relic of Gibraltar's first garrison, mounts guard still over the outlet we have quitted, and is the last record of the great Moorish warrior Tarik, whose name will ever be associated with the fortress "Gib el Tarik," "Tarik's rock," or "Gibraltar," while St. George's Hall, hollowed out of the beetling cliff, threatens sea and land at the eastern end of the British fortifications.

The portion of the isthmus within the line of sentries is the only level space in English possession. Here is the race-course and the cricket-ground; here polo is played, and here is the "campus martius," for garrison parades. Here also, within a stone's throw of the life and gaiety of a large society, is the cemetery where are laid the poor remains of those who have passed away.

Enjoying an evening stroll, clustered round the huntsman, a gallant Irishman who has graduated in county Limerick, we find the hounds, and, if one thing more than another could mark the solid foothold which our country possesses in this great fortress of a foreign land, it is to find so complete a reproduction of a distinctive feature of British home life.

The exact origin of the Calpe Hunt is as much a matter of doubt as the sources of the Nile. Whether it is descended in a direct line from the Duke of Wellington's pack, with which the British army hunted during the Peninsular War, or from the Hunt Club established by the British garrison at Cadiz; or whether the one couple imported by a sporting parson in the early part of the century were the embryo of the present establishment, its position has, for many years, been well assured, and it now wants nothing in finish and completeness. We were introduced to twenty-seven couple of working hounds, which, by the Kennel-book record, were scions of the best packs in England, and certainly, in condition and appearance, they did

ull credit to their origin. Alas! that with every care in the cennel it is found almost impossible to continue the strains of blood. Of all the puppies born at Gibraltar, but very few survive. The "yellows" is fatal to almost all, and we only saw six hounds which had come to maturity, and were able to take their place in the pack. There is another most serious obstacle to success in producing a young entry, and that is the difficulty of getting puppies walked. Messes have of course been tried, but they are a failure, as Tommy Atkin's propensity for making a pet of any animal within his reach, leads to much promiscuous feeding, which ruins health and digestion. To trust a puppy to a Spaniard is to incur the danger of starvation and mange. The only resource is found in the few English private individuals who are able and willing to lend their assistance.

In their own home the pack want for nothing in their spacious and airy kennels, amply supplied with water and every necessary for health and comfort. One special advantage they have in the cheapness with which slightly damaged ship's biscuit can be procured at a great port, and we are told that the weevils which have caused its sale, are, after due boiling, no drawback to the canine appetite.

Having duly admired all the members of the pack, from Agnes and Bobadil (whose name, by the way, was the only one with any local colour about it) to Welcome and Warbler, we pass to the stables, where we find five sporting-looking nags, which are kept for the use of the huntsman alone, as the volunteer whips mount themselves. This is the least number that can furnish a contingent of two for each of the two days weekly on which the hounds go out. The distances are so long, and the country so rough and trying, that a man who rides up to his hounds and is ready to assist them in every difficulty, must perforce, even with every care, generally bring his horse home so done that a long rest is necessary to restore him. The horses are all Barbs, Spanish or half-bred (English and Spanish), and at first sight seem very undersized. But, to scramble up and down the Spanish hills, to pick their way, like goats, over rocks, boulders, and loose stones, and to thread the Spanish woods, these little nags are found quite unapproachable.

Most Englishmen who have tried to cross the country on homebred horses, have found the experiment end in dire grief and failure, though it is remembered that Sir Richard Airey, who was always as forward in the hunting field as in fray and council,

certainly succeeded when others have failed. This notable exception may, however, be held to prove the general rule.

But the shadow of the great Rock is growing longer and longer, the east wind strikes cold as the sun goes down, and if we would be inside the gates before nightfall, we must say *au revoir* to horse and hound, whom we hope to meet in the field to-morrow.

On our homeward way, we encounter the nightly exodus of Spaniards, male and female, young and old, who come into the town on daily permits for trade or labour, and have to return before the fortress gates are closed. Of these there are between three and four thousand, and many of them make a handsome income by daily smuggling small quantities of tobacco, concealed by many devices in their clothing or their loads. Their numbers are so great, that even if the Spanish frontier guard does not afford some connivance, which is not very improbable, it must be impossible to search them all effectually, and the women especially are the greatest and most successful defrauders of the Spanish revenue. Any one who waits at the Landport Gate may see stockings, dress-improvers, and other recesses being stuffed, *coram publico*, with small packets, which, as the average profit is 70 per cent., will well pay the trouble and risk of carriage. I was told of one very successful method of smuggling which is much practised. Dogs are brought to Gibraltar from their Spanish homes. From six to eight pounds weight of tobacco is tied round their necks, and with this they run straight home, carefully avoiding everybody in the shape of a Custom House Officer. They are trained to crime by the agency of men dressed in Custom House uniform, who thrash them unmercifully, and thus instil a wholesome horror of the appearance of a Government servant. Nor are frauds committed upon the Spanish excise alone. Often enough it is found that the food supplies for the Gibraltar market have been cunningly tampered with, as when the vendors of live turkeys increase their selling weight by cramming sand down the throats of the poor birds, before they cross the neutral ground.

The morning of my first experience with the Calpe hounds in the field dawned on a bright clear day, almost too hot for the season. As a humble visitor, I was only able to provide myself with a "hireling" to carry me in the chase. The Spanish livery stable keeper, plausible after the manner of his kind, assured me that he was the best horse in Gibraltar; but when I had placed twelve stone on its back, and felt something very

like a rail between my legs, I was certainly not inspired with confidence that the little nag, only 14·2, would succeed in showing me much of the hoped-for sport; but that slight frame contained a great heart, and was carried on the most enduring iron legs. The playful toss of the lean, game head and bend of the neck, as I gathered up my reins, showed also, at any rate, that I had to do with that greatest blessing to the rider, a good mouth.

Truly, it seemed as if the whole English population of Gibraltar had adopted the cheery chorus of the Warwickshire song:

> "We'll join the glad throng
> That goes laughing along,
> We'll all go a-hunting to-day."

The narrow street was crowded with devotees of the chase on every variety of animal, and in hunting gets-up of every variety of orthodoxy and merit; Governor, generals, staff, infantry, artillery, medicine-men, commissariat; pink coats, leathers, and boots that would have done credit to a meet in the shires; pot-hats, shooting-coats, butcher-boots, gaiters and antigropelos, that were reminiscences of every form of English sport, from hare-hunting to polo. Veterans of Egypt on Arab horses; infantry adjutants on dubious-looking nags; here a staff officer and his wife, both equally well mounted, perfect in their quiet *tout ensemble* and looking all over like business, jogging quietly along; here a couple of light-hearted subalterns, rattling down the street on polo ponies; there one of the whips, who is rather late, bustling to catch the hounds, important in a professional-looking hunting-cap and straight-cut red coat; and last, not least, two English boys, sons of an artisan, riding on one donkey, determined to see the sport, and, from the determined way in which they were getting over the ground, likely to see a good deal of it.

Our meet is at the Duke of Kent's farm, and we have an eight-mile ride before us. As we follow the beautifully kept causeway, which crosses the neutral ground and is maintained by the English administration, the unsophisticated stranger hardly realizes that he is about to leave such conveniences behind, and plunge into a country where roads are mere tracks, and where tracks may at any time be made impassable by the slightest of accidents. The Spanish authorities excuse this neglect, which is really due to nothing but national apathy, by

pretending that this corner of Spain should be maintained as a military zone, more or less barren and deserted, because an enemy is entrenched on the frontier, and is a constant menace to their country. They have no great hope, it may well be believed, of resuming their territory, but they will never allow that the British occupation of Gibraltar is permanent. This is best shown by the bombastic title borne by the military Governor of Algeciras, who commands "the camp of Gibraltar, that fortress," so runs the warrant, "being temporarily in the hands of the English."

We pass the Spanish guard-room at Linea, and at once enter the land of foul smells, at least as far as collections of habitations are concerned. The stink at Linea is something phenomenal. All kinds of filth are thrown broadcast into the street and left fermenting in the hot sun. The road is so bad that every one, perforce moving at a foot's pace to avoid holes and obstacles, has the full benefit of the odours, and oh! what a relief it was when we debouched on what is called the Western beach, and settled down to a canter along the firm sand, while the clear waters of the Bay of Gibraltar lapped in ripples at the side of our route.

We pass over the picturesque old bridge at Orange Grove, a small village principally devoted to the cork trade, as is shown by the piles of cork lying on the beach in most admired confusion ready for shipping. Old Carteia frowns on an eminence on our right as we pursue our way.

Here, as everywhere, the masterly eye of the Roman conqueror selected the best spot for trade and military occupation. Nothing now remains of the once thronged and busy port, and but little of the strong fortress; but some of the rocks, on the long spit which thrusts itself into the Bay, seem as if they had been artificially flattened, and it is permitted to believe that the spit was sometimes used as a mole for the triremes to lie alongside.

We turn from the sea at the river Gaudarranque, and pass Mariquita's farm, whose owner, a most kindly and respectable old Spanish lady, may, if all tales be true, claim very exalted kinship indeed. We pick our way over a bit of boggy ground, which makes that track at any rate impassable after a shower; pass the first Venta, and at last arrive at our rendezvous.

What a perfect sylvan scene is that in which we find ourselves! A large grassy glade, shaped like the pit of a theatre, with

wooded rising ground on three sides, the bright sunlight glinting through the branches, and throwing flecks of light and shade on horse and hound, squire and dame. On one side the huntsman is on foot amongst his hounds, with the numerous field, gentlemen and ladies, mounted and dismounted, grouped around, "coffee-housing" freely. The lustre of the British pink is responded to by the shimmer of sword and carbine worn by two smart and stalwart mounted Guardias Civiles, whose presence marks the sanction of the Spanish Government, and who, fully equipped with cloaks, valises and havresacks, look more ready to go on a campaign than to join the chase. Ragged little Spanish boys are earning half pesetas by walking horses to and fro, while small groups of peasants look on in wonderment at the madness of "los Ingleses."

Time's up. The latest laggard from the Rock has arrived and the Master gives the signal to move off. The stranger must confess to a slight feeling of trepidation, when he looks round, and sees the dense woodland and country broken by ravine and hill, in which he proposes to try to take his pastime, and if he is bold enough not to fear for himself, he must at any rate sympathise with huntsman and whips who have to collect their hounds at the end of the day, after they have been once scattered in the wide and trackless forest.

Our first draw is the side of a ravine, and the hounds plunge into the thorny undergrowth in a manner that speaks volumes for their dash and courage. The feathering sterns are only occasionally visible to us as we bustle along the top of the opposing bank. Hark to Trumpeter! Hark! and one after another takes up the chorus. They gradually turn towards us and flash across an open patch in our front. The scent fails as they leave the cover and emerge into the open, but freshens again under the trees. "Toot!" "Toot!" "Toot!" from the huntsman, and "forrard on to him!" from the whips. Away we dash, literally through bush and briar, the clever little horses worming their way sinuously through the tanglement. One gentleman is deposited in the middle of a most prickly mass of vegetation, and emerges with a very scratched and bleeding face. Down we plunge recklessly by the almost sheer descent of a ravine, and another man's horse puts his foot into a hole and turns over a very complete somersault. Forrard on! and still on, and, after five-and-twenty minutes of what certainly appeared to a stranger very nervous riding, hopes begin to grow that we

may force our fox into the open and account for him handsomely. But no. His natural cunning, or possibly the forwardness of some extra keen hunter turns him, and, with a very catching scent, we gradually work him back to nearly the place where he was found, and run him to ground in a sandy bank. Such an enjoyable gallop, however, through the most picturesque woodland, with peeps of blue mountains in the distance, and occasional vistas of cultivation in the adjacent valleys. During the run a roe-deer started away from a brake, almost in the middle of the hounds, whose perfect manners, however, permitted no notice of the venison which brushed past their noses. Running to ground is such a common occurrence in a wild country where it is impossible to stop all of the numerous strongholds to which the "little red rover" may betake himself, that a contingent of terriers is a constant accompaniment of the chase, and they were now quickly at hand, and introduced into the earth where the hunted fox had taken refuge. All efforts to bolt him were vain, however, and the pack had to forego the blood for which they were so eager and which they had so richly deserved.

Now for a midday rest. This is a feature peculiar to the Gibraltar hounds, and before trying for an afternoon fox an hour or more is always given to repose. When the sun is at its highest, even in winter, there is little chance of scent, and it has been practically found to be conducive to sport to fall into the ways of the country and take a siesta, or the nearest approach to one, which is attained in the consumption of luncheon and tobacco. The hounds curl themselves up for slumber, girths are slackened, flasks are produced, and two ladies, whose woodland career has nearly involved them in the fate of Absalom, retire to rearrange their very much disordered tresses.

The next draw was to be away from home, and only those who had second horses out, could contemplate the chance of a second gallop with any confidence about getting home in safety and comfort; so, after brief delay, I turned my "hireling's" head towards his stable, and bade farewell to the glorious "Cork Woods."

The pang of leaving so early was almost compensated by the succession of scenery unfolded on the homeward way, which culminated as the range of high ground near Carteia was topped. The most striking panorama lay stretched out in the sunlight. The massy Rock dominating the bay, with the town of Gibraltar, girt with the white lines of fortification, nestling at

its foot. Ape's Hill, blue in the distance, and still further the snow-clad summits of Atlas. The Bay itself, blue, calm and dotted with shipping, amongst which quaint-looking feluccas darted here and there. Linea, Campamento and Orange Grove lay at one's feet, while behind one was the conical hill upon which San Roque is perched, and the stern ranges of mountains which tower over Andalusia.

Another whiff of "bouquet d'Espagnol" accentuated the pleasure of again entering the lines of English sentries and sanitation. The evening was passed in the reminiscence of a most delightful day, tempered by the necessity of extracting sundry thorns from one's knees. If the poor little nag had been spiked in equal proportion, his shins must have been indeed sore.

I could tell of many other merry gallops which I enjoyed with this most sporting pack. They never seemed to go out without sport, and really first-rate sport, and if to ride over country that in England would be called impracticable will make a man a horseman, the garrison of Gibraltar should turn out some very finished artists indeed.

I had thought the riding in the Cork Woods pretty rough, but that was nothing to my subsequent experiences on the "Queen of Spain's Chair," "Between the Rivers," and other hill country hunted by the Calpe hounds. To gallop over rocks, boulders, loose stones and holes—to let your horse slip on his haunches down awful places that one could hardly have got over on foot, and to scramble up the sides of hills that the pedestrian would have had to climb on hands and knees, seemed, for the forward ladies and gentlemen of the field, a matter of the merest commonplace, but to the casual visitor produced not a little anxiety of spirit.

One most useful lesson is firmly impressed on the mind of the horseman in crossing these hills, and that is the extreme value of a breastplate. In the strain of climbing there are very few horses indeed whose saddles would not be irretrievably displaced without this most useful appendage. I believe that some people strongly advocate the abolition of breastplates in the English cavalry equipment. To them I can only suggest that they should try to move a squadron of cavalry through the Spanish sierras, and I think they will then see good cause to alter their opinions.

Nowhere in the world, probably, better than in the country of

which I speak, can one who is interested in the working of hounds have an opportunity of seeing and criticising the individual performance of each member of a pack.

To ride quietly along a ridge parallel to the line of the chase is to have a perfect bird's-eye view of the fox and his pursuers in the valley beneath; the hunted animal making use of every cunning resource, and each hound taking his accustomed part in the day's business. The keen ones, the skirters, the wise, the foolish, and those which Jorrocks called "the sleeping partners of the chase," all can be easily distinguished with their virtues and their weaknesses. The position taken up by the Spectator in Sir Roger de Coverley's famous hare hunt is full of charm, and the man, who is no longer as thrusting as he was at five-and-twenty, has ample opportunity of enjoying it with the Calpe Hounds.

My holiday time passed away all too quickly and I had to bid farewell to the Rock, its glorious memories and its modern delightful sport. Nowhere have I drunk that toast, dear to every Englishman, with more enthusiasm than I did there on the last night of my visit—"*Fox-hunting!*"

A POLITICAL APOSTATE.

IF you happened to see it for the first time on a sunny day, lying beyond the broad haven to which it gave its name, you would probably call Oldport a strikingly picturesque town. Its pile of red roofs added a kind of ruby-like finish to a ring of gleaming beach. Scanned from within, however, the town had little to charm the eye. Its buildings bore the stamp of age, but of a stiff unlovable old age, for they had none of those droll irregularities of line which take the place of good-natured wrinkles in the physiognomy of ancient towns. Its columned and domed market-house, from which the stucco was peeling, its row of tall, pinched warehouses, a good deal bent and cracked, and its square of substantial houses with their high-set, forbidding doors and narrow exclusive windows, sadly in need of paint, alike wore the air of faded gentility. And the depressing effect of its aspect was aided by the want of life in the place. For, saving when the flood brought for an hour or so each day (except at dead neap) much spasmodic running and hoarse shouting to the quay, the place was almost as still as a deserted town.

As its look of shabby gentility suggested, Oldport had seen better days. Some two hundred years before the date of our story it could boast of being the most considerable of our second-rank ports. Soon after that, its trade, somehow, began to decline, and early in the present century the slow process of natural decay was accelerated by a sort of stroke, to wit, the sudden rise of a parvenu rival some ten miles off on the coast. From that date Oldport's renown passed into the dim region of local archæology.

Yet while in a general way the very embodiment of senile drowsiness, Oldport revived now and again to a brief fitful display of its youthful energy. It grew almost deliriously

excited, for example, on the eve of its annual regatta, and on Guy Fawkes Day the triangular space in front of its market-house blazed and crackled with the biggest bonfire and the finest home-made fireworks to be met with in a circuit of three counties.

The great field for the display of this surviving vigour was politics. The annual election of its Town Council brought a welcome bout of public excitement; but the real political revels occurred at the Parliamentary Election, when the borough enjoyed its ancient privilege of sending two members to the Commons. In Oldport everybody was a violent politician, and a long tradition had made it as natural and inevitable for a lad to throw himself into the tussle of parties as to take to swimming or to boating.

At the time of which we write this political ardour had been raised to an unwonted heat by the fact that a storm of Radical agitation had just swept over the electoral waters, wrecking more than one ancient and worm-eaten craft. Surprised and grateful at finding itself still afloat among a fleet of brand-new constituencies, Oldport bestirred itself to preternatural efforts, as if by extra zeal in the political cause it might still command the consideration that had formerly been paid to its size and opulence.

Among the foremost of these Oldport politicians was one Captain Nash. As his title reminded everybody, this gentleman had begun life as a "master-mariner." By dint of well-directed ambition and untiring industry he had acquired the reputation of being not only the wealthiest merchant of the port, but the most influential of its citizens. Society was no less exacting in Oldport than in other small towns, and long endeavoured to exclude from its charmed circle a family stained with the vulgar associations of tar and Dissent. But the Captain's ascendency in public affairs was a fact that could not be ignored; so society with a commendable grace swallowed its scruples and resolved to receive the popular hero. It adroitly gave effect to its resolution by securing him a Captaincy in a Rifle Corps of the town, and so transmuting the inconveniently adhesive title "Cap'n" into a social distinction.

The sturdy sea-bred Captain was not the man to lose his head under his new honours. The conferment of the sword brought no swagger. As a class-leader in his religious community he was allowed by the most critical of the elderly sisters to show no

falling off in the grace of humility. And in the matter of politics he stuck to the Radical creed of his youth, which might be summed up in three articles—a pacific foreign policy, low taxes, and religious equality.

At the time of which we speak the balance of political parties in Oldport was a particularly nice one. The Conservatives could always count on placing their influential local candidate, Lord Loveland, at the head of the poll. But the fate of the second seat was so uncertain, that it had been hotly contested at every election within the memory of the oldest elector. At present Lord Loveland had as his Parliamentary colleague Sir Henry Mildway, a Whig of the old school, a local magnate, too, though decidedly inferior in territorial influence to the other member. This bland and temperate gentleman was far enough from representing the Captain's vigorous views. Nevertheless, with that loyalty to party which was innate in every Oldportian breast, the Captain had at the last election not only supported the Whig candidate, but actually proposed him on the hustings.

The selection of the Captain by the party for this prominent office was a striking testimony to his influence. Captain Nash was at this time the most popular personage in the town. The plain sea-faring folk were proud of him, as of one who had sprung from their own rank, and who, by his homely and familiar mode of accost, seemed to reflect on them something of the glory of his new position.

To these social attractions Captain Nash added the spell of a born orator. A perceptible flutter of glad expectancy passed over an audience when he was called on to address it. His presence was the opposite of contemptible. Above the middle height, massively and squarely built, with head vigorously thrown back, he at once struck the eye as a commanding figure, and the look of strength in his frame was supported by the firm set of his long mouth and the penetrating glance of his dark eye. His voice was full and strong, testifying to a vigorous discharge of the noisier duties of the master-mariner. These sterner and more imperious traits were lightened by winsome graces, a peculiarly taking ripple of good-humour that now and again played about the eyes and mouth, and tender modulations of the strong trumpet-like voice. He had an ear for the musical qualities of his native tongue, and was apt to glide by instinctive preference into rich sonorous combinations and telling rhythms. And above all, perhaps, his diction was just what Oldport

understood and loved, full of pithy local idiom and redolent of the briny sea.

The Captain's eloquence was a power in Oldport. At a Missionary meeting it half forced, half enticed the donation out of the reluctant pocket, and at a political crisis it could be counted on to galvanise the weak-kneed and vacillating hangers-on of the party into firm resolution. The refined Oldportians, who made a point of smiling to one another when the Captain slipped in grammatical concord, or heightened his emphasis by a redundant aspirate, were forced to admit the universal charm of his spontaneous and vivid oratory.

It was now just five years since the last Parliamentary Election, and the Liberal Government, which had then come into power, was thinking of the approaching day of reckoning with the constituencies. The anticipation was not altogether a comfortable one, for personally the Ministry was decidedly a weak one, and maddened by the persistent gad-fly attacks of one or two able satirists in the Opposition, had restively plunged in this direction and in that, till it finally found itself floundering in a bog of unfulfilled pledges abroad and at home. Commerce was alarmed at these spasmodic unpredictable movements, and dark rumours of heavy additional taxes, following in the wake of a bad harvest, filled the country with angry disaffection.

Like other prominent Liberals, Captain Nash was twitted by his opponents on this inglorious result of a Liberal regime, and though his ingrained loyalty forbade his openly entertaining the idea of treachery or even backsliding in his chiefs, his inmost soul was wrung with the gravest doubts. This secret discontent drove away the bland smile from the Captain's ruddy face, and now and again, in the privacy of his home, exploded in a volcanic tirade. These outbreaks alarmed his sister, a prim but kindly spinster, whose large capacity of womanly devotion, wanting the vents of matrimony, relieved itself by the safer if narrower channel of sisterly hero-worship, practically followed up by scrupulous housewifely tendance.

It happened just at this time that one of the Captain's finest ships was badly knocked about in a gale, and had to put in for repairs at Stonequay, a port in the north some four hundred miles away from Oldport. The owner was instantly summoned, and, according to his wont, personally superintended all the repairs.

While staying at Stonequay the Captain was unable to see his

Liberal newspaper, and had, much to his chagrin, to get his news from a Tory journal. As was natural enough, the Opposition papers were just now making the most of their opportunity, and pouring out quite a broadside of smartly satirical articles on the political imbroglio.

Captain Nash tried hard to avert his eyes from these scathing attacks on his party leaders, but in vain. Like many another partizan he had never faced the ordeal of hearing all that the other side has to say, so that these fierce and poignant attacks on his leaders were a new experience for him. He made a lame attempt to play the faithful partizan and to turn his eyes from beholding the ribald invectives, but they were too clever and chimed in too well with his own muffled discontent to be passed over. They fascinated him and thrilled him with a new excitement, which he felt to be wicked, but which he nevertheless enjoyed.

One morning he walked down to the dry dock where his ship lay, with his mind still running over the telling periods of one of these pieces of clever journalistic invective with which he had seasoned his breakfast. He could not so easily this time shake off political distractions and apply his mind to private business. And as he stood on the deck of his ship and looked down into the hold, a sudden wandering of the thoughts produced a momentary giddiness, and, losing his balance, he fell into the hold. He was taken up apparently dead. Among other and less serious injuries, there was found an ugly rent in the skull made by a nail projecting from an old piece of timber just cut out of the ship's side. He was carried as quickly as possible to the Infirmary, where it was known the principal surgeon of the town, Dr. Quickwit, would be found at this hour. After examining the patient, this gentleman pronounced him to be in a state of coma, the effect of a deep lesion of the brain produced by the nail, but held out good hopes of a recovery.

The case being in several of its features a new one for our young surgeon, and requiring close watching, he resolved to have the patient removed at once to his own house. Miss Nash was sent for, and, after a decorous old-maidenly protest against taking up her abode in a strange gentleman's house, threw herself with ardour into her new therapeutic duties.

For a day and more there was no sign of returning consciousness. Then the mechanism of the brain began to work again, but in a disorderly manner. A period of delirium set in, during

which the surgeon's skill and the sister's patience were severely tried. Then, little by little, the disjointed ravings took a more coherent form. The patient's mind could now fix itself on one subject, but unhappily on one only. What was the horror of good, loyal-hearted Miss Nash at hearing her quondam hero among men, the very Solomon of Liberal wisdom, pouring forth virulent abuse of the Government! Yes, there could be no mistake about it. The well-known name of this and of that Minister recurred again and again, and always to be denounced as a perfidious scoundrel, or something equally dreadful. And even the Liberal member for Oldport, Sir Henry Mildway, that pink of courtesy, who had bowed to her in a style that made the ordinary Oldport obeisance ludicrously boorish by comparison, came in for fierce words of vituperation.

The high-minded lady's first impulse was to cover her ears as if they had been assailed by ribald blasphemy. But a sense of nursely duty prevailed, and compelled her to hear all. To her old-fashioned nature, which could not distinguish between change of principle and dishonesty, this falling away of her brother from the grace of Liberalism was even more painful to witness than his physical prostration. She felt it to be a family disgrace, and tried hard to keep it from Dr. Quickwit.

That gentleman's ear, however, was far too alert for her, and had managed, even before she made her humiliating discovery, not only to catch a number of fragments of the patient's ravings, but to fit these very adroitly into a theory of his own. For, with a curiosity half professional, half human, he had made enquiries into the Captain's antecedents, and, having heard that he had been a prominent Liberal, and coupling this fact with the presence of a virulent Tory journal in the Captain's pocket at the moment of the accident, he had been able to throw a new light on the dizziness of the brain which caused the fall, as well as to understand the patient's delirious abuse of his perjured chiefs.

"Ah! I see," he complacently observed to himself, "the Captain's brain, presumably not over-staunch in its Liberalism just now, had just before the fall been excited by a slashing article from the other side, and, as often happens in cases of brain lesion, his mind remains under the spell of the impression which immediately preceded the accident."

That is to say, Captain Nash, the foremost citizen of Oldport, the pillar of his religious community, and the head of his political party, had been degraded into a sort of mental hand-

organ, capable of grinding out only one tune—passionate denunciation of his Government, though adorning its theme with a number of picturesque variations.

Now this discovery deeply interested Doctor Quickwit, and this not merely from a scientific point of view. The fact was that though from professional considerations he carefully abstained from politics, and would affect to be amused at the intemperate zeal of extreme partizans, the Doctor cherished in the secure recesses of his bosom a warm predilection for the Conservative cause. Hence the spectacle of the blatant Liberal champion converted by a timely accident into the most splenetic opponent of that creed, afforded him much quiet enjoyment.

Doctor Quickwit was as little addicted to calling in the aid of the miraculous in his explanations of things as the majority of his profession. Nevertheless he was at this moment strongly inclined to believe in a special Providence keeping watch over the grand old cause. The opportuneness of the occurrence made a strong impression on his imagination. Like a far-seeing engineer, he recognized in the Captain's ravings a natural force that might be transformed into a motor and made to drive the Conservative machine. How to utilize it? that was the question. And it was a question that exactly suited the Doctor's practical and inventive mind. He played with it in his leisure hours, when driving to see his patients, and sitting over his after-dinner coffee, tossing up the idea, so to speak, and keeping it rotating.

Three weeks passed, and the patient, though he had partly recovered his bodily strength, remained in much the same mental condition. He had the use of his senses so far as to be able to take his food and perform other baby-like actions; yet there was no light of intelligence in his eyes, and though he would sometimes gaze at his sister's face with a look of perplexed inquiry, it was evident that he did not recognize it. The brain's register of past experiences seemed to have been for ever destroyed. Every now and again there would come one of those terrible outbreaks of political vituperation which transformed not only the mind but the very face of the Captain into something almost demoniacal. And the sister noted with alarm that the recurrences of the attacks seemed to be altering the habitual pose of the features, so that once accidentally catching sight of his face lying dimly lit upon the pillow, she started as if she had suddenly found herself alone with a stranger.

A week or two later a decided progress was observable. The

disabled brain gradually resumed its proper function, and the monotony of the machine was exchanged for the variety and freedom of the healthy organ.

Her brother's return to his customary rational self gave Miss Nash a shock of joy, for Doctor Quickwit, being cautious in his predictions, had not held out any hope of a rapid restoration. She longed now for her own home, and after pouring out her gratitude to the Doctor, returned with her recovered treasure to Oldport.

Amid familiar surroundings, the Captain soon fell back into the old life; no shadow of painful recollection seemed to trouble him. The irate fury against the Government had completely passed and left him just as good a Liberal as before. Miss Nash was able to console herself that the vilifier and blasphemer was not her brother at all. Her scriptural knowledge came to her aid here, and she conceived of the wound in the head as a sort of door by which devils for some inscrutable purpose had been permitted to enter into her brother. Needless to say that nobody in Oldport was ever to know anything of the foul malady.

Three months went by, and the Captain seemed to have permanently recovered from the effects of the blow. A dissolution of Parliament was expected within six weeks at the latest, and the influential merchant was drawn as usual into the exciting business of electioneering.

One day, to everybody's astonishment, the Captain disappeared from the town. A message sent from the house to the office that he had been called away by urgent business did not allay the astonishment. The Captain was not the man to go off in this unceremonious fashion, and on the very eve of an election too.

Among the most sorely perplexed was Joe Frampton, a humble but valuable servant of the Captain's. Joe had been a master-mariner, but an accident ending in the amputation of a leg had forced him to confine his movements to *terra firma*. He was a racy old salt, well able to repay anybody who was rash enough to hurl a joke at his wooden leg. He was eminently sociable, and his value as an informally self-installed foreman in the Captain's business arose very much from his intimate knowledge of every subordinate in the service, and these same qualifications rendered him very useful as understrapper to the Liberal party. Joe knew the innermost recesses of this and that master-mariner's mind, and could calculate to a nicety which of them needed a "conshiderashun," and what kind of consideration

would be most effectual in any given case. He thoroughly enjoyed the excitement and fun of the election, and knew that his master enjoyed it too; and so he was greatly put out at this sudden retirement of the Captain. "It b'aint like maister," he muttered to himself moodily, "to skulk below when all hands is hard at work on deck trying to keep the ship afloat."

The cause of the Captain's disappearance was Miss Nash's secret. The fact was that the excitement of electioneering had brought on a relapse into the abnormal state, and the devoted sister, fearful of the truth leaking out, had carried off the automaton with the utmost despatch to the one physician in whom she had any confidence, namely Dr. Quickwit. The Doctor greatly commended her tact, and as there were now no alarming symptoms, he easily induced her to return to Oldport, the better to allay any inconvenient suspicions.

Now, to tell the plain truth, the Doctor had anticipated such a relapse as probable, and had clearly thought out what he would do under the circumstances. The wish to utilize the torrent of the Captain's anti-Liberal fury as a force for helping to work the Conservative machine had before this shaped itself into a resolve. And the obstacle of the sister having been now got rid of, he could proceed to execute his plan.

The experiment was first of all tried on a small scale. A few trusted members of the Party were admitted to the Doctor's secret and invited to his house to a private rehearsal. The Captain was brought on to an extemporized platform, and the all-absorbing theme of the Governmental collapse having been deftly touched on by the Doctor, the mania-driven tongue started on its wild career. The orator's tones were almost terrific in their loudness, and varied from a high-pitched staccato to a deep prolonged roar. His eyes darted here and there aimlessly in fierce scorching glances, and his head and arms moved irregularly with a convulsive action. The harangue had little of logical connection; its movements followed the wild irregular course of the dark passion-storm within the breast. Its verbal structure was of the simplest, short pithy sentences, fierce denunciation being now and again varied with bits of pungent irony. The audience was spell-bound by the weird declamation. "There's nobody so rabid as your renegade," remarked one. "This is the divine madness Plato talks of," said another.

Flushed with this preliminary success, the Doctor and his

coadjutors struck out a bolder scheme. The appearance of the Captain at a public meeting in Stonequay was out of the question, as he had too many acquaintances there. So it was resolved to trot him out at a Conservative gathering about to be held at a neighbouring agricultural town.

The plan succeeded excellently. The Captain's excited brain seemed to derive a fresh impetus from the sight of a crowd of upturned faces, and his rhetorical Pegasus carried him off in magnificent style. The sleepy bucolic minds of the audience were for once electrified. This was not like the measured, conventionally phrased address of the familiar platform advocate. There were no strained efforts after rural similes, no carefully directed references to the robust common-sense of the British yeoman. The orator seemed oblivious of his audience, and carried away by a passionate devotion to his theme, and his hearers were soon infected with his enthusiasm, and rose to a man, and shouted and yelled in a paroxysm of political fury. The shouts seemed to urge the orator to a yet wilder speed, and at length the watchful Doctor, who sat behind the Captain, thought it well, by a vigorous pull at his coat-tails, to force him to resume his seat. The audience resented this sudden interruption of its oratorical fireworks, and refused to listen to any other speaker. So the meeting broke up in a somewhat disorderly fashion.

It so chanced that in the assembly was a young shipbroker of Stonequay, named Leader. He was a Tory, and ambitious to make a figure in his party, but being disliked by the acknowledged chiefs for his vulgarity and conceit, had hitherto failed to come to the front. Oddly enough, Leader had visited Oldport more than once in the way of business, and had become somewhat closely acquainted with Captain Nash. Accordingly when he saw the speaker rise to address the meeting, he was struck by his resemblance in figure and face to the Captain. So much, however, had the madness altered the Captain's expression and manner, that Leader would probably have soon forgotten the similarity had he not noticed the presence of Dr. Quickwit just behind the orator. Connecting this circumstance with the fact well known at Stonequay, that the Doctor had just been treating the Captain for an injury to the brain, Leader shrewdly drew the inference that the speaker and the Captain were the same person, and that the Doctor was somehow answerable for his performance that evening.

Leader congratulated himself on his good luck in having made this discovery. It might help him to push his political fortunes, and in any case it would give him an opportunity of calling on the Doctor on his return to Stonequay without fearing to be disagreeably snubbed. He was right. Dr. Quickwit had noticed Leader at the meeting, and though he shared in the common dislike of him, knew better than to offend him at this moment. So he received his new visitor with a measure of his customary blandness, which more than sufficed to make him plunge *in medias res.*

"Fine speaker that, Doctor," he remarked; "just the man to rouse those sleepy farmers."

"Yes," replied the Doctor, a little stiffly.

"S'pose," continued Leader, nothing daunted, "speechifying tries the gent. I 'bserved you gave him a tug when you thought he'd spouted enough."

"Yes," said the Doctor, "that is so. Mr. Jones, h'm, h'm, is as you must have noticed somewhat choleric, has in fact a predisposition to apoplexy, and so has to be guarded against over-excitement."

"Bravo, Doctor!" shouted Leader; "ha! ha! Mr. Jones, aye? Ah, I see! One of them 'ot 'eaded Welshmen, I s'pose, taking up wi' Toryism! Ha! ha! and to think of y'r bringing it out that fashion, looking as sober as a judge all the while. But come, Doctor, just tell us how did ye manage to wheedle the Captain into piping that strain?"

Dr. Quickwit saw himself defeated, and by a man whom he disliked and mistrusted. But there was no help for it, and with masterly adroitness threw himself with every appearance of cordiality into Leader's jocular view of the situation. He explained to his visitor that it was a practical joke got up by himself and one or two others on the Conservative side, and finally dismissed him with a flattering sense of having been let into a secret of the innermost circle of his party.

Leader was just as fond of perpetrating a good practical joke as of pushing himself to the front, and both motives combined to urge him to turn his new knowledge to account. So he at once wrote to one of the principal Conservative agents at Oldport whom he knew very well, and gave him a description of a new Tory orator he had just come across. He was, he said, a commanding presence, and a powerful speaker. Oddly enough he reminded him both in appearance and in manner of address

of Captain Nash. And the idea had occurred to him that if he were introduced into Oldport at this juncture he might prove a formidable opponent to the Liberal champion.

The agent, a lawyer named Wily, was particularly pleased to hear of this. The coming contest would, he saw, be more than usually severe. His party was going to run a second County magnate, trusting that the widespread disaffection among the Liberal ranks would secure for it a good contingent of supporters among the fluctuating "moderates." What was specially wanted to make this consummation absolutely certain was a man of Captain Nash's robust earnestness and popular address, who could put the Tory case strongly and convincingly. And here was the very man, one who could fight the Captain with his own weapons of glib tongue and commanding manner, and who would make an end, once and for ever, of that gentleman's preposterous ascendency in Oldport. Mr. Wily was in excellent spirits.

A letter was straightway despatched to Leader, instructing him to take steps to secure the new Tory advocate for an early engagement at Oldport.

Leader promised to try, though he hinted at difficulties which it might take some little time to overcome.

The truth was the Captain had recovered his normal state rather more quickly than the Doctor had calculated on, and was just now doing as much damage as possible to the Tory cause at Oldport, and Leader was informed by the Doctor, who suspected he was up to some mischief, that it was exceedingly uncertain whether the Captain would again be overtaken by the enthusiasm of Conservatism before the election came off.

Fortunately for Leader, the Doctor's gloomy apprehensions proved to be erroneous. After only a week of electioneering excitement the Captain succumbed again to his malady. This fit lasted but a week, and after this the two Captain Nash's came and went in such swift alternations as almost to drive Miss Nash to her wit's end. For she was resolved that her brother should pass all his mad days at Stonequay; and this partly to hide the real nature of his malady from the Oldportians, and partly to secure the full benefit of Dr. Quickwit's much-esteemed services.

The last weeks of the Session went by, Parliament was dissolved, and Lord Loveland and Sir Henry Mildway once more appeared at Oldport, lavishing their smiles and speech in the

most indiscriminate fashion. And the second Conservative candidate was adroitly brought on the scene in the rôle of a special friend of the seaman, at the annual meeting of the Oldport Mariners' Mutual Aid Society.

Wily's letters to Leader were growing impatient. The election, they said, was to come off in about three weeks. Lord Mildway was winning back the lukewarm among his followers by his well-distributed blandishments, and there was not a moment to be lost. The new Conservative pugilist who was to knock over Captain Nash must be brought on the ground at once.

When things had reached this pass, Leader thought it well to take the Doctor fully into his confidence. So he called on him one day and opened up his bold scheme.

The Doctor took up a decidedly hostile attitude towards it.

"It is my duty to inform you that your plan is beset with serious risks to the patient," he said with professional gravity.

"Now come, Doctor," rejoined the other, "you didn't think of that when you showed him off afore them farmers."

"But you must surely see that the cases are very different. At Oldport he will be among familiar surroundings, and far more liable to the shock of a too sudden recovery of consciousness. Besides, the period of mental aberration is so much shorter now. And what if his friends were to recognize him?"

"La! bless me, there's no fear of that. It'd never occur to 'em that the Cap'n c'd rave agin his own goverment that way—and any way, they'd be safe not to know him. Why, he looks another man when that fit's on him. And what do it matter if there is a little risk? We're playing for high stakes, don't ye know. Jist think of it, Doctor—putting the Cap'n up to knock down his own very self, and making the lookers on believe 'twas some second man as did it. This beats all the conjuring I've ever seen."

The Doctor felt the force of all this. He did not really mind the risk of the experiment, what he did object to was making himself an ally of Leader. But the audacity of the plan fascinated him, and after a little more pressure he yielded, and promised Leader to lend his professional services to the scheme.

"You must lose no time," he said to Leader. "The Captain happens to be here at this moment. He has been in the unconscious state three days already, and I cannot guarantee his remaining in it more than two or three days more."

The hint was taken. Wily was telegraphed to, and a meeting

arranged for the following day but one. The Oldport printer was stirred up to a perspiratory pitch of activity, and by the evening flaming posters appeared on the walls of the town announcing an important Conservative meeting in the Town Hall, and distinguishing in the list of speakers by an extra large type the name of Captain Smash.

The die was cast, and Leader and the Doctor were now kept in a fever of apprehension. Would the rabid Toryism of the Captain outlive to-morrow's meeting? That momentous question was one which science could not answer.

Accompanied by the Doctor and Leader, the Captain arrived at Oldport late on the eve of the meeting, and was driven in a closed carriage to Wily's house. A moment's scrutiny of his visitor at once let this gentleman into Leader's secret, and he threw himself with gusto into the daring party manœuvre.

A good hour before the meeting began the Hall was crowded. Oldport was accustomed to manage its own political business, and the appearance on the placard of a strange name had excited the intensest curiosity. This was quite as great among the Liberals as among the Tories, taking the form of a slightly contemptuous wonder as to who this stranger might be who was going to set the ignorant Oldportians right. And so it happened that in the closely-packed hall there was an unusually large sprinkling of opponents, and among others the ever-vigorous and alert Joe Frampton.

The Chair was duly taken, the audience was invited in the meekest of tones to give the speakers a patient hearing. Then one or two stale local orators were called on to address the assembly. The audience strung up to a high pitch of expectancy soon grew impatient, more especially as there was no trace of the mysterious Captain Smash on the platform. Cries of "Captain Smash!" "Where's yer Smasher?" and such like, grew louder and more frequent, and at length effectually silenced the small platform guns.

After feebly attempting to support the despised orators, the Chairman consulted nervously with one or two of the party chiefs, and then bravely facing the agitated gathering, and making a preternatural effort, cried at the top of a shrill voice—

"I've much pleasure in calling upon Captain Smash, an old and tried friend of the Conservative cause, from the North of England."

The uproar instantly ceased, and all eyes were turned in

hungry expectancy to a door at the back of the platform communicating with an ante-room. It presently opened and admitted two men, who advanced with some difficulty across the closely-packed platform to the front. The one was a powerful-looking figure, the other spare and delicate by contrast. The latter, after whispering to his companion, retired to a chair a little behind him. The stalwart gentleman immediately began with a picturesque abruptness and with all the signs of intense emotional excitement, to rate the Government for its incapacity and its perfidy.

"A pretty Government—this," he shouted, and then, the master-mariner gaining the better of the class-leader, went on: "Darn the whole crew. They're a lot of scurvy traitors. D'ye see what they're about? They're letting the good ship of State drift on to them quicksands—out there (pointing to some not clearly definable spot on the opposite wall) where you see that white line of foam." Then by one of those daring transitions of fancy which give the splendour to mania—"No, it's the steam of the up-express—and they're actually shunting the goods-train on to the up line! Parcel of lazy louts! what do they know about managing a line? There's safe to be a collision, and the scoundrels are looking on unconcerned." By another transition—"Look at their hands! That red 's not gravel stain—No! 'tis blood—human blood! They were bidden to fly the white flag of peace, but they hoisted the black flag of war—and now the whole perjured crew's below liquoring, and the ship's going to pieces—a lot of good-for-nothing land-lubbers! Board the ship, mates! Clap on the hatches, and put the traitors in irons. Quick, or the ship 'll founder!"

This explosive style of harangue, delivered in tones vibrating with passion, and with abundance of vehement gesture, completely overpowered the audience. It had the familiar Oldportian ring, yet was awful with the extravagance of madness. The Conservatives almost trembled with delirious excitement as they listened to their new-found orator. The very resemblance to Captain Nash, which struck everybody more or less forcibly, added to the effect. Here was something similar, but vaster and more majestic. The pale orb of Captain Nash's talent was extinguished by the glowing luminary of Captain Smash's genius.

For awhile the whole assembly listened with breathless attention, anxiously clinging to the skirts of the hurrying orator.

Then charged with the electric effect of his words, and as if under the expansive force of a powerful emotion, they rose to their feet, and at the first pause shouted and gesticulated in a frenzy of gleeful triumph.

This outburst seemed still further to madden the orator. He grew yet more energetic in his tones, more extravagant in his imagery, more abrupt in his transitions.

The experiment was a magnificent success. That conviction was distinctly betrayed in the complacent smile with which the Doctor's face answered Leader's radiant glances.

The Liberal minority, sitting for the most part in a knot in the middle of the Hall, hung their heads and exchanged dark looks of despair. They saw plainly enough that their political wrestler had been thrown. Their side no longer held the champion's belt.

After about half an hour of this fervid declamation, the speaker's strength seemed suddenly to fail him. He looked round the Hall with a perplexed, helpless look, and struck his palm against his forehead as if in pain. The spare form of the Doctor was then seen to advance, there were more whisperings, and then the flood-gates of speech were thrown open again.

This incident gave the minority a chance which they were not slow to use. They broke out into contemptuous laughter, and shouted—

"Pretty sort of Smasher, that!"

"That's right; wind him up again!"

"How long is he warranted to go?"

And such-like cries, so lustily, that even the speaker's stentorian voice was for the moment drowned.

Meanwhile, there was one in the audience who had identified the speaker. To Joe Frampton there were certain tones of his master's voice, and certain movements of his head and arms, which were as familiar as the weight of his own wooden leg; and as he sat and listened, he said to himself with growing assurance—

"Darn me, if that bain't the Cap'n!"

Recognizing the well-known tricks of voice and limb, he soon recognized the face beneath the mask of disease. Joe's wits were for a time completely confused by these topsy-turvy proceedings. His experience had been circumscribed, his reading still more so, and his memory supplied him with no fact which might serve to throw light on the mystery.

When, however, he noted the pause, the look of painful confusion, and the prompter's whisper, an idea struck him. When a boy, his mother had told him of a witch in the neighbourhood, who had turned men's brains by her wicked fascinations. He now bethought him of this, and decided that the Tories had been practising the black-art, and casting a spell over the Captain's brains.

Thereupon Joe began to scratch his head, casting about how he could break that unholy charm.

He had not long to wait. After another and shorter outbreak the orator again paused and seemed confused. His eye, wandering over the vast mosaic of faces, found its way to Joe's watchful eyes. Joe was in his accustomed place in the Hall, in the middle of the third row, and the Captain's glance in that quarter was not wholly an accident, but the working of an old habit of the healthy brain. For, though a speaker of ample resources, he was liable now and again through the very vehemence of his oratory to a momentary attack of giddiness, and he had got into the way at such a time of turning his eyes in the direction of Joe's sympathetic face, as towards a delivering prompter. This customary movement of the Captain's excited the connected habit in Joe's brain. Without thinking in the least of what he was doing, he instantly replied with the customary reassurer, to wit, a rapid succession of taps of his wooden leg, and a series of grunts that might at one's option be taken as "Hear, hear," or "Aye, aye."

This unpremeditated stroke of Joe's completed the disenchantment. The Captain, after looking about him perplexedly, like one waking from a deep sleep, and gradually recognizing his familiar Oldport Hall, and his knot of staunch supporters, heaved a big sigh, and seemed to pull himself together by a tremendous effort. The wild distorted look fled from face and figure, giving place to the genial and familiar aspect of Captain Nash. Then, observing the group of strangers close about him, he remarked in his old decorous manner: "I have not the pleasure of knowing you, gentlemen, but being on this platform, you will excuse my saying a word or two on the old theme."

The perfectly natural way in which this was done seemed completely to nonplus the managers of the meeting. The Doctor, who for some minutes had had an unpleasant presentiment of a break-down, now urged the Chairman to interfere, and

bring the Captain's performance to an end; but that functionary, a particularly mild-looking old gentleman who seemed a trifle deaf, and not too quick in his perceptions, failed to catch the meaning of the Doctor's hurried whisperings and gestures, and, not understanding the orator's new departure (for he was a stranger to the Captain), he remained sitting, the very picture of presidential inefficiency as he vainly turned from one of his adjacent supporters to another for some relieving inspiration.

Meanwhile the resuscitated Captain Nash, turning to his auditory, was making a noble effort to strike the old Liberal note; but the attack from which he was only just recovering had evidently left him unequal to this new achievement. Again obedient to the pull of an old habit, his eye turned to his trusty prompter. Joe, who had been watching him with the preternatural keenness that comes of terror, was perfectly ready this time; so he met his glance by shouting: "The old yarn of the tug, sir." His mates backed him up with cries of "Ay, maister! the tug of war story."

This last stimulus sufficed for a full reinstatement of the normal working of the Captain's brain. So, keeping his eye fixed on his knot of men, who were already smiling, Diggory-like, in anticipation of their favourite joke, he proceeded to tell once more the story of how thirty years ago, when a stripling just out of his teens, he won the Oldport election for his party. The struggle, as both sides perfectly well knew, was that year to be a particularly sharp one, the maximum majority for either side being estimated by the experts at five. The young Captain was sure of his side winning if he could only get up a batch of his political chums, some eight other master-mariners who were due at Oldport, but delayed the wrong side of an adjacent promontory by strong contrary winds. The steam-tug of the port could easily have rounded the point and brought the vessel into port in time, but unfortunately both the owner and the Captain of the tug were Tories, and naturally enough refused to render their opponents this important service. So the indomitable Nash, aided by one or two others adventurous enough to follow a good lead, quietly boarded the steamer at night, skilfully took her down the haven at the very first flood, and, by a reckless use of fuel worthy of a Mississippi racer, succeeded in bringing up the little fleet in time; the arrival of the same with all their bunting flying, and an extemporized band of two accordions and a tin whistle as well, being a scene

of jubilation never to be forgotten by those who had the privilege of witnessing it.

The effect of this story, narrated in the Captain's old racy manner, with a rich accompaniment of roguish winks and pantomimic gesture, was very marked. The audience, who had for a moment been shocked and disgusted by the transformation of the much-lauded Conservative orator into the well-known Oldport Radical, could not resist the seductions of the Captain's narrative, which had for them much of the charm of novelty, and losing all sense of political consistency in the boyish delight of a good story, listened in spite of themselves. And even the Doctor and his coadjutors on the platform were so staggered by this sudden *volte face* of their champion, that they made no attempt to interfere with a recital which told so unpleasantly against their own party. To say the whole truth, indeed, an overpowering curiosity, to which even the Doctor succumbed, compelled them, too, to supinely yield the narrator an indulgent ear.

No sooner had the story ended than Joe, smartly aided by his comrades, was on the platform at the Captain's side, and after tossing a wicked "By y'r leave, y'r worship!" at the helpless-looking Chairman, shouted with all his practised vigour—

"Dree che-ars for the old Lib'r'l corse!"

His supporters instantly gave the three customary volleys, making up for their want of numbers by the magnificent volume of their voice. This daring manœuvre brought the rest of the assembly to their senses. An angry roar of counter-cheering for the British Constitution, for the Church and so forth, broke out from all parts of the closely-packed hall. Some of the more impulsive of the party, suspecting that the Radicals had designedly played them a trick by putting up Captain Nash as sham Conservative, made for the platform and tried to seize the Captain; but Joe was on the alert, and having brought his wooden leg to bear on one or two of the foremost scalers of the fort, checked the assault long enough to withdraw the Captain from his now dangerous position. His mates followed, and one of the most mischievous of them, knowing the "ropes" of the place, managed on his way out to turn down the gas-lights to the dimensions of perfectly useless and irritating specks, thus completing the process of dissolution by which a well-organized assembly was resolved into a chaotic clash of atoms.

By this time Joe had piloted the Captain safely through ante-

room and passages into the calm starry night. The Captain's house was close by, and a very few minutes sufficed for depositing him there and drawing from Miss Nash the story of his disease and the patient's relation with Doctor Quickwit. Joe was able to put two and two together, and after a question to Miss Nash as to the Doctor's appearance, easily found his way to the bottom of that gentleman's neat little plot.

Now Joe had a good deal of the old Hebrew in him, and though he was thankful at having, so to speak, re-captured the sacred ark, he felt that he was called to smite that godless Philistine of a doctor. So he forthwith hurried back as fast as his wooden leg would carry him to a well-known rendezvous of his mates near the Hall, where, as he expected, he found them putting their heads together and trying to clear up the mysterious doings of the evening.

"'Twas a shabby trick of a Tory doctor," he told them—"him's the chap as towed the Cap'n on to the platform. Miss Nash has seed him, and painted him to me to the life. He's safe to be off by the next train, so if we mean to pay him out, we must look alive!"

Accordingly the Doctor's movements were carefully watched, and just as he was stepping out of Wily's house and going to enter a fly, half-a-dozen stalwart Oldport tars appeared on the scene. The Doctor was seized by two of them and placed on the roof of the carriage between them. The other four, having unfastened the horse, proceeded to draw the vehicle in mock triumph towards the quay. A trail of obstreperous men and boys formed behind the chariot and shouted ironical pæans. Arrived at the quay, the Doctor's genteel frame was, with a brutal disregard of the superfine linen and broad-cloth that enveloped it, fastened to a coarse hawser, and lowered into the muddy waters of the Oldport haven. After three good souses, it was brought up again with its gentility sadly defaced, and handed back to the fly-driver. The latter, putting-to his horse, again drove him to the station. Here he was awaited by Leader, who unceremoniously bundled him into a first-class compartment, where a touchy old gentleman was comfortably settling down to a night's sleep.

It is hardly necessary to say that the political machinations of Doctor Quickwit excited a good deal of comment in political circles. The *Oldport Pioneer* (Radical) came out the following week with a special supplement, in which it gave a full and

particular account of the wicked Tory plot, fortified by numerous Scripture references, more or less modified for the occasion, as, for example, solemn warnings to those who do not hesitate to deceive the very elect, and who shamelessly make even the righteous man to blaspheme. The week after the *Northquay Standard* (Conservative) replied with an article profusely adorned with classical allusions, and commonly attributed to the son of a local Rector, a smart Oxford undergraduate. The writer, disdaining to use the vulgar argument that all is fair in political war, boldly took the higher ground that the Captain's disease having virtually broken him up into two distinct individualities, of which one was a staunch and consistent Conservative, this last was the rightful property of that party. This provoked a further rejoinder on the true nature of personal identity, and the discussion grew a little abstruse and metaphysical, each of the learned disputants succeeding, no doubt, in persuading his admirers that he was vastly profound and altogether unanswerable.

Whatever the merits of this discussion, moderate men thought that Doctor Quickwit's offence had received adequate chastisement. He had been particularly chagrined at the turn things took at the meeting, for he had counted on a flattering reception at a Conservative supper-party that was to follow, and to be graced by the presence of a number of exalted personages. The rough handling of the Oldport tars, too, had jarred on his finest sensibilities, and even the assurance that it had not affected his health did not enable him to reflect on the occurrence with equanimity. The remembrance of his previous success only added to his mortification, making him exclaim, like the too confident gambler, "If I had only stopped before luck began to turn!" He could not even comfort himself by thinking that he had turned his back on Oldport and would never be reminded of its Captain or its malodorous water. There was Leader, the loathsome Leader, who had drawn him into this mess, and who would be certain to exact a lasting penalty by flinging him the jaunty accost of a familiar friend whenever he crossed his path.

The conspiracy of Leader and the Doctor had one effect—it made an end of Captain Nash as a political personage. Inasmuch as he continued to oscillate between the extremes of Liberal and Conservative ardour, it was judged more seemly, as well as more conducive to ultimate recovery, that he should retire from the political scene altogether, the abnormal Captain

pairing off, so to speak, with the normal. This retirement was duly enforced by the conscientious Joe, who now became the Captain's constant guardian. That he found this post by no means a sinecure is sufficiently attested by the way in which he was wont to speak of its duties.

"'Tis terr'ble work, lads," he would say, "how'msoever. Blest if I know, which do go agin me most, to be fos'd to sit mum while he do drivel them Tory blarsphemies, or 'ev to 'old 'n back when he come round and beg for one more go at the Tories in the old 'all."

JAMES SULLY.

WHAT DO THE COLONIES WANT?

JUST now the minds of Canadians are greatly stirred in reference to the fiscal blow aimed partly at them by the Protectionist policy of the United States. The result so far has been to strengthen the majority whose sentiment as well as whose reason inclines them to belief in the advantage of the British flag. We at home are probably convinced that both for them and for us, and even for the United States itself, it is better that Canada should remain a part of the British Empire. But many of us will consider the occasion serious and the conditions as deserving the closest examination. Patriotic speeches are fine things when they represent facts behind them, but if there has been a want of appreciation of all the conditions, it sometimes happens that speeches have not left anything but echo of the sound. The new pressure which the United States is exercising upon her smaller neighbour must tend to set the Canadian mind upon considering all the alternatives before their country, and it does not seem inappropriate that we should discuss from different points of view the attitude of Canada as represented by the best observers.

This is what the author of 'Problems of Greater Britain' says of the attitude of Canadians with regard to Imperial Federation:

"The principle is looked on with disfavour by a large part of the population, as possibly involving liabilities for projects which they think of purely Imperial concern, such as the maintenance of fleets other than those intended for the defence of Canada itself. Sir John Macdonald has pronounced impracticable any project of a common legislature for Canada and the United Kingdom, and apparently holds the same views in favour of ultimate alliance upon equal terms as are popular with the younger statesmen of Australia. The general Canadian opinion is, that it is a mistake to suppose that the alternatives before

Canada are those of independence, acceptance of Imperial Federation, or annexation to the United States; and the prevailing tone of thought is in the direction of a continuance of the present system, which, on the whole, gives satisfaction to a majority of the Canadian people."

It seems important and interesting to inquire at this time how far the views of the Canadians as here represented approach, recede from, or realize the truth? What is this Imperial Federation which they are not prepared to adopt? What is the present system in which they are content to abide? Imperial Federation is not a subject which I can be said to have studied as carefully as I have some others. But it must surely mean the preservation of the Empire as a corporate body, acting in all question necessarily outside it, as a whole. Ostensibly, the British Empire is now such a corporate body, and its foreign policy is one and indivisible. So far it is already federated, and so far, therefore, the Canadians express themselves as in favour of Imperial Federation. What is it that they are said to disfavour? Is it not logically, and really, any sacrifice or any exertion which may be necessary to preserve the present state of things which they hope will continue without any aid from them?

It would appear that all internal arrangements, such as law, civil and criminal, taxation, customs, postal tariffs, education, money, and so on, are mere accidents of federation. They may all be varied, made uniform or diverse, according to the changes of time, of locality, or of mere opinion, and yet not affect by one whit the federation of the Empire. We are accustomed to these changes and diversities, not only amongst our Colonies, but in the United Kingdom itself, in the fundamental matters of civil law and money. Scotch law is not English or Irish law. Gold does not circulate in Ireland, and Irish bank-notes are not current beyond the St. George's Channel. Taxation varies not only in each of the three kingdoms, but in every town and county in each of them. We call a portion of the taxes local rates, but the name does not in any way affect the payer of them; it only denotes the authorities immediately levying them. But even Parliamentary taxation is not the same in England and Ireland.

So that in declaring for Imperial Federation, no one is declaring for any particular form or forms of internal government. All the things which go to make up internal government

must and will vary according to circumstance. The one thing which must be unchangeable, if the corporate body is to be preserved, is its corporate attitude to the rest of the world. In a word, federation must mean the preservation of that very state of things which the Canadians declare themselves to favour.

Ought they not to go a little further, and to remind themselves that the state of things exists only because it is not assailed? Ought they not to reflect that Imperial Federation cannot mean more in its principle than preparation against the time when the corporate attitude of the Empire may be challenged?—when portions of the outside world may seek to disjoint it, and to sever by force the limbs from the trunk?

In effect the Canadians say they will chance all that. They enjoy for the present all the shelter of what I have called the mother wing, and they constantly appeal to the strength of what we all call the Imperial power, to back them against the encroachments of a mighty and somewhat domineering neighbour. They never invoke that aid in vain, and so possess, without any exertion or sacrifice, all the advantages of Imperial Federation.

Canada is relying on a force behind it, without examining, or apparently caring, how far that force is real. As long as the sacrifice and exertion are confined to the United Kingdom, it is ready to make a full use of the result; but it does not favour any approach to an examination which might show that the force it relies on is not what it seems, and might call for sacrifice and exertion on its own part to strengthen it.

Who is at present providing the force which it is intended should preserve the corporate body intact, if, and when, it is assailed? The people of these islands alone. What we call Imperial force, is not Imperial at all. It is a force raised in the United Kingdom, and paid for out of the pockets of Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen. These populations are alone exerting themselves, and alone making those sacrifices which must be made if the corporate body is to remain corporate after attack. Small blame, we may say with the Irishman; small blame to the Canadians, and to the younger statesmen of Australia for favouring a continuance of a state of things where they get all the oysters, and we at home here keep the shells. Why indeed should not the Australians and the Canadians favour the continuance of a state of things where, if Germany seems to

be encroaching, or France corrupting society by turning her felons loose on it, or America poaching in Canadian waters, or seizing Canadian vessels on the high seas, these great Colonies can call in the power of that which they have not paid a penny for? Nothing could be pleasanter than to have a big brother always at hand to fight the little one's battles, all for love and affection.

But have the Canadians and Australians reflected whether their big brother is as able as he seems to be willing? Are the sacrifices and exertions made by the United Kingdom alone sufficient to do for Canada and Australia all that is expected from them? This is the real point; yet it is one which these Colonies are credited with not entertaining at all. They wish the present state of affairs to continue, and the wish is eminently wise. But can the present state of affairs continue if any strain from outside is brought upon it? There is scarcely a soul in the United Kingdom who does not show in word or in act his belief that it cannot. The Parliamentary votes every year declare that it cannot. The Army Estimates are specially framed in support of the belief that it cannot. There is not a volunteer going through his drill who does not by his act proclaim that it cannot. It is not needful to quote the opinions of those numerous experts who go into chapter and verse, and pit our ships, class by class, and individual by individual, against those which it is conceivable might be banded together to destroy the state of things which Canada wishes to continue. It must be obvious to every one who will stop to reflect, that our naval and military policy and expenditure, viewed as a whole, assumes that these islands must fight for dear life in the next great war.

Nor is it needful here to inquire whether this general belief be well founded or not. What we are dealing with is the attitude of the Canadian mind on the evidence before it. Have the Canadians anything better to go upon than the opinions of the people of the United Kingdom? Or on what evidence do they rest in considering that the present state of things will continue?

The author of 'Problems of Greater Britain' does not fail to take note of the anomaly presented by a Colony desirous of maintaining the *status quo*, and yet taking so very little pains to secure its wish. But he has not noted the still greater anomaly of supposing that any "alliance upon equal terms" does or can exist between the mother-country and the Colony. The

immensely larger share of exertion and sacrifice must fall on the mother-country in all cases between a Colony and itself, and this can only be lightened if all the other members of the body-corporate contribute to its maintenance in proportion to their stake in it. In such a case the alliance would be, not between a single Colony such as Canada and the mother-country, but between Canada and all the rest of the Empire. Whether, however, the alliance be with the mother-country alone, as it is at present, or whether it be with all the rest of the states flying the English flag, Canada, or any other single Colony, must have a return of benefit out of all comparison with any exertion she herself could make. In any case her claim is to the use of the full force of either the mother-country alone, or to that of the other members of the corporate body and the mother-country acting together. She can pay for this no more than her means and circumstances allow, and the payment can never reach the value of what is bought. There may be an alliance, but never by possibility "on equal terms." If the alliance be with the mother-country alone, we have the existing conditions; if with the mother-country and all the other Colonies, we have federation.

Now we see that what the Canadians desire in disfavouring federation, and favouring the present state of things, is narrowly, the use of the force of the mother-country without any payment whatever for it; but broadly, neglect of the additional force which the other Colonies might supply. As she is represented, Canada would rather rely on the very possibly inadequate force of the United Kingdom to protect her, and not pay a penny to strengthen it, than she would make a payment which would entitle her as before to the use of the force of the United Kingdom, but with that force supplemented by all the force which the rest of the Empire might be able to add to it.

In speaking of the United Kingdom, however, we have to remember that India, and some of the Crown Colonies perhaps, are already in a sense contributories to federation. India bears a taxation for the support of large bodies of Imperial troops. Ostensibly these are for local defence only; but we have twice seen the native levies employed in Imperial service, and the British troops employed in India, and paid in India, are equally available for the defence of Canada when India itself is not threatened.

Nor ought we to forget that native Australian troops have

fought side by side with those drawn from the United Kingdom and from India in a case where the matter was of Imperial, and not of local concern.

The author of 'Problems of Greater Britain,' while exhibiting the false position taken up by Canada in desiring a continuance of the existing state of things, and making inadequate sacrifices towards it, does not pass beyond what may be called her local defence. But we have to remember, and Canada too ought to remember, that, from the narrow point of view, no local defence possible to her would prevent her territory being overrun by the United States armies, if it should ever please the United States to take that business in hand. Five millions of people on one side of a long frontier line, open at all points, cannot possibly keep fifty millions on the other side of it, if the fifty millions desire to come over. The argument on this head grows stronger every day, seeing that so much of the frontier line is water, and that the United States navy grows apace. From the broad point of view we should all remember that the local defence of a part does not strengthen the whole body, or any other part than that which is locally defended. In a paradoxical way, it might almost be said that the better one Colony becomes locally defended the worse it is for all the others, as the enemy may be supposed to be the more determined in attacking some one less strongly defended locally.

But an Imperial defence under the control of one authority responsible to the Empire for frustrating the designs of any power proposing to dismember the body corporate, not only defends the whole Empire, but every part of it singly. If matters are so arranged in the Empire that each single Colony is strong in local defence, but the Imperial force is weak, is it not true not only that the Empire as a whole is weak, but that each part of it is individually weak? Every power in attacking another has to consider not only the chances of success in any particular enterprise it directs against it, but the consequences of such success. Enterprises which promise immediate success, and yet will certainly bring immense calamities in their train, are not undertaken in war—because those conducting it must look beyond the immediate results. The weak sea-power has seldom in history developed those destructive propensities towards the shores of its enemy that the strong sea-power has been so familiar with. Any student of history must see that it was not wholly lack of opportunity which prevented the weak power from raiding

and destroying. It was quite as much the fear of consequences. The motto of the weak sea-power has generally been in this respect—"Let sleeping dogs lie." And, applying the motto to the question before us, we can see that no Colony could at present make itself strong enough to resist even a second-class European power, much less a first-class power, or any combination of powers. If it became the strong desire of the United States to overrun Canada and force it into the Union, it could easily do it. And if no consequences were to follow, it is conceivable that the temptation might one day be great enough. The Federal States overran and destroyed the Confederate States in the most determined and relentless manner when they saw that no consequences other than those internal to themselves would follow. But if, when the Confederate States proclaimed their independence, England had announced an offensive and defensive alliance with them, would the Federals have proceeded with their attack? I trow not. The consequences would have appeared too serious. The destruction of the Confederation might have remained in itself just as easy or just as difficult as it was before. Not a pound's worth of direct help might have been given to the Southerners, yet the Federals could not have exposed two sea-frontiers and one land-frontier to the attacks of the English without feeling that the re-incorporation of the Confederate States was an object not desirable enough to compensate for the consequences.

And so with Canada. If it be a question of force at all, it can never be the local strength of Canada which can keep it out of the great American Union. What must stay the hands of the United States is what is called the British Imperial force, but what is really the force provided by the generosity and sacrifice of the people of the United Kingdom. Of the willingness of the people of these kingdoms to supply that force the Canadians have a very ample experience, and may rely on it. Have they an equal experience of its power? All that they know about it is that the most optimistic of the naval experts doubt; and every one outside the navy proclaims aloud in word and act that it will certainly fail, and that provision, at an immense expense, must be made against the day of its failure.

These are the thoughts which the Canadians and the younger statesmen of Australia will do well to turn over in their minds. The time is not only ripe for it, but it is critical. If the general declaration is against Imperial Federation, it is equally against

the maintenance of an Imperial force sufficient to prevent, mainly by fear of consequences, all attempts at dismemberment by powers outside the Empire.

In all ways the time is critical, but in none more so than in the fact that Canadians, young Australian statesmen, and the majority of the people of this country are in the midst of the revival of an exploded controversy on the subject of defence. It is that, I believe, which more than anything else sways the minds of those Colonists who pronounce against Imperial Federation. It began about the year 1860 in this country, and has spread over it and out of it in a very remarkable way. It is what I have touched on—the relative values of local and general defence; and it is not to be doubted that general defence is continually falling in the scale of estimation, and local defence continually rising. Taking the Empire as a whole, the money spent on general defence is provided by the United Kingdom alone, and probably does not reach anything like the sum spent by the Empire upon local defence at home and abroad.

Everywhere we see the minds of men omitting to take note of the defence by consequences to follow, and dwelling almost wholly on the defence by immediate result. And hardly any one perceives that while finality is easily reached by attention to the first principle, it can never be reached by attention to the other, unless indeed we can return to the baronial keeps of a border warfare. Not at all impossibly the favour given to local, and the neglect or disfavour bestowed upon general defence, may be a phase of democracy. It is of the essence of the democratic principle that it should act more in a sense of the palpable and immediate than on the consequential and remote. As central authority grows weak, and seeks to recruit its strength from decentralised sources, it naturally draws into itself the ideas of these sources and becomes sympathetic to them. It is palpable to the democracy of every locality in an exposed position that it may be attacked. It is most natural that it should think of defending itself. It is some strain upon the local thought to go beyond this. It is a very great strain indeed upon it to believe that something can be made to protect it which it pays for, but never sees, and rarely hears of. The weak central authority imbibes some of the local thought. It would be difficult to resist it, and most troublesome and inconvenient to persuade it. Hence there is yielding, and the principle of general defence shrinks, while that of local defence swells.

If Imperial Federation aims at anything as an end, it must aim at a reversal of the prevailing current of thought; it must look to superseding local defence by general defence; to persuading the citizens of the Empire as a body that consequential defence is altogether more powerful, and in the end more economical than any sort of immediate defence.

If this can be done, the Canadians and the younger statesmen of Australia may come to understand that it is worth while to place considerable sums of money in the hands of a central authority to be disposed of in the way of general defence, and without concerning themselves to do more than to master its principles and comprehend what they are. Each of the two great groups of Colonies would then pause over every proposed expenditure on local and irremovable defences, whether physically or legally so, and would consider whether such sum would not be of much greater benefit when paid over to the central authority in charge of Imperial defence. Canada, if it began to argue on the necessity of providing for its immediate dangers, might be tempted to reflect that it could not have the assistance of Australia in times of trouble if it took that line; while, by contributing to the general defence in agreement with Australia, its own defence will be strengthened by Australia's force, which is, like its own, a growing force. The younger statesmen of Australia might come to understand the same of Canada and Canadian growing force.

And then might come the era of an absolute peace. For the great Imperial force must be a defensive water force, and little capable of becoming aggressive. It might always prevent any sword being drawn, it can scarcely be a sword itself. It is a mother-wing to all the Colonial chickens, under which they may shelter themselves. It is an impenetrable shield against the outside world. Is it a dream?

P. H. COLOMB.

A CURIOUS POISONING CASE.

By FLEUR DE LYS.

Author of "A Strange Journey," "Molly's Heroine," Etc.

Chapter III.

It was the evening of the next day, and three women were sitting in subdued silence in the Rectory drawing-room. Miss Mary Edwards was there, a quiet, sensible woman of thirty, with a pleasant face; but she had scarcely yet recovered from her surprise at finding herself in an atmosphere of horror and tragedy where she had looked forward to the quiet of an old maid's country house. Miss Wood sat in the same sort of silent despair which had possessed her since the Gordian knot of her difficulty had been cut with such terrible suddenness; and Mrs. Merryweather was nervous, anxious to do the best for her unexpected guests, but feeling the strangeness of the position, and wishing that Martin would come in. She had brought Miss Wood away with her the evening before, after the doctor had been sent for, and everything done that could be done for the body of the solitary old woman. A respectable person from the village, used to such offices, had been called in, and left in charge of the house and its lifeless contents. The doctor had said that an inquest would be necessary, and it was to take place on the following day. But Mrs. Merryweather had been so much engrossed with her baby and household and visitors, that she had not thought much about it, and had been much distressed at the effect of the intelligence on Miss Wood when she mentioned it to her. She supposed it was her dislike to appearing as a witness, and was wondering whether she would also be called upon—Martin would know. What could be keeping him so long?

As she rose, intending to seek him, he called her from the

door without entering, and she went out hastily. "What is it, Martin?" she said; "what has kept you so long?"

"My dear, this is worse than all," said the unfortunate clergyman. "It seems that Dr. Green went and gave some information to the magistrates about this unhappy affair. He declares the woman was poisoned, and you will scarcely believe it, but they have sent a policeman to arrest Miss Wood."

"To arrest Miss Wood!" faltered his wife; and then, as the enormity of the accusation flashed upon her, she exclaimed indignantly: "The idiots! Do they imagine *Miss Wood* poisoned her?"

"It seems so," said her husband, with a sigh of impatient perplexity. "That ass Green! I wondered what he was after. But I suppose he must be right about the fact, that the woman died of poison, and that is bad enough. And meanwhile we have to deal with this other fact—that they have sent to arrest Miss Wood."

"It is shameful, monstrous!" exclaimed the warm-hearted little woman passionately. "Oh, Martin, you won't give her up; what can we do?"

"Not resist the law, I am afraid," said the Rector; "we should only make things worse for her. I have done all I can think of. I have offered to be personally responsible for her appearance at the inquest to-morrow, when no doubt it will be all explained, if they will only leave her in peace to-night. But his orders are to take her into custody at once, and take her back with him to Kilmersdon. He has another policeman waiting at the station, he tells me."

"Oh, Martin, it will be the death of her," began Mrs. Merryweather; but her husband's hand was on her lips as she spoke, as he signed to let her see that the study door was open.

"It does seem very hard that her kindness of heart should have brought all this upon her," he said; "but it will soon be over. The worst will be to-night. I have got him to promise that we can take her in the pony carriage to the station, if he sits behind. Shall I go with her, or will you?"

"Oh, I'll go. Poor, poor dear! but you must tell her, Martin, I couldn't. I'll come with you. No, I'll call her out, for Miss Edwards is there. I'll bring her into the dining-room."

Miss Wood came out languidly, but looked with quick alarm at the faces of her host and hostess.

"Something fresh has happened," she said. "What is it?"

Mrs. Merryweather burst out crying, and her husband manfully resisted the temptation to beat a retreat. Somehow they managed to tell her, and then were surprised at the way she took it. She even smiled as she said, "But it is so absurd. How can such things come into people's heads? Must I really go all the way to Kilsmersdon to explain it?"

"How do you mean explain it?" said the Rector eagerly. "If you can explain about the poison, do so now. I am not a magistrate, but I suppose I could get the policeman to drive round with us to Sir Giles. It is late though, we should not get there till eleven o'clock at night."

"Then it will be better for me to go to Kilmersdon for the night, at any rate," said Miss Wood, with a dignified self-possession which took her hearers by surprise. "I will go and pack what I want for the night."

She went away with the same composure; the unexpected insult, for so it seemed to her, braced her in a way that nothing else would have done. She would not allow her friend to come any further than the station, and they heard no more of her till the next day, when the same policemen appeared walking on either side of her as she came up the village street, her head erect, and the delicate flush on her face making her look quite young. Fortunately the children were all at school and the men at work, so there were only two or three women to gaze curiously after her and discuss the state of affairs under their breath. Mrs. Merryweather was waiting for her at the little garden gate, and would have been even if she were not required as a witness. It was a busy time of year, and there had been some difficulty in getting the necessary number of men together. Sir Giles was there, talking to the Rector, and taking off his hat in an embarrassed manner to Mrs. Merryweather, as she went by talking in an affectionate and encouraging strain to the prisoner.

Poor Miss Wood! when she saw all these strange men and beheld what seemed to her the desecration of the dear little home she had made for herself with such delight, a mist came before her eyes, and she felt so faint that for some time she was not clearly awake to anything that was going on. The doctor proved that death had been caused by laudanum, and he produced the glass which Miss Wood had thrown into the garden, stating that being convinced of foul play he had made a thorough search of the house and garden. He had found this,

but had not been able to find the bottle from which the laudanum had been taken, and which had probably been also thrown out of the window. He also mentioned, what evidently produced an impression, that on the occasion when he had been called in to see the deceased she had told him that she had lately executed a will, leaving all she possessed to Miss Wood, and therefore considered that she had a claim on Miss Wood's time and attention. Further inquiry elicited from the reluctant Mrs. Merryweather that when she happened to come in that afternoon she found Miss Wood alone in the house with the dead woman, and that no doctor had been sent for; that she had gone upstairs to the room, that she had seen an empty laudanum bottle, not in the room, but (with a deprecating look at her friend) falling out of Miss Wood's pocket when she drew out her handkerchief that evening. It was at this point that Miss Wood's senses began to return to her sufficiently to understand the significance of all that was said, and she replied to Mrs. Merryweather's look by a faint smile of reassurance. Then she was called upon to give her own account of the business, which she did simply and clearly up to the date of her conversation with the Rector, when she was interrupted by a question—

"Did you write to Mr. Weston on your return that evening?"

"No," said Miss Wood. "I found Miss Disbrowe so much agitated by the sudden departure of her maid, that I forgot all about my letters till too late."

"But you wrote the next morning?"

"No," again said Miss Wood. "I did not write till the morning after Miss Disbrowe's death—that is yesterday. I thought he might have come down to-day, or sent a telegram. I begged him to come as soon as possible. I did not think of writing to him till too late for the post the day before."

The Coroner drily remarked that it was unfortunate, and went on with his questions. When asked to account for the laudanum being in Miss Disbrowe's room, she explained that in the hasty change of rooms which Miss Disbrowe had insisted upon, several of her things had been left behind, and among them this bottle, which during a bad attack of neuralgia she had been advised to rub into the nerves of her face and neck. It was two months since she had used it, and she had forgotten that it was there. When asked why she had thrown away the glass and concealed the bottle, she faltered for the first time,

"I did not want any one to know how she had died," she said at length, in a low tone.

Sir Giles stared. "Why did you not want any one to know how she had died?" he said bluntly. "And how do you account for her death?"

"I should have thought that when once the laudanum had been found, there would have been no difficulty in accounting for it," said Miss Wood. "That was why I did not wish the laudanum to be found. I did not think of the inquest, or medical examination, or anything of that kind. But I thought that if the laudanum were found by her side, no one could help seeing that she had committed suicide, poor woman! And I have always understood that in cases of suicide—to say nothing of the disgrace—that all the property went to the Crown instead of to the natural heirs. I thought, in fact, that unless it were supposed that Miss Disbrowe had died a natural death, Mr. Weston would lose the inheritance which he had always been led to expect."

"But Mr. Weston had lost it already; the loss would have fallen upon you, since the last will was made in your favour. You cannot pretend to be unaware of that fact."

Miss Wood drew herself up, and looked her questioner full in the face. "I pretend nothing," she said quietly. "Of course I knew that Miss Disbrowe in a fit of passion drew up a fresh will in my favour a week ago. She knew very well that it would not make any real difference, except to annoy her nephew by making him receive through me what he ought to have had direct from her."

By this frank and absolutely truthful statement Miss Wood damaged her own cause considerably. In fact, the only two persons in the room who believed it were the Rector and his wife; and even the Rector shook his head a little over the unwisdom of it.

A good deal more passed, and then there was a consultation aside, during which Miss Wood appeared to become aware, for the first time, that her explanation was not considered entirely satisfactory. But when she found herself absolutely committed for trial at the Hatcheter Assizes, amazement and indignation for the moment overpowered every other feeling.

"Do you mean to say," she exclaimed with flashing eyes, "that you really believe I *poisoned* the woman?"

"It's the wickedest, most idiotic thing I ever heard of," began

Mrs. Merryweather, kissing and clasping her friend before the surprised policemen could interfere; but at this point her husband took charge of her, and took her away where she could indulge her feelings with more safety. As for Miss Wood, after that one outburst, she submitted quietly to everything required of her, and was taken to Hatcheter prison the same afternoon.

It wanted nearly four weeks to the assizes, and those were the longest that Miss Wood ever spent. Her "impractibility," as they termed it, was the despair of her friends. She absolutely refused to employ counsel herself, or to allow any one else to do so on her behalf, or to take any steps, in fact, of any kind towards her defence.

"It would be simple folly and faithlessness on my part to do so," she said, when the Rector came himself to remonstrate with her. "Yes, I know how kind you are, and I feel I owe you respect, but in this matter even my clergyman cannot decide for me. I cannot let you undertake the expense, because I know you cannot afford it any more than I can. I do not choose to spend the money, which is of such vital importance to me, in establishing an innocence which never ought to have been called in question. I shall simply do nothing in the matter. I am innocent—why should I fear the result? It would be faithless to do so."

The same ground was gone over in many different ways by many different persons, but the result was always the same, and at last they let her alone, and only strove to brighten her captivity by every means allowed them. Mr. Weston had been abroad, it appeared, when Miss Wood had at length written to him about his aunt, and though he returned to England as soon as the news of all that had happened reached him, he did not come near Hatcheter or write to Miss Wood. Perhaps she felt this more than anything else. The old illusion was quite dead, yet she had stood by him loyally ever since, whenever he had needed it, with his capricious and exacting aunt; and she had expected that he at any rate would understand how it all was, and hasten to let her know that he did so. It did not for a moment alter her resolution of restitution after the acquittal which she confidently expected. But as the day of her trial drew near, she sickened more and more at the thought of the ordeal that was before her, and the life that would come after, when every one would know her as the Miss Wood who was tried for wilful murder.

Chapter IV.

It was a very hot day, and the atmosphere of the crowded court was not exhilarating. Miss Wood had not slept, in truth she had spent most of the night on her knees, using the only instrument of defence which she had allowed herself. She came in with the prim delicate freshness of person which she never lost, and a certain gentle dignity, confident in her own cause: but the air was almost too much for her physical frame, and she was conscious of the same sort of semi-faintness which had oppressed her on the day of the inquest. She set her mind indignantly to conquer it, pressing her thin white hands together with a force which would have made her cry out with pain had any one else applied it; and after some minutes the cloud began to clear away, and she awoke to the perception that things were being settled in a very different way from her intention. She was as ignorant of the ways and customs of the law as most women, and she had cherished an idea that if she committed herself to no lawyer, she would be allowed to tell her story in her own way, and leave it to judge and jury to decide whether it were true or not. As she regained full possession of her faculties, she heard the Judge ask if she were defended by counsel, and the answer given in the negative. She expected the next remark to be addressed to herself, but instead of that the Judge turned to a little group of barristers, most of whom were looking with undisguised curiosity, like the rest of the court, at the prisoner. The sudden perception of this universal stare caused the delicate cheek to flush with anger and distress, but the next moment a fresh shock sent the blood to her heart, and left her white and trembling. That one face opposite her—she knew it at once, in spite of the disfiguring wig and the change of years. In a moment the dreary walls, the suffocating crowd, seemed to fall away from her; she only felt the strong kind presence of the man who would fain have taken her into his care years ago; and the sound of the sea was in her ears.

She came back with a start as the Judge spoke; with some wild idea of restraining him. "Mr. White," he said, "will you be good enough to undertake the defence of the prisoner?"

There was a faint stifled cry from the witness-box, and then a slight sensation. The prisoner had fainted now in good earnest, and was carried away in ignorance of the succeeding formalities, and the fact that the trial was adjourned for a couple of days, when Mr. White would undertake her defence. She did not know if he had recognized her, but the fact was, that he had known very well what was going to happen since his first amazed perception of the fact that Anemone Wood, arraigned for the wilful murder of Anne Disbrowe, and undefended, must be the very woman whom he had done his best to take out of the power of Anne Disbrowe twelve years ago. If it had not been for the curious Christian name, which he so well remembered, he would have rejected the idea at once, as a coincidence less impossible than the facts. He had thought of her all this time as married, and had reflected a hundred times that it would have been a most fatal step if he had really succeeded in hampering himself with a wife and children at the outset of a career which now promised to be a very fairly successful one. He had taken credit to himself for having avoided all similar temptations, and had made up his mind only the other day that it would be quite time enough to look about him for a wife when he was five-and-forty, that is, in four years' time. And then he had taken up the calendar, and the mere sight of a name, the name too of a woman on her trial for wilful murder, had set all his pulses beating at a rate that he found it impossible to ignore.

That was only twenty-four hours ago, but he felt as if they had been years. He had sufficient interest to make sure that he would be called upon to undertake the defence of his old love, and he had already seen and had a long talk with both Mr. and Mrs. Merryweather, who had taken rooms in the Assize town for a few days. Now he was on his way to see Anemone herself, and hear her own version of the circumstances which had led to her arrest. He was perfectly aware that he was doing a foolish and unprofessional thing. Had he not only a week ago said to a young and sanguine barrister: "If you want your client to be convicted, go and hear his own story. In twelve years at the Bar I have got off every prisoner I have defended except one, and that was the only case in which I broke through a salutary rule—never to hear what a prisoner has to say, and never to call their witnesses if you can possibly help it."

He was prepared to see her much changed, and was quite sure

in his own mind that he was acting purely in the interests of old friendship, and that no one could suspect him of any sentimental folly towards an old maid—he knew she must be past thirty—on her trial for poisoning her mistress. Before that momentary glimpse of her in court he had drawn a mental caricature of his old love, grown fat and flabby, with damp bonnet-strings, in a state of impotent and wrong-headed protest against the circumstances which had overtaken her. He was rather short-sighted, and therefore all he had been able to see across the court was a vague outline of a swaying figure, which certainly was not fat, and a white face under a shady hat. And the story he had heard from the Merryweathers had brought back a vivid picture of the gentle confiding girl whom he had been so anxious to save from further oppression. On the whole, he was anxious to get the interview over, and put things, as he mentally expressed it, on a reasonable footing. This was the thought in his mind as he advanced into the bare and glaring cell, and Anemone rose up to meet him with a quiet self-possession which belied her inward trembling.

In that unsympathetic glare the lines of three-and-thirty were fully apparent, but Aubrey White did not see them—never could see them, he afterwards averred, even when invited to inspect them closely. He was only desperately conscious that his old love stood before him as fair and sweet as ever, with the same confiding look in her frank grey eyes; and that his instant desire was to take her in his arms and carry her away at once to some bower of bliss, where neither tiresome old maids nor lawyers existed. In the slight mental confusion which this unexpected sensation caused him, all his intended speeches went out of his head, and it was left to Anemone to speak first.

"It is very kind of you to come and see me," she said. "I am sorry I was so foolish, and gave so much trouble in court. It was the heat, I think. I am not given to fainting."

She was under the impression that her fainting fit had stopped the trial, and White did not undeceive her—did not even see what she meant.

"I am sure you have had enough to distress you of late," he said earnestly. "I have come to hear what you can tell me about it, that I may know best how to help you. I think I have heard a good deal from a friend of yours—Mrs. Merryweather. But I want you to tell me, please, just what happened from the

day you found Miss Disbrowe established without invitation in your house."

Miss Wood hesitated. She had intended first to tell Mr. White that there had been a mistake, that she did not need any one to defend her. And when on consideration she realized that the sudden appearance of her old lover as her champion—not as her lover, that never entered her humble little head—might reasonably be taken as an answer to prayer, and so accepted, she had pictured herself appealing solemnly to his honour not to undertake her defence unless he was absolutely convinced of her innocence. But, looking up once more into the earnest kindly eyes which she remembered so well, she felt all at once that such an appeal would be an irrelevant impertinence. So, after a moment's pause, she sat down on the little white bed and took him simply at his word, telling her story with a clearness and conciseness which very much surprised the lawyer.

He made several notes, but scarcely spoke till she had finished. "How was it?" he then asked, "that your laudanum bottle came to be in her room?"

"The change of room about which she finally quarrelled with her maid before I came in that day was from her bedroom into mine, and she refused to go back again the next day, so that it was in my room she died. I had only moved as few of my things as I could, and never thought of that bottle on my washhand-stand."

Aubrey asked one or two more questions, and then went away, telling her that the trial was fixed for Thursday—this was Tuesday—and that he should have a good deal to do, and might not be able to see her again first. Anemone remained tranquilly in her cell those two days for the most part, though every now and then a bitter anguish would overwhelm her—not with any fear of a verdict against her, but with the conviction that life could never be the same again for her; she would always be known as the woman who had been tried for murder. She thought much of Mr. White, of course. More bitterly than ever she lamented the folly which had thrown away his honourable affection and the chance of a happy life. She did not delude herself with any idea that such a life might yet be hers. She wondered if he were married, and settled in her mind that it was sure to be so, and then wondered if she should ever see his wife. And so the slow prison days wore away, and Miss Wood grew thinner and paler, and wished that she might die before the ordeal of that trial came again.

CHAPTER V.

"I don't know nothing about it," Dinah said sullenly, "and if you was to stop here till Doomsday you wouldn't get no other answer."

Aubrey White sat on a stile which barred the way across a field-path near Brackenhurst. He was very well satisfied with himself so far. He had made a private inspection of the cottage, and nodded with satisfaction at a medicine-bottle of a peculiar shape which stood on the washstand of the guest room, and which was safe in his pocket at that moment. He had had a long interview with the maid, and satisfactorily established that her mistress was in the habit of taking this medicine after one of her "nervous attacks." But there was still a missing link, and he intended Dinah to supply it, though on being questioned at the inquest she had so clearly shown that she had left the cottage before Miss Wood, and returned to it after Miss Wood, and appealed to Miss Wood herself for confirmation, instantly given, that she had been at once dismissed.

Aubrey White had already paid a visit to Dinah's mother, and in the girl's absence had artfully extracted from her the hour at which the girl had returned to the cottage that afternoon, which was certainly half-an-hour later than it should have been. Next he had ascertained that Dinah must return from the farm to which she had been sent on an errand by this particular path, and for the last twenty minutes he had been sitting smoking in the sunny fields, waiting for his victim.

"It's a pity," he said coolly, in answer to the last remark—more than once repeated, "that a sensible girl like you should get yourself into trouble unnecessarily. If you tell me the truth without any more words, I'll stand your friend, and see you through it. But if you go on with this silly story of knowing nothing about it, and having taken three-quarters of an hour to go straight from Miss Wood's house to your own home, I can do nothing for you. I can only fetch a policeman, and have you taken up to prison for murdering Miss Disbrowe."

Dinah turned to flee, but White was prepared for this movement, and laid a firm hand on her arm. "Now, be reasonable," he said, as soon as her first passion of sobs had spent itself. "*I* know you did not murder Miss Disbrowe, of course. What you

gave her was pure accident; besides, she asked you for it, and you could not know it would do her any harm. But if you persist in refusing to tell me all about it and let me help you out of the mess, I can't promise that the Judge and jury will believe that you meant no harm."

"She did ask me for it—it wasn't my fault," he made out among the girl's incoherent protestations and sobs.

"Yes, of course, I knew that," said Aubrey White, smiling to himself under his moustache. "But don't you suppose anybody else will believe it if you go on as you're doing now. *I* shan't help you unless you tell me the whole truth this moment."

There was a good deal more of angry sobbing and incoherent denial, but Aubrey saw that he had made an impression, and waited patiently, with his hand on the girl's arm.

"I *did* go away before Miss Wood," came at last; "she saw me herself; she knows I did."

"Yes, yes, no one ever said you didn't. But you went back again, you know. What was it you had forgotten?"

"It were nothing as didn't belong to me," retorted Dinah angrily. "Mrs. Marston give it me herself, and so she'll tell you if you ask her."

"I don't doubt it," said White. "And when you went upstairs for it, Miss Disbrowe's door was open, and she called you in."

"Yes; I thought she wanted to give me a trifle, maybe, for she'd kept me slaving after her those two days as never was; but she was a stingy old cat. Mrs. Marston herself were more of a lady, to my mind."

"And didn't she give you anything for your trouble that day?"

"Not she—not a brass farthing. She said they'd all gone and left her, and she wanted her medicine."

"So you went in and gave it to her. Quite right. Where was the medicine?"

"In a bottle on the washstand. She told me herself where to find it. I never looked at the label—why should I? She said it was her medicine, and she ought to know."

"Did she tell you how much to give her?"

"Yes, in course she did; she said I might give her all there was in the bottle, for she knew there wasn't more than a dose left."

"Where was she then—on the sofa?"

"Yes, lying back with her eyes shut. I'd have thought she

was going to faint, only I'd seen her go like that twenty times when she was put out."

"She did not look at the medicine herself, then?'

"No, not to notice, she didn't. She just half opened her eyes and drank it off, and told me to put a shawl over her and shut the door, for she'd try to sleep a bit."

"Very well, Dinah, that will do; you've told the truth at last, so you sha'n't be punished. But it would have been better for you if you had told the truth at first. Now you will have to come back with me to Hatcheter and tell the Judge the truth too."

"You'll put me in prison," cried Dinah, with a fresh attempt to escape, easily frustrated by the watchful Aubrey.

"No, I sha'n't, not if you behave quietly and do as you are told. But, by George! if you *don't* come along quietly with me and tell the truth when I tell you, I'll take you to a policeman, and have you put in prison this very night!"

He got her safely to the station at last, and telegraphed to Mrs. Merryweather to meet them at Hatcheter. He handed the girl over to her guardianship for the night, with strict injunctions that she was not to be allowed to talk to any one else, and then went away with a light heart to make his final preparations for the morrow.

Chapter VI.

The trial was over, the verdict given in accordance with evidence, the nature of which has been fully intimated in the foregoing chapter.

Miss Wood had been assured that she left the court without a stain upon her character, and had wondered rather bitterly if the Judge really supposed that any verdict of the jury, any words of his, would avail to remove the mark upon her life left by the events of the last two months. She had been at once taken charge of by the kindly Merryweathers—or rather Mrs. Merryweather, for the Rector had some parish business which could not be put off, and had left the court to catch his train before the final conclusion of the trial. The two women had spent the evening together, and it was settled that Anemone should go back with them to the Rectory, for the present. Mr. White had called to inquire, as the waiter put it, and had left word that he hoped to see the ladies before they left in the

morning. After this announcement Miss Wood became more silent and *distrait* than ever, and after allowing one or two of her friend's remarks to pass unheeded, said abruptly:

"Mrs. Merryweather, will you do one thing more for me to-morrow?"

"Of course, I'll do anything for you, my dear; especially if you'll call me, Nora, as I've begged of you to do, and feel really friendly."

"Well, Nora, dear," said Miss Wood with a faint smile, "I want you very much to see Mr. White for me to-morrow and settle the business part of it for me. I don't in the least know how to offer a gentleman money; and there is the solicitor too, I don't even know his name, or how to find it."

"You did not employ any solicitor," said Mrs. Merryweather quickly. "There's only Mr. White, and you can't pay him anything."

"I always knew I was very ignorant of the law," said Miss Wood wearily, "and I have found out by experience that I knew even less than I thought. But I *did* think I was sure of one thing—that you cannot employ a barrister without employing a solicitor too, for some inexplicable reason."

"That is so, as a general rule," said Nora, laughing, "but in an undefended case like yours—Mr. White explained it all to me, which accounts for my being so clever—a solicitor is not *necessary*, and the Judge does not always appoint one. Mr. White did everything, and I believe the court pays him—at any rate you don't."

"But that is just what I do not wish," said Anemone, blushing a delicate crimson. "When I refused to retain the services of counsel, it was not because I had any mean idea of getting them without paying for them. I thought I should have been allowed to do without them altogether. But since I had them, I shall pay for them of course, only I have not the least idea how to do it. Do you see him, Nora, and find out for me what to do, and I shall be more grateful to you than ever."

"'He that will not when he may, When he will he shall have nay,'" quoted Nora, laughing. "I don't suppose you can have anything to do with it now, and Mr. White will not be the loser. You can send £10 out of your new fortune to the Governesses' Home, if it will ease your conscience. But I will see him, of course, if you wish it."

"Yes, and there is another thing I want you to ask him. If I have not had any solicitor before, I suppose I must have one now, to make a legal transfer of that wretched money. Or do you think I can just write and tell Miss Disbrowe's solicitor to hand it over at once to Mr. Weston?"

"My dear Anemone, are you determined to do that? the money is fairly yours. I'm sure you have suffered enough about it! And Mr. Weston is no worse off than you are, and is a man, and can work for his living besides."

"I have enough to live upon, so I am spared that temptation," said Anemone quietly. "The money ought not to be mine, and Miss Disbrowe knew that as well as I did. So please ask Mr. White for me how I am to send it back."

Mrs. Merryweather sighed and promised, and was as good as her word. She had quite a long interview with Mr. White the next morning, and came out with an April face to look for Miss Wood afterwards. She found her in the little bedroom reading a letter, and as she looked up from it Nora saw that her friend was really angry.

"What is the matter, my dear?" she cried. "Who is worrying you now?"

"It is Mr. Weston," said Anemone, too indignant to shield him at that moment. "He might have waited to see what I should do!"

Mrs. Merryweather possessed herself of the letter without further words. It was very short, and after the barest and most formal congratulations on the result of the trial, went on to say that he thought it only right to let her know that he intended to contest his aunt's will on the ground of undue influence; as he knew that up to the date of her unhappy visit to Miss Wood, when her faculties were already somewhat impaired, she had no other intention than to leave him the money which she had led him to expect all his life.

"The meanness of the creature, and he by way of being a friend of yours!" broke out Mrs. Merryweather, who, however, knew nothing of Miss Wood's buried romance. "Don't give in to him, my dear; don't let him have it, at any rate not till he has wasted half of it in fighting for it, and has had the case given against him. That would serve him right."

Miss Wood held up her delicate head.

"I owe something to myself as well as to Mr. Weston," she said. "It is no longer a pleasure, but it is still a duty. Did

you tell Mr. White, dear—and about the other thing too. Oh I hope you have settled with him for me."

"Yes," said Mrs. Merryweather, the quick smiles returning; "but not quite in the way you wished. My dear, you can't have *everything* your own way. Mr. White says it is impossible for you to upset the arrangements of the court now—they would not take the trouble to do it. He is paid out of some fund for such purposes, and it is all settled. As for the money, he seems to know you pretty well, though you have not met for so long. When I told him that nothing would do but you must give all this money, which has cost you so much, back to Mr. Weston, he smiled and said: 'Yes, I expected to hear that. She would not be the Miss Wood I remembered if she did not do so.'"

Anemone smiled and blushed with a sense of great relief. "Thank you," she said. "Did you get the address of a solicitor for me?"

"No, I really do think you can do that much for yourself. And I don't think you ought to keep him waiting any longer."

"I did not understand he was waiting," said Miss Wood, shrinking a little. "Let us go back then."

"My dear, think of my packing!" remonstrated Mrs. Merryweather, with laughter in her eyes. "And the train goes in an hour. I think he has had quite enough of me for one morning, so you must do the rest of your business for yourself."

She retreated into her room as she spoke, murmuring: "And I know we shall lose that train, so it is just as well I told Martin we would walk from the station."

Meanwhile Anemone, after a moment's hesitation, went into the little sitting-room, and was received with so eager a greeting that her composure was nearly upset. She faltered out her thanks, and then plunged at once into the business which was on her mind, and got the information she wanted.

"And as for you," she ended, "Mrs. Merryweather tells me—I am so grieved and ashamed—that it is impossible for me to discharge my debt to you." She felt herself stumbling and growing crimson, and paused. Mr. White got up and came towards her with an eager look in his eyes.

"It is not at all impossible," he said. "I only hesitate to tell you how, lest I should appear to you in the guise of a Shylock. Anemone"—Miss Wood started and trembled—"I don't want to ask any questions; but it is evident to me that the last

twelve years have not been what you expected. I am just in the same mind now as I was then. Dear, don't you think I could make you happier?"

Anemone could not speak.

He went on after a moment: "I won't tease you for an answer just now. But you must let me have the chance to make you feel that you can trust me."

"Oh," cried Anemone, finding her voice at last, "don't, don't think of it! I was not good enough for you twelve years ago. I have known that since. And now, there are so many more reasons why you should not think of it."

"You must let me be the judge of that now," said Aubrey, with a smile. "You owe me so much." Then as she hid her face, he drew her unresistingly towards him. "Never mind the reasons. Give that fellow his money—and give me yourself."

THE FRENCH SCHOOLBOY.*

THERE is no denying that for the last ten or twelve years in France reforms have really been taking place in every branch of the National Administration, and I purposely note the date because till about 1879 or 1880 all was confusion, not to say disorder, and no one appeared to see clearly what was necessary, or where and how that "necessary" was to come to pass.

The first cry throughout the length and breadth of the land was for better, cheaper, more efficient Education. This must be duly noted, for it explains much that has been imperfectly appreciated by the English public. I repeat it—the first want everywhere expressed, by degrees as children grew in years, was to know more, and know better. The first thing thought of was not war, not military improvement, for the defeat had been so sudden, so utterly unexpected, and was so completely (to all appearance) definitive, that the notion of retrieval seemed too distant; too difficult to be entertained with any chance of success. There was total discouragement.

Neither did any large majority of the "anonymous crowd" (or, as M. Thiers so contemptuously called it, "the vile multitude") clamour at first for public works, for the means of transport and intercommunication, though France was in arrear of all other countries, and lacked the modes of life of the modern world. But this the mass of the dispirited nation did not understand—with the intricacies of finance, above all with those of political economy, no one meddled. These remained as a matter of fact mysteries till after the

* 'Conférence de Juin 1888, De l'Ecole Monge'; 'L'Education Athlétique, 1889 (Bruxelles), pour l'association pour l'avancement des Sciences'; 'Education Anglaise en France'; 'Universités Transatlantiques'; 'Athletics and Gymnastics' (Bolton, U.S.), 1890:—all by M. Pierre de Coubertin. Paris: Hachette.

first Great Exhibition in 1878–9 and the strong tendency towards the new scientific movement—the new elements of modern existence—principally bringing their irresistible pressure to bear upon Europe from the United States.

Broadly stated, the movement for educational improvement was in its earliest period an intuitive or instinctive one, and had grown during ten years gradually out of the more distinct want for a larger life. It was indisputably "more life and fuller" that was year after year being longed and, with time, clamoured for. But this was purely instinctive at the outset, and grew by degrees into greater precision as youth expanded into a maturer stage and learned what it wanted, and what, once discerning clearly the want, it determined to have.

The merely instinctive movement in the beginning came from all, but the practical movement giving a real *raison d'être* to the definite object it sought to obtain was delayed for over ten years, till the mass of the children who in 1870 were ten and fifteen years old had reached the age of twenty and twenty-five. It is most essential to realize this, for the present rapidly ripening improvement is one springing mainly from the efforts of young men—from their more eager temperament, from the wider and more varied perceptions with which science has endowed them, from the means of locomotion, above all, with which they are daily more familiar, and, more than all else, from the absolute necessity they are discovering for a man to be a man; not a "learned man" alone, not a mere thinking machine, not a receptacle for the mental acquirements of other beings and other ages—but a creature having, with a well-regulated brain, a well-conditioned heart, and the required equilibrium of all his various faculties that go to make him capable of having and of exercising a Will.

There should be no mistake about what it is the healthy young men of France are now aiming at. A very long past—the past of the last two centuries—has taught the nation in what it failed, and how its education after the seventeenth century tended to undermine its moral strength. You may approve or disapprove, like or dislike the "Great Cardinal"—but with Cardinal Richelieu the will of France died out.

There is plenty of "cleverness" to be found after his date: plenty and to spare; from Anne of Austria and Mazarin to Napoleon I. there is no want of ability. Through the time of Louis XIV. (whom it is loved to call *Le Grand*) and all the

gifted writers and thinkers and statesmen of his period, and through that of the courtiers and brilliant men of the world of Louis XV. and the Regency, the politicians and diplomatists of the Court and of "society," there is capacity sufficient to dazzle external Europe. There are Rousseau and Voltaire, and the whole "*Encyclopédie!*" And in what does all this "capacity" (note well that is only "capacity," with blinding flashes of Genius lighting it all up, here and there as storms are lighted up)—in what does all this mere cleverness result? In the Revolution of 1789; in the Reign of Destruction; in an anarchy which, while it endures, is the most sanguinary ever known, and which when it lapses into what is called an "established Government" (namely a military despotism), represents chiefly the rule of injustice, fraud, and violence, draped simply with the cloak of so-called glory.

Looked at with the "singleness of eye" and rectitude of sense of the modern mind, and as it is now (and has been for half a century) developing in other nations—where, in this most strange chaos—where was in reality, education? Where the principles upon which, where the processes by which, an average honest citizen was attempted to be created? Without being pedantic or exacting in the matter, where were the men whose example could be "looked up to" by youth—whom a generous-hearted, bodily and mentally healthy young man would long to follow?

To that question an answer is but too readily given: there were (after the peace concluded at the close of the "great war," the peace of 1815) no youths, no boys, no healthy children in France desirous of such models, had any such models been forthcoming for them to copy. There was no longer any worship of the "Right" as Right.

The Ideal was destroyed. Words like "duty," "self-sacrifice," "disinterestedness," were erased from the language, were no longer at hand wherewith to form (or rather re-form) a new mode of speech derived from the fundamental excellence of the ancient tongue. What once had been was dead, and what it was necessary should be had not yet grown to recognize its own necessity. There was no longer any youth, no enthusiasm, no longer any faculty of noble Imprudence left! In the *casernes* instituted under the first Napoleon by the Grand Maître de l'Université, M. de Fontanes, there were fashioned a vast quantity of human machines, that automatically went through

what were accepted as the "duties of life," and were regular in all their evolutions as if they were clockwork. Unless in the very rarest cases they were never "disturbed," (let alone "disordered,") by any human instincts—and, more than all the rest, these eminently well-instructed young gentlemen were one and all the same. There were no differences or distinctions of species.

When the youth of the nation perceived this, then gradually came the change. I revert to my dates. The instinctive movement, as I stated, was naturally an unconscious one; it came with the mothers of children under five or six years old, for these mothers were of an earlier epoch, and cried out for primary education and communal schools, where the boys might learn cheaply (as in the ecclesiastical establishments), only better; for already was roused the alarm that "they teach nothing, *chez les frères*," and note it duly, the French parent of the first period (1871 to 1875–6) believed—as did his fathers and grandfathers—in "learning." When, up to ten years ago, a French peasant or artisan wished to express his utmost surprise at a crime committed by an educated man, he invariably did so by the words, "Eh! cependant, il avait tant d'éducation."

Yes, the first adults, hard hit by the consequences of the war, clamoured for instruction—mere learning as a nostrum—did not know what their boys were to learn, or how they were to learn it, but simply intended that they should be "as learned as the Prussians," know all they knew, and thereby be enabled to exercise dominion (whether just or unjust) over other nations, and, above all else, be powerful, and make war on their neighbours, and bear away unlimited quantities of "loot."

When the boys of ten grew up to be twenty their view of the future was a totally different one. Then came the real change, and this began towards the date of 1882–86. Then shone the new light, and it was a "light"—and it was light that youth should yearn towards; for it meant truth. When the change came, it came quickly, and it grew with every year and every month. It was no longer for mere knowledge that the rising generation thirsted, it was for greater worth. This is what has to be observed. The present educational movement in France is pre-eminently but indisputably a moral one.

I am not attempting here to describe in any detail what the manner of the various Reforms may be which will in a very few

years be the inevitable consequence of the restored moral consciousness of French youth. But I am desirous of showing that moral consciousness is being restored; that it is dreamt of chiefly by the very young, and that, when once the ideal has been acknowledged, its cult is being proclaimed by such a formidable majority that the impetus is already irresistible. I am not at present occupied in trying to prove what are the precise methods contemplated by the teachers of the French nation in order to improve the "raw material" entrusted to their care: they themselves do not yet accurately know—but they will ere long discover, for they are already aware that such raw material must be found. The defeat of 1870 has been realized. There is the patent fact—the fact that is of import to us all: perhaps more to the external world than even to France. The race—to whose inherited shortcomings, to whose magnificent perverted gifts, to whose false vain aspirations their disasters and (worse than all) their misleading triumphs, were for two centuries due—the adults of two generations, failed to understand the terrible lesson, and thought the harm done could be retrieved; and as a first step towards retrieval, tried to disguise its extent. The actors in the crowning catastrophe of 1870 refused to see its meaning, and have continued as they were and as were their forefathers. The youth of France have said "no" to that. There is the real secret. From 1700 to close upon 1900, through Bossuet, and Fénélon, and M. de Fontanes, the brilliant instructors appointed by the French University to fashion her sons into strong, useful, helpful citizens, have been of diverse natures, and immensely distinguished, yet such individuals as Cousin, Villemain, Victor de Broglie, Guizot, Jules Simon, Waddington, and others of equal value, have been wasted and thrown away, and the overwhelming mass of the "instructed" has been for ever the same, all on one pattern: the "raw material" has been inferior, and the country inefficiently served, for the reason that the educational element has been one of perpetual conventionality, never essentially belonging to the domain of truth.

As the years after 1870 rolled on, the young men of France came to see with their own eyes no longer with the eyes of others, and as they grew, and as the primary human truths dawned upon them, they judged the past as those who helped to make it did not judge it. Right or wrong, reverential or irreverential, the young men—when they came to be "men"

but young and "new"—judged their fathers, and resolved that they would not, from their own faults and weaknesses, incur and deserve the same defeats, the same well-merited fate.

They saw how great the imperfections of their species had been in 1870; they saw a vast national body with over-developed brain and over-excited nervous system, overstrained by the exclusive application of sterile educational labour, and altogether unequilibrised by any adequate physical or moral strength, a "substance grise" perhaps of considerable size, but unsupported by either muscle or backbone.

This young generation aimed at once at strength and completeness of strength—it bounded forwards, as the leading electricians have done, towards the ruling principle—the storage of force; and the first word that really told what was meant by the introduction of physical reforms into the education of French boys, was that quoted by Jules Simon in his short but eloquent Preface to Pierre de Coubertin's earliest book pointing to the inevitable oneness of physical and moral strength.

". . . Mais c'est de la force morale que nous allons faire!"*

Here we reach the turning-point, and we can do nothing more practical than show the example that not three years ago was set by one young man who, with unparalleled good faith, and in the plainest language possible, described to his countrymen what he recognised as the defects of French training, and where he believed the improvement in its methods might be best sought for. He went so resolutely straight to his aim, and proclaimed it so ruthlessly, that nothing more useful occurs to me than to translate and quote certain portions of M. de Coubertin's works (whether speeches or books) which within the last two or three years have laid in France the foundation of a gradual transformation of the complete educational system.

The initial attempt of the young reformer was made at the

* Over two years ago, in a Preface by Jules Simon to M. de Coubertin's first work on the complete reforms required in French education, the following passage occurs: ". . . On s'est élevé contre le surménage intellectuel" (the over-straining of the intelligence), "on ne détruit que ce qu'on remplace et M. Pierre de Coubertin remplace le surménage. Il fait appel à la Force. Et il a raison. C'est sous la force que le surménage succombera. . . . Le Général Thomassin me disait en sortant de notre dernière séance: 'C'est de la force morale que nous allons faire.' Quel beau mot! quelle idée juste! Le Général ne savait pas depuis combien de temps je prêche cette doctrine et quels efforts j'ai faits pour la faire réussir. La voilà sous la PROTECTION DE LA JEUNESSE!"

École Monge,* where he related that, with a view to perfecting the "raw material" amongst his own compatriots, his first studies (on leaving College) had been directed to the public schools of England, and to the completer strength of character, to the higher development of manliness, to the fiercer determination of will that they undeniably produced in the boys and growing youths committed to their charge. His picture of the impression made on him by Eton is largely deserving of being meditated on by English as well as Frenchmen, and contains the outlines of all the principles that may seem desirable to such teachers as desire to form not a cleverer, but a stronger, healthier, more generous, and more thoroughly human class of brave, honest men and dutiful citizens than mere learning is capable of bringing forth.

This is what M. Pierre de Coubertin meant and still means by the word "training," for that is the true purport of what he and his followers are aiming at. Training is the one and the only proper word. It implies the making of the perfect human creature, physical and moral; and for this reason, in his first description of what he discerns and proposes as a model in the "Eton boy," he quotes a page of 'Tom Brown'—"Rugby" being in his esteem as safe and as unfailing a producer of the future "English gentleman" as the grand school of Eton on the banks of Father Thames.

"Remember," says this young Frenchman, "that from cradle to grave struggle is the essence of life, as it is the unavoidable aim, the real life-bringer of all the sons of men . . . existence is a fight . . . and has to be fought out. Self-defence is a noble art and must be practised . . . never seek a quarrel, but never shun one, and if it seeks you, be sure you fight to the last—as long as strength is given you to stand! . . . guard your honesty of purpose, your good faith—beware of all false seeming, of all pretence! cultivate arduous tasks—aspire to what is difficult and do persistently what is uncomfortable and unpleasant—love effort passionately, for without effort there can be no manliness . . . I lay stress on all this, because I have invariably seen that the imitation of what are called sporting qualities, the pretence of vigour, in short the so-called 'pose' in schoolboys, whose real nature is not hardy and bold, are simply the signs of internal defects attempted

* The *École Monge* is the most advanced as it was the completest and earliest essay made after the war to initiate a system of higher physical and moral tuition.

but young and "new"—judged their fathers, and resolved that they would not, from their own faults and weaknesses, incur and deserve the same defeats, the same well-merited fate.

They saw how great the imperfections of their species had been in 1870; they saw a vast national body with over-developed brain and over-excited nervous system, overstrained by the exclusive application of sterile educational labour, and altogether unequilibrised by any adequate physical or moral strength, a "substance grise" perhaps of considerable size, but unsupported by either muscle or backbone.

This young generation aimed at once at strength and completeness of strength—it bounded forwards, as the leading electricians have done, towards the ruling principle—the storage of force; and the first word that really told what was meant by the introduction of physical reforms into the education of French boys, was that quoted by Jules Simon in his short but eloquent Preface to Pierre de Coubertin's earliest book pointing to the inevitable oneness of physical and moral strength.

". . . Mais c'est de la force morale que nous allons faire!"*

Here we reach the turning-point, and we can do nothing more practical than show the example that not three years ago was set by one young man who, with unparalleled good faith, and in the plainest language possible, described to his countrymen what he recognised as the defects of French training, and where he believed the improvement in its methods might be best sought for. He went so resolutely straight to his aim, and proclaimed it so ruthlessly, that nothing more useful occurs to me than to translate and quote certain portions of M. de Coubertin's works (whether speeches or books) which within the last two or three years have laid in France the foundation of a gradual transformation of the complete educational system.

The initial attempt of the young reformer was made at the

* Over two years ago, in a Preface by Jules Simon to M. de Coubertin's first work on the complete reforms required in French education, the following passage occurs: ". . . On s'est élevé contre le surménage intellectuel" (the over-straining of the intelligence), "on ne détruit que ce qu'on remplace et M. Pierre de Coubertin remplace le surménage. Il fait appel à la Force. Et il a raison. C'est sous la force que le surménage succombera. . . . Le Général Thomassin me disait en sortant de notre dernière séance: 'C'est de la force morale que nous allons faire.' Quel beau mot! quelle idée juste! Le Général ne savait pas depuis combien de temps je prêche cette doctrine et quels efforts j'ai faits pour la faire réussir. La voilà sous la PROTECTION DE LA JEUNESSE!"

École Monge,* where he related that, with a view to perfecting the "raw material" amongst his own compatriots, his first studies (on leaving College) had been directed to the public schools of England, and to the completer strength of character, to the higher development of manliness, to the fiercer determination of will that they undeniably produced in the boys and growing youths committed to their charge. His picture of the impression made on him by Eton is largely deserving of being meditated on by English as well as Frenchmen, and contains the outlines of all the principles that may seem desirable to such teachers as desire to form not a cleverer, but a stronger, healthier, more generous, and more thoroughly human class of brave, honest men and dutiful citizens than mere learning is capable of bringing forth.

This is what M. Pierre de Coubertin meant and still means by the word "training," for that is the true purport of what he and his followers are aiming at. Training is the one and the only proper word. It implies the making of the perfect human creature, physical and moral; and for this reason, in his first description of what he discerns and proposes as a model in the "Eton boy," he quotes a page of 'Tom Brown'—"Rugby" being in his esteem as safe and as unfailing a producer of the future "English gentleman" as the grand school of Eton on the banks of Father Thames.

"Remember," says this young Frenchman, "that from cradle to grave struggle is the essence of life, as it is the unavoidable aim, the real life-bringer of all the sons of men . . . existence is a fight . . . and has to be fought out. Self-defence is a noble art and must be practised . . . never seek a quarrel, but never shun one, and if it seeks you, be sure you fight to the last—as long as strength is given you to stand! . . . guard your honesty of purpose, your good faith—beware of all false seeming, of all pretence! cultivate arduous tasks—aspire to what is difficult and do persistently what is uncomfortable and unpleasant—love effort passionately, for without effort there can be no manliness . . . I lay stress on all this, because I have invariably seen that the imitation of what are called sporting qualities, the pretence of vigour, in short the so-called 'pose' in schoolboys, whose real nature is not hardy and bold, are simply the signs of internal defects attempted

* The *École Monge* is the most advanced as it was the completest and earliest essay made after the war to initiate a system of higher physical and moral tuition.

to be disguised. The pretender to boldness amongst boys is merely one in whom true virility is extinguished, and who dislikes all effort—avoids trouble or pain of whatsoever sort, flies danger if he can do so unperceived, and is ready at telling a lie! . . . therefore aim at acquiring the habit of self-restraint; for self-sacrifice, the habit of painful effort, of physical pain is a useful one! . . ."

These precepts point out clearly what was the first, the original tendency of the reform in the training of youth amongst these young men, and why training was the true word for it.

But such theories as the above engendered others, and from the schoolboys in France the teaching progressed to the schoolmasters.

The earliest publication of this higher-school doctrine took place last spring (1889) in the volume entitled 'L'Education Anglaise en France.' It was published by the house of Hachette, and the author's name was at the outset covered, as we have mentioned, by the illustrious one of M. Jules Simon.

It is time a few remarks should state in further detail who and what is M. de Coubertin, for his work is one of the most important of any of the reforms the French nation has attempted for a good century and a half.

Pierre de Coubertin was a young man of scarcely twenty-six, the pupil of schools, the son of parents sometimes regarded in France as clerical or reactionary in their opinions and practices. But he saw with his own eyes, was abreast of his time, listened to the teachings of both past and present, studied what may be termed the fabrication of free men in other countries, and with the truthful and clear faculties of a perfectly healthy and equilibrized nature, devoted himself at once to the task of preaching what to him appeared the truth, with the sincerity of very early youth, and with what ought always to be the courage of early years, he realized the extremely simple fact of the identity of the word virtue in its real classical sense; and dared to proclaim the inseparability of virtue and force contained in the primitive expression, *vir*.

This was the real motive for what may be regarded as the sequel to the primary lectures at the *Collège Monge*. These concerned the boys, the Brussels Conferences had for their aim the masters. As is immediately to be perceived, the subject has widened out, and the lecturer is aware of it.

" . . . The subject on which you do me the honour to invite

me to speak" (are the opening words of the lecture) "is to my mind a scientific one, and touches the grandest of all sciences, that, namely, which teaches how to create men. In truth," he says, "I find two total and absolute contradictions in the teacher as imagined by the well-known Bishop of Orleans and the as well-known Dr. Thring. 'Respect and Authority' are the watchwords I meet with everywhere on the one side. Freedom and independent development are those of the other. . . . For centuries in France education is an authoritative, an arbitrary and oppressive process—this is so self-evident that it requires no proof. Whatever the specific form, the principle is for ever the same: the autocracy has always subsisted, and the Jesuits have simply bequeathed their modes of teaching to the University; the Master is a surgeon who operates on the child he has to educate. The object is to give the habit of submission. Mgr. Dupanloup's system produced disciples. The Head Master of Uppingham has left a host of admirers and fellow-workers. . . . In every sense the methods are divergent; nor do the students of one country as yet at all comprehend the results achieved by the other: the French, for example, unreflectingly decry the custom of flogging in English public schools, and never realize the fact that in France we flog the spirit, not the flesh—we flog the spirit till it is put down!"

We will use the original expressions—they deserve it:

"En France nous ne fouettons pas la chair, mais l'esprit; et l'esprit nous le fouettons jusqu'à ce qu'il soit dompté—'Il saigne à l'intérieur.'"

There is no enterprise so desperate as that of weaning the French public from any custom—above all if it has had leisure to grow into a prejudice; and the bare notion of attacking the mouldy but time-honoured methods of French education would have scared even so bold a reformer as M. de Coubertin. His first step, therefore, was to render an account to himself of what he believed were his convictions; he went to Germany and England, studied the fabrication of free men in other countries, came home more convinced than ever, more certain of what was his duty, and went direct to Belgium to declare it publicly.

Not quite two years ago, the lectures delivered by this young man created such a sensation in Brussels, and other towns in Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and France, that there was no longer any possibility of arresting the impetus.

Then it was that, finding he had with him not only the

young generation who thronged enthusiastically around him, but all their elders, who had not forgotten the true meaning of genuine classical lore; then it was that the youthful pioneer (there is no other name for him) agreed to accept the leadership of a movement that has been gradually awarded him by common consent. The most fruitful source of his reforms has been found amongst Anglo-Saxons. This year he has completed his schooling by a minute study of the educational methods of the daily increasing establishments of the United States and the Canadian Dominion. It may, I think, be affirmed that no truer, more impartial, more useful work upon the existing modes of education in America is to be found than is furnished by this young author in his book entitled 'Universités Transatlantiques.'

But mere learning, "mere pedagogical education," has not been M. de Coubertin's sole object; he has aspired to higher, completer aims, in the formation of men; his supreme success has been sought (and realized) by the more perfect and completer view of what the British race of free men has produced as a nation. I copy the following from a statement recently made by M. Pierre de Coubertin:

"Je voudrais faire passer à mes compatriotes toute l'impression que l'Angleterre m'a laissée: ma thèse est que les Anglais ont au fond un secret de force, de puissance: c'est leur éducation, elle seule, mais toute entière: j'ai vu le Jubilé de la Reine. J'ai assisté à ce spectacle inoubliable, à cette manifestation nationale qu'aucun autre peuple sur la terre ne peut renouveler—c'est là le 'outcome of the Victorian æra,' et le 'Victorian æra' est le produit direct de leur éducation."

I again repeat that I had no intention of entering upon the various details constituting the various reforms planned (and in course of practical execution) by the young teachers of the present generation in France, nor have I any space for such an undertaking, at the present moment; but I do feel that in presence of the want undeniably shown for improvement, of the devotion and energy with which the youth of France are striving to bring it about, in face of the love of Truth, more and more visible, and of the honest greeting everywhere tendered to the grand example set by the "Victorian Age," it would be wrong, because unjust, if no recognition of the bare facts were to come from our side. It seems to me fitting that the British public should know what are the sincere efforts being at this present moment made by the young generations of

France in favour of the attainment of a superior, sterner degree of Moral Power.

In a short speech made at Boston (in English) in the autumn of last year* M. P. de Coubertin adverted to the vast reforms achieved by Dr. Arnold in the following terms: ". . . . the extensive inquiry we have now made† has shown us, that all over the world, even Englishmen themselves, who perhaps knew comparatively little about Arnold personally, were still, if unconsciously, adhering to his ideas and views, believing them to be the best. We are now striving to introduce in France the same species of reform according to the practical precept of:

"'When you find your neighbour has a good thing, take it!'"

* 'Athletics and Gymnastics,' by Pierre de Coubertin, at the Training Conference, November, 1889; Boston, Mass.

† It would be most unjust not to state the frank, generous, and wise support M. P. de Coubertin has received from his own National Government. In opening his lecture at Boston (above noted) he says: "I am commissioned by the French Government to visit the Universities and Colleges of this country, not only with reference to the subject of physical education, but also with reference to all other branches of training." It should be known that it is in the name of the present French Government that this unsparing reformer was sent to the United States to study the modes of making education in France more complete.

MADAME DE BURY.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

NOTES FROM PARIS—NOTES FROM EDINBURGH—INCIDENTS OF THE AUSTRALIAN STRIKE—GLUCK'S "ORFEO"—ASSISI IN AUTUMN.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE principal object of interest at present is the personification of "Cléopâtre" by Sarah Bernhardt; the general verdict being that the sight leaves a most unpleasant impression. Sarah Bernhardt is so great an actress that she must, necessarily, be remarkable in every part: she has not, however, improved since her repeated travels in far-distant regions, where the taste of the public being less refined, she is not guarded against exaggeration as at the Comédie Française, where we heard Got himself hissed one night, because, in the excitement of action, he had slightly transgressed the limits of good taste. Then, the violent dramas which she has acted of late years have injured the sweet tones of the "golden voice," which was never intended by nature for screaming and ranting. In "Cléopâtre" she is unpleasantly meretricious, the rendering of the character represented being too realistic. Her costumes, as usual, are splendid; but some alarm is expressed in *couturière* establishments at the total absence of any cutting-out, or fabrication, lest ladies should take a fancy to such primitive styles of apparel. Several yards of material swathed round the figure and fastened with pins—without the intervention of a needle anywhere! "Des épingles! Rien que des épingles!" said an indignant "first hand" to us; "est-ce qu'on s'habille avec des épingles!" And a chorus of protesting voices declare that "*cette* Sarah" must be mad. On the other hand, husbands and fathers admire and approve the economical innovation, with the idea of suppressing *couturière's* bills. But, even supposing the very improbable adoption of such a simplified mode of attire, would not the *couturières* be necessarily called in to arrange the pins and folds? What average woman could manage to coil yards and yards of clinging material round her figure with any graceful result? What delicious sketches of middle-aged, stout matrons in classical attire Leech would have drawn, had he lived to hear of such things!

It is said that in the days of the first Napoleon, the painter Isabey would never allow his wife to wear a ball-dress like others, but himself pinned around her folds of gauze, intermingled with flowers, so as to produce a charming, though peculiar, effect. He was an artist, and might be allowed some privileges. We doubt, however, the success of modern unartistic husbands if required to dress their wives with yards of gauze, or China crape, and a paper of pins.

The recent lists of pupils admitted to the military schools, after competitive examination, shows a large increase in the number of aristocratic names. For some time, after the establishment of the Republic, there was a good deal of holding back amongst the high families, and a disinclination to serve in the army. But now that they all *must* do so, there is so great an advantage in the position of an officer, that besides the considerations of patriotism, which overrule political dislikes, the question of personal interest would prove sufficient in many cases. The white flag was buried with the Comte de Chambord—there is now but one for all parties—and the army represents *La Patrie*, the Fatherland.

Besides, no other profession is now open to young men of high birth. Under the Empire there were the *Préfets* and *Sous-Préfets*—in other words, governors of departments and sub-governors of towns—this sounded well, and had an air of vice-royalty about it which was a temptation. But now all these functionaries must be declared Republicans, and, as such, are kept at a distance by all the local families of position. Any one who goes to the *Préfet's* receptions or balls is immediately put outside the pale of society. "They are people—*qui vont chez le Préfet!*" Nothing more need be said, and, henceforward, every other door is closed upon them.

The violence of political feeling, especially in the Provinces, could hardly be imagined by outsiders. We could quote an instance of an English lady, received in the best society of a provincial town, who, having met on neutral ground a Republican gentleman, whom she thought particularly clever and agreeable, allowed him to recognize her and exchange a few words with her in the street.

"You spoke to Monsieur ——?"

"Why not? Is he not perfectly respectable and very agreeable?"

"But he is a *declared Republican!*"

"What does that matter?"

"It matters so much, that if you know him, no one will receive you."

And the Englishwoman was forced to submit to local tyranny on pain of losing all her acquaintances.

Such a state of affairs is not likely to bring about much friendly feeling between the different political parties!

The diplomatic career was formerly eagerly sought by young men of good family; but the same difficulties now prevent them from trying to obtain any post. They could not be attachés under a Republican Minister or Ambassador without finding themselves incessantly placed in false positions, while the hope of promotion for those bearing significant names would be very slight.

The result is, that young men of high birth now enter the army as the only way of having something to do; and remain there after marriage. The attractions of Paris are no longer sufficient to induce young ladies to lay down the condition that their husbands should leave the army

and live in the only place where, under the Empire, life seemed endurable. When daughters married *Sous-Préfets*, or even *Préfets*, the whole family wept over the miseries of the separation, and the wretched necessity of living, for at least some time, in a provincial town. They were called exiles, and it was considered only natural that they should escape to Paris whenever they could find an excuse to do so. When their *espérances* were realized by the death of rich relations, they hastened to give up their post of uncongenial honour, and returned to Paris—or Paradise.

At the present time people are more sensible and more practical, though perhaps with lessened merit, for Paris has lost many of its charms. They travel more, they no longer fear distances, and young wives consent, very philosophically, to inhabit garrison towns for an indefinite period. They now have a better understanding of comfort, and have learned how to make homes pretty; they are always well-dressed, and always bright and cheerful in public, whatever their domestic troubles may be: in short, they make the best of their position. The Frenchwoman of the present day never complains, and never initiates strangers, or even acquaintances, into her grievances; on the contrary, she takes a sort of pride in describing everything around her as particularly delightful: above all, she never complains of her husband, so long as she lives with him, whatever he may do. When at last some scandalous affair takes place which cannot be concealed, the public discovers with amazement that the affectionate couple hated each other; that the fathers and mothers-in-law, always talked of as perfections and treasures, were intolerable plagues and made endless mischief; that the charming children, so exceptionally gifted, gave great trouble in various ways; that the delightful house was intolerable to live in!

But nobody ever knew anything about it—and most couples go on thus—to the end. The thorns may prick their fingers; but then they wear faultless gloves, and no one sees the wounds.

"Marie, tu me feras mourir de chagrin!" we heard a French mother vociferate to a rebellious child, in accents of despair. But immediately afterwards she gave us the assurance that everything had been blessed in her household since "that angel" (*cet ange*) had been sent to them!

The spirit of that little scene is often met with, and it may be the wisest after all.

Notes from Edinburgh.

An old historic house, the Hope House, has disappeared, and in its place has arisen a stately modern building, beautifully planned, and nobly constructed within and without, the Free Library of Edinburgh, Mr. Andrew Carnegie's gift to our citizens. Its foundations and lower storeys are in the Cowgate, the poorest district of old Edinburgh, whence tier upon tier it rises, till the façade of the building is the most striking feature of the George IV. Bridge. The style of the architecture is

Renaissance, and of necessity the outward aspect of the Library suffers somewhat from its nearness to the other buildings of very different form and colour. Time and custom will doubtless modify this effect of incongruity while preserving the really beautiful lines, and mellowing the rich soft colour of the building. Above the entrance door are carved the words: "Let there be light," a motto which reappears woven into different devices throughout the rooms. As you go through this really magnificent building, with its treasure-houses of books, there is no need to be reminded about the proverb of looking a gift-horse in the mouth. Time and experience may point out defects in the system, and faults in the structure, but at present the defects are the last thing that will strike the spectator. The maximum of thought and the power of organization seem to have reduced the working of this vast machine to the minimum of trouble. In drawing up the rules and regulations by which this Library was to be managed, experience was sought at all the great libraries in the kingdom. By a combined process of adoption and elimination, a system has been worked out which seems alike simple in theory and practice.

When Mr. Gladstone visited the Library, he was struck by the arrangement of the books in the Circulating Department, and thought it would have been a better plan to have arranged them according to the nature of the works in different parts of the room. Here they are arranged in shelves all round the room, the highest shelves being filled with works on religion and philosophy only, the next row art and science, the two next (on a level with the hand for obvious reasons) with works of fiction. Lower down are histories, biographies, books of travel, and poetry. The librarian represented to Mr. Gladstone that, by this arrangement, the work of the employés was equally distributed; whereas by the other plan the man in charge of the Philosophy department would find his part a sinecure, while the guardian of novels would be worked to death. In this Library the percentage of works of fiction taken out during a week is 47 as contrasted with 86 in England.

The Reference Library is crowded every evening with artizans, and in the reading-room working-men stand, three and four deep, waiting for their turn to get to the newspapers. In the morning hours the greater proportion of visitors are clerks, who look in on their way to work; between eleven and three the leisured classes haunt the rooms. Later in the afternoon the wives of artizans, with their baskets, returning from their household shopping; later again the clerks, and in the evening the rooms are crowded with working-men. No section of the Library is more interesting than the Juvenile Department, which is only open from three to eight, as it was found that by opening it in the morning truancy from school was encouraged. Here, squatting round the tables, poring over the magazines, are to be seen little, ragged, barefooted children. Every week over 3000 volumes are issued to these small people by librarians no older than their clients.

It is curious to note the stone-carved motto preserved from the old Hope House let into the door above the Reference Room, "Tecum habita," is less appropriate to that large well-filled room, stored with the garnered wisdom of the great minds of all ages, than it was to the shrewd, self-contained, Lord Advocate, Thomas Hope, builder and founder of the original house, nearly 300 years ago.

Incidents of the Australian Strike.

The following notes have been sent to us by an eye-witness, under date, Sydney, October 7th :—

Mr. C—— gave us a very interesting account of his work as "special" and volunteer drayman. Very few people, even in Sydney, know that this work is still going on, and that all the wool which comes down country to Darling Harbour is driven from the station to the various shipping quays, and shipped *entirely* by gentlemen drivers. One man, M——, does all the wool carting, and has something like 90 "lorries" and over 180 fine dray-horses. He has a good reputation as a master, and some of his men have been in his service fifteen or twenty years. But they all came out at the Union's bidding—it being hoped that in this way an end would be put to any wool export from Sydney—the Union being ready to sacrifice even the *Union* sheds in their anxiety to block those shearing under Station Rules. For some time there was a block, and a number of bales accumulated; but a friend of Mr. C——, a prominent woolbroker, suggested volunteer drivers, and Mr. C—— was the first man to "sign on." The new era was inaugurated the day of the "Riot Act," and for several days it was found necessary to convey the wool down in processions, with a strong force of police and mounted troopers.

Now, however, they have made a good headway against the glut at the station, and in addition are carting regularly every train-load as it comes in.

Mr. C—— leaves the hotel at five every morning and carts all day, taking about five loads of sixteen or seventeen great bales considerable distances as his day's work—his seems to be the greatest average. No one is driving wool trollies but amateurs. I came across one in G—— Street the other day; two fine horses, and the "lorry" piled high with three tiers of bales, on the topmost one the driver, in old trousers, grey-flannel shirt, white-silk tie (!), and old straw hat—very evidently a gentleman; another down on the lower bale managing the brake, and the policeman walking alongside. (Mr. C—— is the only man who manages his cart alone.)

One big firm is so much afraid of the Union that even when these gentlemen bring the wool down to their place, they are refused even a drink of water, because "it is a rule of the firm to give nothing to draymen!" Most of the big wool-brokers in Central Wharf keep open

house, and beer, and bread and cheese are to be had by the volunteers in the middle of the day there *ad lib.*

Though the "lorries" are not molested in G—— Street, they are much hooted and jeered at in the smaller streets. Two drays here had their traces cut and several drivers have been injured by blue metal. I drove down on Mr. C——'s dray, and several people "hoped I would fall off and break my neck."

GLUCK'S "ORFEO."

The production of Gluck's *Orfeo* at Covent Garden after its thirty years' absence from the London stage, has been, so far, *the* event of Signor Lago's season of Italian opera. A crowded and representative musical house showed the attractive power of an interesting classical revival, a novelty also to most opera-goers of the present generation. Gluck occupied in his time the position of operatic innovator, in which he has been succeeded on much more advanced lines by Richard Wagner; in the *Orfeo* he used very largely the now extinct fashion of pantomime, which, in gifted hands, can become such a wondrous means of dramatic expression. Of this fact there was a most interesting and distinguished example at Covent Garden; the operatic stage has seldom seen anything finer or more dramatic than the impersonation of "Orpheus" by Mdlle. Giulia Ravogli. Every pose and gesture, motion and attitude, suggested the beauty and pathos of this marvellous love story, especially in the scene when, for a moment, Orpheus mistakes the inhabitants of the Elysian Fields for his lost Eurydice. The end of the act is entirely dumb show, and nothing could have been more striking than Mdlle. Ravogli's treatment of this scene, nor of that immediately following it where Orpheus at last finds his love. There is a wonderful fascination about the story of "Orpheus and Eurydice"; that Gluck's music has power to bring it very beautifully before us is evident from the effect its performance invariably produces, notably the recent one in Florence with Hastreiter as Orpheus, regarding which Vernon Lee contributed such an able article to the *Contemporary Review*. But no finer Orpheus could be seen than Mdlle. Giulia Ravogli's impersonation of the character at Covent Garden. Her singing throughout was magnificent; in the air from Bertoni's *Orfeo*, usually interpolated at the end of the first act of Gluck's opera, she took the C in alt. with the greatest ease, showing a wonderful range of voice which was equal throughout in tone. Would that the rest of the production could bear comparison with this portion of it! Mdlle. Sofia Ravogli as "Eurydice" was disappointing, while Mdlle. Brony as "Love" produced small effect, and the chorus sang badly out of tune. Also, why must we have one of the well-known scenes from the *Africaine* to represent Elysium, with spirits in more than usually hideous ballet-girl costumes? That the central interest was sufficient to make one forget glaring defects elsewhere is

not saying more than is Mdlle. Giulia Ravogli's due; it is years since Covent Garden has witnessed such a genuine and artistic triumph.

Assisi in Autumn.

Tantae molis erat Romanam condere gentem. "What hard work to be a King of United Italy," was my chief thought as I left behind me the crowded station at Perugia, band playing and flags flying, and, as the King went northward, from his Umbrian triumph to another welcome in Florence, I turned my back on the *festa* and started for Assisi.

It was pleasant to escape from the throng, and yet there had been something impressive in this gathering of Umbria, rich and poor, townsfolk and peasants, come together in thousands to meet their King. Doubtless in the old days when Italy was a divided nation, one would have seen more variety, more picturesque circumstance; to-day nearly all wore the sober and monotonous garb of the townsmen: only a few dashes of colour here and there in the yellow kerchiefs of peasant women, with a rarer patch of red. But the faces were happy, and the temper of the crowd cheerful, as only an Italian crowd can be. One could not have had a better picture of the bright side of the new *régime* than this unanimous assembly, in the old-world town, with the fields of careful tillage round about it, and vineyards and oliveyards stretching as far as the eye could see, to Assisi and Foligno southwards and north to the shores of "reedy Thrasymene." But the *festa* was over, the inevitable statue of Vittorio Emmanuele had been unveiled, the fireworks had blazed and died, the trotting races were ended, and even the crowning excitement of the *tombola*, which seems to give the needed touch of adventure to Italian life now that brigandage and domestic war are things of the past, had run its uncertain course.

The September sun shone hot as I arrived at Assisi and walked along the dusty road to the great domed church of the plain, S. Maria degli Angeli. Nothing could look more alien to St. Francis and his quiet world than this vast Palladian building: yet the scene had its human touches. Women were drawing water at the long and lavish fountain that runs along one side of the church, and others sat sewing or spinning in front of the cottages hard by. There is some spell in the sight of these simple old-world tasks, that bridges the generations and makes one feel, as nothing else does, the sense of oneness with the past; Roman walls and mediæval have fallen, but the same plough is in the fields, and the grey-haired women twirl the spindle in the same deft fashion as in ancient Rome, or in the yet uncorrupted Florence that Dante mourns for:

> "L'altra traendo alla rocca la chioma,
> Favoleggiava con la sua famiglia
> De' Troiani, e di Fiesole, e di Roma."

Within the church is one memorial of surpassing interest, the simple rough stone chapel, the ancient Portiuncula of St. Francis, standing in

the centre of that great garish church, in it, yet not of it. Here St. Francis made his favourite home, and hither the pilgrims flocked in thousands for absolution and healing as soon as he was dead. It is typical of the history—a simple life overgrown with an elaborate system, which hides its beauty from the general eye: but there behind all the added circumstance it remains untouched for those who have a mind to see it. The young monk who serves as guide shows us the cell of St. Francis where he died, and the Chapel of the Roses with the frescoes of Tiberio d'Assisi, that tell the story, and in the garden close at hand are the thornless roses growing. It needs some effort to think of the seraphic Saint in these vast incongruous halls, and it was a relief to emerge again upon the road, in sight of the grey-walled city, set steeply on the hill above.* The road led upward between vineyards, where the vine trained on maple-trees,† grew among fields of maize, now harvested. The meek-eyed oxen were ploughing up the brown slope of the hill, while in the elm-trees on either side of the road another ancient labour was going on; I heard a shrill voice among the branches, and saw a brown-faced girl stripping them of all their green leaves "for the oxen," as she told me, and then renewed her song to some companion in a distant tree, for they sang and answered in the pastoral manner,

"Hic ubi densas
Agricolæ stringunt frondes hic Moeri canamus."

The maize has driven out the wheat and barley of Virgil's day, but the cattle still move on the old tracks across the hills, the vines are still trained in the old fashion, and one is glad to think that the landscape is almost as he might have seen it. This was the hill-side where the first chapter of the Franciscans was held, a sort of Feast of Tabernacles, "il capitolo de' gratucci ovvero di stuoie," as the unknown author of the *Fioretti di S. Francesco* tells us, 5000 brethren in one camp, whom the Cardinal coming from Perugia saluted as "the army of the knights of God."

The afternoon was ending as I entered the city walls, and I made haste to climb the hill behind the town before sunset. The steep limestone crag is crowned by a splendid grey-red ruin of a castle, *Rocca Grande*. The hill-side is broken with quarry holes and has a barren air, but, in defiance, the white scabious blossomed abundantly; but the chief glory of the place was a delicate spiky thistle, like a plant of the sea-shore, with a beautiful steel-blue flower, that grew freely on the limestone soil, and gave it a rich and subtle colour. I was not suffered to enjoy the place in solitude, for a persistent beggar in the

* Propertius (iv. 1, 65, "scandentes quisquis cernit de vallibus arces") is probably describing the view of his birth-place. (See the late Prof. Sellar's article on "The Birth-place of Propertius," in the *Classical Review* for November.)

† In this region, the maple, which Pliny named as one among many trees for training the vine on, is universally used.

shape of a very cheerful imp pursued me up the hill, and talked half an hour on end in the hope of an alms: but I remained stony, and at last, hearing a band strike up in the town below, he shrieked with joy "concerto!" and rushed off to see the fun.

The outlook is perhaps not so splendid as from the terrace at Perugia, but it has its own quiet charm—the quaint old town immediately below, with its complete circuit of walls and its scattered churches and convents; the bare hills, Subasio and its neighbours, rising behind to southward; and, set upon their slopes above the plain, the towns of Spello and Foligno, golden in the light; the straightly-ordered vineyards and olive-yards in the valley below, with the bare brown earth between; and, stretching away to the north, a long plain, crossed, though one could not see it, by the Tiber; and beyond this, in the shadow, the town of Perugia, with the pointed campanile of S. Pietro fuori di Mura for land-mark; and bounding the landscape on that side, and again on the west, the ranges of the Apennines, that make so much of the beauty of Umbria, "cette Galilée d'Italie, à la fois fertile et sauvage, riante et austère."

The streets were darkening as I descended through the market-place past the old Roman temple of Minerva (converted now to the worship of the Madonna), and by the long steep street to my inn. Most English visitors come over for the day from Perugia and return before evening, so that I found myself among a foreign company, of painters, art-critics and revolutionaries, from Göttingen, Badajos, and Cincinnati, all very friendly and all devoted to Assisi. Next day there was the great church of St. Francis to explore. Built on the rock's very verge, the old place of execution of the city, it stands upon heavy arched substructures of great depth, which give it from the plain below an air of massive grandeur. The church itself is a vast one, being in fact double; below is a dim vaulted church, with its side chapels always in mysterious twilight; above is a long plain nave without aisles or pillars, rejoicing in all the glory of sunshine and bright colour. This upper church is a perpetual triumph of St. Francis, whose story is painted scene by scene upon the walls of the nave. This is the work of Giotto, who came to do honour with the rest of the world to the people's saint, following his master thither; for the critics do not forbid us to believe that Cimabue's work, or at least his design, is to be seen in the great series of biblical frescoes on the walls above those of Giotto, some of them much injured, some quite destroyed, but showing here and there a wonderful charm and freedom which makes one feel that Giotto learnt more from his master than one had reckoned. There is a special interest in seeing, as in the case of Perugino and Rafael in S. Severo at Perugia, the work of master and pupil side by side, so like and yet so far apart.

Returning to the lower church as the afternoon light begins to fall on the frescoes of the vaulted roof above the high altar, one passes abruptly from the simple narrative style of Giotto—peasant, and monk, and Pope, as they lived and walked—to that other world, to him so familiar, though

to us so far away, the mediæval world of allegory. There, making a complete series with the glorified Saint, are the three virtues of his order, Poverty, Chastity, Obedience, set forth in parables full of quaint imaginations and elaborate detail. The most attractive and the most human is the central fresco of the despised maid Poverty, receiving the ring from St. Francis as his bride.

> "Questa, privata del primo marito,
> Mill e cent' anni e più dispetta e scura,
> Fino a costui si stette senza invito."

The small boys throwing stones at the bride and the barking dog lend a homely colour to the picture, which carries one into the common world again, to feel that after all it is this life of men that the painter is giving us, and no mere scholastic dream. It is a kind fate that has saved these frescoes when the ancient cloister has become a Military School, and the tomb of St. Francis, with the Papal seal upon it, has been encased in the spurious splendour of a gaily-marbled crypt. But on these modern changes one's eye need not dwell. When I think of Assisi, I think of the morning sunlight on the frescoes of the upper church, or of the worshipping congregation I saw one Sunday morning in the dim church below. They have killed the dear birds of St. Francis, these modern Italians, save a few sparrows that they keep in cages; but they still worship in his church, and something surely of his gentleness still lingers with them. Here at least in his own town and country-side, away from royal pageants and clamour of politicians, it is possible for his countrymen to possess their minds in peace and ponder his message—the message not of a theologian or a scholar, but of a very simple man who had learnt the secret of life. His influence, so astonishingly wide and rapid, was, like that of all true saints, the influence of a personality, not of a dogma. M. Renan, in his wonderful sketch of St. Francis, has put in striking words his message for our time: "Notre siècle, dont le trait essentiel est de juger des choses non par leur côté esthétique ou moral, mais par leurs inconvénients matériels, ne comprend plus cet idéalisme absolu. Sa prétention est de faire des grandes choses sans grandeur morale. Son inexpérience de l'histoire, la prétention qu'il a d'imaginer une ère nouvelle lui inspire une confiance exagérée dans la richesse. Or, voici un pauvre homme, le fils d'un marchand d'Assise; une sorte de fou tour à tour mendiant, cuisinier, vagabond, qui fait ce que ne feront jamais nos grands hommes d'action, nos capitalistes, une œuvre durable pour sept ou huit siècles et impliquant certains principes vrais pour l'éternité."

And if, as we descend from that mediæval town and plunge once more into modern Italy and modern England, we ponder these words, and ask, "What principles?" it may be that the olives, which look with their sad beauty through the ages upon the passing generations of men, will whisper to us, "Beati mundo corde, quoniam ipsi Deum videbunt."

OUR LIBRARY LIST.

STUDIES IN EUROPEAN HISTORY; BEING ACADEMICAL ADDRESSES. By the late Dr. DOLLINGER, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Munich. Translated by MARGARET WARRE. (With Portrait. 14*s*. *Murray*.) The name of the author of this work is sufficient guarantee that it is no mere collection of ephemeral essays, thrown together for the sake of forming a volume. On glancing over the table of contents, indeed, it may at first sight seem difficult to detect the connecting purpose of these Academical Addresses. "Dante as a Prophet," "The Origin of the Eastern Question," "The Jews in Europe," "Madame de Maintenon, the most influential woman of French History," these titles taken at random would appear to denote subjects totally distinct from one another; but as we read, we discern that the author is rising far above the details of the annalist to those causes which have produced the most momentous results in the destinies of nations. It would perhaps be more correct to write the one cause which has produced these results, for the essays, though dealing in the main with secular subjects, are an exposition of the profound and all-pervading influence of the Roman Church on European History. The breadth of view; the commanding grasp of detail, where essential to the argument; the freedom from all taint of partizanship, are such as have been attained by few historians. The vices and weaknesses not only of Kings and Kaisers, but of the Popes of Rome, are exposed, not as by an advocate, but in the calm dispassionate manner of a judge. This is a book which should be read by every student of European History.

FORTIFICATION: ITS PAST ACHIEVEMENTS, RECENT DEVELOPMENT, AND FUTURE PROGRESS. By MAJOR G. SYDENHAM CLARKE, C.M.G., R.E. (With many illustrations; 8vo. 21*s*. *Murray*.) This is a most interesting and valuable book both to professional and non-professional readers; not only is the subject worked out in an admirably lucid manner, but the illustrations, of which there is a large number, are of the greatest assistance to the due understanding of the text. The Science of Fortification has been the sport of theorists, who, instead of treating the requirements of defence on broad and practical principles, have over-elaborated those technicalities of detail which have been the special hobby of individual authorities. Major Clarke's summary of

history during the past two centuries, so far as regards siege operations, is excellent, and the lessons he draws therefrom will be of considerable value to the historian. He shows that, *ceteris paribus*, the defence has a distinct advantage over the attack; that discipline, *matériel* and organization have more potent influence towards success than any structural advantages, and we are led to the conclusion that the day of elaborate and costly masonry works is at an end. Next we have a clear and somewhat severely critical review of the various and conflicting theories of modern foreign masters of the science, and finally a full statement of the requirements and capabilities of fortifications, ironclads, guns and armaments of all kinds at the present day. Incidentally, there is in these pages one more testimony to the genius of the Duke of Wellington as exhibited in the lines of Torres Vedras, in the construction of which he successfully broke through some of the most cherished prejudices of his time.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By W. E. H. LECKY. (Vols. 7 and 8. *Longmans.*) It is of course impossible to give any adequate criticism of this important work in the few lines which our space permits. We can only characterize it in general terms by the assertion that Mr. Lecky's History, of which these form the concluding volumes, is one of the most notable literary achievements of our time. The subject with which the historian has to grapple is one which requires the clearest head and the most impartial judgment, for the period treated of in these volumes is that of Irish affairs between the years 1798 and 1801. The burning questions of the rebellion of '98, the Act of Union with England, and the whole policy of Pitt, are here debated with as close an approach to completeness as appears to be possible to any contemporary writer. And what is the outcome of Mr. Lecky's study? Briefly, that while nothing could be much worse than the measures which were taken to bring about the legislative Union of Ireland with England, the Union itself is one which in the present state of affairs it would be almost madness to repeal. Due justice is in these pages rendered to Pitt's projects as apart from their realization, for as we are now well aware, the English Minister had large schemes of Catholic conciliation intended to be the appropriate sequel of the Parliamentary Union. Possibly Pitt may be blamed for weakness in surrendering these to the prejudices of the King, but no critical history of those agitated times ought to lessen our admiration for the nobility of the original plan. Mr. Lecky is not a master of style like Macaulay or even Froude, but his work has a subdued brilliance and gravity of its own, which perhaps form the best guarantee of the author's scrupulous fidelity.

IN DARKEST ENGLAND AND THE WAY OUT. By GENERAL BOOTH. (Published at the International Head Quarters of

the Salvation Army.) General Booth has received so many complimentary letters, including some even from Bishops of the Established Church, that it may be safely concluded that his book has been generally accepted as a striking contribution to the problem which it attempts to solve. The scheme is one which certainly deserves the closest attention both from politicians and social reformers, but the real utility of his plans depends upon a mass of detail which in the present book are by no means adequately considered. It is true that the shelters which he proposes to establish in various parts of the Metropolis have already stood the test of a practical trial, but the conditions are somewhat altered when we have to supplement the London shelters by a Farm in the country and a Colony over seas. The striking characteristic of this book is the tone of absolute confidence with which General Booth propounds remedies for a social state which has long troubled the most thoughtful minds in many ages. Yet it cannot be said that General Booth's egotism is in any sense distasteful, for it obviously proceeds from the most entire and simple-minded faith in the Divine suggestions of which he believes himself to be the recipient. No one in truth can afford to laugh at the Salvation Army, however much we may dislike some of the methods by which it seeks to attain its ends. It seems also by this time practically certain that General Booth will have the opportunity of making use of large sums in the execution of his projects. We can but wish him with the utmost heartiness all success in his eminently Christian undertaking.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S JOURNAL. (2 vols. *David Douglas.*) Here is a work which will be warmly welcomed by all true lovers of "The Wizard of the North." It is well known that Mr. Lockhart made free use of 'Sir Walter Scott's Journal' in the composition of his most delightful Biography; and it may be doubted whether the present book contains passages which are materially important to our knowledge of its hero. But it adds many interesting touches here and there, and it conveys the same impression of the nobility of character and patient endurance which have already become familiar to us through Mr. Lockhart's pages. The first entry is the 20th of November, 1825, just a day or two before the first mutterings of that storm which was to engulph in gloom the declining years of Scott. On January 16th, 1826, the catastrophe occurred, followed by the illness and death of his wife. The succeeding three or four years present us with a picture of the great writer labouring in the midst of financial distresses to repay his creditors, and to atone, so far as in him lay, for the extravagances of an earlier period. The whole record is of the deepest interest and leaves us most strongly impressed with the power of will which could keep the novelist so sternly in his self-appointed path.

LONDON LETTERS. By G. W. SMALLEY. (*Macmillan.*) The two volumes of journalistic gossip which Mr. Smalley has collected for an English audience were composed in the first instance for the columns of the *New York Tribune.* They are divided under several headings, such as "Personalities," "Notes on Social Life," "Notes on Parliament," and "Pageants," of which doubtless the first section will prove the greatest attraction to the general reader. Written under circumstances of haste, and intended for rapid and discursive perusal, the numerous portraits of prominent men which Mr. Smalley has delineated in his first volume will not of course be regarded as permanent contributions to the history of the country; but they have a certain piquancy and flavour of their own, which of course will appeal to those for whom they are intended. We may content ourselves with a few examples. "Browning drank port wine by preference, and he has been known to say that claret was a drink for women, port for men." "It is odd that nobody should have remarked Lord Salisbury's resemblance to the common prints of Shakespeare." "I believe that most of George Eliot's friends who saw much of her were aware that she had a gift of saying very bitter things in a melodious manner; which gift she, for the most part, charitably kept under control." And no doubt the American public were much interested in this sort of thing: "Blushes came and went on the faces touched (at a Drawing-room at Dublin Castle) by the Viceregal lips or moustache, and I even thought I saw a faint flicker of colour on Lord Aberdeen's face as he bestowed this salute on the ladies best known to him." Whether an English public will be equally pleased is, perhaps, a matter of opinion.

A CIGARETTE-MAKER'S ROMANCE. By F. MARION CRAWFORD. (*Macmillan & Co.*) This is a pleasantly told story, written in Mr. Crawford's best manner, with a restrained and cultivated power of literary expression which is worthy of high praise. The Cigarette-maker is a Russian Count, who is forced to live under circumstances of great poverty in a tobacconist's shop at Munich. While he is exercising his humble tasks, a fellow-toiler, a girl called Vjera, falls in love with him, despite the madness (for so it seems to her as well as others) which attacks him in the middle of every week, of dreaming that restitution to his ancestral estates is at hand. Ultimately the dream, of course, comes true, and the Count rewards the fidelity of his companion by making her his wife. The plot is a slight one, but it is developed with considerable art, and the characters are one and all carefully drawn.

A FELLOW OF TRINITY. By ALAN ST. AUBYN and WALTER WHEELER. (*Chatto & Windus.*) We are not quite sure whether this novel is to be taken as a *jeu d'esprit* or as a serious production. In the

former light, it certainly affords some entertainment of its own, and the characters are sufficiently eccentric to excite in the reader that mild and subdued surprise which is the best homage a commonplace mind can pay to wit. From any other point of view, criticism is more difficult. It is not easy to believe that ladies in Cambridge can keep a gambling-house to which Newnham and Girton young ladies can come without chaperons; at all events we should be sorry to be guilty of such a libel on a famous University town. The hero is of course of that all-conquering type of manhood before which the weaker sex invariably bows down—even to the extent of making proposals of marriage that are very properly rejected, as they do not occur, so far as we can see, in Leap Year. Here and there, however, there are touches of pathos, especially in the case of the "little mother" who has the proud privilege of having the "Fellow of Trinity" as her son.

THE LAST OF THE FENWICKS. By HELEN SHIPTON. (*Hurst & Blackett.*) It is a pleasure to come across a story as fresh and wholesome as Miss Shipton's North-country romance. True we meet for the most part very ordinary men and women leading quiet, uneventful lives; but Miss Shipton has the power of making us see the underlying drama of commonplace existences, though perhaps it is hardly fair to call the Fenwicks commonplace. To South-country readers, at any rate, the picture of the old grey house and its inmates, cold and keen like the bleak moorland air which they breathe, will have a charm of its own, and he would be hard to please indeed who wished for a more lovable heroine than Isobel. We will not spoil a pleasant story by revealing the plot which, simple as it is, is well worked out; but we can promise intending readers that their interest will be maintained to the end.

ENGLAND: A VALEDICTION. By M. FRERE. (*Metcalfe & Co., Cambridge.*) In these days of indifference and would-be cosmopolitanism it is well sometimes to be reminded of the old-fashioned virtue of patriotism. We are sincerely grateful therefore to Miss Frere for the spirited lines in which she celebrates the glories of our native land, and we wish that more people had as sincere a reverence for departed greatness.

SIDNEY. By MARGARET DELAND. (*Longmans & Co.*) Mrs. Deland's latest work has all the excellences which made 'John Ward, Preacher,' so great a success, but it has also, though to a less degree, the faults of the earlier book. There is clever delineation of character, tenderness, sympathy, and quiet humour in 'Sidney,' but it is somewhat overweighted by earnestness of purpose. We cannot but respect the intensity of conviction with which the writer works out her

thesis that life is love, and that no selfish shrinking from the fear of death by denying the claims of love can stifle the longing for a fuller life and for immortality. As we have said, her earnestness commands respect, but we cannot avoid the conviction that it takes away from the success as a novelist to which her powers would entitle her. For some of her characters are really admirable, and we doubt if even George Eliot could have given us a better picture than that of Mrs. Pope and her servants. Nor shall we soon forget the pathetic little figure of Miss Sally, with her tender-hearted foolishness and her simple romance. With the central figure Mrs. Deland has been less successful, and this, probably, because Sidney has been chosen as the representative of that wilful exclusion of love and human interests which cannot but break down. She is a little too much of a lay figure, and she is therefore less interesting than Katherine, whose assumed respect for the opinions of the worldly Mrs. Pope conceals her real contempt for the delightful old woman. In spite of the sadness of the story, it is very pleasant reading, especially in those scenes which are off the main plot.

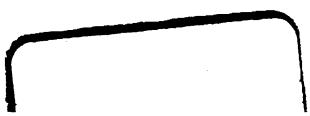
A BRIDE FROM THE BUSH. By E. W. HORNUNG. (*Smith, Elder, & Co.*) We are a little inclined to wonder whether Australian women, as a rule, are as delightfully unconventional as the heroine of this bright little story. But when we have granted that such refinement of thought can express itself in such startling plainness of speech as distinguished the Bride amongst her English relations, we are ready to find her charming, and to sympathise with her in her manifold adventures. The minor characters are excellently drawn, especially the "upright Judge," whom Gladys inadvertently mistakes for the coachman, and Granville, her brother-in-law, the insufferable prig, who is yet not half a bad fellow at the bottom. Perhaps the author is right to end his story as he does; but we confess to a feeling of disappointment when we discovered that, after all, the Bride was to withdraw her fascinations from English society and to hide herself once more in the Bush.

WARREN HASTINGS. By CAPTAIN L. J. TROTTER. RULERS OF INDIA. (*Clarendon Press.*) We would recommend this sketch of the life of the great Governor-General of India to all who wish to obtain an impartial view of the man whom the Prince Regent nearly twenty years after his impeachment called "the most deserving and one of the worst-used men in the Empire." Captain Trotter has a ready pen, and he has given us a clear and vigorous account of Warren Hastings' career. He wisely allots far the most space to the history of Hastings' administration, the oft-told tale of the trial being compressed into one chapter. His readers are therefore able to judge for themselves of the Governor's merits, though they are aided by the sympathetic appreciation and

keen insight into Indian affairs of his biographer. It is a pity that Englishmen, as a rule, should know so little of the history of their greatest dependency; but this series of biographies should at least do something to remedy the evil when, as in the present instance, so much information is offered in so convenient and pleasant a form.

LOCKE. By PROFESSOR CAMPBELL FRASER. (*Blackwood's Philosophical Classics.*) The excellence of this latest addition to the 'Philosophical Classics' makes us the more regret that Professor Campbell Fraser should not feel able to undertake that complete edition of Locke's works which, as he himself says, is so much needed. The first part of this little book gives a sketch of Locke's life; but for the most part it is taken up with an exposition of the 'Essay concerning Human Understanding,' with which the philosopher's name is indissolubly associated. As might be expected in the editor of *Berkeley*, Professor Campbell Fraser leans generally to a somewhat idealistic interpretation of his author, and is sometimes perhaps a little hard upon those critics who have taken an opposite view. That Locke, however, like Kant, was more of an idealist in tendency than he himself could have realized, we are ready to believe; for to draw the conclusions to which his premisses would sometimes have led would have seemed to him, as he says, "a letting loose of thought in the vast ocean of being." The safe way of probabilities, the *via media* of human knowledge, seemed to him the proper subject-matter of philosophy; an examination into the constitution of that real world of which ideas are somehow pictures, seemed to him beside the mark. Yet, as here pointed out, he was constantly trying "to solve philosophical difficulties by physical categories," and hence the confusion into which he was led by his primary qualities of bodies, and the materialist superstructure which French philosophy built on this foundation. The picture of his old age and of his friendship for the young Esther Masham, is a pleasant relief to the more serious chapters of the book.

35-7



3 2044 092 642 214